

ADVENTIST REVIEW

November 28, 1996

AnchorPoints

Thanks!

You Changed My Life

The Homecoming

**Adventist Archaeology:
Known and Renowned**

LETTERS

Stranded—Again and Again

As soon as the September 26 *Review* arrived, I read Jesslyn Ice Johnson's "Stranded in St. Louis" miracles. Then I read it again, and a third time, all the while praising the Lord.

Thank you for such a beautiful, heart-cheering story.

—**Adriel Chilson**

COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON

This issue has made me realize that God's helpers, the angels, are still looking after us. "Stranded in St. Louis" and "The Leaf From My Mother's Bible" are both very refreshing.

I start reading at the front cover, and continue straight through to the back cover. I recommend the *Adventist Review* to every church member.

—**Kenneth L. Wendell**

YUCAIPA, CALIFORNIA

True Christian Education

I would like to make a brief comment on the question raised by Myrna Tetz ("Is Our Commitment Wavering?" Sept. 26).

Tetz writes: "It's no secret that Adventist colleges vie for students and some are challenged by lowered enrollments. With statistics that suggest that thousands of Adventist

young people are attending non-Adventist universities or community colleges, one would wonder why our commitment to Adventist education seems to be wavering."

For those of us who have watched the general trend of the Adventist family standards decline along with the standards of the church there'll not be any guessing as to the problem. Why should one pay the high cost of "special" education if present family standards have been lowered to the point where the value of a Christian education is no longer the priority it once was?

We can continue to act bewildered and blame others all we want for the continual decline of the morals and standards that Adventists were once known for. We can continue to compare ourselves with those around us, because it *does* make us look much better than we really are. But only those who are humble enough and courageous enough to see the problem for what it really is will be saved in the end. Just because we hang a sign on the outside of an institution doesn't make it Christian, let alone Adventist Christian. Young people are not stupid. They know hypocrisy when they see it. If we want to see more of them value true Christian education, then we must value it ourselves.

If Johnny adds 2 plus 2 and gets 6, and I add 2 plus 2 and get 5, that doesn't make me any smarter than Johnny is!

—**Terry S. Ross**

TANGERINE, FLORIDA

New Review (cont.)

I'm sorely pained to have witnessed the retrogression of our church's official organ. What are you doing focusing on pop culture that mimics all the ladies' home journals? Your magazine is subliminally programming us to redefine God as a Santa Claus who stands ready to work a miracle if we only show enough faith. Balderdash!

If you really want to discourse on something relevant in today's new age, then write about the age of the earth and the dinosaurs' disappearing vis-à-vis our first parents. And what about the rock from Mars?

I thought your current stories passed away with *Our Little Friend*.

—**Michael J. McInerney**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

In case you missed it, "Microbes on Mars?" ran October 24.—Editors.

I enjoy the *Review* so much: I open it before I get into *Time*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Newsweek*, *National Geographic*—it is now my favorite periodical! Your articles are exactly what I need each week. They make me ponder, pray, and live out my beliefs.

But perhaps my biggest lift recently was the simple signature attached to a letter in the September 19 issue. The response was from a former schoolmate of mine. The fact that he wrote to you indicates he reads your publication and is most likely a Seventh-day Adventist. That was so heartening. So many of my contemporaries have left the

church, either in bitterness from some misunderstanding, or with the attitude that the church is no longer relevant to their lives. Some of them have said, "When the Sunday laws are actually passed, then we'll believe the Seventh-day Adventist message is true, and then we'll probably come back in!" Meanwhile, I've wondered what's become of the others. Seeing the name of an old acquaintance reassured me.

—Judi Nelson
VIA E-MAIL

Three *Reviews* on September 24! September 12, 19, and special issue. Too much, but I do enjoy.

—William B. Dodge
VIA E-MAIL

A Person . . . Are?

Please accept this note in the kindly spirit in which I write. It is not my wish to sound harsh or even negative, but I have a linguistic concern to share with you. And I admit that if I were not retired, I probably would not find time for such a matter.

I refer to an issue of the *Review* which, though marked "weekly," is dated only "January 1996."

On page 23, paragraph 1, I read: "If a person is on the fringe of society because of their own poor choices in life, they are unworthy of our help and concern." Now, I readily understand "a person" (singular), but who are the people (plural) meant by "their" and "they"?

On page 16, paragraph 6: "I dream of the day when we have taken seriously that one of the first responsibilities of the church to every new member is to see that they are trained and deployed in some form of sharing ministry." Again, I understand "every new member." It is a general term, but nevertheless in the singular. So who are "they"? The only plural antecedent is "responsibilities," and it would seem illogical to try to train them.

Ah, yes, "they" and "their" get us

around the "his or her" awkwardness. And some are claiming that "they" with "everybody" as its antecedent is now so commonly heard as to be acceptable. Those of us who have devoted our lives to teaching language, literature, and style do not find it acceptable. And we would be pleased to see the leading periodical of our church maintain such a standard of literacy as to avoid this illogical construction.

Thank you for considering these observations.

—Robert Morrison
COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE

To your questions: 1. The first issue of each month functions as the North American Division paper and is therefore dated "January," "February," etc. 2. The pronoun/antecedent relationship you cite is an option upheld by the tenth edition of Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.—Editors.

The \$25 Club

The \$25 Club (Oct. NAD Edition) is another Spirit-led venture, I feel certain!

Question: If our Arroyo Grande church sent in \$25 for each new NET '96 family and included names and addresses, could we subscribe to the weekly *Review* specifically for them?

Also, how does the "\$25 Club" dovetail with the program that sends the *Review* to new members for one year? Is it only the NAD Edition that is sent?

—Kenneth H. Lockwood
VIA E-MAIL

Yes, any church can take up the "\$25 Club" in the manner you suggested. Currently, almost every member on the mailing list for the respective union papers receives the NAD monthly without charge. (A couple conferences are not on this plan.) Some conferences have plans enabling the weekly *Review* to be sent free to new converts for one year, but this practice is not uniform. The "\$25 Club" is an additional plan sparked by NET '96.—Editors.

ADVENTIST Review

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Marooned in McGuireville

Ever have one of those days when everything goes wrong?

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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40 Years of Changing Lives...Healing Hearts

Give Your Blessing!

People who knew Phil didn't describe him with just one word. They used a string of adjectives for this engaging 17-year-old: bright, friendly, spiritual, playful, clever, committed, lively, wholesome.

His friends enjoyed him. His teachers liked him. But his parents rarely said anything.

With Phil's knack for rallying others around him, he became a campus leader. Above all, he loved music. He was something of a wonder on the piano.

One of the biggest events of the year, Student Talent Night, always packed the academy gym. Parents drove from all across the state to attend. Phil played his heart out. With a dramatic performance of Chopin's Polonaise in A-flat Major, cheers boomeranged through the auditorium. The entire audience rose as one, applauding when he won grand prize.

Phil's parents stayed home. They chose not to come, just as they had chosen not to attend his class play or recitals.

Those who knew Phil's parents felt sure he was the apple of their eyes. They conducted regular family worships, upheld Christian values, and carefully maintained high personal standards in diet, dress, and entertainment.

But they withheld one thing from Phil. Their hearts.

The Problem With Silence

Phil's parents made a well-meaning but misguided decision. Concerned that they might inadvertently spoil Phil and his sisters, they did not express feelings of warmth or pride. Knowing Phil's great talent, they determined not to indulge him. Realizing how bright he was, they challenged him to excel. But when he did, they remained silent.

What's the problem with silence? It withholds a vital blessing. To thrive as human beings we need approval. We need encouragement. Hugs. Words. Especially words *spoken out loud*.

Denied the blessing of his parents' verbal love and affirmation, and often lacking the support of their caring presence, Phil grew up empty.

His first marriage failed; the second has been marked with struggle. Phil left the church. The God whom his remote parents modeled for him had no appeal.

Lesser individuals might have given up or checked out.

Fortunately, Phil is strong and motivated. Although he has suffered deeply without his parents' blessing, he is determined to get the blessing elsewhere. He is becoming healthy.

*They withheld
one thing.
Their hearts.*

What is a *blessing*? Is it just something "nice" that happens, something "extra" we didn't expect? Authors Gary Smalley and John Trent think it is much more significant than that.* They believe, based on their understanding of Scripture, that a life-giving blessing has these five elements:

1. Meaningful touch.
2. A spoken message.
3. Attaching "high value" to the one being blessed.
4. Picturing a special future for the one being blessed.
5. An active commitment to fulfill the blessing.

Not long ago I heard a young man tell about receiving such a blessing from a teacher. It was the first day of Greek class, and he felt anxious. "I had six sharpened pencils in my hand," he laughed.

The teacher did not yet know him by name. But as she introduced the course and its potential benefits for these budding preachers of the Word and future gospel ministers, she spoke encouragingly.

"As she talked she walked around the room, once stopping by my chair and briefly resting her hand on my shoulder," he recalled. Something important happened. Something warmed his heart, gave him hope.

There were words spoken out loud. Touch. High value. A special future. A teacher's active commitment to help her students grow and learn. The blessing.

When we offer someone such a blessing we create a sacred moment. Far beyond what we might imagine, a blessing energizes and transforms. A blessing gives life.

God has invested within each of us the power to bestow this life-changing gift on children or parents, students or employees, friends or fellow pilgrims. Today, give someone your blessing!

* See Gary Smalley and John Trent, *The Blessing* (New York: Pocket Books/Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1986).



Searching for God— Is It Ever Too Late?

Bold letters on a red barn, weathered with age, proclaimed an intimidating message: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Sounds ominous," said my husband as we drove through western Pennsylvania. "Is God going to give up on us?"

The words come from Isaiah 55:6, preceded by an invitation to "incline your ear and come to Me. Listen, that you may live."¹

Do we anticipate a time when people will not be able to find God? One would think that time had come. An interest in the spiritual aspect of life does seem to be increasing. But this new "revival" bypasses traditional churches and Christianity. Recognizing a spiritual void, people attempt to fill it with the exotic, such as psychic phenomena and Indian folklore.

It's not that the God of the Old and New Testaments purposely hides from them—it's that they don't come to Him in their search for meaning. He's out of style, relegated to antiquity. And why not? His character has been distorted by religionists, misunderstood and misrepresented by media brokers. Many scientists deny that the Divine Mind exists. God's gotten a lot of bad press lately. And the secular mind, despite its claim to free thinking, has bought the image. Therefore, that personal search for God, initiated by God Himself, becomes skewed.

This summer at a hairdresser's I picked up a well-known women's magazine. One article told of the latest fad—the paranormal. In it a woman lamented that she found urban life so impersonal that she needed her psychic. "She's the only one who really knows and cares about me," she said. Another told of going through all the feel-good fads, from Eastern religions and motivational gurus to Prozac. Secular people search in all sorts of places for a spiritual high, but rarely in church.

Does this happen to Seventh-day Adventists? Yes. A college friend, daughter of missionaries, had a spiritual bent and adventurous nature. But disillusioned by church politics, she opened her mind and heart to other religions. Mia (not her real name) married twice. Each time she adapted to her husband's faith: Judaism, then Buddhism. Discouraged and divorced, she drifted into New Age, which I would define as a hybrid of Eastern religion and Western self-improvement

programs. Here she found a home for her mystical inclinations and became a "spiritual counselor." We kid ourselves when we think people can't find a physical peace outside Christianity.²

Because of distance I didn't see her often, but when we visited she exhibited a contentment she hadn't shown before. She believed she had found God inside herself.

Even Christians "search" for God—to know Him better. But the search must have first priority³ as we set aside our daily routine. Ever take a day retreat? I did recently. I had been

invited on this retreat by God Himself—the real searcher who makes us aware of our spiritual needs. He calls us, but it's up to us as to where, or if, we will go. This desire, this searching, I believe, comes through the Holy Spirit inviting us to know Him.

During my personal retreat I followed a modified version of the ACTS format: adoration, confession, thanksgiving, and supplication. I prepared by reading in the Bible (Psalms) what God is like (singing can be a part of this praise time). Next I thanked Him for what He had done in my life. Then came the opening up—admitting that I had missed the mark, that I had allowed idols (whatever causes us to say "Lord, I don't have time") to keep me from this period of prayer. Then I listened in silence before asking for help for myself and others. Finally came a commitment of once again saying yes to life with Christ. No bells or voices, no flashes of light, but I knew I had been heard.

I find praying on a daily basis as essential as breathing. But a longer time—even a prayer day—is vital periodically as the Spirit calls. When we feel a longing, a void, do we turn to our idols? work harder? buy something? have a snack? try something new? Or do we pray?

Now back to that barn in Pennsylvania. I would add: "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."⁴

¹ Verse 3, NASB.

² I refer to relaxation techniques (see Herbert Benson's *The Relaxation Response*), exercise, and diet changes to bring about feelings of well-being.

³ See Matt. 13:45, 46.

⁴ Jer. 29:13.

*"Is God going to
give up on us?"*



GIVE & TAKE

ADVENTIST LIFE

Years ago, when my dearest friend was a child, she attended the little New Hope church in Marietta, Texas, whose elder, known for his kindness and gentle ways, was named Hood.

Whenever the group sang "America the Beautiful" and came to the line "And crown thy good with brotherhood," she truly thought they were singing a tribute to their loving church elder, "Brother Hood."

—Austa May Phillips, Lansing, Michigan



ELLEN WHITE AND THANKFULNESS

Ellen White spoke often about being thankful. Perhaps this was because her birthday (November 26) was always on or close to Thanksgiving Day. The following represents only a small part of the thankfulness she expressed during her 87 years:

"Many and abundant have been the blessings I have received from my Saviour. I feel glad that I have had opportunities to do some little good for our Saviour who has done so much for me."—Letter 19, 1870.

"We all have the same cause for thanksgiving. The resurrection and ascension of our Lord is a sure evidence of the triumph of the saints of God over death and the grave, and a pledge that Heaven is open to those who wash their robes of character and make them white in the blood of the Lamb."—*Signs of the Times*, Jan. 27, 1888.

"My sixty-fourth birthday came on Thanksgiving Day, a few days after leaving Honolulu, and the friends at Honolulu presented me with a ten-dollar gold piece as a birthday present, and Mr. Kerr, though a nonprofessor, gave me an upholstered rocking chair from his parlor set as a birthday present, because I happened to mention that it was an easy chair. It has been a great comfort to me on the voyage, when sitting on deck."—Letter 32a, 1891.

"When I consider how weak I was in my younger days, I feel that at my age I have great reason to be thankful to the Lord for His goodness, His mercy, and His love. Since the accident . . . when I was nine years old, I have seldom been perfectly free from all pain. But I do not remember when I have been more free from pain than I am at present."—Manuscript 142, 1905.

—compiled by Paul A. Gordon, Ellen G. White Estate



PHOTO BY PHOTODISC

HERALD'S TRUMPET

Happy Thanksgiving, kids! Grab your favorite chair and get ready to find Herald's trumpet. (Don't let your folks find it first!)

Our three winners from our last contest (Oct. 17) were: Elizabeth Pantin from Altamonte Springs, Florida, Caitlyn McCrain from Crandall, Georgia, and Joseph Stewart from Lansing, Michigan. Elizabeth, Caitlyn, and Joseph received *Yuki*, a book by Kenneth C. Crawford.

Where was Herald's trumpet? On page 22, top right.

If you can find the trumpet this time, send a postcard telling us *where* to: Herald's Trumpet at the Give & Take address below. The prize is *Amazing Stories From the Bible*, by Ruth Redding Brand and Charles Mills. 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.

Thanks to You

Seventy Adventists pay tribute to that special someone.

In August we invited readers to thank publicly one person (outside of family) who has influenced their lives for the better. Immediately the cards, faxes, and E-mail transmissions began pouring in. Several contributors noted that 30 words (the limit given) weren't enough to praise properly that special teacher, dean, pastor, or friend. We agree. So let these four pages be only the beginning of a season filled with gratefulness shown to each other—and to our Creator. Happy Thanksgiving!—Editors.

Herbert Ford: Thanks for showing encouragement and appreciation to a young, inexperienced secretary in the sixties. Your affirmation helped me continue joyfully in the Lord's work.—Ruth Wright, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin.

Esther Amba, academy dean: You were my paradigm. I wanted to become like you! You never lost your serenity and Christian grace. Your love for us and God always shone through.—Bernice Carubba, Apopka, Florida.

Robert W. Burchard: Few people in this work took the time to see me not for what I was, but for what I could become. Because of you, I have become what you believed me to be. Thank you.—Lorena Young Bowers, dean of women, Mission College, Bangkok, Thailand.

F. B. Jensen: In 1934, after I'd missed a Bible test, you put me in an office filled with corrected tests. Such trust! Thank you for believing in me.—Genevieve Pangburn Drake, Columbus, Indiana.

Babe Wilson: I learned a lot from you while attending cradle roll with my son. Your genuineness brought me back week after week. It was an awesome experience to be introduced to Jesus in such a loving way.—Pat Hibbard, Belton, Texas.

Don and Sue Murray: In need of a suit while in boarding academy, I received an "anonymous" gift of love. But your smiling faces deceived you. Thank you so much.—Alaric S. Johnson, Key West, Florida.

Paul C. McFeeters: Thanks for baptizing my mother (Ruth) and me into the Adventist Church 23 years ago.—Sandy Finley, Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. Engleman (or "Mr. Angelfoot," as I used to call you): Thank you for teaching me the two skills I use the most in my ministry—computers and drama.—Lori (Pettibone) Fletcher, Columbia, Maryland.

Grace Kirk: Every time I play my piano I think of you. You taught me responsibility, love for music, and self-confidence. You're in your 90s, but you still play great!—Nancy Hagestrom Rahm, Charleston, South Carolina.

Chester Schurch and Ted Struntz: Thanks for baptizing and evangelizing me, respectively.—Steven J. Drahozal, Marion, Iowa.

Rose Bowen: Thanks for encouraging me and reminding me that God is there for me and that He is special.—Bryan Caldwell, Silver Spring, Maryland.

Dr. Walter Thompson: Thank you for bringing us to the Adventist Church and for the humble humanity with which you dedicate your career in your walk with Christ.—*Martin and Ann Bowe, La Grange Park, Illinois.*

Neal C. and Elínor Wilson: As a young missionary couple you came to Heliopolis, Egypt, my hometown. Your untiring labor converted many, including my family. Thank you.—Laurice Durrant, Keene, Texas.

Roy C. Pitts: Thank you for your kindness, gentleness, and godly example through my tender years in grades 1 through 3.—*Daniel Morikone, Crum, West Virginia.*

Betty Matthews Simcock: You gave guidance to me, a “faculty kid,” cementing my love for Sabbath school work with little ones, sharing your values on dating, taking time for me. Thanks.—*Valerie Hamel Morikone, Crum, West Virginia.*

Mary Varney: Your illness won’t allow you to appreciate this, but thank you for being the best Seventh-day Adventist teacher my children and I have ever known.—*Lola Jones, Huntington, West Virginia.*

Edith James, age 97: Thank you for your Christian love and friendship. Your caring influence is my inspiration. I love you dearly.—Ruby Shreve, Avon Park, Florida.

Roger W. Pratt, teacher and principal: Thank you for being a wonderful, happy person who serves others, lives and reflects the fruits of the Spirit, and leads many to Jesus.—*William Zelenak, New Carlisle, Ohio.*

H.M.S. Richards, Sr.: Thank you for preaching the SDA message to my wife and me in 1931. I heard Billy Sunday, Billy Graham, and Dr. D. James Kennedy. You were the best.—*Louis G. Burger, Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

Billie Bruette: Thank you for doing Bible studies with me, taking me to evangelistic meetings, and showing me and my children the love of Jesus.—*Sharon Nottelson, Clearwater Lake, Wisconsin.*

Esther Larson, age 86: Thank you for giving me lessons before I was baptized in the Detroit Lakes church. God bless you!—Eleanor Tingelstad, Pelican Rapids, Minnesota.

Thomas Morrison: You were an act of kindness. Thank you for allowing God to use you to help a teenage girl see Christ. What an impact!—*Linda Mendinghall, Palmdale, California.*

Michael Nickless, Kalamazoo church: Thanks for your great sense of humor, being there when needed, and being a high-flying preacher dude.—*Wendi Voth and Janelle Hack, Great Lakes Adventist Academy, Cedar Lake, Michigan.*

Pastor Harvey, Enid/Alva district, Oklahoma: You deserve all my gratitude. Through your wonderful messages God clearly spoke to me, and our relationship is renewed.—*Alicia Benjamin, Oklahoma.*

Bernita Tunelle: In 1974 you changed my life by sharing the Adventist message. In heaven I want to visit with you a thousand years.—Virginia Swearingen, Maysville, Oklahoma.

Nellie Wiegardt: As a new Seventh-day Adventist with a young family and a non-SDA husband, I had many challenges in the seventies. You were a calm, trusting person always pointing me to Jesus. Thank you.—*Sharon Walker, Mariposa, California.*

The Carson church: Thank you for your prayers and thoughts. I love you all greatly.—*Gary Kemper, Susanville, California.*

Lewis Brand: Thank you for your persistence and love for an (initially) reluctant Bible study interest—me. Your efforts were not in vain.—*Jonnie Shipbaugh, Chipley, Florida.*

Grace Alvarez: Thank you for exciting me about the world, for teaching me that if you treat a teenager with respect, you will never be forgotten.—Alice Jones Agins, Corona, California.

Betty Jo Campbell, first-grade teacher: Thank you for your Christlike way. Your warm smile and soft words made my education a wonderful pattern to follow.—*Dorothy (Davis) Boyles, Sherman, Texas.*

Bill Brooks: Thanks for being a knowledgeable and dedicated layman. You, along with your wife, became a special part of my life 61 years ago. Truer friends could never be found.—*Claudia W. Mahomey, Cynthia, Kentucky.*

Dr. Harry M. Tippet: Your book *Who Waits in Faith* influenced my career significantly. I'll forever be grateful for your underscoring the importance of never giving up—even when one is down and out.—*Milton Murray, Beltsville, Maryland.*

Howard Peth, ninth-grade English teacher: *The 1957-1958 school year was not an easy one for me. You made it special, and your unique system made English fun.*—*Archie McCluskey, Napa, California.*

Dr. Paul Hamel: Thank you for the positive, profound Christian influence you exerted as Music Department chair, band director, teacher, boss, mentor, and friend during my years at Andrews University.—*Dawn L. Reynolds, Silver Spring, Maryland.*

Palmyra Hatchett: Thank you for encouraging me as a kindergartner in Sabbath school. I have fond memories of our classes under the big shade tree in Jackson, Tennessee!—*Gloria (Mann) Massenburg, Silver Spring, Maryland.*

Kevin Reasor: Yesterday you expended much enthusiastic energy into my elementary Christian education. Your contagious way of life made a difference to me. Today I thank you.—*Michael Boyd, Cookeville, Tennessee.*

Michael A. Demma: *Thank you, through Jesus, for being that beam of light that helps me grow daily—for keeping that "fire" in me for Jesus controllable.*—*Larry Rockenbaugh, Citrus Heights, California.*

Victor and Frasia Zuchowski: After my husband Billy's disabling injury in 1991, most of our friends abandoned us. Without your Christlike love we surely would have given up. We love you.—*Susan Pierce, Deltona, Florida.*

Mary Orr: Forty years ago you drove many miles out of your way to take me, a child, to the Nelson, Nebraska, church. I have hardly missed a Sabbath at church since!—*Joan Crouch, Norwalk, Iowa.*

Clarence "Pop" Wallace, boys' dean at Upper Columbia Academy (1952): Thanks, "Pop," for guidance and kindness when most needed by a 17-year-old who never knew a dad.—*Rich Roberts, Lynwood, Washington.*

Del Griebel: *You were a true man of God to be praised for all the work you've done. You love people regardless of race or religion.*—*Rosabel Leno, Prairie, Washington.*

Else Nelson: Whenever visiting my school, you gave me courage by seemingly noticing and speaking only of what you liked; yet through your gracious word, I discovered where to improve my teaching skills.—*Mable R. Miller, National City, California.*

Old Montavilla church family: You loved me, a worldly adult convert, hopelessly ignorant in spiritual things, through my "terrible twos" and "rebellious teens." Thank you for never giving up on me.—*Bettigene D. Reiswig, Port Orford, Oregon.*

The anonymous person who paid my tuition 54 years ago at Norman Wiles Junior Academy: I had decided I would not be an Adventist when I grew up, but the godly staff (such as Bertha Lang and Orville Schneider) changed all that. Thank you.—*Ardythe Hovland, Aiea, Hawaii.*

Herber Hosford: *As a young pastor in Port Huron, Michigan, you befriended, studied with, and baptized us in Lake Huron in October 1949. Thank you.*—*Jack and Margeret Inch, Castalian Springs, Tennessee.*

Monroe Morford: As a teacher at Plainview Academy you showed respect for me just when I needed it most. Thank you.—*Wes Peterson.*

Bible teachers Mike Hanson and Harold Burr: Your method of opening the Bible and comparing scripture with scripture was faith-building. Thanks!—*Dena Colon, Washington Conference director of communication and Sabbath school.*

Dr. Leonard Hare: Thank you for your inspirational teaching. You taught genetics like your dad told mission stories about Burma. You believed in young biologists and inspired us to excel.—*David Ekkens, Collegedale, Tennessee.*

Mrs. Burt (1923-1924) and Mae Clark (1929-1930) at Battle Creek Academy: I'm too late to thank you for your fine Christian principles; maybe I can thank your posterity.—*Paul M. Krater, Loma Linda, California.*

Jan Doward: Thank you for influencing my life, caring about and encouraging me, being there when I needed to talk, and always being my friend.—*Anita Carter, Orlando, Florida.*

Bob Farley and Dale Kongorski, youth directors: Thank you for helping to give me a solid Christian foundation. The memories have gotten me through some tough years.—*Kelly Bishop, Bolton Landing, New York.*

Roland Howlett: Thank you for bringing my parents to the Lord when you came to Vietnam as a missionary. As a result, all eight of us children have also become Seventh-day Adventists.—*Ha Wong, Santa Rosa, California.*

Pastor W. J. Keith: Thank you for the thorough Bible studies you gave to me in Akron, Ohio, in 1953. You influenced many to be workers for the Lord.—*Harold Bates, Bismarck, Arizona.*

Dr. and Mrs. Ed Banks: Thank you for the marriage enrichment program. You not only helped us to help others but also turned my own marriage in a positive, loving direction.—*Pastor Bill Strong, Sunbury, Ohio.*

Floyd Matula: As my Bible teacher at Portland Adventist Academy, you encouraged me to seek a personal relationship with Christ daily. Thank you.—*Curtis Shafer, Valencia, Spain.*

Dr. A. Graham Maxwell: As my Sabbath school teacher for 25 years, you inspired me to list from Ellen White's writings Satan's false charges against God's character—and from the Bible, their refutation.—*Ruby Willey, Harrah, Oklahoma.*

Lawrence E. Smart, principal: During my difficult teenage years at Greater New York Academy you took an interest in me, helped me over the rough spots, and gave my life direction. Thank you.—*Don A. Roth, Yucaipa, California.*

Elder George Knowles: Thank you for the time I was privileged to work with you. You have richly blessed both my ministry and my Christian experience.—*Cliff Drieberg, Osoyoos, British Columbia.*

Pastor Ernest and Peggy Bergman: You had a big impact in my Christian experience. I was always eager to return to your warm welcome each Sabbath.—*Ted R. Chadwick, Gaston, Oregon.*

Mary Ellen Perkins and Elwin Shull, teachers: Thank you both for your guidance, understanding, counsel, prayers, and lifelong friendship.—*Stephen O. Paden, Columbus, Wisconsin.*

Virginia Fillman: You didn't just study the Bible with me. You loved me and showed me Jesus! Thank you from the bottom of my heart!—*Diane Mathi, Altamonte Springs, Florida.*

Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Fowler: Thank you for giving me a home and a chance for a Christian education.—*Stacia Merickel, Arcadia, Florida.*

Lois McKee: At La Sierra College in 1953 you asked me to serve as one of your student assistants. During your evening worship services I felt my heart softening. Thank you for leading me to the Lord.—*Ola Joyce, Tallahassee, Florida.*

Adele Jennings: As my third-grade teacher you had a strong spiritual and academic influence on my life. Because of you, I chose to become an elementary school teacher too.—*Kimberly Hutton Nicholson, Asheville, North Carolina.*

Emma Wortham: You have inspired me through your caring teaching, walk with God, prayers, letters, and belief that God has a purpose for me.—*Don MacLafferty, Holland, Michigan.*

Joe and Anne Gillam: Thank you for the many Sabbath dinners and a Christlike example. God used your loving, encouraging words to lead me back to Him.—*Karen L. Knight, Rialto, California.*

Phyllis Batten: Thank you for being such a blessing in my life. You're always there when I need you. I love you like a mom.—*Jacquie Porter, Newfoundland.*

Elder L. A. and Barbara Wheeler: As principal at the Adventist academy in the Dominican Republic, you were the most relevant influence in my life. Thank you.—*Virtrudes Irsula.*

Charles and Virginia Cooper: Your quiet Christian love and example had a positive influence on my life. You radiate the love of God.—*Sally Wilhelmson, Skokie, Illinois.*

Bill and Ina Peeke: On the edge of despair I couldn't believe that Jesus loved me. You opened your hearts and led me to a new life in Christ. Thank you.—*Wanda Lamb, Kodak, Tennessee.*

Above and Beyond

They didn't just do their job—they did it with distinction.

BY MIRIAM WOOD

IF ONE WERE TO ATTEMPT TO PINPOINT ONE quality more necessary than any other for Adventist schoolteachers of the twenties, thirties, and forties, it would have to be dedication above and beyond not only the call of duty, but beyond any conceivable expectancies.

The wonder is not that Adventist teachers succeeded in living up to this nearly impossible standard, but that they were willing to undertake it in the first place.

"Those were the days when you were a real missionary," remembered Lucille Brown. "That's what being a church school teacher meant. You never stopped to resent the fact that with multiple grades in one room, you were expected to do what a public school teacher could not do in a single-grade room. You tried to do what you could to help each child. You were

buoyed up by the thought that you were building little temples for eternity."

"I loved teaching those first years [circa 1936]," said Ilda Docherty. "There were many things that today would be called severe hardships: earning \$35 a month; 'living around,' often in poorer homes (in one I had to bathe in an old washtub in front of the kitchen stove); building wood fires after walking long

distances to school; carrying water; no inside restrooms; teaching eight full grades; doing all the janitor work (which often included splitting wood). I could go on and on. But the rewards were there also."

R Is for Reliability

Although the rewards were viewed primarily through the "spectacles of faith," one didn't need any help to discern the obstacles that many teachers overcame to do their job.

Carolyn Thorpe Seamont recalled one



winter when her school closed for lack of funds. In another place was a school with no teacher; an outbreak of the flu had brought the resignations of *five* teachers who could not finish out the year. From her home in Miltonville, Kansas, Carolyn made arrangement to arrive on December 31 and begin teaching on January 2.

Unfortunately for Carolyn and her new school, a blizzard swept the plains on the very day she was to catch the train for her new assignment. Severe winter blizzards often kept families snowbound for days, with no communication with the outside world. And when a blizzard arrived on December 31, there was apparently nothing Carolyn could do. Indeed, her father declared, "You can't go anywhere in this storm."

"But I *have* to go," she insisted. "I told them I'd be there. I promised. I gave my word. They'll be meeting that train tonight."

Realizing how much this meant to his daughter, Carolyn's father finally relented. If she could persuade her older brother, Reuben, to accompany her to the station three miles away, her father would let her go. "I was all for it," she said. "And my brother, bless his heart, wanted to help me."

Bundled up, the two trudged through the bitter cold and drifting snow. "I thought the wind would surely cut me in two," said Carolyn. "The going was so slow and hard that we arrived just barely in time to flag down the train. Nothing since has ever felt more wonderful than the warm coach after that terrible, icy struggle. But I couldn't really enjoy it because I kept thinking about Reuben's dreadful walk home all alone."

Carolyn's perseverance paid off. Snowplows had to clear the snow off the tracks in many places, and although her arrival was delayed, she remembered that when the train pulled into the station, half the congregation of the little church was there to meet her.

P Is for Philanthropy

For teachers, dedication wasn't just

a philosophical matter to be discussed and debated; it had very real, tangible aspects.

On her already slender salary, Anita Mackey was convinced that God wanted her to do more than just teach her students. "I noted children who needed clothing, and some seemed lonesome," she said. "I put aside what little money I could, and bought clothes and shoes for those in greatest need."

Then she visited the homes of each family and gave the clothes to the children. "They were doubly delighted," she reported. "They loved the new clothes, plus the fact that the teacher would take time to visit them."

Then Anita thought of something else: "I extended my plan by taking at least two or three children to my little place each Sabbath for dinner." One can only imagine the joy this brought to the hearts of the young pupils.

Amy Messenger discovered in one of her schools that the supplies provided to the students were limited to textbooks. The thought that there was little to produce lightness or joy of learning in her students depressed her. "I bought coloring books, paper dolls, games, and little things I knew the children would enjoy," she said. "My wages were so small, I wonder how I did it."

At conference and union teachers' meetings Amy found out that she wasn't the only teacher who identified and met an overwhelming need this way. Other teachers did the same thing.

Amy continued to supply small items she could barely afford. Years later, when one of her students from first grade graduated from college, he wrote her a lovely note. "He mentioned my buying things for the school," she said. "Tiny as he had been, he realized and appreciated what I had done. After that one letter I felt well repaid for the money I had spent."

W Is for Witness

There's no doubt that along with parents, pastors, and other role models, teachers assumed a primary place in their students' understanding of the kindness and generosity of God. They didn't just talk about it; they lived it.

One teacher, concerned about the cold lunches her children had to eat in the dead of winter in a schoolroom that was never warm, somehow appropriated a large roaster. "At recess each child placed on a rack in the roaster a dish of something that could be warmed for lunch. By noon each child had a piping hot dish."

June Gohl taught little girls who were so poor that they had to wear dresses made from flour sacks. By much rigorous saving and personal denial, June was able to give each girl a piece of real cloth for Christmas. How precious those little skirts became.

Mildred Berggren's first year of teaching brought many conflicting thoughts to her mind. Should she continue with this work? Was it worth the continuing struggle emotionally and financially?

When she went back to college, Mildred had a long talk with the head of the Normal (Education) Department. The educator's counsel: "Pray about it. If you can think of anything else you'd rather do than teach school, fine. If not, then why not feel that God has called you to be a church school teacher?"

Mildred took that advice. In a very short time she realized there was nothing she would rather do—in spite of the drawbacks.

Another teacher became discouraged by her very small salary. Her husband suggested she try teaching for the public school system. "I demurred," she said. "I was not brought up to be in anything other than denominational work, and I couldn't feel right about making a change."

"God gave us trophies through the years," this same teacher said. "And had we our lives to live over again, we would doubtless follow our chosen profession: that of dedicated Christian teacher."

No wonder these years come down through history as golden rule days. ■

Miriam Wood is a retired teacher, author, and columnist.



Listening for God's Voice

On August 26, 1898, Ellen White wrote, "It has been some years since I have considered the General Conference as the voice of God" (letter 77, 1898). She also said, "That these men should stand in a sacred place, to be as the voice of God to the people, as we once believed the General Conference to be—that is past" (*General Conference Bulletin*, 1901, p. 25). Given statements like these, why should we members accept our leaders' decisions without question? Or have they somehow once again become "the voice of God"?

First, some clarification on what is meant by the term *General Conference*. Ellen White sometimes used this term to mean the officers and leaders who were elected or appointed to serve at the church's world headquarters. At other times she used it to mean the world church in session—the assembly of members from around the world.

Interestingly enough, she spoke of the decisions of both as being "the voice of God." But as you have noted, our prophet did have occasion to demur from that position. Her doing so with respect to the world headquarters involves reasons that included "a small group of men" carrying out "unwise plans" (*Gospel Workers*, p. 490), the lack of "faith and prayer," and the lack of "elevated principle" among leaders (manuscript 37, 1901).

Her taking exception to the world church in assembly as being the voice of God was occasioned by the resistance of the believers to her warnings regarding consolidation (*General Conference Bulletin*, 1901, pp. 23-25). Interestingly, her husband, James White, evidently echoing her convictions, also spoke to the issue, warning that members in assembly do not constitute the voice of God when a decision can "be shown to conflict with the Word of God and the rights of individual conscience" ("Sixteenth Annual Session of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists," *Review and Herald*, Oct. 4, 1877).

In addressing the authority of the General Conference as defined both ways, Ellen White, in typical balance, consistently postured against heavy-handed authoritarianism on one hand and divisive individualism on the other. Her effort was to encourage consecrated leaders and laity to

democratic decision-making along well-defined and respected organizational lines.

God does
speak through
His people.

Where do we Seventh-day Adventists come down on the question of "motives versus consequences"? I realize that motives are important, but doesn't God also respect the results of my actions? Are we sometimes credited for sincere efforts that bring unhappy consequences?

While it is obvious that God is pleased with positive consequences, He grades our actions, not by results, but by the motives that prompted them. In this regard Ellen White wrote: "Every act is judged by the motives that prompt it" (*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 316).

Actions stimulated by pure motives that yield small results, or no tangible results at all, or results that are obviously negative, are in God's sight of more value than those of selfish motives that yield large and impressive consequences. In the latter cases the results can be utilized, and indeed often are, for His good; but the agent is not credited by God as having done well.

Christ's example of the gifts of the widow and the rich people in Mark 12 illustrates this principle.

We must be careful, however, not to confuse such qualities as dedication and determination with sincerity. Sincerity suggests more than commitment. It implies selflessness and purity of intent. These elements, lacking in the motives of many who regard themselves as sincere, are the true basis of the divine approbation.

And since even the purest of our motives are often mixed with desires for reward or fears of punishment, and stem unflinchingly from unholy flesh, there is no act we perform that is truly acceptable to the Father without the sanctifying blood of Jesus and the robe of His righteousness.

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



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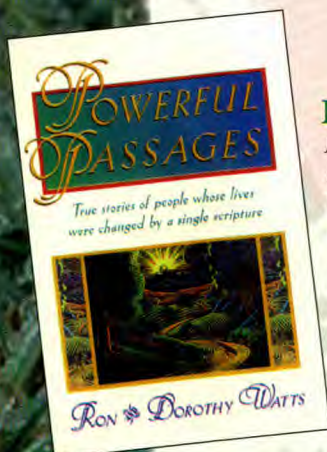
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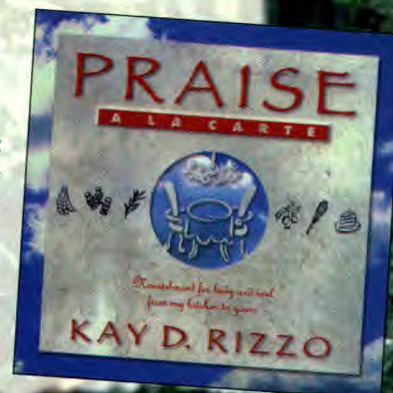
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Known and Renowned

For decades Adventist archaeologists have worked in relative obscurity. That's no longer true.

BY STEPHEN CHAVEZ

IN MOST POLITE CONVERSATIONS THE NAME SEVENTH-day Adventist is used often in connection with one of the things that Adventists are well known for: our educational system; our emphasis on health and healing, represented by our hospitals, clinics, and medical schools; and to some extent, our publishing or media ministries.

But in the same way Mormons are known for their Tabernacle Choir, Christian Scientists for their print and broadcast news network, and Lutherans for being mentioned regularly on *A Prairie Home Companion*, Adventists have achieved a well-deserved and worldwide reputation as leading one of the largest and most influential biblical archaeological digs in the world.

Last summer I had the opportunity to accompany a film crew from the General Conference's Office of Mission Awareness to Amman, Jordan, where we spent more than a week observing, interviewing, and filming participants in the Madaba Plains Project.

Since 1968, when the late Siegfried Horn led the first group of scholars to Tell Hesban, the Madaba Plains Project has claimed a reputation that few archaeological digs can rival. That reputation was created and sustained by several factors.

One Man, One Site, One Question

Horn first began excavating Tell Hesban, hoping to find archaeological evidence to support dating the Israelite Exodus through territory held anciently by the biblical Moabites and Ammonites. According to Numbers 21,

Sihon, king of the Amorites, resisted the Israelites' passage through his territory.

The Bible's account is succinct: "Israel captured all the cities of the Amorites and occupied them, including Heshbon and all its surrounding settlements" (verse 25). Surely, Horn reasoned, an occupation by the Israelites would have left some kind of evidence not only showing that they were there, but also indicating *when* they were there.

Evidence to support that assumption was not discovered, however. After several seasons of excavating, no artifacts were discovered that proved the area was ever occupied by the Israelites at the time of the Exodus.

This forced Horn and his fellow scholars to step back and reevaluate their assumptions. In an attempt to broaden the scope of their search, the researchers began to make probes beyond the tells (earth mounds that cover ancient communities). It became apparent that certain ancient periods were well represented by artifacts, but other periods yielded hardly any evidence at all, leading them to conclude that there were sedentary periods when people in the region settled down in houses and caves, and other times when they survived as nomads.

"We became interested in the entire range of human occupation of the sites," says Lawrence Geraty, president of La Sierra University and senior director of the Madaba Plains Project. "As we talked about when the area was heavily occupied and when it was scarcely occupied, we began to realize that everything centered around the procurement of food."

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Consequently, the Madaba Plains Project has evolved into a comprehensive study that now covers hundreds of square miles and three major excavations and is operated by a consortium of Adventist colleges and universities (Canadian Union College, Walla Walla College, Andrews University, and La Sierra University).

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Living a Dream

One of my life dreams was to participate in excavations in the Middle East. I used to live in a Communist country, and it was impossible for me to travel to Israel or Jordan and experience a dig firsthand.

When Communism collapsed in 1989, I recognized my chance and, thanks to a summer travel grant from the American Schools of Oriental Research and financial help from the Horn Museum of Archaeology at Andrews University, joined the Madaba Plains Project. I dug at Tell Jalul.

It was always clear to me that digging is not recreation, but I was surprised how hard it was. We got up at 4:00 in the morning, ate our breakfast, went by bus to the excavation site, and began working even before the sun came up. We broke the ground with a pick, carried dirt in a *guffet*, and sifted the soil, looking for artifacts that we might use to identify the time period of the inhabitants who used to live there.

Because of the warm weather (near 100°F by noon), we drank lots of water—two and a half to three quarts—before we quit digging, around 1:00 in the afternoon.

But digging was also a lot of fun. I became acquainted with many nice people and also more familiar with biblical lands and the Near Eastern culture. And there's nothing more beautiful than the sunrise viewed from a tell.

My experience confirmed once again that biblical archaeology cannot create faith. But it can affirm one's faith by uncovering items that prove the historicity of a person, town, people, region, custom, or event.

It seems to me that archaeologists are a lot like children: they're always hoping and expecting. They're hoping to find something new, and they're expecting to discover something significant. Even the discovery of little things excites them. Then with great enthusiasm they discuss the evidence and share their views. They are visionary, artistic. They interpret the evidence and yet remain willing to be corrected by better future finds. This is an attribute I wish to emulate.

Jiri Moskala is a candidate for a doctoral degree in theology from Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Michigan.

PHOTO BY S. CHAVEZ



HOT, HEAVY, DUSTY, DIRTY: Uncovering artifacts buried by centuries of dirt and debris requires careful work.

learn what they can about ancient peoples and practices along the way to confirming biblical chronologies.

"The culture that surrounds us here is not far removed from biblical times," asserts Geraty. "The big cities look like most Western cities, but you get out in the villages, and there is still the weaving, the threshing, the winnowing, and practically the whole day involved in food production. All the biblical stories, the parables Jesus told—all those things take on new meaning as you live in this land."

Douglas Clark, dean of the School of Theology at Walla Walla College and one of the codirectors of the project, explains further: "It hadn't dawned on archaeologists until a few decades ago that maybe there were people who lived outside these 'cities.' So what we've done is try to include not only the large settlements in the area, but also the small villages and agricultural sites."

Thus the Madaba Plains Project is the largest archeological project of any kind in Jordan. Every other year approximately 125 participants—scholars, students, professionals, retirees, and adventurers—spend six weeks carefully uncovering layer after layer of dirt and rubble, looking for data that can be used to help explain the Bible.

Good Neighbors, Good Results

Another aspect of the Madaba Plains Project that makes it exceptional is the makeup of the group that comes together season after season. "Even

though we are a Seventh-day Adventist-organized dig, we welcome people of all different religions," says Geraty. "We have Muslims and Jews, Catholics, people from many different Protestant denominations, even people with no faith at all. As long as they share our lifestyle, our regulations, and our serious purpose, we welcome them.

"We get along well in this country that is basically Muslim. We don't drink alcohol, we don't eat pork or other unclean meats, there's

no carousing or fraternization between men and women—all of these things really impress Muslims, because the Christians they know are not all that way," he says.

Over the years a positive relationship between the Madaba Plains Project and the Jordanian government has developed. "We've gotten acquainted with the royal family, and the reputation of the Adventist Church has been enhanced," reports Geraty. By-products of this relationship include creating opportunities for the Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA) to provide unique and valuable services, and making it possible for Jordanian Adventist university students to take exams on days other than the Sabbath. There are even individuals who have become Seventh-day Adventists as a result of their contact with other dig participants.

Speaking about the delicate relationship that exists between Adventists and non-Adventists, Randall Younker, professor of Old Testament at the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary at Andrews University and codirector of the Madaba Plains Project, says, "We don't want to hide our light under a bushel, but we don't want to shove our religion down people's throats. I've found that people are very interested in our faith, and the spiritual component is a key part of this enterprise."

Gaining a better understanding of the Bible is what motivates most people

to participate in an archaeological dig. For others the reasons are different, yet no less important.

"I'm basically not a religious person," says Josephine Old, from the Office of International Service at George Washington University in Washington, D.C., "but I used to live in Jordan, and I wanted exposure to a wide range of people who have a background in archaeology."

Alison Jerris, a geology student at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, calls herself a believer of secular humanistic Judaism. She heard about the dig from an item on the Internet (the Clearinghouse for Archaeological Fieldwork). She communicated with some of the participants by phone and Internet and decided to join this year's dig. "I find it incredible how anthropology, geology, and all the other disciplines are linked to archaeology."

Jerris finds it especially interesting that the Madaba Plains Project has located scores of abandoned cisterns and, in cooperation with ADRA, is restoring them to benefit the people who live in the agricultural areas of the country.

Bob McDaniel teaches modern Middle East history at Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana. Asked why he's participated in the Madaba Plains Project since 1992, he replies casually, "It's interesting." Then he adds



CENTRAL CASTING: You don't have to dress like an archaeologist to do the work of one.

(facetiously), "It's also a great way to lose weight. No one wants to eat at 4:00 in the morning. For second breakfast [about 9:30 a.m.] you eat a couple pieces of watermelon. For lunch you're too hot to eat, and for supper you're too tired."

Glenda Condon is a Master of Divinity candidate at Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C. "Archaeology is heavy, hot, hard, and dusty work," she admits. "But it's exciting when you find something. Because of my home economics background I feel a real connection with the people who used this pottery."

Asked about the spiritual dimension of archaeology, Glenda explains, "These are our 'faith ancestors'; this is a way to understand the Bible as a whole."

What Next?

"When I was a child growing up in this area, I thought about being an archaeologist someday," says Geraty. "Then it occurred to me that all the sites would be dug before I would get old enough to do it."

"But our project is discovering new sites that no one knew about. Archaeology recreates the context in which all the Bible stories took place. And the digging we do answers certain questions and raises others. And that's the exciting part: it just goes on and on. We have plenty of work to do from now until Jesus comes."

Archaeology's Ancillary Benefits

Over the past few years my husband and I have helped people in Durango, Mexico, translate the Bible into their Tepehuan language. We've often been puzzled by spatial definitions. Tepehuan must indicate whether a person is ascending or descending a hill; whether people, places, or things are within sight; and whether they are positioned above or below knee level.

In spite of biblical relief maps, I thought of Syria-Palestine in vague terms as a flat plain. The Madaba Plains excavation and dig-sponsored tours to Jordan, Israel, and Egypt have taught me the geography of the area. In addition, I've seen weapons, housewares, and buildings of the Israelite and Roman periods—both in museums and by digging them up myself. Now I can choose equivalent terms that correctly describe these objects in minority language Bible translations.

Elizabeth Willett, a translator and consultant with Wycliffe Bible Translators, is living temporarily in Tucson, Arizona. She and her husband develop linguistically correct alphabets for speakers of unwritten minority languages, write dictionaries and grammars, then translate the Bible into those languages.

A Physical and Intellectual Workout

While flying into Amman, I reflected on the previous months: preparing for the dig, organizing flights, rescheduling classes, finishing final exams, filling out visa applications. Finally I was there.

The dry, slightly pink vistas reminded me of some of the areas of South Africa, where I had lived for some time. So it felt like I was coming home.

The dormitory-type housing took me back to the summer camp experiences of my teens. The "toilet" (a hole in the floor) didn't remind me of anything I had ever seen before—a new experience.

I appreciated the leadership and organization provided throughout the entire project. To single out any one person would be an injustice to others. Everything worked like clockwork—albeit sometimes in another time sphere (a good introduction to the Eastern culture).

The interchange of ideas was remarkable. Scholars, pastors, students, and volunteers from all over the world brought a wealth of cultural and language differences and backgrounds—something I found very enriching. After being in a classroom for most of the year, being on a dig gave me an opportunity to stretch my physical as well as my intellectual muscles.

My trip to Jordan gave me a greater insight into the conditions and realities of Bible history. I'll never read the Bible the same way I did before.

Gerald A. Klingbeil is the director of research for the School of Theology at the Peru Union University in Lima, Peru.

So Adventist archaeology has come a long way from when Siegfried Horn first came looking for evidence to support the biblical account of the Exodus. "We've realized that trying to confirm a narrow historical event is probably not a very realistic goal," says Randall Younker. "Sometimes it

happens, and it's wonderful when it does. But archaeologists in general realized that we have to have larger research agendas, and our Adventist scientists realized that this is a legitimate concern."

By its careful methodology and scientific documentation, the work accomplished by the Madaba Plains Project has attracted worldwide interest. "Here in Jordan the Madaba Plains Project is ranked up there with teams from Harvard and Yale because of what we have accomplished," maintains Geraty. "Archaeologists in the Adventist Church have distinguished themselves and have, in a sense, done our part in putting the Adventist Church 'on the map.' The archaeological work we have done is known throughout the world of biblical scholarship and is very much respected." ■

Stephen Chavez is an assistant editor for the Adventist Review.



Servants of God, Friends to Man

A million members strong, Pathfinders turns 50.

BY EDNA MAYE GALLINGTON, SOUTHEASTERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE COMMUNICATION ASSISTANT

In 1946 John Hancock, youth director for the Southeastern California Conference, sat in his office and listened to a mother of a summer camp junior say, "I wish summer camp could last all year long."

"I'm sure the counselors are glad it doesn't," replied Hancock, referring to the already overloaded pastors and teachers who ran the 10-day summer camp. "Why," he asked, "do you want summer camp to last all year?"

"Because," said the woman, "my son comes home from camp with the light of heaven in his eyes."

Getting Started

For 50 years that has been the goal of Pathfinders: to put the "light of heaven" in the eyes of youth.

The name "Pathfinder" was born in a youth camp in the Southeastern California Conference, where Arthur Spaulding, of the General Conference, told stories about John Fremont, the

Pathfinder, a prominent figure in California history. The name quickly caught the imagination of the leaders of the camp.

Deciding something should be done for the junior youth of the church, Scoutmaster John McKin started a club in Orange County in the early 1930s. But the club didn't have enough adult approval to continue. Some said it "brought the world into the church."

After World War II youth director Lawrence Skinner kept the club idea alive out West, and eventually Hancock was asked to be youth

director for the Southeastern California Conference. Following his conversation with the young camper's mother, Hancock went to his church pastor, Stan Jefferson, and found him supportive of a club for 10- to 15-year-olds. That year in Riverside, California, the conference-sponsored Pathfinder Club made its debut—with 15 junior youth.

One of the original group, Dorothy Versteeg, now a pastor for special ministries in the same

conference, remembers the fun. Her mother, Helen Hancock, and other mothers sewed uniforms and taught crafts. "A popular class was baking," says Versteeg. "The boys loved it. They ate everything they made."

Soon Laurence Paulsen, described by John Hancock as "one of the greatest all-time Pathfinder Club directors," had organized more than 15 clubs in churches and had helped develop Pathfinder leadership institutes nationwide.

In the spring of 1949 someone suggested to Henry Bergh that he write an official Pathfinder song. "I'm no songwriter," replied Bergh. But while driving to a Sabbath appointment he wrote the song that would be introduced at the 1950 Pathfinder officers' convention. Meanwhile, Helen Hobbs



WARM WELCOME: A Korean Pathfinder greets John Hancock, then world Pathfinder director, at the Kimpo Airport in 1965.



"WITNESS THROUGH ROSES": Norm Middag, then North American Division Pathfinder director, helped the church enter a float in the 1991 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, California. The float, decorated and ridden by Pathfinders, won the Lathrop K. Leishman Trophy for most beautiful noncommercial entry. Floats were also entered in 1992 and 1993.



AT EASE: Pathfinders from northern Luzon live up to the "Smile, You're a Pathfinder" slogan at a 1977 camporee.



DRILL TEAM: Members of the Lions Pathfinder Club in the South Atlantic Conference go through the motions.

designed and sewed an official flag. Skinner traveled the world to help start the clubs, and in 1950 the General Conference accepted the Pathfinder Club as a full youth ministry. Spanish-speaking countries adopted the name "Conquistadores"; Portuguese, "Desbravadores"; French, "Éclaireurs," etc.

More Than Sleeping Bags

Pathfinders continues to be more than a club for crafts, river rafting, and camping. Its young members are active in mission projects around the world, such as assisting survivors of the earthquake in Mexico City and Hurricane Gilbert in Jamaica.

Two summers ago

Rudy Carrillo, youth director for the Southeastern California Conference, accompanied by adult counselors and teen Pathfinders, held evangelistic meetings and founded a church in Pushkin, Russia. Closer to home, Pathfinders collect food for the homeless and paint homes for the elderly.

Pathfinding is an important mission



TEAMWORK: Rudy Carrillo (left) stands with some of the Pathfinders who helped hold evangelistic meetings in Pushkin, Russia.

in the church—much more, says former director Norm Middag, than parents wearing out their car on field trips and sleeping under the stars. More than 50 percent of the members of some clubs come from homes in which at least one parent is non-Adventist. For many of these children Pathfinding is their introduction to Jesus.

NEWSBREAK

Oakwood College Hosts Distinguished Guests

Colin Powell, a nationally known speaker and author and a retired four-star general in the United States Army, was among more than 50 distinguished guests visiting Oakwood College on October 4.

Powell, a member of the College Fund/UNCF (United Negro College Fund) Board of Trustees, visited the campus to attend a board meeting. Other guests included Michael Jordan, president of Westinghouse Corporation and College UNCF board chair; William Grey, a former United States congressman and UNCF president; and 31 presidents of historically Black colleges in North America.

Located in Huntsville, Alabama, Oakwood is a UNCF member school, and former president Benjamin Reaves serves as president of UNCF's Member Presidents Committee. Powell's presence on the campus caused such interest that he was

asked to make an impromptu speech to students, says college spokesperson Roy Malcolm.

Nicaraguan Women Mobilize for Evangelism

Women Adventists in Nicaragua are so excited about sharing their faith that more than 1,000 persons were baptized on September 15 as a result of their efforts. The women had attended an evangelistic training seminar conducted by Delia Adonia, director of the Central American Union Women's Ministries Department.

Adonia encouraged the women to share Christ with at least three people. They returned to their churches, enlisted helpers, and launched outreach meetings that resulted in the baptisms.—*Adventist News Network*.

Takoma Park Mayor Commends CUC Students

On October 28 the mayor of Takoma Park, Maryland, gave special recognition to the students, faculty, and staff of Columbia Union College for their participation in two community service projects.

At a city council meeting mayor Ed Sharp presented a resolution to college officials. About 75 students participated in various activities, including curbside painting, park cleanup, landscaping, and restriping a



Colin Powell

Richard Jewell—And Collective Behavior

BY WILLIE OLIVER, DIRECTOR OF FAMILY MINISTRIES FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN DIVISION

From international hero to suspected bomber to exonerated man. What a trip for anyone to experience, all within 88 days. This, of course, is the story of Richard Jewell, a private security guard working on contract for AT&T at Centennial Park during the 1996 Summer Olympic Games.

It was at Centennial Park, the hub of Olympic excitement in downtown Atlanta, that a pipe bomb killed two and injured 110 on July 27. Prior to the blast, says Jewell, he spotted an unattended package and then rushed people away from both the site and the sound tower moments before the discharge, averting a much greater loss of life (*USA Today*, Oct. 29).

First hailed as a hero, Jewell soon became an FBI suspect, a fact quickly reported in the print and network news media. He lingered under the spotlight for almost three months—until October 26, when federal prosecutors delivered a letter to Jewell's lawyers clearing him as a target of the investigation.

NEWS COMMENTARY

In a way, what happened to Richard Jewell was a type of what social theorists call "collective behavior."* Participants in collective behavior generally do not operate according to traditional patterns. Instead, the behavior depends on emotional contagion. These common emotions form a common bond holding people together to act as a unit without critical thought. In this case the media were apparently more interested in identifying a suspect than in finding the *right* suspect.

Too frequently, identical situations take place in the church. The rumor mill determines that what *might* be true about a member is in fact so, leaving someone's reputation forever damaged.

When relating to others, we must resist collective behavior. It will keep us from Richard Jewelling anyone.

* Lynda I. Dodgen and Adrian M. Rapp, *Looking Through the Window of Sociology* (Dubuque, Iowa: Kendall-Hunt Publishing, 1994), p. 153.

NEWS BREAK

parking lot. The event was coordinated by the college student association, reports Tamara Fisher, public relations director.

British Choir Wins BBC Awards

The London Adventist Chorale recently took first-place honors in the British Choir of the Year competition sponsored by the British Broadcasting Corporation, reports David Marshall, editor for Stanborough Press, Ltd., in Lincolnshire, England.

Since winning the award, the choir has sung on several nationally televised programs, including performances at Westminster Abbey and Marlborough House in London, and in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. During both occasions choir director Ken Burton was



HELLO, YOUR MAJESTY: Chorale director Ken Burton meets Queen Elizabeth.

introduced to the queen. The choir's next national appearance will be on a Christmas Eve television special.

GO '97 Convenes December 31

So you want to serve in the mission field but don't know where to start, or what training you need? These and many other issues will be addressed at the GO '97 conference at Andrews University, December 31 to January 4.

GO '97 offers students and young adults an opportunity to network with personnel from many Adventist mission agencies. Sponsored by the Andrews University Department of World Missions, Adventist Frontier Missions, and YouthNet, the conference includes workshops, exhibitions, and devotional meetings.

The registration fee is \$90, which includes meals, accommodations, materials, and seminars. For more information call 1-800-937-4236, 1-616-471-2522, or E-mail go97@andrews.edu.

Upcoming!

Dec. 7	Stewardship Day
Dec. 28	Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the South Pacific Division

Being Thankful

ROSY TETZ



Here are three little stories.

A teenage boy gets in a car wreck. The accident completely ruins his mother's car. He gets bumped and scratched up. When his mother sees him in the emergency room, she cries, "Thank goodness you're all right!"

The smoke alarm goes off in the middle of the night. The family crawls through the smoke to get outside. They watch the firefighters try to put out the fire that is burning up all their clothes and toys and furniture and books. Grandpa and Grandma come tearing over and jump out of their car, saying, "Oh, we're so thankful you are all safe!"

A man has to have an operation. His family and friends become very worried. The surgery will cost a lot of money. After the doctors complete the operation, his loved ones hug each other and pray their thanks to God.

Did you hear right? These people are thankful! Scary things have happened, and they are thankful! Does that make any sense?

Well, actually it does. You see, these people realize that something much worse could have happened, and they feel thankful that it didn't. They are thankful that the people they love are still alive.

Satan tries his hardest to make trouble for us. But Jesus protects us. And you don't need to wait until something bad happens to be thankful for His protection. You can be thankful now, because He protects you now.

Jesus keeps you safe. It's not something you have to worry about. Just read Psalm 91:11. "He has put his angels in charge of you. They will watch over you wherever you go" (ICB).

This week most of us will think about the things we are thankful for. Maybe you've already started a list. Perhaps it has things on it like pumpkin pie and mashed potatoes and an extra-long Thanksgiving weekend (wondrous things indeed, and worthy of our thanks). But now you have some more ideas to add to your list: safety, angels, protection, health, life.

We have a lot to be thankful for, don't we?

Thankful List
Angels *Health*
Safety *Pumpkin Pie*



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The Homecoming

*I longed for one last joyous reunion with my father
before Alzheimer's took its final toll.*

BY VERLIE WARD

AT 6:13 A.M. THE WHEELS of our Boeing 747 touch down in Auckland, New Zealand, 12 hours after our departure from Los Angeles, California.

Robotlike, we passengers make our way through immigration and customs inspection. In 12 hours we have gone from early fall to spring, from a warm 90 degrees to a cool 45 degrees with a crisp sea breeze.

Eventually I board a second plane bound for a small city in south New Zealand. As I cross the tarmac and enter the airport building, I search the crowd for my father's face. In the past he was always out in front of the crowd, looking for me. Our eyes would meet, and with his tears, warm hugs, and kisses I always gained a sense of calm. I was home safe with him.

Ever since I was a child Dad made me feel secure. He sat up with me in the night when I was sick and comforted me after a nightmare. He planned Sunday afternoon picnics and annual vacations to the beach. He worked hard to create a

home for us. And he was always at the airport to welcome me back.

This homecoming is different. Two weeks ago Dad was placed in a nursing home. His many strokes had multiplied his care needs beyond what my stepmom could provide. He now needs constant medical support.

My head tells me that my father will not be waiting for me. My heart still searches the crowd of faces, longing to see the one who has always made this long journey worthwhile. Suddenly it doesn't feel like springtime anymore. The winter of reality grips me.

Will He Know Me?

I dread the trip to the nursing home. What will Dad look like? Does he know where he is? Can he survive all the changes? Can his body adjust to the new medicine? Will he know me?

At the nursing home my eyes search for my father. I spot him struggling to discover how to open the door. I race toward him, but he is oblivious of me. His face is swollen, distorted, and pale. Gone are the rosy cheeks acquired from his daily hikes in the hills. His eyes stare vacantly. This is all so very different from every other reunion.

I hug the fragile, bony structure and whisper, "Dad, this is Verlie," but he pulls himself away and mumbles, "We must be going."

"Don't go!" I want to cry out. Instead I simply follow him down the hall, out the door, and round and round the small garden pathway that has become his life map.

What I Learned During My Father's Last Illness

BY VERLIE WARD

1. His life needed to be simplified; he had great trouble keeping track of clothing, money, keys, etc.
2. His energy was limited; when he was overly tired he became frustrated and disoriented.
3. His internal time clock was altered, and he no longer had regular sleeping rhythms.
4. He found sudden changes and breaks in routine fearful experiences.
5. He was much more sensitive to changes in temperature, hot or cold.
6. He needed to keep busy—folding clothes, wiping dishes, and working at simple repetitive tasks.
7. Although he couldn't communicate, he was aware of what was going on and how he was being treated.
8. He became more calm when we read or recited Scripture for him.
9. He needed extra time to think and move.
10. While he didn't recognize us immediately, family visits were very important for him. His face always lit up when his grandchildren visited.
11. When he was searching for words he just needed me to wait patiently and give him eye contact while he struggled to put his ideas together.
12. Loving, attentive care helped him to feel secure and safe.

Dad is in the Alzheimer's wing, where nurses and doctors do everything possible to make him comfortable. Heavy medication is new to him, and his reaction to drugs takes many forms. One day his feet and legs are so swollen that his shoes won't fit. Another day he is covered with a blotchy rash. Then there is the day his whole body arches backward as he walks. How he stays upright I don't know, but he keeps walking.

I want to walk away from all this sorrow, but I am compelled to stay. This is my father. We have shared a lifetime together, and this is my last chance to be with him.

Enter Dad's endless round of rituals. The eating ritual occurs six times a day, with three main meals and three snacks. The medicine ritual is elaborate; each person takes pills differently. For Dad the pills have to be disguised in mashed banana, until he tires of bananas. The going-to-bed ritual is often the most difficult. Rest does not come easily for all. Dad may

sleep only an hour or two, then spend the rest of the night pacing the hallways.

The singing ritual is most popular. Each day the staff plays a tape of familiar old songs. I watch faces light up and hear voices join in singing, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine." Somehow the message of that old love song has etched its way indelibly into their memories.

What Does He Remember?

As a teacher I am curious about how we learn and what we remember. For two and a half weeks I observe what it is that people hold on to when they have forgotten most of their formal learning. For the most part, they are bound up in their own worlds, unable to enter into the lives of others.

But certain patterns persist or emerge. Some sit and rock as they quietly observe or doze the hours away. Others become aggressive, always ready to fight or curse. One imagines herself as a young mother again and watches eagerly from the window for

her children to come home from school. A mechanic pictures himself in the garage and talks about cars he is repairing. The church secretary rocks and smiles as I recite Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills."

Dad, who has always been a perfect gentleman, never walks through a door without first removing his hat. He always stands back and invites ladies to go first. Before he eats, he offers food to others. Even when he can't say his own name, he remembers these simple courtesies.

The Connections

My father was always the patriarch of our family, initiating family worship and our Sabbath school lesson study. For years he ended long-distance telephone calls with the blessing "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace" (Num. 6:24-26). Now on one particularly restless day Dad is agitated. He tries to move the furniture around and wants to undress. As soon as we get his clothes on, he has them off again. This is totally foreign behavior for my very modest father.

By 9:00 in the evening my stepmom and I are exhausted and fall helpless on our knees beside his bed to plead that he will have peace and rest for the night. Hesitantly I look in his direction. "Dad, would you like to pray with us?" I ask.

Suddenly the activity ceases. He meekly comes to the bed, kneels, and says his first intelligent words for the day, "Our gracious heavenly Father . . ." These words of prayerful greeting I have heard since childhood. My tears flow freely. His prayer soon becomes a mumble, but the rhythm of his mumbling is familiar to me, and I feel sure it is understood clearly in the courts above.

One day I sense my father is beginning to recognize me. He walks into the room and looks directly at me

with surprise and joy. Although he doesn't speak, he comes over to embrace me.

Later we visit the botanical gardens and wander among the flowering spring bulbs, the rhododendrons, and the camellias. We find a warm spot and sit together on a park bench.

Suddenly he looks me in the eyes, and for a moment the veil between us clears. In wonder I hear him say, "Oh, I love you, and I always have."

One month later I return to New Zealand to bury my father. I am not emotionally ready for the last farewell.

In church we begin to sing "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine!" my father's favorite hymn. I well remember our family singing that hymn every Friday and Sabbath evening at sunset as we went around the circle, each of us selecting our favorite.

Dad has lived his 83 years with this blessed assurance, and we are now ready to lay him to rest in that hope. We drive through the picturesque small town to the cemetery. It is a beautiful spring morning. The grave site, nestled among hillside trees, overlooks the ocean. Birds are singing. Lambs playfully bleat for their mothers.

It is a token day, a token of the resurrection. Tenderly we say our last earthly goodbyes.

One day soon I believe there will be another homecoming. Alzheimer's, tears, death—all these sorrows will be vanquished. Dad will be out in front of the crowd, watching for me. What a reunion that will be! Together we will rejoice in the calm serenity of our Father's home. ■

Verlie Ward, Ph.D., is professor of education at Walla Walla College, in Washington.



Where Are You, My Father?

I fly across the ocean to be with you one more time,
But you are not there.
Your body, bent and aged, is there,
But you are gone.
I wait for a smile of recognition;
I see you try—but I am just another face in an ocean of unknowns.
You have to walk, to keep in motion, although your footsteps are an endless shuffle.
Your stride has gone, so has your purpose,
And in its place there is a restless need that cannot be fulfilled.

I ask, "How are you, Dad?" and hear you speak of 1942.
Where are the words that guided every childhood step,
Directed me through turbulent youth,
And comforted me through times of pain and sorrow?
Where are your prayers and blessings?
Where are you, my father?

Days later, in a garden we are seated,
Soft spring sunshine warming hearts and hands.
Surrounded by flowering camellias and fragrant spring bulbs,
You look at me with unexpected gaze.
I watch you struggle through the fog,
And for a moment we connect—father and daughter.
I hear the words I long for: "I love you, and I always have."

It is enough; my father remembers!
I am his child again—his firstborn.
He wants to stay with me, but all too soon he says,
"We must be going."
His eyes lose hold,
The shuffling starts again;
Hand in hand we walk the lonely path.
Where are you, my father?

—By Verlie Ward

The Myth of Separation?

Denying that anyone can objectively view history, French philosopher Michael Foucault argued that all unifying historical theories were nothing but “regimes of truth” that seek to legitimize political power. For Foucault, history had no meaning, and those who gave it meaning did so only to validate present structures. In other words, those who control our understanding of our past, he warned, would control our future as well.

Though Foucault (who died in 1984) was too extreme, he had a point—and it can best be seen in the current battle over the “Christian” origins of America. In its quest for political power, the Christian Right is rewriting America’s past—and the most egregious offender is David Barton, whose revisionism does to American history what the Holocaust deniers do to Jewish history.

Barton’s premise is simple: separation of church and state was never what America’s founders intended. He even wrote a book, called *The Myth of Separation*, that says: “Did you know separation of church and state is a myth?”

Barton’s historical revisionism begins with the Constitutional Convention of 1787. At one point the convention almost collapsed because of bickering between delegates. Knowing that the future of the whole American enterprise was endangered, Benjamin Franklin suggested that they humbly implore “the assistance of heaven.” Interestingly enough, his request for prayer met opposition, and when it was brought to a vote—it failed! Thus the convention that wrote the U.S. Constitution engaged in less group prayer than does the General Conference picnic committee.

Here’s David Barton’s spin on the event: “Franklin’s admonition—and the delegates’ response to it—had been the turning point not only for the convention, but also for the future of the nation. . . . With their repentance came a desire to begin each morning of official government business with prayer.”

One of Barton’s favorite quotes to promote the “Christian nation” notion was credited to Benjamin Franklin: “Whoever shall introduce into the public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world.”

Another favorite (attributed to James Madison) was “We have staked the future of all our political institutions upon the capacity of each and all of us to govern ourselves . . . according to the Ten Commandments.” Nice quotes, and they could buttress Barton’s revisionist history, except for one problem—they’re bogus (and Barton was finally forced to admit it).

Barton’s premise is simple: America was founded as a “Christian nation” and thus was never meant to separate church and state. It’s also wrong.

Many founders *were* Christians of some stripe, and Christianity unquestionably influenced their

views of humanity, government, and morality. But that doesn’t mean they founded a Christian nation in the sense that they wanted the government to establish the Christian faith or any Christian institutions. On the contrary, with European soil bloodstained from centuries of violence incited by the unity of church and state, the founders purposely separated them—a fact that Barton and the Religious Right won’t accept because they see separation as hostile to religion.

Of course, far from hurting religion, separation from government strengthens it. Unless, that is, the religion’s so weak it needs government support—exactly what’s behind the Christian Right’s attempt at political supremacy.

In *The Great Controversy* Ellen White wrote that when the early church lost the power of the Spirit “she sought the support of the secular power” (p. 443) to control the consciousness of the people; the result was “the beast” (Rev. 13:1-7). Now the same principles are at work, this time in the formation of the “image of the beast” (verses 14, 15). Devoid of the Spirit, the politicized church is seeking secular power instead—but to do so it must first rewrite America’s past.

Foucault warned that the study of history is a disinterested quest not for truth, but for power. David Barton, at least in this case, proves him right.

*Is separation
hostile to religion?*

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



At Rest

ADAMS, Lillian Z.—b. May 2, 1911; d. June 30, 1996, Burleson, Tex. She served with her husband for 35 years as a missionary in Japan, Korea, and Jamaica. She is survived by three sons, Elvin, Marvin, and Keith; and five grandchildren.

BAIERLE, Hannah C.—b. Apr. 23, 1904, Maconie, Pa.; d. Sept. 15, 1996, Watsonville, Calif. She served with her husband, Charles, in the pastorate in eastern Pennsylvania and West Virginia. She is survived by one son, two daughters, 11 grandchildren, and 22 great-grandchildren.

BRANDON, Alfred—b. Sept. 10, 1922, Ogden, Utah; d. July 4, 1996, Daytona Beach, Fla. He developed medical libraries for Atlantic Union College and Loma Linda University Medical Center. He is survived by one son, Robert; one daughter, Sharon Rivera; and six grandchildren.

CARTER, Glenmore R.—b. June 11, 1907, Dallas, Tex.; d. Feb. 12, 1996, Douglasville, Ga. He pastored in Texas, southern India, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Louisiana, Illinois, Nebraska, and Missouri. After retiring, he founded the Georgina Villa (Garden Terrace Nursing Home) and the Atlanta West Hospital (Parkway Medical Center). He is survived by his wife of 67 years, Sarah Elizabeth; two sons, Lee Edwin and Glenn Thomas; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

CATO, Carle Ronald—b. Apr. 12, 1949, White Springs, Fla.; d. May 7, 1996, Huntsville, Ala. He served his Lord as a pastor. This notice comes from California, where he was associate pastor of the San Diego 31st Street church.

CRAWFORD, Charles M.—b. July 17, 1908, Homeville, Pa.; d. June 17, 1996. He served the denomination in management positions in the Inter-American Division and the Southern, Lake, Canadian, and Pacific unions. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, MayBelle; one sister, Clara Thompson; one daughter, Aletha Christensen; four grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild.

DOWNING, Laurence R.—b. Aug. 1, 1914, Alberta; d. Feb. 21, 1996, Smyrna Beach, Fla. He served as an educator and missionary in Nigeria, the Philippines, and Singapore. He also

served in Michigan and Florida, Union College, Shawnee Medical Center, and Canadian Union College. He is survived by his wife, Alva; three sons, David, Kenneth, and Laurence A.; one daughter, Karen Grob; and six grandchildren.

EDWARDS, Winifred M.—b. Feb. 19, 1904, Warren, Ill.; d. May 28, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. She worked as a nurse for the General Conference Medical Department and taught nursing at Andrews University and Loma Linda University School of Nursing at the White Memorial Hospital.

FOGARTY, Francis—age 87, d. June 26, 1996, Orlando, Fla. She served as a church school teacher for two years and as a nurse at Florida Hospital for 30 years. She is survived by two sisters-in-law and nine nieces and nephews.

JOHANNES, Joseph Curr—b. Oct. 30, 1899, Julfa, Iran; d. Sept. 10, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. A 1929 graduate of the College of Medical Evangelists, he served as a medical missionary in 12 countries in five of the world divisions.

LARRABEE, Bernice Starr—b. Dec. 23, 1901, Dawson, N. Dak.; d. Aug. 8, 1996, Milton-Freewater, Ore. She and her husband, Harry, served as missionaries in Guatemala and Costa Rica. After her husband died in a plane crash, she returned to the mission field after raising three children. She served in South America, Puerto Rico, and Nicaragua. She is survived by one brother, Ralph Starr; three sisters, Grace Rooker, Gladys Ryckman, and Mary Arpan; one son, Lawrence; two daughters, Ellen Mattison and Lillian Schafer; seven grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

MOORE, Shirley Tuttle—b. Aug. 12, 1910, North Clarendon, Vt.; d. July 2, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. She served for 26 years, first as a dietitian at Loma Linda University Medical Center, then New England Memorial Hospital, Battle Creek Sanitarium, and Boulder Sanitarium, and as an associate professor at La Sierra University. She is survived by one brother, Terry Moore; and one sister, Roberta Moore.

MURDOCH, Ruth—b. Sept. 16, 1906, Bozeman, Mont.; d. Aug. 29, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. She served the church as an educator, teaching college in Michigan, Tennessee, and California. After raising a family, she returned to teach at Washington Missionary College and then Andrews University for 22 years. She was preceded in death by her husband, W. G. C. Murdoch. She is survived by one sister, Jean Vanek; three sons, Lamont, Floyd, and William, Jr.; one daughter, Marilyn Herrmann; and 10 grandchildren.

MUSTARD, A. John—b. Feb. 21, 1908, Walsall, England; d. July 24, 1996, Abbotsford, British Columbia. He served more than 40 years as a pastor and administrator in England, Ireland, West Africa, and Canada. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth; one son, Duncan; two grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

NELSON, Wilbur Kenneth—b. Sept. 30, 1929; d. Feb. 7, 1996, China. He served the church as a pastor-evangelist and health educator.

He and his wife worked as missionaries in China for many years. On returning to the United States he taught at Pacific Union College, Loma Linda University, and Weimar Institute. He and his wife conducted crusades in some 40 cities in Russia and served with the It Is Written television ministry in China, making more than 100 trips to China in the past five to six years. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy, and five children.

PERRY, Carrol E.—b. Oct. 1, 1913, Vermont; d. Sept. 8, 1996, Michigan. He served as pastor in Maine and Vermont, and as a Bible teacher in Michigan and Indiana, where he became education superintendent and religious liberty director. He is survived by his wife, Louise; one son, Norm; one daughter, Kerry Hoxie; one stepdaughter, Donna Burland; and two stepdaughters, Betty Trumm and Helen Nobel.

PHILLIPS, Willard W.—b. Aug. 8, 1927, Iowa; d. July 1, 1996, Seattle, Wash. He taught church schools in South Dakota, Michigan, and Nebraska for 16 years. He is survived by his wife, Betty; one son, David; one daughter, Melodie Selby; and one grandchild.

QUALLEY, Arlys Walter—b. Feb. 4, 1928, Yakima, Wash.; d. Aug. 27, 1996, Walla Walla, Wash. She served with her evangelist husband, Elden Walter, in the Texico, Arizona, and Michigan conferences, and the Central Union. She served as director of the Bible Correspondence School at the Voice of Prophecy. She was an artist and published author. She is survived by her husband, Quentin; her former husband, Elden; two daughters, 'dena Colon and Garlyn Webb Spurlock; and four grandchildren.

ROBBINS, Andrew Joseph—b. Nov. 19, 1910; d. Aug. 3, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. He served as a pioneer worker in Mongolia and China, and a pastor and Bible teacher and later as an administrator in the Far Eastern Division.

SCHNEIDER, Wilbert Marion—b. Apr. 15, 1918, Loyal, Okla.; d. Aug. 22, 1996, California. He served as an administrator and educator at Campion Academy and at Southwestern Junior, Walla Walla, Emmanuel Missionary, Pacific Union, and Southern Missionary colleges. His last position was educational director of the Pacific Union Conference. He is survived by his wife, Ardith; and four children, Douglas, Shirley, Christine, and Sara.

TRUMPER, Marie Jane Spicer—b. Oct. 28, 1916, Minneapolis, Minn.; d. July 19, 1996, Portland, Tenn. She served as a missionary to Africa with her husband for 18 years and was a teacher and principal in the Ohio Conference for 20 years. She is survived by her husband, Edward; one son, Richard; one daughter, Margaret Evans; three grandchildren; and one stepgrandchild.

Note: These notices have been sent to the Adventist Review from various sources (usually family members), and some do not have complete information. In submitting the names of denominational workers, please include date and place of birth and death; places and years of service; and survivors.

Transforming Grace

BY KIMBERLY TAGERT-PAUL

In contrast to the other graffiti strewn on the brick wall, three words stood out that must have transformed the life of their writer. I imagine she wanted to shout them to the world.

Immortalized with a can of black spray paint on a red brick wall, the words exulted: "Jason loves me."

So startled was I by the words that I stopped to look at them again. "Jason loves me."

Not the usual "I love Jason" or "For a good time, call . . ." or any of the other sentiments I've seen on countless walls in sundry places. No nameless initials carved into wood or scrawled with a ballpoint pen. These three words had made a difference for the one who was the object of Jason's affection.

Words of Life

I remember the first time I heard such words spoken to me by the one I had longed to hear say them. Sitting quietly on a winter's beach, icy waves lapping at the shore, he spoke them hesitantly at first, then firmer, committing himself to their impact.

I remember their transforming grace. For weeks I walked around with them echoing in my life. They touched everything I touched. To love and be truly loved is a wonderful thing. Perhaps that same feeling of awe permeated the young lover who wrote for all to see, "Jason loves me."

First Telling

I remember when I first heard and understood those words from someone outside of my immediate family. I was only 7 at the time. The impact of those words was spectacular.

I sat in a pew with 30 other youngsters, listening to the story of a remarkable Man. The country preacher told us of a God who cared so much about each of us that He had come in human form to live with us.

After living on the earth for 33 years, God did

something that seemed impossible for my young mind to comprehend. To forgive me for calling my brothers a bad name, to forgive me for all of the other bad things I had done and would do, God died for us. Not just any death. God died as innocent as a lamb—for me.

As the preacher told this story, I remembered riding on the bus to the country church that morning. The sun shone brightly, and a flock of sheep came into view. Grazing contentedly, their lambs frolicked nearby—innocent, happy lambs. The illustration could not have been more vivid.

For me. For me. The words echoed in my mind. Jesus died as an innocent lamb for me.

Iraised my hand and asked to stay afterward while the preacher prayed with me and invited this wonderful God into my life. I knew I was loved. Nail-pierced hands had told me so.

Today I think about Jason's love. What transformation did it work on the young lover, the unknown author of the graffiti? Would their love last for an eternity?

If I could talk to Jason and his love, I would tell them something that has filled me with excitement since I was 7. I would tell them about the One whose love would transform their lives in ways they may only dream about. I would tell them of a love that *will* last for eternity. A love that is true. A love that is theirs only for the asking.

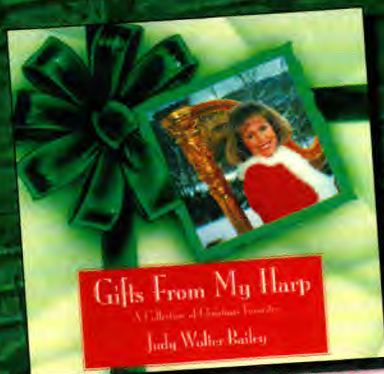
No wonder children everywhere sing the song with such glee. It is a song that informs and transforms. And when we grasp its words, it changes everything: "Jesus Loves Me." ■

JASON
LOVES ME

Kimberly Tagert-Paul is a freelance author who enjoys crafts and wrote this article from Coldwater, Michigan.



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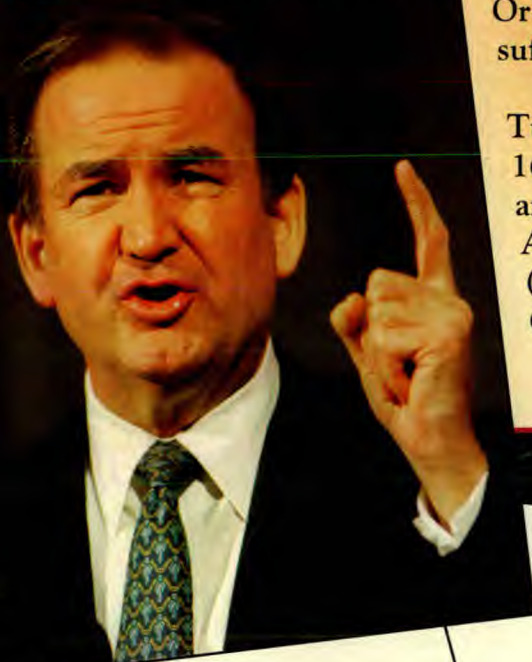
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GOD'S Christmas Cards TO 1996 NEWSMAKERS



W

hat would God emphasize if He sent you a Christmas card? Comfort or counsel? Encouragement or reproof? And what message would He send to persons in the news?

For the third year in a row, Voice of Prophecy speaker Lonnie Melashenko peeks into "God's mailbox" and reads His Christmas messages to four of 1996's headline-makers.

What would a heavenly Father say to presidential contender and Religious Right champion Pat Buchanan? To Olympic gymnast Kerri Strug? To an unwed mother and teen idol named Madonna? Or even to an abused and persecuted fictional sufferer with the cartoon name of "Dilbert"?

Tune in the week before Christmas, December 16-19, for brand-new radio episodes in this annual series, twice honored with Angel Awards. They're also available on cassette (\$10 for the four-part series). Ask for "God's Christmas Cards - Vol. 3" (#9650D).



- E. LONNIE MELASHENKO
SPEAKER, VOICE OF PROPHECY