

ADVENTIST Review



October 17, 1996

Cutting Edge

Macarena Mania

Anger: Is It OK?

**Getting By on
\$30 Million**

Faith at Work

LETTERS

Adventists and the Environment



I was happy to see William Cash's "Three R's for Caring for God's Earth" (Aug. 15). I don't think we have given enough attention to our

stewardship of earth. I hope that we can see more emphasis on this topic in our publications and from our pulpits.

—Jerry Wiggle

VIA E-MAIL

I have often wondered about the apparent dichotomy in Adventist ideology. Caring for this earth is just as much our responsibility as is caring for the souls of the people living on this earth. Too often, I fear, Adventists leave the responsibility of environmental issues to secular organizations when we should be championing these issues.

—Michele Theis

SALEM, OREGON

Cut Shaq Some Slack

Regarding Andy Nash's "Strug Vs. Shaq: No Contest" (Aug. 22).

Kerri Strug definitely showed heroism. However, do we, as Seventh-day Adventists, want to be known as news commentators who pronounce pre-Advent judgments on those such as Shaquille O'Neal? We might rather ask how we can be a

church to which someone like Shaquille would go to seek God.

Shaquille grew up in a family care situation most are not privy to, including being abandoned by the only father figure he knew. Is Shaq's success more a personal tribute to his mother's ability to foster his talents

wrong with athletics"?

Being a personal friend of the owners of the Orlando Magic has helped me realize that the media, as a source for truth, cannot be relied upon. Please reconsider.

—Jan Ashlock

TIGARD, OREGON

Coming in the Cutting Edge

So which of these *don't* you want to miss?

- November 21: "Testimony of Deliverance." AIDS will kill him; Jesus will raise him.
- December 19: "Lilo's Vision." She's never seen her own gold medals.
- January 16: "Embrace the Cross." Clinging to God when life falls apart.
- February 20: "Worship—Then and Now." From ancient Israelites to Adventist collegians.
- Throughout 1997: The X-Change—a new column for Adventist young adults.

You don't have to miss any. 1-800-456-3991.

than it is a statement of greed or pomposity? If I had Shaq's talents, would I consider leaving college early and accepting a larger contract in proximity to my second job? As a third-party critic, couldn't I just as easily believe that a 10-talented Shaq is multiplying talents God gave him rather than representing "what's

Laughing With God

I read with interest the August 15 letter from a reader who was shocked by the "Bible Bloopers" in the June 20 issue. God made us with the ability to laugh, which is probably the best medicine He could have provided. I like to imagine God having some good chuckles over what He sees us doing.

We need to be reverent and give God the honor due Him. But I expect to have some good laughs when God and I visit together during eternity.

—Don Dealy

COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON

Team Sports

I find Stephen Chavez's defense of competitive sports unconvincing ("Go, Team!" Aug. 15). His argument that "competition is a fact of life" is a well-worn cliché that proves nothing. Adultery is a fact of life. So are lying and cheating. The Bible, not our culture's "facts of life," guides the Christian.

The closing line, "Go, team! And go with God!" borders on sacrilege. Who can imagine Jesus sanctioning

with His presence, much less with His participation, the brouhaha, the anger, the pride, the idolatry of competitive sports? He calls us to the higher ground of service, humility, and cooperation.

—Lee Roy Holmes

COLVILLE, WASHINGTON

Thanks to Steve Chavez for sharing his humanity. Sports has provided a crucible for life for those engaging in it. If we embraced it as a teaching lab for life, just think of the impact we could make in shaping values for the masses interested in athletics.

If Jesus walked the earth today in many countries, perhaps He would use the imagery of recruiting and coaching rather than fishing. He always was relevant. Thanks for pointing that out.

—Steve Case

VIA E-MAIL

Gay Adventists? (cont.)

If any person believes they can live a life of sin without the desire to change it, they have no right to be called a Christian or an Adventist (see "Gay Adventists—The Ultimate Oxymoron?" August NAD Edition).

I chose to become a Christian because I realized that through God I could change anything in my nature. I became an Adventist because the church stood for the truths of the Bible and did not compromise them.

My problem with homosexuality is that many with that lifestyle don't care to change it. They have no place in the Adventist Church. However, for those who want help with this problem and want to turn it over to God, the church is where they should be.

—Wes Henderson

VIA FAX

Some 20 years ago I discovered quite by accident that pictures of naked women turned me on more than

pictures of naked men. I was horrified, to say the least. I have since divorced and have chosen to remain single and celibate. I will take this secret to my grave unbeknownst to anyone but God.

In any case, I agree with Gina—either a person is [a practicing] gay or an Adventist, but one cannot be both.

—Name Withheld

New Review (cont.)

Years ago I would give the *Review* a once-over and then toss it into the trash. Now it is so down-to-earth and interesting that I read almost every article.

I especially like your courage to publish dissenting opinions or articles critical of certain aspects of our church. I only wish the seemingly enlightened outlook of our leaders would trickle down more quickly to some of our local churches.

—Myrle Machan

VIA E-MAIL

As a Gen Xer, I had never given the *Review* much notice. It looked "over my head" and boring. I felt it was only for the "pillars" of the church, so to speak.

But I'm giving the "new" *Review* a second look—in fact, I've read a couple issues cover to cover. It's unfortunate that we base most of what we do on looks, but this is reality. Thanks for doing something about it.

—W. Welch

OSHAWA, ONTARIO

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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: VRUN29B.

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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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How Much Is the President Worth?

No wisecracks, thank you. Yes, the United States presidential election campaign is in high gear, but this editorial isn't about Bill Clinton. If you're from Canada, substitute "prime minister" for president. Wherever you live, the question is: How much is the leader of my country worth?

For the United States, the answer is \$200,000.

If that seems a lot, consider that Michael Jordan will be paid \$30 million for one year's play with the Chicago Bulls basketball team. That's 150 times as much as Bill Clinton (and Jordan's endorsements bring him large additional revenues).

Now, Jordan possesses incredible athletic skills. He is, arguably, one of the greatest sports stars ever. But the president of the United States, as commander in chief, carries huge responsibilities. He can lead the world into war or peace; he can give the word to launch thousands of nuclear missiles on a mission of annihilation that will destroy millions of lives and scar the earth for generations.

American society, like most others, tags people by the salary they command. What does the president's \$200,000 alongside Jordan's \$30 million say about our values?

I know the usual responses: The marketplace determines what one's skills can bring in return. For team owners, recruiting stars at unbelievable salaries makes good business sense because eager fans will pay big bucks to see a game. The number of players who win huge contracts is comparatively small.

Not so small. At least six basketball players have annual salaries of \$12 million or more; five baseball players had salaries of \$7 million or more for 1996; and five football players signed contracts of \$5 million or more per year.

How about Shaquille O'Neal, who left the Orlando Magic basketball team for a contract with the Los Angeles Lakers worth \$121 million over seven years? Bill Clinton would have to be in office for 605 years to reach that figure.

Something is terribly out of whack in our society. We're not thinking straight; our values have become twisted and distorted.



Does Michael Jordan have unique skills? Undoubtedly, as do Shaq O'Neal, Wayne Gretzky, and Troy Aikman. But so does the surgeon who operates on your heart and brain. So does the teacher who molds lives for eternity. So does the preacher whose words indited by the Holy Spirit give hope to the bloodied and broken.

So, too, does the president—or we are all in big trouble.

Then what is going on in our society? The answer: ours is the entertainment age. We put a premium on pleasure, rewarding those who can entertain the best and the most. And spectator sports is primarily entertainment.

The breathtaking salaries aren't just among athletes. Warner Brothers paid Arnold Schwarzenegger a cool \$20 million-plus to play the bad guy in *Batman and Robin*. Why? "He'll add to international revenues."

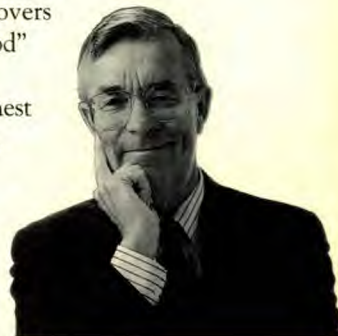
Not bad—for just six weeks' work.

I don't begrudge anyone a big salary. But I have seen too many starving children, too many people desperate for what only one dollar could bring, to feel comfortable with Western society's current values. In view of our shared humanity and the struggle of so many people merely to survive, I find these vast incomes incredibly obscene.

And the words of Jesus, my Saviour and Lord, haunt me: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6:21).

If Jesus spoke right—and I believe He did—what do His words imply for modern values? As a citizen of His kingdom, one who desires and strives to be truly His disciple today, what do they imply for my values? In these terrible times that mark the last days, have I succumbed to the pressures of those who are "lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God" (2 Tim. 3:4, NIV)?

This One, who, although the richest in the universe, became a poor man, must shape my thinking. He alone knows what the president is worth. The president is worth as much as Michael Jordan, but also as much as his secretary, his mechanic, his gardener—and I.



Taking the Oath

Everybody ready?
OK, hands over hearts . . . "I pledge allegiance to the General Con—" No, wait.
"I pledge allegiance to the remnant church . . ."
No, that's not right either.

What's wrong here? Why can't I swear unconditional loyalty to the church?

I guess I've been around too long. I guess I realize that the church is still, after all, made up of finite individuals who mean well (almost always), but don't always live up to their lofty goals. I guess I've seen the damage that people have done to each other and the cause of Christ, all in the name of being part of God's "chosen people." And I've seen too many small-minded people who resist the vision of an all-powerful, all-loving, perfectly just God, hiding their prejudices behind the fragile barricade of a few (mis)quotations.

I don't want to give the impression that the church is irredeemable, or that everyone is deficient. Indeed, I know countless Adventists—from people in the pew to those who sit on General Conference committees who are pushing back the frontiers against the "powers of this world" and raising firmly and consistently the standard of the King of kings. That's what makes me optimistic about the church. I know there are people serious about their relationship with a living Christ. And it's making a tremendously positive difference in their lives (and in the lives of their congregations).

A relationship with the church should augment a relationship with Christ, but it is not necessarily its equivalent. In fact, relationship with an *institution* is a poor substitute for a relationship with Jesus, the *living Christ*.

Unfortunately, in too many congregations, a relationship with the church is offered in *place of* a relationship with Christ. Why Ingathering? Because the church needs the money. Why nominating committee? Because the church needs an Investment leader. Why song service? Because we need to kill time until the real program begins.

Consequently, the church ends up being sidetracked by nonessentials—doing more things to sustain its own operation than living Christ's mandate to be His disciples and

change the world by practicing the principles of His kingdom.

Just a few months ago I met a young lady, a recent graduate of an Adventist college in North America. In a frank conversation she declared, "In 16 years of Adventist education, I learned all the 'right' answers, I could quote all the right texts, but I didn't have a relationship with Christ."

She went on to say that in her search for real spirituality she had reduced her belief system to three essentials: the existence of God, the plan of salvation, and the Sabbath. But she made it clear that she would spend no more time being involved in petty discussions over what kind

of music should be performed in church, or whether the prayer for the offering should be spoken *before* or *after* the offering is taken, or whether fruits and vegetables should be served together at the same meal.

A relationship with Christ is not an option—it is a necessity. It's this relationship that gives depth and meaning to virtually everything a Christian does: impacting lifestyle choices about what to wear, what to eat, how to spend one's money and leisure time, how to develop human relationships, how to choose a career. But it all begins with a relationship—a relationship between a believer and his or her Saviour.

The young lady I spoke to assured me that she wasn't dismissing her Adventist training because she felt like being rebellious. She maintained that she now reads the Bible to sustain her relationship with a divine Being who will help her navigate life's perils—without a lot of excess, unnecessary baggage (*my words*). I wish her well. Because I know her search will bring her closer to the One who said, "You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13, NIV).

Now, let me try again: "I pledge allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the everlasting gospel, on which His kingdom stands . . ."

Yes, that sounds much better.

*A relationship
with Christ is not
an option—it's a
necessity.*



GIVE & TAKE

SHINE, JESUS, SHINE



STILL BURNING: The Olympic flame was extinguished two months ago, but the two dozen Adventist community heroes who helped carry it continue to shine. Chris Gibbons (top), who ran the torch through Baltimore, heads a corporation that provides mentoring and tutorial services to inner-city children, several of whom are pictured here with Gibbons against a Baltimore brick wall mural.

ADVENTIST LIFE

My in-laws, who live in Topock, Arizona, recently adopted a 4-year-old girl named Shila. Since I am Black, my mother-in-law (who is White) wanted to make sure Shila (also White) had more exposure to people of color. So she bought Shila a Black baby doll.

"Mi Mi" quickly became Shila's favorite doll. The two go everywhere together. Some people, however, have acted confused about a White girl carrying a Black doll. Even Shila's day care playmates had a hard time accepting this unusual association.

One day someone asked, "Shila, what color is Mi Mi?"

"She's not a color," replied Shila. "She's my baby."

—Bernie J. Anderson III, youth pastor, Arlington, Texas



ADVENTIST QUOTES

"I. Me. Myself. The
unholy trinity."

—Dick Duerksen, at the Chesapeake Conference camp meeting

"Some of our young people have caught it, and we are suspicious of them."

—John Kerbs, president of Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, speaking on assurance of salvation

"Go seven days a week with your nose to the grindstone and you won't have much nose left."

—Pastor Don Gettys, at the McDonald Road church in Ooltewah, Tennessee

"Life is easier said than done."

—Linda McCabe, Hershey, Pennsylvania

HERALD'S TRUMPET



Hey, kids, look who's back: Herald the Review angel! And you guessed it—Herald's trumpet is once again hidden somewhere in this magazine.

In our last contest (Sept. 5) we received 42 postcards from children—and a few adults—all over the world. (Remember, adults: this contest is for children only. If you ask nicely, however, your child might let you help.) We put all the postcards in a hat, and then editorial secretary Mary Maxson (pictured) pulled out three winners: Laila Hamoodi from Newhall, California; Bethany Jutzy from Bozeman, Montana; and Brett Meliti from Vero Beach, Florida; Laila, Bethany, and Brett received *Guide's Greatest Stories*, by Randy Fishell.

Where was Herald's trumpet? On page 28, at the bottom.

This time the trumpet is in a new spot. Can you find it? If so, send a postcard telling us *where* to: Herald's Trumpet, *Adventist Review*, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904. The prize this time is *Yuki*, by Kenneth C. Crawford. Have fun!



WE NEED YOU

Give & Take is your page. Send your "Adventist Quotes," top-quality photos, "Adventist Life" vignettes, "Readers' Exchange" items, and other short contributions to: *Give & Take*, *Adventist Review*, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904; Fax: 301-680-6638; CompuServe: 74532,2564.

DAVY

I had always wanted a kid brother.

BY NANCY CARVER ABBOTT

A FEW WEEKS AGO I DROPPED OFF my kids at the skating rink and headed for church to hear a concert. The Heralds quartet has been around forever, since way before I was born, and I thought it would be fun to hear them again. Last time I saw them live, leisure suits and shag haircuts were in style.

I got there early to get a good seat. To pass the time I pulled out my notepad and started writing descriptions of people—the little white-haired lady across the aisle who asks my name every week, one of our pastors up front checking the equipment, my son at the roller rink.

Kenny would probably live at the rink if I let him. When he learned to walk, I used to joke that he looked like a drunken man. His early skating attempts reminded me of his early walking. There he was, my little 6-year-old, careening around the rink, going way too fast and barely keeping his balance. He would grin and wave, showing the gap where his front teeth weren't.

Now Kenny is 12. Last week he went door-to-door asking for lawn mowing jobs so he could buy new skates.

He takes his skates apart with his own tools and polishes and oils them. He knows all the skate part names—bearings, wheels, trucks. The other day he said to me, "It's weird. At school I'm just a klutz, but at the skating rink everybody likes me!"

Pastor Jim introduced the Heralds, who came out in their olive double-breasted suits, picked up their mikes, and exchanged good-natured insults. Jim used to be their arranger and accompanist. He explained that he toured with them for 12 years and still hasn't recovered. "Neither have we!" they said.

It's funny the memories music dredges up. Seeing the quartet took me back 25 years. My brother and I used to listen to their children's album over and over. Before bedtime Mom would let us listen to a song, and nine times out of 10 we ended up choosing "Only a Boy Named David." My brother's name was David, and this song about David and Goliath was his favorite. Since then I've always thought of it as our song.

We acted out all the motions, counting the stones, swinging our arms as if we had slings. At the end of the song I would be the giant, tumbling, tumbling down. This was followed by much tickling and wrestling and general hubbub until Mom finally made us stop.

The Heralds announced that they would be singing favorites from over the years. I settled back in my seat, but I didn't put my notebook down. Usually Davy stays hidden way back in a corner of my mind. He comes out only when I can't keep him there. This concert was turning out to be one of those times.



PHOTO BY J. EDWARD WINES

I didn't know Mom and Dad were planning to adopt. I had been praying for a brother for years, and by the time I was 7 I would have settled for a sister. But I had given up hope, because I knew Mom couldn't get

pregnant anymore. Then one Sunday the phone rang, and a few minutes later I heard Mom say to Dad, "Willie, you are now a proud father."

The day came to pick Davy up. I sat in the waiting room while Mom and

Dad signed some paperwork. Then Mom carried him out. He was so tiny that I wasn't sure he was real. I stared at him all the way home.

That evening I went to check on him, and he wasn't moving. I was

afraid he was dead, so I reached under the blanket and pinched his toes. This made him cry, and I was greatly relieved.

Mom showed me how to feed him his bottle, sitting in the old creaky rocking chair. When he drank from that bottle, Davy reminded me of our cat Tabby's kittens. He was totally content. It was as if nothing else in the world mattered except for that milk. I would rock and rock as his head got heavy on my arm.

After the first few songs the Heralds invited the children up front. Some of the kids looked excited; others looked nervous; a few seemed very shy. Whenever Davy had a chance to go up front like that, he sure wasn't shy.

Once at church, during the children's story, our pastor was telling about a fire. Davy scooted up so close he was almost sitting on Elder T's foot. "Guess what!" exclaimed Davy, speaking directly into the mike. "I got a fire truck for my birthday, and also a hat!" The people in the congregation all covered their mouths so the children wouldn't see them chuckling.

Davy got the fire truck for his fourth birthday. It was the kind that pedals like a tricycle. He always wore his firefighter's hat when he drove it. I've never seen a kid change clothes more times a day than Davy did. For a while he would be a firefighter, and then later a cowboy.

Wednesday evenings I always changed into my uniform for Pathfinders. Davy changed too, into a pair of tan pants, whatever shirt he could find, and an old girls' Pathfinder hat, which he smushed onto his head sideways. I let him walk me into the Pathfinder meeting so my friends could comment on his smart uniform.

While I was at Pathfinders, Mom and Dad cleaned a nearby doctor's office. One evening they got back late. Davy had a big bandage on his right thumb. Mom explained that he had



BEST BUDS: Nancy at age 9, Davy at 3.

sneaked into the next room and started playing with the dentist chair. He pushed a lever, and part of the chair fell and crushed his thumb.

Dad said that Mom started screaming, so he told her to calm down and get lots of paper towels. I was amazed—I had never heard Mom scream. Davy's right thumbnail never grew back, and part of the thumb was gone, just a little part from one side at the top.

He was always doing stuff like that—squashing his fingers in machinery, jumping into the pool when he didn't know how to swim, picking up a snake in the garden when he had no idea whether or not it was poisonous. I used to call him my wild child.

The Heralds began the children's songs with a comic piece about not driving your parents crazy. The kids ate it up, giggling and clapping. It reminded me of the way we giggled when we were kids. Our

favorite game was "come together." I would kneel on the floor. Davy would stand across the room and holler "1, 2, 3, come together!" and run and throw himself at me. I always pretended to be knocked over by his fierce strength, lying under him saying, "Help! Help! I give up. You're just too strong!"

At camp meeting the year I turned 12, I was finally deemed old enough to baby-sit. Mom put Davy down for a nap each afternoon and left me in charge while she attended the afternoon meeting. I waited until I was sure she was gone. Then I woke him up. We would go up to the showers and stay for a long time, playing with the soap, giggling, and singing songs like opera singers.

The second tenor introduced the next piece. He talked about how many requests they get for various songs when they tour. Some people love their spirituals; other folks are crazy about their a

cappella pieces. "But," he explained, "there is one song that people request more than any other: 'Only a Boy Named David.'"

I hadn't expected them to sing our song. Somehow I just assumed they wouldn't. I closed my eyes and tried to think about something pleasant and dull, but as the song picked up pace, all I could see was Davy, there on the bed, blue eyes sparkling, blond hair flying wild each time he bounced.

I always wanted things to be perfect for him. Bell bottoms came back big in 1970. In '71 I talked Mom into getting him a pair for church. I figured I could keep him from having to dress like a nerd. He would be starting school soon, and I didn't want kids picking on him the way they used to pick on me.

I still remember taking him to his Sabbath school class that day. My friends met me in the hall and stopped to admire his new clothes. We walked him to his classroom and watched him sit down. Davy turned and waved, then patted his new pants

as if to say, "Hey, look, I got to my seat without messing them up."

The Heralds neared the end of our song. The bass, who was pretending to be the giant, fell down, and one of the others counted "1 . . . 2 . . . 3!" like referees do at boxing matches. The children laughed uproariously. So did the parents. I hoped nobody was looking at me; I was far from laughing.

Those bell bottoms are my last clear memory of Davy. Three days later Dad and I arrived home from school to see Grandpa sprinting across the field. He kept saying something about "the boy" and "that horse." Mom told me to wait in the house while everyone ran across the field.

Last summer when the kids and I visited Oregon, I took them out and showed them the field. "The horse lived over there." I pointed toward the neighbor's house.*

Both kids looked solemnly where I pointed. "Is that when you heard Grandma screaming?" my daughter Stephanie asked. I nodded. When I heard the scream, I knew.

The neighbors let that horse wander around like an unleashed dog. It was half wild, not even broken in. When Grandpa found it in our field, he caught it, tied it to a fence post, and headed for the house to call them.

Davy sneaked out, untied the rope, and tied it around his waist. We figure he wanted to take the horsey home. Instead, the horsey took him.

The morning of the funeral I got out the family Bible. What I wrote is still there, in my childish scrawl: "David William, 1966-1971, kicked in the face and dragged by a horse." Twelve-year-olds tend to tell it like it is. The coroner said to be glad he died from the kick and didn't have to suffer the pain from being dragged. Well, OK.

My aunt told me last summer that she'd thought she would be all right at the funeral until she saw the casket. Mom had spread Davy's blanket out and put his picture on top with his teddy bear on one side and

his firefighter's hat on the other. The church was full. We had to sit in the front. Elder T did the sermon. Our youth pastor stood beside him with what I thought was a very stern look. I figured he was angry at me for crying.

Mom had the organist play the Battle Hymn of the Republic at the end. I always admired that. It was as though she was shaking her fist at Satan.

*I hadn't
expected them
to sing our
song.*

The Heralds were deep into a song about a train, and I needed a way to stop crying, so I looked back to my notebook and began to scribble furiously. I wrote every David memory I could think of.

After the extra relatives went back home, the house got really quiet. It seemed as though none of us knew what to say anymore. And Mom, well, something happened to her eyes. I remember how she used to look at Davy when he slept in the car, all protective and admiring. When he left, it was as if her eyes went dead.

My first day back at school, I was out playing dodgeball at recess, and one of the boys said, "Hey, Carver, I hear your brother got killed." I didn't know how to answer.

After a long pause, I shrugged and said, "Yup." Then I turned and threw the ball as hard as I could. From then on when any of the kids asked about him, I looked away and pretended I didn't hear.

When people asked "Are you an only child?" I said yes. I figured God

wouldn't strike me dead on the spot, since technically, at the moment, I was the only child. The lonely only.

After the Heralds said good night, I slipped out through the crowd and into the cool night air. On the way to the skating rink I thought about the day my son was born. June 25, 1984, one day before David's eighteenth birthday. At the hospital I watched Kenny squirm in his dad's arms, all red and wrinkled, wearing that silly little newborn stocking cap. My husband gave him to me so he could nurse, and while he ate I recognized that familiar contented look, as if nothing else in the world mattered.

I always wanted to ask Mom if she thought the old saying was true, the one that goes "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." For a long time I didn't. But now I'm thinking about the way she looked at Kenny when she came to visit, and how he seemed to put a spark of life back into her eyes. And I'm pretty sure she would have said yes.

At the rink I spotted my kids. Stephanie was off in a corner talking to her friends. Kenny was following one of the big kids around the rink, keeping perfect rhythm and pace. How did a child of mine ever get that coordinated? He saw me, whirled around backwards, and skidded to a stop. "Hey, Mommy-o! I'm sure glad you're here."

I held out my arms and watched him skate toward me. He nearly knocked me over with a ferocious hug. The kid is getting so big. I waited for Kenny's inevitable next sentence, and he did not disappoint. "Mom, I'm like totally starved!"

Nancy Carver Abbott is
director of technical opera-
tions for Risk Sciences
Group in Atlanta, Georgia.



What Matters Most

Your head knows. Does your heart?

BY VICTOR CZERKASIJ

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN consumed with an issue that overrides all other present reality? Remember how, in *The Sound of Music*, Maria the nun/nanny

desperately seeks the will of God regarding her love for the imperious Captain von Trapp? In anguish she wonders *What to do? Where to turn?* Fortunately, Mother Superior is there to direct her to “climb every mountain.” Soon bells are ringing in the old cathedral.

What matters most to you?

The young woman in the junior Bible class frowns. “What I really want for our church,” she says, “is the same fire and faith that the early Christians had when they were being persecuted.” For a moment the class is content with her statement—until they realize its full impact. “Well,” someone says, “maybe not *that* much fire and faith.”

What matters most to you?

At the Battle of Dhu Qar in A.D. 611, the Persians made a furious assault against the Bedouin tribes, who in a rare show of unity had prepared a defense. Handhala ibn Thalaba, elected to lead the Arabs against the aggressors from the east, made a desperate gamble for victory. Lining up the women, the elderly, and children in the sand and commanding them not to move, he turned and shouted to the men assembled in front of their families. “Now!” he declared. “Let every man defend that which is dearest to him in all the world.” The Arab triumph is remembered to this day.

What matters most to you?

Is it country? family? career? health?

What about God? In the frantic pace of the late 1990s what priority do you place on knowing Him? Are you discouraged because there is too much to know? Are you so content with life that you just don’t need Him? Has God become merely an acquaintance, someone to visit on a weekly basis? Have you assigned Him the role of a fire extinguisher reserved for emergencies—rather than one of the family?

Maybe your longing for a deep relationship has passed, leaving you content to observe Him from a distance. Spiritual surveillance.

“‘They bend their tongue like their bow; lies and not truth prevail in the land; for they proceed from evil to evil, and they do not know Me,’ declares the Lord” (Jer. 9:3).*

Loaded—And Empty

The account of the rich young ruler who approaches Jesus is a familiar one. Written about in every Gospel but John, he



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID CHEN

is remembered as a gentleman of some means. Luke calls him a "ruler" (Luke 18:18) and "extremely rich" (verse 23), while Matthew and Mark comment that he "owned much property" (Matt.

19:22; Mark 10:22).

But what sets him apart is not so much the material trappings or title, but the desire he has for something not yet possessed. "Good Teacher," he asks,

"what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" (Luke 18:18).

First, Jesus deflects him. "Why do you call Me good? No one is good except God alone" (verse 19).

Jesus tests his understanding, almost as if to say "Why do you approach Me about what is good? That, after all, is the territory of God. Unless, of course, your heart has been so touched that you perceive My identity."

Then patiently Jesus lists the commandments familiar to the young man—and to us. Isn't *that* what matters most?

Apparently not. "All these things," says the man, "I have kept from my youth" (verse 21).

The hole in his heart remains empty. The mere outworking of the commands reveals a lack of contentment in his life. It's motivation he seeks.

It is Mark 10:21 that reveals the emotion, the divinity of God reaching to this man so close to concluding his search: "And looking at him, Jesus felt a love for him . . ."

Only in the midst of great darkness can the light of truth make its greatest impression. The rich young ruler was on the *brink* of learning three truths: what he needed, what he should do, and what mattered most to him.

"One thing you still lack; sell all that you possess, and distribute it to the poor, and you shall have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me" (Luke 18:22).

Jesus did not give the same advice to every person; He had the ability to discern what impeded each one who sought Him. His work is to help humanity be clear about His character, and in turn to be clear about its own. Sooner or later we all will ask the same question: What must I do to inherit eternal life?

The answer, of course, is *nothing*. Eternal life is a gift of God, a treasure beyond purchase by any one of us. It is offered freely. It can only be accepted. But it is in the acceptance that one appreciates the price. It is in beholding the price that one begins to weigh the other items residing in the heart.

What mattered most to Jesus in this encounter? The rich young ruler.

What mattered most to the rich young ruler? Sadly, it was not Jesus.

But illustrated here is what God seeks to teach us: the question of

salvation does not rest with Him. He's proved His love. The question rests with us: What do we do with Him?

Boiling It Down

In a 1977 interview with the *Washington Post*, Shirley MacLaine stated, "The most pleasurable journey you take is through yourself. . . . The only sustaining love is with yourself. The only thing worth doing in life is the consummation of your identity."

For Shirley MacLaine, there's no secret as to what matters most. But David would have disagreed: "One thing I have asked from the Lord, that I shall seek; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to meditate in His temple" (Ps. 27:4).

Paul echoes David's sentiments: "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and unfathomable His ways!" (Rom. 11:33).

God, via Jeremiah, returns to make His case: "Let not a wise man boast of his wisdom, and let not the mighty man boast of his might, let not a rich man boast of his riches; but let him who boasts boast of this, that he understands and knows Me, that I am the Lord who exercises lovingkindness, justice, and righteousness on earth; for I delight in these things," declares the Lord" (Jer. 9:23, 24).

And Jesus: "This is eternal life, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent" (John 17:3).

What matters most? Nothing but a heart refusing to be satiated by anything but Jesus Christ.

Now! Let everyone defend that which is dearest in all the world.

*Scripture references are from the New American Standard Bible.

Victor Czerkasij is admissions advisor at Southern Adventist University, Collegedale, Tennessee, and an ordained minister.



MORRIS VENDEN

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Door-to-Door

ANDY NASH

Adventist kids and Girl Scouts have a lot in common. Like Girl Scouts, Adventist kids spend much of their childhood—in some cases, up to half—going door-to-door. But unlike Girl Scouts, Adventist kids don't go door-to-door for the purpose of selling something that crumbles easily at a special rate of \$6—how many boxes would you like? No, Adventist kids don't use such gimmicks; they just flat out ask for stuff.

When I was a kid, we asked for two things: money and food. Surprisingly, collecting money, or "Ingathering," carried limited appeal. Certainly it's always pleasant to see your can stuffed with cash.¹ But many people didn't give cash; they wrote checks, and it got dull waiting for a guy to find his pen and checkbook—"Now, who should I make that out to?"

By far the most exciting item to collect was canned goods for the poor and needy. Somehow, in this venue, food held a new attraction. The same vegetables that were boring to eat at last night's supper suddenly took on an aura of excitement. *Oooh, a can of corn. Oooh, asparagus.*

We, the church school students, collected cans around Halloween time.² Before we hit the streets, though, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Nash assembled us downstairs in the fellowship hall to go over some "ground rules." Mr. Rogers reminded us not to comment on the type of canned goods we received. If someone gave us pork and beans, we were just to accept it graciously and to remember to say thanks.

Then they broke us into pairs and gave us our street assignments. On this day, Jac and I were assigned to West Lake Drive—exactly what I had hoped for. For weeks, on the bus ride home, I had been eyeing a huge stone house on West Lake Drive, a can collector's dream. Such a beautiful home was sure to produce more cans than we could even carry. Perhaps the owners would have their servants load the cans into their private limo parked around back, just out of sight, and drive it to the church while Jac and I sat in back sipping ginger ale, watching cable. The *Tribune* would probably feature us on page 1. "Can Collectors Strike It Big, World Hunger Ended."

Our anticipation growing, Jac and I climbed the steep driveway, pushed the doorbell dramatically, and rocked back and forth on our feet until a small white-haired woman opened it.

"Hello, boys," she said, sweetly.



"Hi," I said. "My name's Andy and this is Jac. We're from the Seventh-day Adventist church school, and we're collecting cans for the poor and needy."

"What?" she said. "Cans?"

"Yes—for the poor and needy."

"OK . . . just one minute, please."

She closed the door a little to keep the draft out and walked away. Jac and I looked at each other. This was it—our big break. The limo should be warming up behind the house any time now. The servants should be on their way.

The door swung open, and there they were—the woman and a tiny can of peas. "Here you go, boys," she said. "Bye now."

My biggest regret as I walked back down the hill was not that the stone house hadn't yielded the bountiful harvest I'd expected, but that I had told all the other kids it would. *Maybe they've forgotten*, I reasoned. They hadn't.

"So what'd you get from the stone house?" they asked in the van.

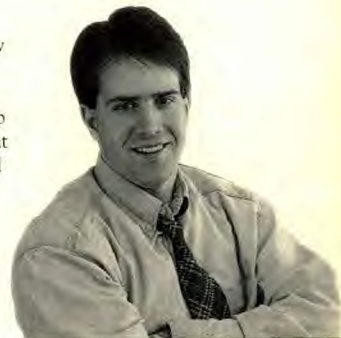
"A can of peas."

"A can of peas? That's it?"

Back at school they had finally stopped convulsing and messing up my hair. I smoothed it down while Mr. Rogers emptied our morning's work onto three long tables. My tiny can of peas rolled in with dozens of other more prestigious-looking cans, including a whole gallon of pears, but Mr. Rogers declared it didn't matter who collected what. All that mattered, he said, his voice building, was that a few more area families would go to bed tonight with full stomachs and smiles on their faces because of the good work we had done for humankind, and we should all be very, very proud.

¹ The first donation was made by a fellow church member using a technique called "seeding," in which a couple crisp bills are placed in such a way as to peek out of the top of the can, enticing the solicitee to think that his neighbor had made a donation, so he had better do the same. As far as I know, "seeding" was the only time it was OK to bear false witness.

² The timing suited us just fine—"Yes, of course we'll accept your candy as a token of appreciation for our efforts."



Faith at Work

*The workplace is off-limits to witnessing, right? Wrong.
Five Adventists tell their stories.*

BY ALVA JAMES JOHNSON

KEVIN PATTERSON, 33, OF OMAHA HAS A faith that goes to his workplace. He tries to draw his coworkers to Christ by being a consistent witness of God's saving grace.

After graduating from Oakwood College in 1985, he landed a job as a customer service representative for First National Bank. Coworkers who passed by his busy work station were exposed to Bible promises that lay on his desk. And everyone knew that Kevin didn't go to break or lunch without his Bible.

Soon a coworker joined Kevin for lunch to study the Bible. Others became interested, and the study group grew to about eight people. The group lost some members, Kevin said, when he started becoming too forceful about Seventh-day Adventist doctrine such as the wearing of jewelry. The studies became bogged down

with debates about denominational differences.

"One thing I've learned is you can never base a discussion like this on religion," he said. "It has to be about the Bible. That's our common ground."

Although Kevin was later moved to another department in another building, he considered his ministry a calling and started another Bible study group.

"I felt God moved me in different departments in the bank just to witness. Everywhere I would go the topic of God would come up and questions would always be addressed to me. The Lord made a way to witness," he said.

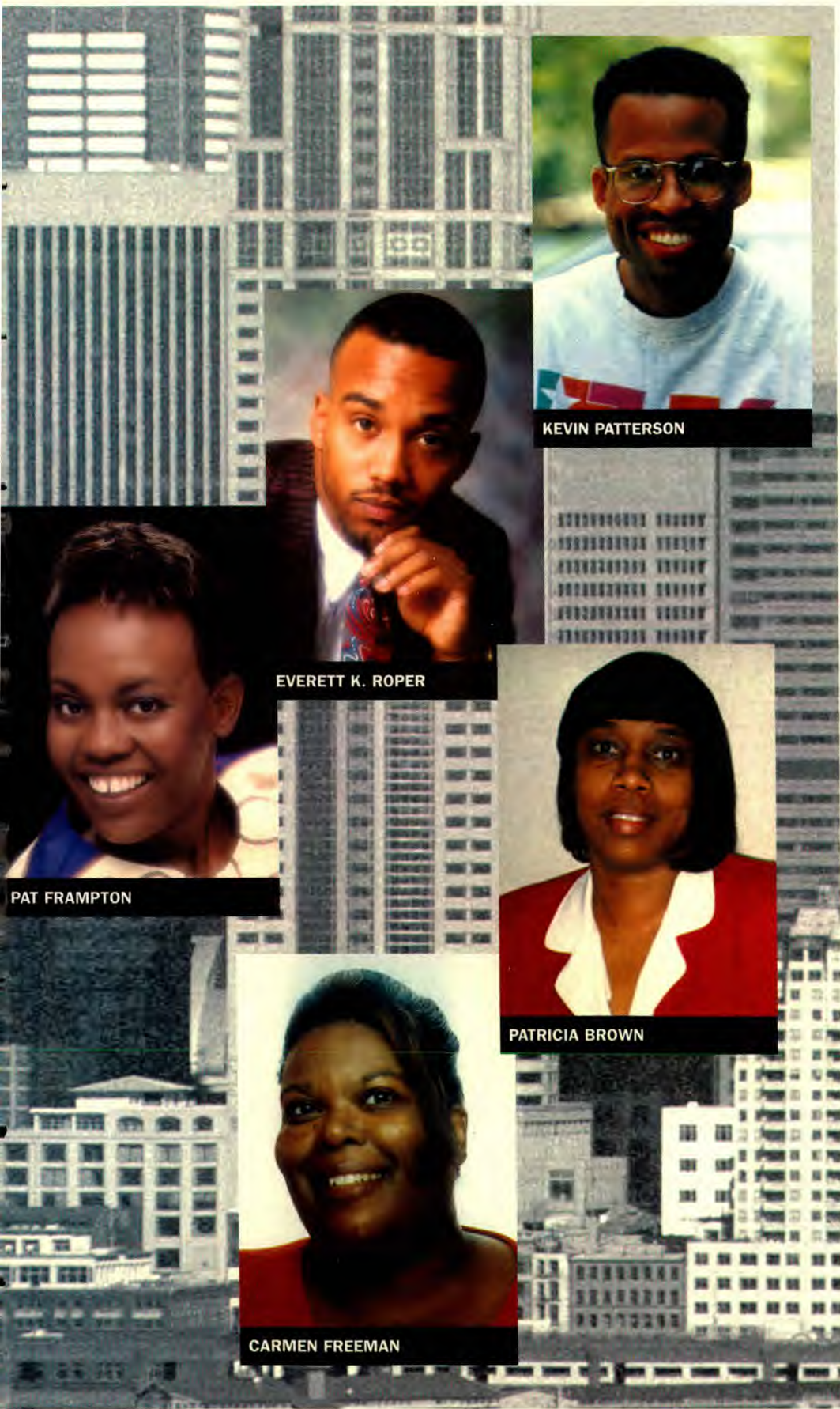
Kevin has begun a new job recently, and he's looking for other opportunities to continue his ministry in the workplace.

"It has become a way of life. Once I was hesitant and wondered what people would say about me. But I think about Jesus telling His disciples that whoever denies Him, He'll deny before His Father," he said. "People seem to be in search of something, and the workplace is a good place to witness, because a lot of people are under pressure and stress, and they're looking for a release and a way out."

E-mail Outreach

All electronic mail that flowed from Everett Roper's computer terminal contained this friendly reminder: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the





KEVIN PATTERSON

EVERETT K. ROPER

PAT FRAMPTON

PATRICIA BROWN

CARMEN FREEMAN

sabbath of the Lord thy God."

It didn't matter that the people receiving the E-mail were Everett's managers, coworkers, and company representatives from all over the country. It didn't matter that he was in a professional work environment, in which religion and politics are often considered taboo.

Everett, who until recently worked as a software engineer for Pratt & Whitney, Inc., an avionics corporation in Huntsville, Alabama, said he shared the fourth commandment with his colleagues at the company because it was his duty as an ambassador for Christ.

"If I don't, they may never hear about the Seventh-day Adventist faith," he said. "The Lord gave me my job. I have to spread His message wherever I go."

Everett, 25, is not alone. He is one among many Seventh-day Adventist Christians who are defying the norms of corporate life and are boldly sharing their faith with the people they associate with on the job. Some of these Christians are using traditional methods, such as Bible studies and pamphlets. Others are tapping into E-mail and other modern technology.

Many are finding the workplace fertile ground for evangelism, and they believe the Holy Spirit is leading men and women to Christ because of their endeavors.

For Everett, evidence of God's miraculous power came one day when one of his coworkers became curious enough about Seventh-day Adventism to attend church one Sabbath. The visitor filled out a form requesting more information about the

church, and has been receiving literature from the Oakwood College church ever since.

Bearing One Another's Burdens

For Pat Frampton, a counselor for the Omaha, Nebraska, public schools the evidence comes in the form of the dozens of prayer requests that she receives from her colleagues weekly. She takes the requests to a telephone prayer line that she shares with several women at her church. Some of the prayers have been answered, and people are becoming more curious about her faith as a result.

Pat said it's becoming easier for Christians to witness on their jobs because many people are thirsting for a sense of security and hope while living in a world that's becoming more and more saturated with crime, broken homes, corporate downsizing, and economic instability.

"I think people are really understanding there's another realm, another dimension, to our lives," she said. "There are spiritual forces out there that are affecting us all, and some of them are negative. People are learning that they can't do it all by themselves. They need people, but most of all they need God."

Prayer Tips

Patricia Brown, a 45-year-old administrative assistant, said that's why she began using E-mail to share God's love with her coworkers at the VA Medical Center in Montgomery, Alabama.

Her ministry started when coworkers began sending messages to her computer terminal asking for special prayer. Patricia responded by E-mailing messages that contained Bible verses that spelled out the ABCs of prayer. Among them were Matthew 7:7; Mark 11:24; and 1 John 5:14.

One of Patricia's Catholic coworkers was so touched by her witness, that she requested that Patricia pray with her every morning before work. Others came to her to

learn more about the Bible.

"I was sending the messages to people who so graciously received them," Patricia said of the experience. "Some of these people attended church weekly, but it didn't deter them from coming to me and asking me for prayer."

Patricia said her E-mail ministry came to an end when a hospital supervisor found out about it and

*Some use
traditional
methods.
Others tap into
E-mail and
other modern
technology.*

complained to management. The hospital has since banned employees from using the E-mail network for religious purposes. But she has found other ways to keep God in the workplace. The methods include praying with coworkers during lunch and handing out a list of Bible promises that they can refer to in time of need.

"I just want to save the whole world," Patricia said. "I want my coworkers to know God can be a part of their lives wherever they are."

Pat Frampton said more Christians need to take that message to heart. Many, she said, are afraid to witness to people on their jobs because they're afraid of rejection.

"For a long time I never said anything because I felt this was not the place. But then I found out people

need somebody to talk to," she said. "At first it's hard because we don't want to offend. But I don't think it offends anymore. These days with the Religious Right and other movements, people are not afraid to say they're Christians."

People can witness on their jobs doing subtle things, such as explaining why they don't eat certain foods or why they keep the Sabbath, and refusing to participate in unethical practices on the job, Pat said.

Ready Answers

Carmen Freeman, 32, a claims auditor at Blue Cross/Blue Shield in Omaha, said she has been bombarded with opportunities to witness ever since returning to the Seventh-day Adventist faith three and a half years ago. When she was baptized, Carmen asked the Lord to help her to save at least one soul. And now religion seems to come up even in conversation.

Carmen has had to explain to her coworkers why she keeps the seventh day as Sabbath, and why she refuses to put unclean foods into her body. She said many of the conversations have led to Bible discussions on the phone after work hours, and she's on the verge of giving her first Bible study.

"I'm still like an infant; I'm still learning," Carmen said. "At first it was uncomfortable."

Yet witnessing on the job is something Carmen feels compelled to do since giving her life to Christ.

"I always feel that I never do enough," she said. "I'm just not satisfied with coming to church on Sabbath, praising His name, then going home. Anything I can do to save souls, I'm for it."

Alva James Johnson is a newspaper reporter covering urban affairs and neighborhoods for the Omaha World-Herald in Omaha, Nebraska.



Good Guilt, Bad Guilt

SANDRA DORAN

As Adventists we are often reminded that we have "distinctive doctrines." We are also distinguished by a number of things that tag along for the ride: veggieburger, Saturday night popcorn, and guilt. There, I've said it. That five-letter word that nags and accuses and disrupts our sleep. Falling short of the mark. Being weighed in the balances and found wanting. Failure with a capital F.

It starts early. Says one Adventist teenager: "The only feeling that I've ever gotten from my father is that he wishes I were more righteous. He thinks my brother is totally evil and that I'm just a few steps away from sinking all the way to the bottom of the pit with him."

And if it's hard on children, the guilt only intensifies when Adventists become adults. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the parenting arena. My office contains boxes of letters in which Seventh-day Adventist parents confess the unspeakable crime: their inability to make their children into models of perfection. The last line in a recent letter sums up the sentiment of many: "I go to bed every night feeling like a failure as a Christian parent."

Is guilt necessary? Is guilt good? Does guilt serve such an important function that we dare not release our tight hold on it?

Imagine living in a world without guilt. You are standing in line to buy groceries when a man pushes past you and begins unloading his carriage onto the belt. He flashes you a grin while he continues placing canned peaches, bread, and yogurt down with a flourish. Chatting with the checker, he acknowledges no wrongdoing on his part. His groceries bagged, he heads for the parking lot and retrieves his car from the handicapped space.

Guilt is a necessary tool in society. It keeps us all in check. It prevents us from taking what is not ours. To the Christian, guilt serves a deeper purpose. First John 1:9 tells us that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." How can we confess our sins if we are not first prompted by guilt? Guilt is the prompting of the Holy Spirit. That still small voice that helps us make things right.

There is a brand of guilt, however, that goes beyond the

promptings of the Holy Spirit. Rather than a still small voice, it is a thick, wagging finger that paralyzes our sense of self and our relationships with others. This kind of guilt serves no purpose.

It does not lead to confession. It does not help us put our house in order. It taunts and accuses and scorns our very attempts at negotiating our way in a difficult and complex world.

Jesus Christ, our ultimate Role Model, had no dealings with such paralyzing emotion. Never in Scripture do we find Him walking down a dusty road, turning relentless questions over and over in His mind.

If only I had spent more time with Judas. If only I had pleaded with him harder; given him My undivided attention instead of going around healing everybody.

The thought is preposterous. Yet somehow we can't seem to get past plunging ourselves into guilt when our daughters pierce their ears, our sons fail high school, we eat a coffee ice-cream cone on the way home from work.

What is wrong with all this is what it does to us, and what it does to our families. Rather than bringing us closer to God, it pushes us away. Rather than leading to improvement in our families, it causes us to be critical and condemning of those we love. Rather than leading to growth, it stunts and destroys.

In my research on families of difficult children, I am coming to some interesting conclusions. Mothers who do not internalize guilt over their children's behaviors are able to lend a sense of optimism and stability to the family unit, even in the midst of difficult circumstances. Those who continually blame themselves for the errors of their children sink into a depression that drags the entire family down.

Adventists, let go of the guilt. If the Holy Spirit is prompting you to put your house in order, by all means get it taken care of. But if guilt is sticking around with the veggieburger and Saturday night popcorn, get rid of it. That's part of the culture you don't need.

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.



*"If only I had
spent more time
with Judas."*

European Youth Take to the Streets of Helsinki

BY ANSKU JAAKKOLA, FINLAND UNION YOUTH DIRECTOR

About 300 young people from 20 countries on four different continents gathered together in Helsinki, Finland, to make a Christian impact in the community from July 29 to August 4.

As part of the LIVE XL evangelism project, the youth conducted innovative street evangelism, puppet and mime ministries, and participated in a gospel choir that made people stop in Helsinki's busiest street corners. These activities promoted nightly outreach meetings.

Many passersby were eager to learn what the statue of Daniel 2 in the street was all about. Those who answered the questionnaire will be sent a copy of *Steps to Christ* and other material.

Perhaps the most relaxing way of witnessing was the "Rest in the Lord"

performance, during which two young people slept in two beds in the middle of a community park. It got people to stop, wonder, smile, and ask questions. "Well, I must say that I'm kind of curious about why this guy is sleeping here," replied one man who drove by and stopped to see what was happening, when asked what he thought of the performance.

The health and temperance exhibit attracted a constant crowd with Smoking Susie, a life-size human model that demonstrated the effects of smoking, and other material. "Would you tell me about other spiritual matters as well?" requested one visitor.

Personnel from the area Adventist Development and Relief Agency pitched a tent on the street and provided passersby with food, neck massages, blood pressure checks, and a flea market. The group also received donations. Before they could get started a long line of people were waiting to give.

Visitors also had the opportunity of expressing their creativity by painting a picture. This activity gave the youth a chance to start spiritual discussions. The "happy pirates" had a treasure chest that contained a treasure many people have died for. Those who dared to open the lid were given the treasure—a Bible.

Ten clowns, dressed in



NEED A LIFT? The youth used orange balloons to call attention to the nightly meetings.

outfits specially made for the event, walked around the city making balloon dogs—with LIVE XL collars—for people of all ages and inviting them to the meetings. "I have received very different reactions from people: one man said he loves all Adventists; another ran away!" comments Bernadetta Andriuskaite, 17, from Lithuania, who dressed as a clown for several days.



TOWERING GIANT: The image from Daniel 2 created high interest.



CLOWNING AROUND: Many tourists stopped to have their pictures taken with the clown team.

Every day a team of six young people went out wearing a huge LIVE XL T-shirt fitting six people, distributing balloons as they told people of the meetings. The literature team sold magazines while another team solicited Ingathering funds.

Some 8,000 LIVE XL balloons were distributed around the city. The balloons made the event visible in the streets and created much interest among people. People would come from the street, from trams, and even running from shops to ask what it was all about. "I found the balloons to be a very positive way of approaching parents," said Richard Nganga of Kenya.

Thousands of leaflets, the *Nuori Usko* youth magazines, copies of *Steps to Christ*, and Voice of Prophecy interest cards were distributed. Young people also conducted surveys about religious matters on the street.

The evening meetings were packed

with young adults attending. Peter Roenfeldt, ministerial secretary of the Trans-European Division, spoke on contemporary issues such as near death experiences, suffering, the historical Jesus, the Holy Spirit, and the Toronto blessing. "Personally, I have gotten new strength in my relationship with God by participating in LIVE XL," said David Lorencin, 18, from Yugoslavia.

There were seven workshops available in the mornings for the youth. The workshops addressed issues such as sexuality and relationships, spiritual gifts, substance abuse, music, mime, puppet ministry, health education for children, and art evangelism. Evangelism is continuing



MIME FOR THE ASKING: The mime team presented dramatic sketches for passersby.

in Helsinki with more LIVE XL programs, including small groups, youth weekends, and a revival series. The weeklong project was organized by the youth departments of the Finland Union Conference and the Trans-European Division.

NEWS BREAK

Widmer Leaves Review

After more than 12 years as associate editor of the *Adventist Review*, Myron Widmer has accepted a call to Pacific Union College, in Angwin, California. Widmer left *Review* employ, effective September 28, and has commenced teaching in the Religion Department of PUC.



Myron Widmer

"Elder Widmer was one of my first appointments after assuming office," said *Review* editor William Johnsson. "He gave exemplary service to the *Review* and the Seventh-day Adventist Church. I looked to him for a variety of tasks, and he was always willing and capable."

Johnsson noted that Widmer's work combined creativity and attention to detail.

In a final editorial, to appear in the November North American Division edition of the *Adventist Review*, Widmer cites the need to be at home more with his three young children as a major reason he decided to leave the *Review*. He mentions that his duties at the *Review* called for up to three months of the year in travel.

One of the last projects Widmer spearheaded was the special Sabbath issue, "The Sabbath Is for Joy," which went

to press in late August 1996. "The Sabbath special has had an outstanding reception," said Johnsson. "It stands as a lasting sample of Myron's work for us."

At Pacific Union College Widmer serves as associate professor of religion.

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TOP 5

Outstanding Collegiate Women

This is the first year the North American Division Women's Ministries Department has awarded Thesba Johnston scholarships.

Here are the recipients from five Adventist colleges:

1. Andrews University Theological Seminary
Anjer Rollins
DeAnna Chopin
Clarissa Worley
2. Southern Adventist University
Corin Nickolatos
3. Walla Walla College
Dawn Lloyd
4. Andrews University
Alicia Worley
5. Southwestern Adventist College
Carol Young

For Your Good Health

Lower That Screen: A computer screen should be positioned so you look down at it at a 15-degree angle. Your eyes should be nearly level with the top of the monitor. Tilting it slightly upward also reduces the risk of neck strain, allowing you more freedom to move your neck.
—University of California at Berkeley Wellness Letter.

Healthy Acid: People with high levels of folic acid in their bloodstream have up to a 69 percent decrease in the risk of death from coronary heart disease. Good dietary sources of folic acid: dark-green leafy vegetables, dried beans, citrus fruits and juice, soybeans and other legumes, and wheat germ and whole grains.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Chill Out: To reduce the pain of removing a splinter, first chill the site with an ice cube for a few minutes.
—*Consumer Reports on Health.*

Compiled by Larry Becker, editor of *Vibrant Life*, the church's health outreach journal. To subscribe, contact your ABC or call 1-800-765-6955.

NEWS BREAK

ADRA Helps Victims of Hurricane Hortense

When Hurricane Hortense hit Puerto Rico with high winds and heavy rains on September 10, the Adventist Development and Relief Agency in Puerto Rico was one of the first organizations to aid survivors.

ADRA/Puerto Rico distributed 23 tons of food to 120 families in Guayama, and 1,500 meals for volunteers in Barceloneta. One reason that ADRA responded quickly is that many Adventist pastors (who are ADRA volunteers) are members of local emergency response committees in Puerto Rico. In addition, more than 60 Adventist youth assist the American Red Cross in Puerto Rico.

"I am happy to work with all the volunteers," says Carmelo Rivera, ADRA/Puerto Rico spokesperson. "The church has been very supportive."

Adventist Youth Build Four Churches in Panama

Nearly 100 teen volunteers from five countries and from 33 states in the U.S. recently assembled in the Chiriqui province of Panama to build four churches in two weeks.

The sixth annual Ultimate Workout project provides a time of spiritual renewal for the youth. They leave behind the distractions of TV, school, and peers, and build their faith



THAT'S IT: Adventist youth participated in every part of the construction process.

by serving in another country.

"I haven't seen anything change lives as much as these trips," says Lori Peckham, editor of *Insight* magazine, a cosponsor of the trip with Maranatha Volunteers International and Piece of the Pie Ministries. "[After these trips] some teens choose to go to an Adventist academy or to become student missionaries or youth pastors," Peckham says.

Italian Authorities Grant AWR Long-awaited License

Adventist World Radio received a long-awaited broadcast license from the Italian government on September 19. The license authorizes AWR to build a major shortwave radio station near Argentina.

With broadcasts in 30 languages, the new facility will provide coverage of the Islamic nations from Morocco in the west to Pakistan and India in the east, says Gordon Retzer, AWR president.

AWR has sought the authorization since 1985, when it started a station near Forli. In 1990 a worldwide offering for

Hey, Macarena!

BY T. LYNN CALDWELL, GENERAL CONFERENCE COMMUNICATION DEPARTMENT ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR

It seeped out of dance clubs this summer and quickly made its way into the lives of mainstream America. Suddenly it was everywhere—constantly on the radio and playing at stores and baseball games. Even the Democratic National Convention took time out to do . . . *the Macarena*.

The song with the strong Latin beat and choreographed dance steps has taken America over. But look at the words:

They tell of a young woman named Macarena who loves to dance and is very good at it.

She states, "The boys all want me, they can't have me, so they come and dance beside me!" (Conceit!) The young men respond with a lustful line. In the second verse Macarena discusses her boyfriend, saying, "I don't want him, can't stand him." (Cruelty!) "And besides, his two friends are sooooo fine!" (Unfaithfulness!) Macarena likes to party only with the other good-looking girls. (Snobbery!) And

she's giddy with laughter about all these things. (Airhead!)

So the messages in one of America's most popular songs include: conceit, lust, cruelty, unfaithfulness, and snobbery.

If this is all true, then why do I find myself responding to the song? That's right—every time it plays on my car radio I want to crank up the volume and sing along with Macarena.

This persistent collision between two worlds has always distressed me. How do

I reconcile my Christian beliefs and values with a popular culture that is so pervasive and shallow, yet entertaining and downright funny?

The reality is that these two worlds will never be reconciled. But they can be recognized for what they are and consistently monitored for the prominence or lack of prominence each holds in our daily lives. That's what it means to claim Jesus as Lord.

NEWS COMMENTARY

NEWS BREAK



WELCOME: Argenta mayor Andrea Ricci (left) welcomes AWR director Gordon Retzer (right) and Phil Follett, AWR board chair.

Retzer. "This has been an objective since AWR first started broadcasting from leased facilities in Portugal in 1971."

Construction of the new facility will begin in 1997 and should be ready for broadcast in 1999.

the project was collected at the General Conference session in Indianapolis, Indiana.

"This long-anticipated license permits AWR to own and operate its own facility in Europe," said

River Plate Adventist University. The residents also banned video games, lotteries, and discos, and the local radio stations play only classical and folk music.—*Adventist News Network*.

✓ **The Adventist Church in Cuba** strengthened its presence with the official opening of the new Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary on September 18.

General Conference president Robert S. Folkenberg led the ribbon-cutting ceremonies. The seminary has two new buildings that house classrooms and dormitory and administration facilities.

The new seminary was made possible by Adventist volunteers from Maranatha Volunteers International. Since 1994 MVI has built 33 new church buildings and refurbished 80 properties in Cuba.—*Adventist News Network*.

✓ **Correction:** In the September 19 Readers' Exchange (p. 7) Lisa M. Doll's full address should have read: P.O. Box 312, Graham, WA 98338-0312.

News Notes

✓ **Alcohol and tobacco are now banned** in the Argentinean town of Villa Libertador after 60 percent of the citizens there voted to prohibit the substances.

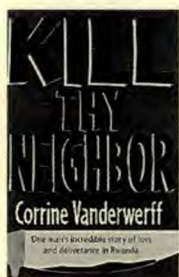
With a population of 5,000 persons, Villa Libertador is the location of River Plate Sanitarium and Hospital and

What's Coming!

Oct.	19	Voice of Prophecy Day
Oct.	26	Pathfinder Sabbath
Nov.	9-16	Week of Prayer (North America)
Nov.	16	Ingathering begins
Dec.	7	Stewardship Day

BOOK

• M A R K •



Kill Thy Neighbor

Corrine Vanderwerff,
Pacific Press Publishing
Association, Boise,
Idaho, 1996, 224 pages,
US\$9.99; Cdn\$14.49,
paperback. Reviewed by

Jean Sequeira, editorial secretary, Adventist
Review, and former missionary to Africa.

The cover of this book screams at us "Kill Thy Neighbor"—shiny, blood-red letters on a black background. Designer Dennis Ferree understood his assignment. It was about Rwanda.

How could such atrocities be committed in a nation supposedly 94 percent Christian?

Corrine Vanderwerff, observer of the African scene for 15 years, explains the intertribal tensions that led to the 1994 slaughter of a half million people (including 10,000 Seventh-day Adventists). This carnage was the culminating point of the hatred burning in the hearts of a community for decades.

The author introduces us to Richard, a young Catholic medical student. The story covers one brief, life-changing month during which Richard's Hutu and Tutsi friends become both helpers and enemies.

In the end Richard finds the true answer for his country's dilemma—"Jesus forgave the ones who were killing Him. Because they didn't understand what they were doing."

The story closes with his baptism. But the questions linger: has this tragedy brought about a change of attitude in Seventh-day Adventists toward those of other tribes?

The book provides opportunity for self-examination. Each one of us needs to ask ourselves: Is Christ first in my life, and is the Holy Spirit in control? Do I hate another human being? Do I harbor feelings of racial superiority? Is my tribe, race, or nationality more important than my faith? Am I a pacifist at heart?

Richard's story tells little about how

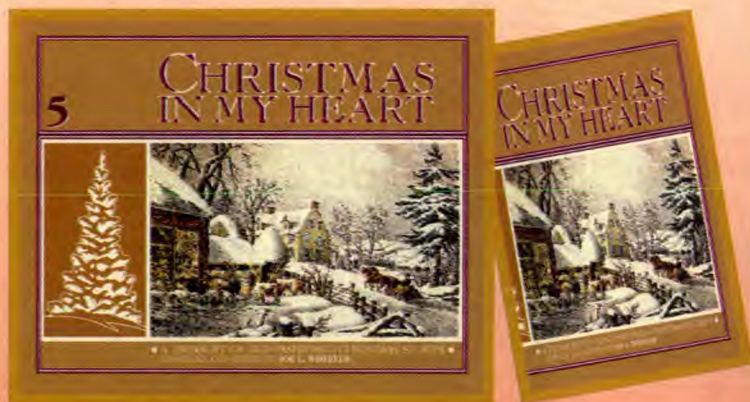
Adventism in Rwanda fared. For those concerned about the involvement of fellow members in the killing fields, they won't find it here. There is another side to this tragic event.

So, how about it, Corrine? Let's hear about the faithful ones who risked their lives to save others. Let's have another volume filled with incredible stories of love and call it "Love Thy Neighbor."

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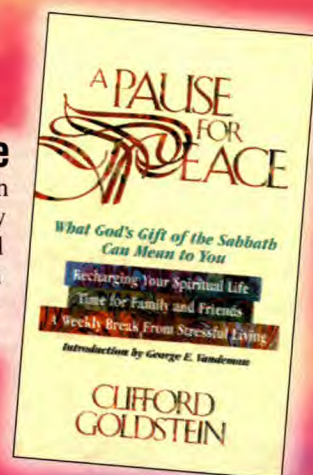
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Anger: Is It OK?

How is anger good? How is it bad? How can we express it and still be true disciples of Christ?



BY JEAN ANDERSON

Are you going to use your car tonight, Mary?" her brother, Mark, asked.

Mark had been asking that question a lot lately, then pressuring Mary into letting him use her car to transport his friends around the county. Because of the condition of the car after he returned it, Mary regretted letting him use it.

"I'm not using it tonight, but I don't want to lend it to you, Mark. Last time you brought it back dirty inside and out."

"But I promise I won't this time, Mary," he pleaded.

"No, I'd rather not let you use it anymore, Mark," she responded firmly.

"Why can't you just be nice? You're so selfish!" he yelled as he grabbed her purse lying on the end table and pawed through it, searching for the keys.

Mary snatched her purse back from him, but he grabbed her arm and twisted it. Feeling her anger rise, Mary pulled away from him and shouted, "I said no, and that's what I mean. And don't you *ever* try to hurt me again!"

Mark backed off and shuffled out of the room without a word.

Was it a sin for Mary to get angry with her brother? Should she have gone the second mile and let him continue to borrow her car? Should she have, instead of shouting, explained calmly that she didn't want him hurting her?

Mary's anger got her brother's attention, and it could have been a turning point for him if he valued his relationship with her.

Constructive Anger

Clifford Beers suffered from a severe emotional problem that landed him in a hospital in the early part of this century. At that time, mental hospitals were known as insane asylums, and when people entered, they seldom recovered enough to be released.

The conditions in this asylum and the primitive treatment the patients received angered Mr. Beers. He began making careful notes, recording the inhumane and unjust treatment of the patients and himself. He recovered, and after his release, his anger spurred him on to found several mental health organizations and to make heated appeals to state legislatures for better treatment of the mentally ill. Because of his protests, demonstrations, and campaigns, mental health services vastly improved, and emotionally ill people began to receive more dignified and fair treatment.

Yes, anger can be redirected to accomplish much good for downtrodden people, just as it can get people's attention and cause a turning point in their lives.

The presence of occasional anger is also an indicator of a good relationship. One author says that many Christians think that anger is the opposite of love, but she thinks apathy is the absence of love, while anger shows we care. When families or friends can express their anger to one another, misunderstandings can be cleared up, hurt feelings can be assuaged, and all persons involved can get their needs met more efficiently.¹

But many of us have a difficult time expressing our anger to one another. Instead we choose to "be nice" outwardly and to steam inwardly.

The Lemonade Debacle

Alan, a young man who had just joined the church, was invited to visit the home of the first elder on Sabbath afternoon. The elder's wife, a very hospitable woman, served him a glass of lemonade, which Alan promptly drank. She replenished it. Alan quickly drank that glass; she quickly filled it again. Alan finished the third glass, then excused himself and hurried home.

The next Sabbath the elder invited Alan to come again. When the elder's wife saw him driving in, she hurried to the kitchen to mix up some lemonade, remembering how enthusiastically he'd drunk it the previous Sabbath. The same scene was repeated. Alan promptly drank his three glasses of lemonade and left. He never returned. Later he was overheard saying, "I hate those people. I tried to be nice when they served me that lemonade, but I hate lemonade, and they just kept serving it every time I came. I'm not ever going back there."

The bud of friendship between the elder and his wife and this young man withered and died. The elder's wife, trying hard to be friendly and hospitable, did all the right things, but they became the wrong things because of Alan's inability to be honest about what he liked and disliked. He also focused his anger on people rather than on the thing that angered him—the lemonade.

Anger is an emotion, and emotions are part of our complex human nature. We all have them. This is the way God created us—in the divine image.

Does this mean that God gets angry too? There are many Bible texts that refer to God's anger. Some say it kindled (Num. 22:22; Deut. 7:4). Other passages say it was provoked (Deut. 4:25; Judges 2:12). Judges 2:14 says that God's anger was hot. Since God expresses anger and does not sin, it is apparent that the emotion of anger is not necessarily a sin. What often becomes sin is the action that follows the emotion of anger.

Be Angry and Sin Not

How can we make good choices about expressing our anger?

■ Recognize it.

Many emotions trigger an active physical response. When someone says or does something nice, we have the urge to reach out and touch that person. When someone attempts to violate our space, our property, our bodies, or our thoughts and beliefs, we have an instinctive desire to protect ourselves physically by pushing the intruder away. Anger is a survival

Anger at God: OK or No Way?

Excerpts From a Friday Vespers Discussion on the Adventists On-line Forum; Moderated by A. Allan Martin on February 16, 1996.

Allan: Is anger a sin?

Chris: I don't think that anger in itself is necessarily a sin. How we act upon that anger can be.

Willie: Anger, like any other emotion, is a normal part of life.

Chris: I agree, Willie.

Dee: Just because we get angry doesn't mean we have to go out and do something stupid.

Sheila: If we never feel anger, we will not react in the name of goodness.

Allan: Would you explain that more, Sheila?

Sheila: I feel anger at child abuse, so I try to do something about it. I feel anger at the homeless, etc.

Allan: So how about anger at God?

Rich and Ana: There's no one safer to be angry with than God. He'll never stop loving you.

Andy: I would rather have someone angry at me than ignore me; maybe God is the same way.

Allan: I know many people who are so angry at God but feel they are not allowed to show anger and still be Christian.

Sandee: I'm a medical practice administrator, and I welcome my staff sharing their anger. If they don't, we could never effect a positive solution to the challenge.

Chris: I think that maybe God would want us to let Him know when we are angry with Him, rather than let it eat us up inside.

Allan: What does our ability to vent at God say about our relationship with Him?

Chris: It means that we have an open relationship with Him.

Marti: I do not believe that anger is the opposite of love. I distrust people who never show any anger.

Sandee: You know, when you express anger at your spouse (the most intimate relationship on earth), he or she doesn't always understand. But because of my intimate relationship with the Lord, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that He understands and loves me still!

William: He wants us to be real people. Who are we kidding if we think we can hide it from Him?

Rich and Ana: If we're going to vent our anger at God, we have to be willing to listen to His answer.

Allan: Good point, Rich and Ana.

emotion and is necessary for our existence.

I often ask counselees what personal physical cues let them know they are angry. Many don't know. There are many ways people physically reveal anger. We may clench our teeth or fists, tense up, or turn red in the face. If we know our own body cues and become more alert to their presence, we can better monitor the onset of our own anger.

■ **Admit the anger.**

The next step is to be honest with ourselves. Anger is so unacceptable in the minds of some Christians that we often deny its presence.

Dr. Archibald Hart says, "Many well-meaning Christians find themselves caught in a struggle over their anger. On the one hand they get the message that anger is bad. They feel so 'unchristian' whenever they give expression to their anger. Their communities discourage any show of anger, and this leads to a pervasive fear

of making people angry and of dealing with someone who is angry. Because all angry feelings must be suppressed, group activities become a difficult and often unpleasant experience, and committee meetings mean pain and frustration."²

■ **Choose appropriate ways to express anger.**

Anger inappropriately expressed is the greatest barrier to good relationships, according to authors L. B. and Demetri Lontos. Most of us know only two ways to respond to anger. One is to vent it in a hostile manner by verbal abuse or physical violence. The second is to suppress it until we no longer think we are angry while it actually burns within us as resentment, a low-key hostility just beneath the surface. Suppressed anger discourages the growth of tenderness.³

Suppression is a common way for Christians to deal with anger because we know it is wrong to be abusive and hostile. However, to deny suppressed anger is dishonest.

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Batting From the Heart

The pitcher leaned toward the batter, neck extended, his glove hidden behind his back. Eyes narrowed, he stared across at the batter, visualizing his next pitch. The count was full.

But this moment belonged to the batter. He grinned a little, knowingly, and studied the windup. The tip of the bat gave a faint wiggle in anticipation as the ball sailed toward the plate.

The beginning days of Little League season in my small town are very unpredictable weather-wise. Parents are either freezing or sweating—most of the time it's freezing. And everyone is keeping a wary eye on thunderstorms rolling in from the west.

Little League games are also unpredictable, and therein lies a part of their charm. They are full of youthful energy and woefully unmatched coordination. Yet amid it all, a few kids begin to emerge as serious contenders in the game.

My son, no different than his friends, was usually oblivious to the chilly temperatures and ominous clouds. Yet when it came to playing baseball he was often less enthusiastic about "winning" than were most of his teammates. He did more socializing out on the field than paying attention.

I was a little dismayed with Corey's attitude toward baseball. As we would pack up our chairs and blankets and head back to the pickup after a game, I seemed to be uselessly expending energy lecturing about his lack of enthusiasm. Corey would lower his head and let his baseball glove swing loosely from his fingertips.

One day Corey said, "I just like batting the ball."

I explained there was more to baseball than batting. You had to learn to catch and throw the ball, too.

We went outside and practiced again. I tried to show him the importance of learning to catch and throw the ball. I explained that it all mattered and that he should work equally hard at all aspects of the game. Corey stared past me. I obviously wasn't getting through. I decided to sit on the steps a few minutes before following him back inside the house. As I sat there, I thought, *How does our*

heavenly Father relate to us as we learn spiritual lessons?

It dawned on me that God meets us where we *begin* our relationship with Him and rejoices in the things we like about that relationship. God first concentrates on the things we enjoy. After all, people approach God in different ways and at different levels.

For example, Jesus came to the fisherman Peter and, relating to Peter's livelihood, told him to cast his nets again. Peter obeyed and was awestruck with the catch that was made. When Jesus commanded, "Follow Me," Peter went, wanting to learn more. It was the first of many

lessons that Jesus would teach Peter as he grew spiritually.

Jesus doesn't roll out the chalkboard and drill us on the whole game plan. Jesus doesn't insist that we grasp the importance of every play before He thinks we're dependable enough to use in the outfield. Jesus rejoices with us in the first things we like about our walk with Him, and when we are ready for more, He gladly teaches us more.

I had missed that in my baseball relationship with my son. While I was looking down, he was looking up with wide, expectant eyes, wishing me to get as much joy out of his batting—his favorite part of the game—as he did.

The game? No, the ball was not hit squarely. It actually did not sail high over the heads of the outfielders.

There was no shouting or cheering. After three strikes, Corey still stood there, hunched over home plate with his eyes latched on the pitcher, waiting.

For him the joy was in swinging the bat with the vision of connecting "a good one"—of conquering the part of the game he liked the most. Next season I want to begin where he's most ready to begin—learning his favorite part of the game first.

*I wanted my son
to learn to catch
and throw. He
stared past me.*

Eric D. Stoffle is editorial secretary of Primary Treasure and Our Little Friend, and writes from Kuna, Idaho.

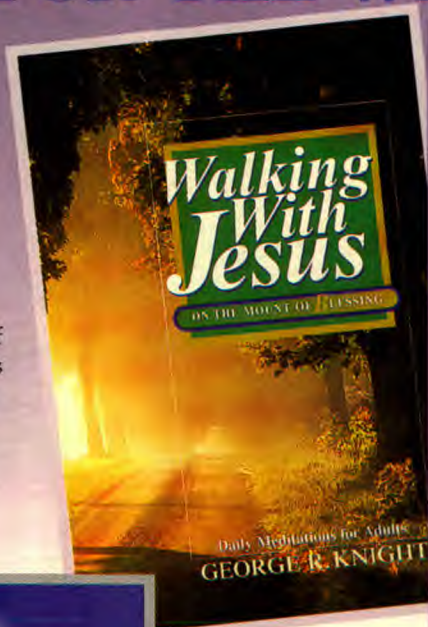


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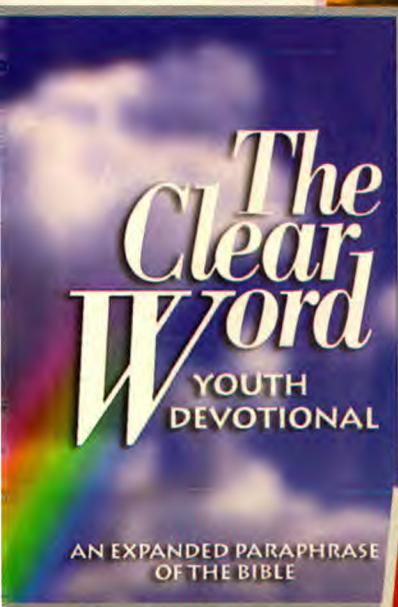
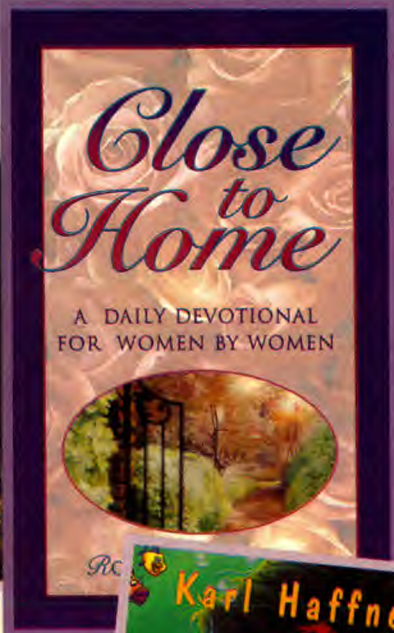
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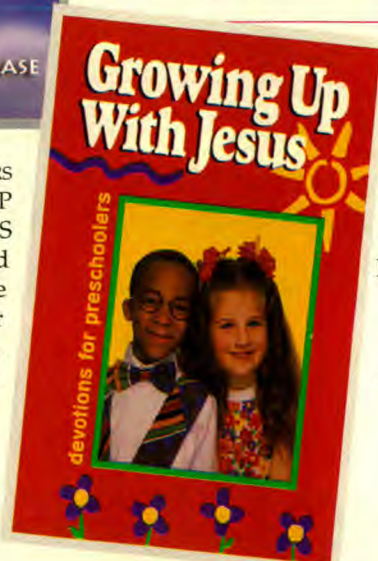
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