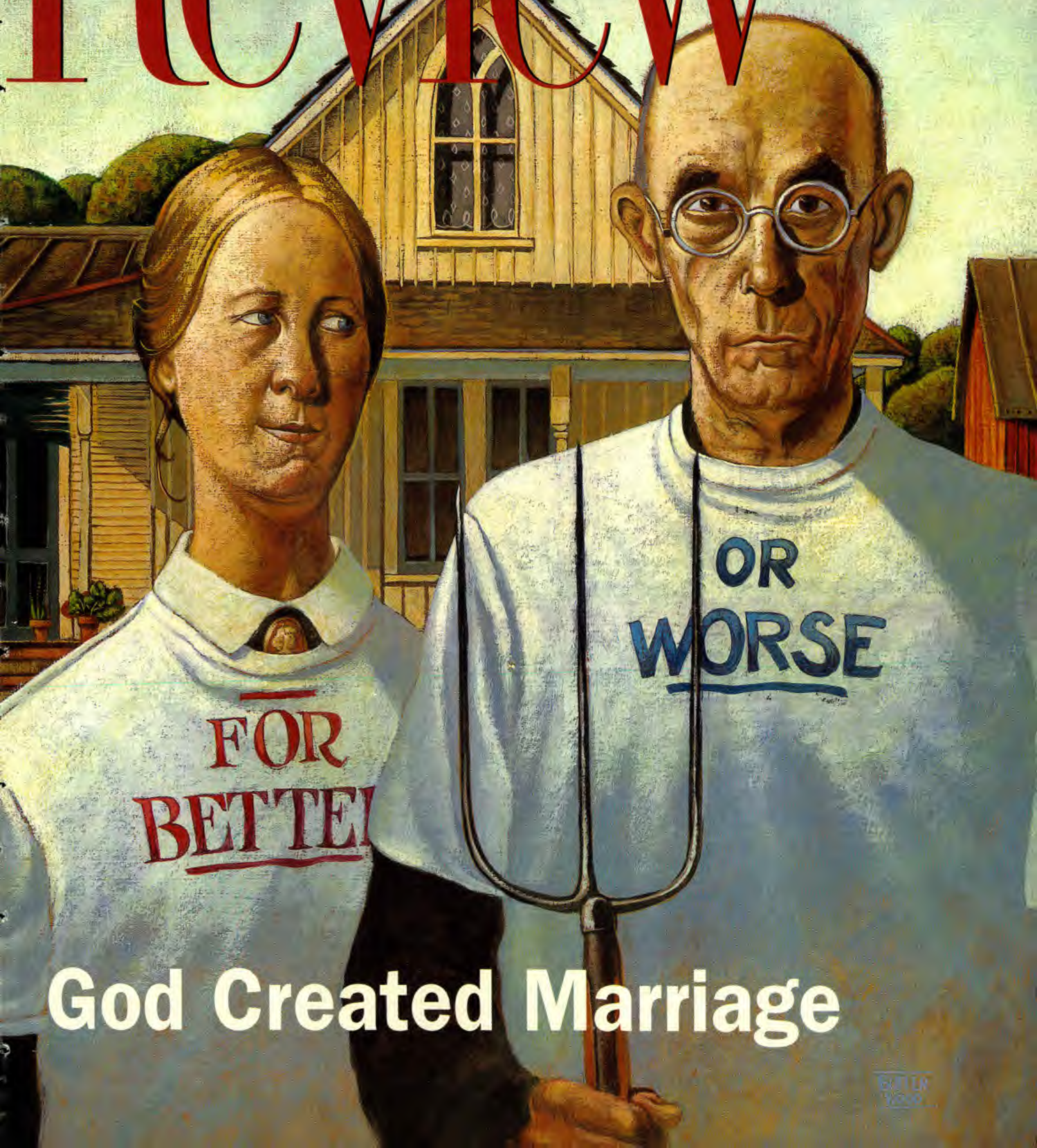


ADVENTIST Review

February 27, 1997

AnchorPoints



God Created Marriage

GUTTEN
WOOD

LETTERS

A Great Year, But . . .

Thank you, William Johnsson, for acknowledging that there remains prejudice in our church (see "1996: Was This a Great Year or What?" Dec. 26). That we still hear comments in the church lobby about "those people on welfare" indicates that we indeed need to grow more like Christ in this area. Damaging attitudes regarding racial, gender, and socioeconomic differences must be recognized and addressed in our homes, schools, and churches.

—**Brett Robinson**
SANDY, OREGON

Giving Joseph His Due

Thank you for James Dittes' "Joseph—Christian Number One" (Dec. 19). Poor Joseph remains a forgotten part of earliest Christianity in spite of his immense importance to our religious scenario. How very fine of Mr. Dittes to remind us of one of the primary components of our belief system.

—**Marilyn W. Kintz**
CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON

The Mark of the Beast

Kudos to Clifford Goldstein for his commonsensical advice about the use of inflammatory rhetoric that can be reasonably expected to hurt people (see "The Mark of the Beast," Dec. 26).

The truth is still the truth, even

when the language is updated to suit the current reality. Telling the truth *lovingly* is a Christian duty, and this can be done only by using the tact, sensitivity, and care that Goldstein urged.

—**Earl M. J. Aagaard**
ANGWIN, CALIFORNIA

The situation discussed by Clifford Goldstein is a good illustration of the kinds of problems we create whenever we get sidetracked from our true mission by secondary matters such as the mark of the beast. His suggestion that we present a potentially offensive message sensitively is a good one. Unfortunately, it misses the real issue.

Jesus predicted that what will be preached "in the whole world" right before His second coming is "this gospel of the kingdom" (Matt. 24:14), the same timeless gospel that brought salvation to repentant, believing sinners from the beginning of time. He does not commission His followers to preach any other message.

So if God has indeed called us out to play a major role in preparing the world for the Second Advent, then we can be useful to Him and true to our calling only if we faithfully share the good news of God's way of salvation by grace, through faith in Jesus Christ. Then when we are faced with the world's antagonism and rejection *for preaching this message*, we will not have to blame ourselves for having caused the problem. Instead we will share in the blessing Jesus promised to those who

are despised and persecuted "for my sake" (Matt. 5:11).

—**Helmut Ott, Ed.D.**
COLLEGE DALE, TENNESSEE

Brother Hood

In the Give & Take section of the Nov. 28 issue, Austa May Phillips wrote of a former church member by the name of Hood (see illustration), who was "known for his kindness and gentle ways."

"Brother Hood" was my grandfather. G. A. Hood came to the United States from England around 1882, settled in Texas, and later acquired a copy of *The Great Controversy*. My grandmother said he would sit up most of the night reading "that old book." "That old book" brought him into the Adventist Church. Brother Hood has also had a great influence on my life and my love for the church.

—**Altus E. Hayes**
FORT WORTH, TEXAS



Littl Things

Thank you for Andy Nash's "Littl Things" (Dec. 26), which was both unsettling and gratifying at the same time. I am very concerned about some of the same "littl things" occurring

both in our church and in the Christian community in general. But at the same time I was very gratified to read about another member of my generation constructively expressing concern for the state of our church and educational institutions.

Some may call these issues minutiae, but as he aptly quoted a former professor, the difference is in the details. I challenge all Adventists to be in the world but not of the world in 1997—meaning we should be positive and proactive examples of excellence.

—Mike Boulton
VIA E-MAIL

I did not like the Growing Up Adventist column by Andy Nash and had stopped reading it. I did read "Little Things" and have to agree with it.

My daughter, in her second year at an Adventist college, has so far had one teacher who questioned the inspiration of Scripture and the divinity of Christ, and another who condemned any conservatives in his class. She has also watched her roommate's shaky faith weakened by a professor's telling her the Bible was full of errors and contradictions.

Apparently we are hiring some professors for their education and not spiritual or church commitment—with disastrous results.

—Name Withheld

Not Imminent

Contrary to what Calvin Rock says in his column (Faith Alive! Dec. 26), Adventists do not believe in the "very imminent return" of Christ. According to Webster, *imminent* means "likely to happen without delay."

Adventists believe that the coming of Christ is near, not imminent, because prophecies in Daniel and Revelation indicate that certain events (such as setting up the image to the beast in the United States) will take place before Jesus comes. As a church,

teaching the difference between "near" and "imminent" is important. For us as mortal individuals, however, Christ's coming is indeed imminent.

—Kenneth H. Wood
VIA E-MAIL

Surviving a Crisis

Kay Kuzma's "Seven Lessons I Learned About Surviving a Crisis" (Dec. 26) really hit home. Nine months ago my wife and I were told that I have young onset Parkinson's disease. At 39 I find it quite a blow.

Kuzma's lesson 6—"There's incredible power in prayer"—has become lesson 1 for me. Prayer has kept me going when I get depressed about my problems. It has helped me to know that God will not allow anything to happen that we cannot endure with His help.

I am fortunate to have both an Adventist family doctor and neurologist who encourage me with the thoughts of our Lord's soon return.

—Jon Meyer
VIA E-MAIL

After 34 years of marriage Louise and I retired to Texas to be near our oldest child. Nearly three years into this retirement my dear wife began to run a 103-degree fever, taking us to the emergency room. A CAT scan revealed a grapefruit-sized tumor in her right lung. Anointing and treatment followed. Later an MRI found two more tumors in her brain. In just 29 days I unexpectedly became a widower. I'd like to add three more lessons:

8. Submission to God's will brings peace.

9. You are not alone.

10. The weeping won't last forever.

—Earl Clough
VIA E-MAIL

ADVENTIST Review

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ADVENTIST Review

"Behold, I come quickly . . ."

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

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In Joyful Anticipation

WILLIAM G. JOHNSON

Day of doom or day of joy—how do you view the second coming of Jesus?

Recently Dick Osborn, director of education for the North American Division, shared an interesting experience that happened near the close of the old year. Earlier in 1996 Osborn had made the acquaintance of Joe McTighe, incoming executive director of the Council for American Private Education, and his wife, Trish. The McTighes had just moved from New York to the Washington, D.C., area, and Osborn invited them to the General Conference headquarters in Silver Spring, Maryland.

Osborn relates the story: "On Friday I was attending a meeting at the U.S. Department of Education followed by a monthly meeting at the headquarters of the Lutheran Church of private school individuals focused on legislative affairs. Joe and I rode the Metro subway together. As we were changing trains at Gallery Place, Joe said to me, 'Does your church stress the Advent season at this time of the year?' I responded that in the past we hadn't, but many Adventist churches today are doing more related to the Advent.

"His response made me pause and think. He said, 'Trish and I are in a weekly prayer group. This last week we were studying Bible texts related to the Advent, and I was telling the group about my visit to your headquarters. Yes, we know that your name stresses the seventh day, but I was telling them about the Adventist part. Everyone I met at your headquarters was living in joyful and expectant anticipation of the Second Advent. We could just sense that feeling. Even the gardener who greeted us on our way into your building made us feel like you are a people of the Advent. I'll never forget that experience.'"

What a commendation! And an ideal to live up to. I'm glad the McTighes met individuals at the General Conference complex who projected such an image, because I'm sure we all fall far short of it at times.

That image—living in joyful and expectant anticipation of the Second Advent—is precisely the New Testament attitude to Jesus' return. For Christians, the Second Coming is the "blessed hope" (Titus 2:13), not a day of doom. It's the day when we shall see our Jesus, our Saviour, Lord, and

best friend, face-to-face. It's the day of reunion with dear ones who have passed to their rest. It's the day for us to stand up and lift up our heads, because our redemption is drawing near (Luke 21:31).

So lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring—not in notes of fear and uncertainty, but in peals of joy: Jesus is coming again!

At times we have dwelled on negatives instead of positives as we have proclaimed the Second Coming. We have tried to frighten people into the kingdom instead of inviting them to the banquet hall of salvation. We have left children and young people terrified of the time of trouble, unsure of their eternal standing

with God.

All such approaches fly in the face of Ellen White's counsel. She tells us: "The shortness of time is frequently urged as an incentive for seeking righteousness and making Christ our friend. This should not be the great motive with us; for it savors of selfishness. Is it necessary that the terrors of the day of God should be held before us, that we may be compelled to right action through fear? It ought not to be so. Jesus is attractive. He is full of love, mercy, and compassion" (*Signs of the Times*, Mar. 17, 1887).

We are Adventists; we are a people of hope.

And hope is just what people are looking for in our broken, suffering world. What a wonderful thing it would be if, when people think of Seventh-day Adventists, the first thing that came to their minds is that we are a people of hope.*

Let hope ring from our pulpits.

Let hope motivate our classrooms.

Let hope fill our homes.

Let hope focus our evangelism.

Let the world see it and hear it—joyful anticipation of the Advent, a people of hope.

* The 1995 General Conference session voted the following statement as the guiding light of the church's communication to its members and to others: "Seventh-day Adventists will communicate hope by focusing on the quality of life that is complete in Christ."

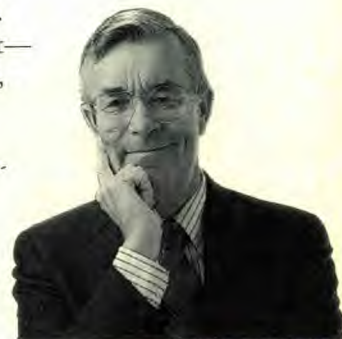


ILLUSTRATION BY H. RUDEEN

The Beast—It's Closer Than Rome

The news that some American church leaders recently became indignant about a book distributed by the Review and Herald Publishing Association¹ amused and amazed Seventh-day Adventists. Amused because the book, targeting the Roman Catholic Church as the beast of Revelation 13, had been around more than 100 years, unnoticed; amazed because the book reflects some 500 years of Protestant thought about the antichrist (also known as the beast, or Babylon). I noticed that a non-Adventist study book I often use also alludes to the ecclesiastical Babylon as having headquarters in Rome.²

I looked through a series of Adventist Bible studies on the subject of the antichrist and the beast. One study pointed to the antichrist as a man who usurped the place of Christ. It identified the system taking the place of Christ as the Roman Catholic papacy.

While there is no need to let this bureaucratic religious system off the hook, we ought to examine ourselves—both personally and corporately—to see whether we do not share some of the characteristics of this historic power.

Take the number of the beast, for example—666. The number seven symbolizes perfection, making six the sign of imperfection. A puny human “6” claiming to be perfect when only Christ is a “7.” You will find these blasphemous sixes a lot closer than Rome. The pride of being right plagues every one of us at some time or other.

Next, the Bible study referred to previously indicates that the beast’s followers worship idols, noting that Catholic churches exhibit icons and statues to which members appear to bow.³

This is true, but when we examine our own lives, do we find idols? Idols of past accomplishments, power, popularity, presumption, grudges? And there’s the old favorite before which many bow several hours a week—television. We have religious idols, too. Even the church, if we’re not careful, can become an idol—if it leads us to feel more secure with structures, forms, traditions, and people who use our jargon. If it makes us into an exclusive club.

Worshipping a church can turn our priorities upside

down. We can take our Spirit-led instincts for caring and rightdoing and turn them into self-serving, name-recognition gimmicks.

Then there is the Sabbath—the seal. We can make that an idol too, when it becomes for us an end in itself, when instead of the Sabbath pointing us to Jesus, we look upon it as giving religious merit. And if we leave the Creator out, Sabbath can easily be undermined by theistic evolution deemed “more scientific.”⁴

We condemn the authority of the pope over his people, but do we sometimes look to our own church leaders to tell us what to do in the minutest details of Christian living?

Last of all, we protest against salvation by works as taught by Roman Catholicism.

The nuances here are difficult to judge without knowing people’s motives—yet many of us are more than willing to pick up the gavel. Since Roman Catholics come in all kinds, it’s about as difficult to judge them individually as any other group, but the system does lean toward gaining points for salvation. But don’t some Adventists take works to Roman Catholic heights? At the same time many express a concern about Jesuits and the Catholicizing of Adventism.

We must ever keep in mind that where the church (the bride) becomes a means of salvation it supplants the groom (Christ), and there we have an antichrist. This cannot always be blamed on the institution. It happens when we allow the beast spirit to raise its arrogant head and supplant the indwelling Christ in our lives.

¹ *Bible Readings for the Home* (Review and Herald Publishing Association, first published in 1888).

² See Merrill F. Unger, *Unger’s Survey of the Bible* (Eugene, Ore.: Harvest House, 1981), p. 415.

³ Roman Catholics claim they do not worship the statues, but use them as symbols or altars; some use the personages the idols represent as mediators.

⁴ At the same time many who adopt evolution continue to believe in the most “unscientific” act God ever performed—the birth, life, and resurrection of Jesus. Can they have it both ways, or will they eventually move away even from the act of salvation?



ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY CREWS

GIVE & TAKE

CONTEST RESULTS

Category:

Event.

Clue 1: A premiere episode.

Clue 2: A rookie reception.

Clue 3: Fit for the Cutting Edge Edition.

Clue 4: At [a woman's name].

Clue 5: Unbeatable gift.

Clue 6: Conductor Bernstein.

Clue 7: Nationwide heartbreak.

Something in
ADVENTISM

Answer: The baboon heart transplant. (Performed by Dr. Leonard Bailey on 2-week-old Baby Fae on October 26, 1984, at Loma Linda University Medical Center, the controversial surgery was the first of its kind. Three weeks afterward, in spite of valiant efforts to save her, Baby Fae died.)

Winner: We had several guesses but no winners at press time. Look for the winner's name in a future issue.

ADVENTIST LIFE

As Sabbath school secretary, I was collecting the offerings from the children's division. I emptied each envelope, in turn, into the offering plate, and as I poured out the contents from the primary class, I was startled to see the contribution of one small child—a four-inch neatly wrapped candy cane.

Knowing how children love their sweets, I felt it was a noble contribution. I thought of the widow's mite. Like the widow, this child gave all she had.

—Irene H. Casey, Sarasota, Florida



I became a Seventh-day Adventist in Marion, Indiana, during the late 1930s, when I was a teenager. I tried to learn as much as I could about the terms used by the older members—Ingathering, Thirteenth Sabbath, Investment—but I could never keep up with them. One name I heard constantly in sermons and conversations was “Sister White.”

The president of the Indiana Conference at that time was Elder S. E. Wight. Once when he came to visit, his wife accompanied him. I gazed at her in awe—I thought she was the Sister White I had heard so much about. How disappointed I was when she did not walk to the speaker's desk to relate a vision!

—Eugene Lincoln, Hagerstown, Maryland

CHURCH OF THE MONTH: WILSON, MICHIGAN



STANDING TALL: Located in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan with a membership of 245, the Wilson church might be the largest Adventist country church in North America, says member Luana Harlan. The church, cemetery, and neighboring junior academy are surrounded by fields and are a good 20 miles from the nearest town, Escanaba. Organized in

1902, the congregation built the church in 1908 with mostly donated labor and materials. In 1948 the church was destroyed by fire. Immediately plans were made to raise money for a new church—which was built and ready for dedication five years later.—Photo by Ed Harlan.

Attention, Adventists! Would you like to see your church featured on this page? Just snap a photo of your membership posed outside your church, write a short essay describing your church's uniqueness (past or present), and mail it to Church of the Month at the Give & Take address below. (Be sure to include contact phone number.)

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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.

God Created Marriage

*What is the future of marriage?
And how might singles share in its benefits?*

BY JAMES COFFIN

AT FIRST GLANCE, SEVENTH-DAY Adventist fundamental belief No. 22—Marriage and the Family—might seem about as necessary as a statement saying we believe in breathing. After all, people in all cultures, in all eras of human history, have married and had families.

From another perspective, however, one wonders if marriage as an institution will survive in Western society, given today's spiraling divorce rates. And even when divorce hasn't been prevalent, humans seldom have experienced God's high ideal for marriage.

In most cultures men have taken advantage of their physical strength and have dominated women. In a few cultures women have dominated men. But rarely have power and personal value been distributed equally. So perhaps a Bible-based statement about what marriage should and should not be is more necessary than we might think.

Marriage and the family are institutions that predate the entrance of sin. They aren't an afterthought, thrown in to contend with some unforeseen adverse circumstance. They were part of God's plan right from the beginning. So it's important that we strive to experience what God intended for us through these institutions.

Companionship

After the creation of Adam, God

said, "It is not good for man to be alone. I will make a helper suitable for him" (Gen. 2:18).^{*} Simple companionship is a major reason for marriage.

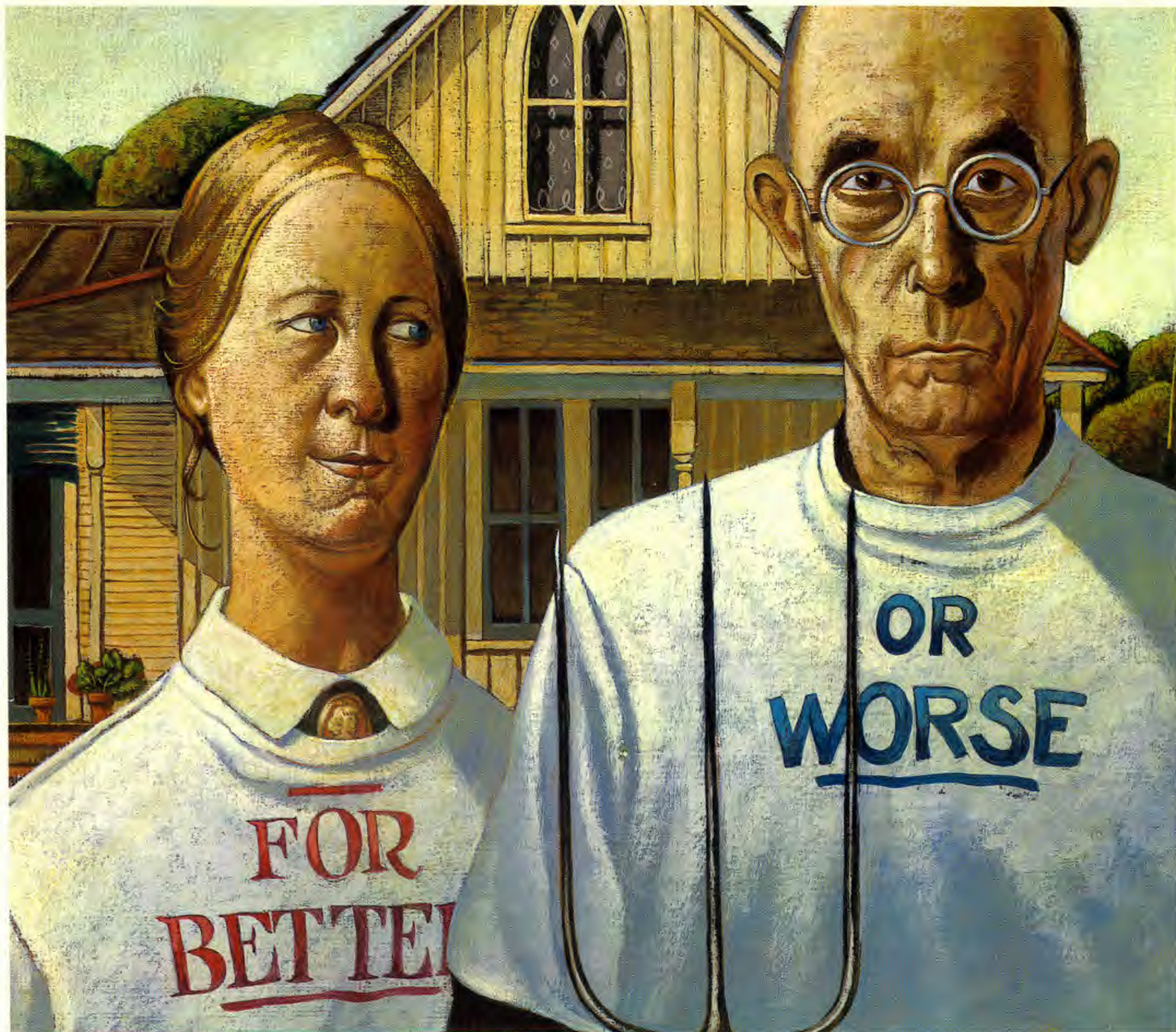
Have you ever seen a lovely sight and could scarcely wait to tell someone else about it? In fact, you probably wished the other person could have been with you to see it firsthand. Humans were made to share. When good things happen, we want to share the joy. And when bad comes, having someone to help lift the burden can make all the difference. Even the humdrum of everyday life loses much of its monotony when we don't have to face it alone.

Different but Equal

The Bible doesn't say the relationship between male and female should be that of master and slave. Rather the two should have complementary roles. Man and woman are made of the same substance, but each is a distinct creation. They are equal in worth, but uniquely structured. God plays no favoritism when it comes to gender.

Males and females shouldn't downplay their differences and uniqueness. These differences were designed by God. Males and females occupy a continuum. At the extremes they have unique abilities that are gender-exclusive. In other areas either sex may achieve, but one may be more naturally suited than the other. And in the middle of the continuum lies





a huge area of overlap where either sex is equally effective.

In the union of male and female God didn't design that one personality should be overshadowed or swallowed up by the other. Each is to remain a unique, distinct individual. Poet-philosopher Kahlil Gibran states it this way: "Fill each other's cup, but do not drink from one cup. Give one another of your bread, but do not eat from the same loaf." In other words, respect the differences.

Procreation

No sooner had God created Adam and Eve than He told them to "be

fruitful and increase in number" (Gen. 1:28). Procreation is a beautiful gift from God.

God could have created a world already filled with humans. Instead He chose to allow His creatures to take part in creation, and through the experience of parenthood to catch insights into His character and concern for His creation.

Parenthood, by its very nature, forces a focus outside of self. Babies have a way of nonverbally but loudly and relentlessly making their concerns known. With parenthood comes the discovery that it is possible to survive on precious little sleep. And it is

possible to survive serious assaults on the olfactory senses. In short, it is possible—yes, even rewarding—to live much of life putting the welfare of others ahead of many of our own concerns and desires.

Through the experiences of marriage and parenthood we can gain major insight into God's love for us. We can understand more fully His anguish when we choose a course of life that's self-destructive. We can appreciate more the sacrifice on the cross—because we know firsthand how much easier it is to suffer than to watch the suffering of another whom we deeply love.

Two Bits of Advice

BY JAMES COFFIN

Whenever I officiate at a wedding, I offer two challenges to the bride and groom. The challenges are the same for husband and wife, and they never vary from wedding to wedding.

1. *Each day try to think of something nice you can do for your beloved to make his or her day just a little more beautiful.*

The wife might cook a recipe she knows her husband particularly likes. She might polish his shoes if she knows he'll be in a hurry when he gets home. She might wash the car, even though it may be a task he usually does. But each day she should do something special that will make his day just a little brighter.

Similarly, if the husband isn't in the habit of helping to clean up after the meals—which I hope he would be—then he should pitch in and help at least occasionally as a special treat. He should bring his wife flowers. Or leave a note hidden where she's sure to find it, telling her how much he loves her. Both husband and wife should make a game of doing something small but extra-special for each other every day.

2. *Make it a habit to express appreciation.*

The husband should thank his wife for the meal she has prepared, for getting the stain out of his trousers, or for any of the many other little details she may attend to on his behalf.

Similarly, the wife should take time to say thank you to her husband for mowing the lawn, for trimming the hedge, or for scrubbing the kitchen floor. They each must let the other know that he or she isn't taken for granted.

I'm not suggesting that the day-to-day responsibilities must be carved up in the manner just described or that husband and wife must play these particular roles. I'm simply laying down a principle: If a husband and wife will seek to do nice things for each other, and if they'll consciously take time to express appreciation, they'll avoid many crises they might otherwise face. And when crises do come, as they inevitably will, the couple will be better equipped to cope with them. Further, when this same principle is extended to the way parents treat their children, it does much to make home a happy place.

Divine Image

At Creation God said, "Let us make man in our image, in our likeness" (Gen. 1:26). In this passage the plural is used for the word God.

Christians believe that God, although one, is made up of three distinct and separate entities—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. God designed that in humans as well there should be such a close relationship between two distinct but complementary parts that the two could legitimately be called "one" (Gen. 2:24). In fact, the parallels between the Godhead and marriage partners are numerous. While the relationship of husband and wife certainly isn't a mirrored reflection of

the relationship between the Trinity, it does offer insights.

There must be companionship between Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The Three must live in a loving, dynamic, fulfilling relationship. The love shared by the Three spills over in creative activity. Each member of the Trinity has a unique role to play. Yet all are equal. And the love that exists between the Three is so intense toward Their creation, and so totally unselfish, that They're willing to risk everything for the good of Their creation.

Love Is a Principle

The love God wants for us in marriage isn't a heartthrob—though the heart may well throb. Love isn't

just a good feeling—though it may be accompanied by good feelings in abundance. Real love is a principle.

Even when the feeling may not be present, true love will remain. No external circumstances can change true love. True love isn't based on beauty or reward, but on a rational choice to love. Shakespeare expressed it in these words: "Love is not love which alters when it alterations finds, . . . O no! it is an ever-fixed mark, that looks on tempests and is never shaken."

Such a love is rare in our world today. Yet it offers one of the greatest insights into God that we can have. Christ loved us so much that He gave Himself for us. It wasn't pleasant. It didn't make His heart throb. He didn't do it because of the feelings He derived from it. Christ died for us because He had true love. And God wants us to have that same kind of love in our marriages.

Marriage Vow

In the marriage vow generally used during modern weddings, the bride and groom promise to "have and to hold" each other; to "love, honor, and cherish" each other; and to "forsake all others."

The first part of the vow calls for nurturing behavior, and the second part promises an attitude. Both require an active response—actually *doing* something. The third part of the vow, however, merely promises abstinence from all others. This is merely a passive response—*not doing*.

Unfortunately, we too often ignore the active components of the marriage vow and feel we've satisfied the contract's requirements as long as we've fulfilled the passive part. The fact is, however, we promised to *do* something just as certainly as we promised *not to do* something. Mere abstinence from illicit sexual activity doesn't make a marriage. Nor does it fulfill the marriage vow.

Belonging and Security

Home should be a place where acceptance isn't based on performance, a haven that's free from the competition

and grasping of the world around.

Home should be a "safe house," where husband, wife, and children are confident of total acceptance. Each person should be accepted as he or she is, without the demand to conform to the expectations of others before being accepted.

Home should be a place where we can let our true selves be seen and not have to worry about the response. The Bible says of the newly created Adam and Eve that they "were both naked, and they felt no shame" (Gen. 2:25).

In a society in which TV sitcom writers earn better ratings the more cleverly they can write their put-downs of other human beings, home should be a place where there's no belittling, no putting down, no sarcastic remarks, no one-upmanship. Home should be the ultimate place of nurture.

Time and Attention

Today's fast-paced society militates against two of the most crucial components for any human relationship—time and attention. If families are to be strong, it is imperative that husband and wife ensure that adequate time is set aside just for the family and for each other.

Much is said these days about quality time. Without question one can spend time with spouse or family and yet make little positive impact. Quality of time is important. But quantity of time is equally crucial. And the highest compliment we can pay to anyone is to give our undivided attention—particularly in a world where so many things clamor for our attention.

Nothing worth having is attained without effort. And true love, the type of love God wants in our families, doesn't simply happen. Love requires perseverance.

Love doesn't always spring spontaneously from a heart that just overflows—though at times the heart may be overflowing. Love requires determination. It requires strength of character to pursue the correct path when it might be easier to do otherwise.

Marriage OK, Singleness OK

In our desire to inspire couples to strive for God's ideal in marriage, it's easy to imply, unintentionally, that people who aren't married are second-class citizens, that they're not fully experiencing humanity, that they're devoid of beautiful insights into God. Such is not the case.

Jesus was single. A high percentage of Seventh-day Adventists are single. Further, many who currently are married will find themselves single again at some point in their lives. Thus the importance of being married—as opposed to remaining single—must not be blown out of proportion. Satisfying singleness is a gift just as much as satisfying marriage.

Single people can contribute to society and the church in many ways that married people simply can't because of the time-and-attention demands inherent in marriage. Singleness can provide meaningful insights into God, just as do marriage and parenthood. Further, singles can still have a strong sense of being part of a family—the extended church family—if all of us are willing to invest time and attention not only in our own families but in the larger church family as well.

Definition of Love

In the following words the apostle Paul sums up what love is all about—be it between man and woman, parent and child, or simply between any two or more humans: "Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated,

Marriage and the Family

Marriage was divinely established in Eden and affirmed by Jesus to be a lifelong union between a man and a woman in loving companionship. For the Christian a marriage commitment is to God as well as to the spouse, and should be entered into only between partners who share a common faith. Mutual love, honor, respect, and responsibility are the fabric of this relationship, which is to reflect the love, sanctity, closeness, and permanence of the relationship between Christ and His church. Regarding divorce, Jesus taught that the person who divorces a spouse, except for fornication, and marries another commits adultery. Although some family relationships may fall short of the ideal, marriage partners who fully commit themselves to each other in Christ may achieve loving unity through the guidance of the Spirit and the nurture of the church. God blesses the family and intends that its members shall assist each other toward complete maturity. Parents are to bring up their children to love and obey the Lord. By their example and their words they are to teach them that Christ is a loving disciplinarian, ever tender and caring, who wants them to become members of His body, the family of God. Increasing family closeness is one of the earmarks of the final gospel message. (Gen. 2:18-25; Matt. 19:3-9; John 2:1-11; 2 Cor. 6:14; Eph. 5:21-33; Matt. 5:31, 32; Mark 10:11, 12; Luke 16:18; 1 Cor. 7:10, 11; Ex. 20:12; Eph. 6:1-4; Deut. 6:5-9; Prov. 22:6; Mal. 4:5, 6.)—*Fundamental Beliefs*, No. 22.

never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears" (1 Cor. 13:4-8, Moffatt). ■

* Unless otherwise noted, Scripture references are from the New International Version.

James Coffin, senior pastor of the Markham Woods church in Orlando, Florida, describes himself as the husband of one wife and the father of three sons.



It's the *Little* Things

*The ingredients of a long-lasting
marriage may surprise you.*

BY SAXON WHITE KESSINGER



WE'RE TAKING OUR annual trek in the motor home to the Oregon coast. We're going through the beautiful "Blues," and I'm thinking how much I love this scenery when suddenly I think, *Oh, no, he's going to say it again.* Sure enough, he says it again.

"Look at those funny fences. I wonder what those funny fences are for?" he says.

I've heard this a million times. He knows very well that snow fences are to keep snowdrifts off the road.

I hate to see a snow fence when we travel. I think maybe he'll say something different this time. He never does. Maybe he won't mention it at all. He does.

It's the little things that count. I've heard that a million times, too. Why don't they just once say it's the little things that *drive you crazy?*

I cringe and grit my teeth to suppress a sharp remark.

You love him, I remind myself. Of course I do, for many reasons.

For one thing, he loves my cats. They are our babies. We can't have children, you know. Of course we can't; we're 100 years old, so to speak! But he never objects when I take in another stray kitten.

We have only four cats now, but we had 12 the year Sprite had eight kittens. Her fat little belly was dragging on the ground, and he was so sympathetic and good to that poor little mama. And sweet to me each time I cried when I had to give one of her babies away. *Yes, he is a dear man,* I tell myself.

Great Patience

He didn't get mad when Sunshine brought a big garter snake upstairs one night to offer as a special gift to us in bed. Fortunately for me, the snake and Sunshine both fell off the bed before I found out what was going on. My patient husband scooped it up from the carpet and tossed it from the deck into the garden.

When old Sam brings mice into the house through the pet door, does my husband throw a fit? No, I think he enjoys winding up his pitcher's arm when he throws them out.

"That's a good kitty, Sam," he says, and pats him on the head. Sam basks in the praise. The next day he brings in a gopher.

Foxy, our seven-toed kitty, gets cold in the night. Does my love kick her off the bed when she finds comfort on our electric blanket? Not if she's on my feet and not on *his*.

I consider these things for a while. *Forget the snow fence,* I tell myself. What matters a stupid snow fence?

"Look at the stone forest," he says now, as he has said about every cemetery we've ever passed.

Please, Lord, I say as we start on a trip, *don't put any cemeteries along our route.*

If I tell the same story to two different people in his presence, he pounces on it.



PHOTO BY PHOTODISC

"You've told that story 20 times."

I haven't, but he has heard it twice. I feel like clobbering him.

Before I kill him, I stop and say to myself, "I love him. Why? Let's count the reasons again."

I'm trying to remember why.

Oh, yes, I remember; I'm thinking of his many yard sales. He loves to go to yard sales. I don't go, because I think we have too much junk of our own without buying someone else's junk. But he goes, and he can't

just look. He feels obligated to buy something at each sale. So what does he buy? A miniature pitcher or a cookbook for my collections. A ceramic kitten, because I love cats. A picture of an old barn, because I like old barns. I take photos of old barns as we travel.

Does he get tired of stopping every time I yell "Stop! There's a great old barn! I have to get a picture"?

And barns are not all I photograph. I take windmills; I take grain elevators; I take old houses or cabins that lean, ready to

"You've told that story 20 times," he says.

I haven't.

I feel like clobbering him.

"Stop!" when I check myself. I say nothing; the breeze tickles my forehead with a stray lock of my hair. Then he says, "It's so peaceful here. Let's stop for the night."

"Yes, yes!" I say, and we park on a little promontory where we can look down upon some blowholes whooshing noisily and tossing spray high in the air with every incoming wave. That's another thing—he looks for places to camp by running water or oceans because he knows I love to go to sleep with the giggly sound of water singing to me.

It's a lovely place to spend the coming night. I open all the windows. Because of and despite all the "little things," we settle down for the night, happy and contented. ■

Saxon White Kessinger is a homemaker who enjoys writing from her home in Cottonwood, Idaho.

fall; and I take animals and birds.

Is he as tired of my phrases as I am of his? He appears to be patient. Is he really? I'll let him have his funny fences and his stone forests in peace. I love him anyway.

Finally we're cruising down by the seaside. A lovely little breeze off the water is caressing my cheek when suddenly I see a lighthouse. Oh, yes, I take pictures of lighthouses, too. I'm about to yell



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Plodding With the Prize

CHRIS BLAKE

(What every physical fitness buff should know)

*"One thing I do, forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I plod toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:13, 14).**

I run, sort of. Trudging, dawdling, shuffling, some would call it. "Plodding," my former friends call it. They're right, of course. Yet plodding carries with it lasting insights for humankind.

My running hero—the person after whom I've patterned my racing life—is the guy who in 490 B.C. dashed from the Plain of Marathon 22 miles to Athens, delivered his irony-clad message ("We win!"), collapsed, and died.[†] From him I learned never to run long distances—especially in Greece.

Others haven't learned this lesson. The runners.

Runners run two miles *before* the race. Plodders park as close as possible to the starting line. Runners check their watches every mile. Plodders follow my mother's advice: "Start slow, and then ease off." Runners breathe through their noses. Plodders take it any way we can get it.

Though they once seemed sane, some of my friends have run marathons. One of them, now a college president, decided one week before the race deadline to run one. He followed Bob Hope's rigorous exercise regimen: "Sit in the bathtub, pull the plug, and fight against the current."

Eventually he finished the 26.2 miles with a limp and a time to do a plodder proud—more than six and a half hours—and enough sermon illustrations to play out the millennium.

The most execrable example of a running fiend is my friend Mavis Lindgren. You've probably heard her sordid story. At 62 she could barely walk around the block. At 70 she ran her first marathon. In the 20 years since, she's run 74 marathons. Well, she's been in my house, and I discovered her secret.

It was December, I believe, when she asked me if she could use our mini-trampoline to "warm up." I was as gracious as a plodder could be in the presence of such an animal. Mavis weighs in at 94 pounds, and that's after a happy meal of legumes and tofu.

Mavis began bouncing. Bouncing. Bouncing. She showed me her special "kick," where she thrusts her legs out in various akimbo positions. Yes, yes, *very amusing for an eightysomething.*

She continued bouncing. Thirty minutes. Forty-five minutes. One hour. Bouncing. Bouncing. No abatement. No straining grimace. No visible perspiration. . . .



No perspiration? Odd, I thought as I watched the incessant activity. Then it struck me. In a flash I sped behind her, opened her back, and saw it: an enormous Duracell battery. She was a running machine. I knew this would come as a great shock, particularly to her daughter, Karen, who was also in the house. Perhaps Karen started out as a AAA herself. . . .

I snapped out of my reverie. "So, Mavis, how's it going?"

"Fine." Kick, kick. "Just fine."

"Great," I winced. "Say, could you turn out the lights before you go to bed?" Another wince. "You *are* going to bed, aren't you?"

After my Greek hero, Mavis taught me all I needed to know about serious running. That is, if you're going to start running marathons, wait till you're 70.

To be sure, marvelous Mavis knows and believes the secret of Plodding Principle 1: *It doesn't really matter how long we take to get there, as long as we get there.*

"There" is the upward call of God in Christ Jesus. The call, the goal, and the prize are godly love.

With love, however, there is no finish line. We also carry the prize with us all the way. Oswald Chambers writes, "What men call the process, God calls the end."

If any exercise—anything—doesn't help me to love better, it's worthless. Plodder Paul notes, "If I tread level 14 on the StairMaster for two hours, but have not love, I am a couch vegetable or a 'before' photo model. And if I work the Ab-ductor until my abs resemble the Appalachians, and lift weights until my arms thicken like young trees, and if I power-walk until I've crossed the continent 20 times, but have not love, I am nothing" (1 Cor. 13:1, 2).

Godly love is the best workout we can ever hope to do.

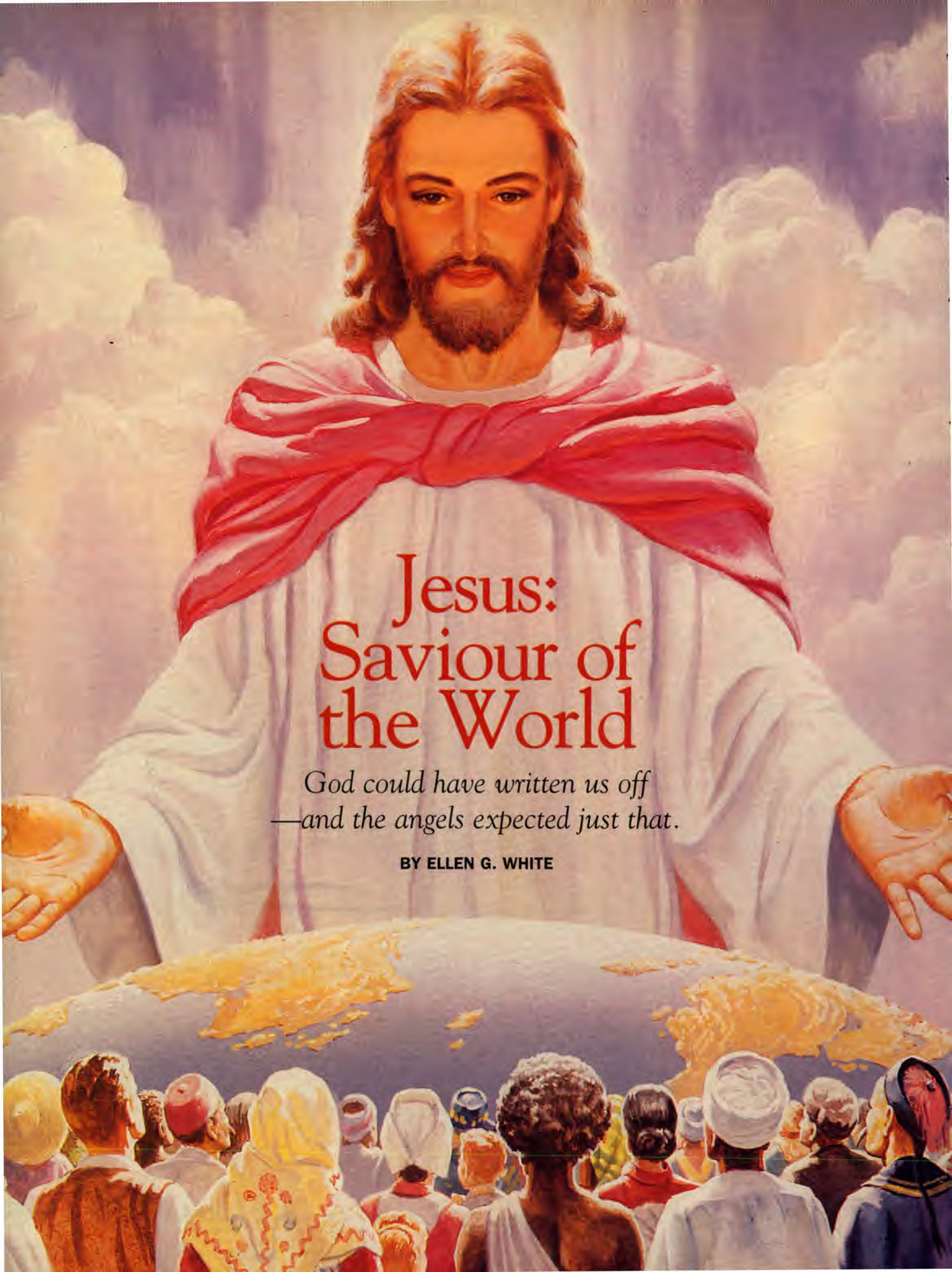
And here's good news: we don't have to wait till we're 70 to start.

*All verses from the Plodders' Revised Version. No copyright date; we were too late.

† Most people believe the guy's name was Pheidippides.

Chris Blake does his plodding around Lincoln, Nebraska, where he teaches at Union College.





Jesus: Saviour of the World

*God could have written us off
—and the angels expected just that.*

BY ELLEN G. WHITE

“ When Satan was thrust out of heaven, he determined to make the earth his kingdom. When he tempted and overcame Adam and Eve, he thought he had gained possession of this world; ‘because,’ said he, ‘they have chosen me as their ruler.’ He claimed that it was impossible that forgiveness should be granted to the sinner, and therefore the fallen race were his rightful subjects, and the world was his. ”¹

“ If God were like us, we would expect to hear Him say, ‘Let the world go; let Satan have it for his own.’ But I am so thankful that God is not like man. He so loved the creatures of His care that He provided a way by which they might be brought back to their Eden home. But at what an immense cost was this provision made! It was no less than by giving up His own dear Son, who was equal to Himself, to bear the penalty of the transgressor. ”²

“ All the heavenly intelligences were watching with intense interest the warfare that was going on upon the earth—the earth that Satan claimed as his dominion. Every moment was big with eternal realities. How would the conflict end? The angels looked for the justice of God to be revealed, His anger to be aroused against the prince of darkness and his sympathizers. But lo, mercy prevailed. When the Son of God might have come to the world to condemn, He came as righteousness and peace, to save not merely the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but all the world, every son and daughter of Adam who would believe on Him, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. ”³

“ The world that Satan has claimed and has ruled over with cruel tyranny, the Son of God has, by one vast achievement, encircled in His love and connected again with the throne of Jehovah. ”⁴

“ Our Saviour is not in Joseph’s tomb. He has risen, and has proclaimed over the rent sepulchre, ‘I am the resurrection and the life.’ Let us show by our actions that we are living by faith in Him. We can call upon Him for assistance. He is at our right hand to help us. Each one of you may know for yourself that you have a living Saviour, that He is your helper and your God. You need not stand where you say, ‘I do not know whether I am saved.’ Do you believe in Christ as your personal Saviour? If you do, then rejoice. ”⁵

¹ Patriarchs and Prophets, p. 69.

² Review and Herald, Mar. 9, 1886.

³ Youth’s Instructor, July 29, 1897.

⁴ Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing, p. 104.

⁵ General Conference Bulletin, Apr. 10, 1901, p. 183.

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





Seventh-day Adventist
Church

The Church With the Very Strange Name

Our family knew illness and poverty. Where could we find something that would take away the pain?

BY MAC FRANKS

I SAT IN MY FAVORITE CHAIR AND GINGERLY examined the old, tattered brown binding of the book. *Testimonies for the Church*, it said on the cover. I slowly leafed through the first few pages. The insignia of the Pacific Press Publishing Association was stamped at the bottom right corner of one page, along with the date: 1950. For a book that was more than 45 years old it was in remarkably good condition.

I scanned through the table of contents. I felt impressed to read Ellen White's biography. Tears began streaming down my face as I read page after page. I never realized the difficult trials that Ellen and James White suffered in the early days of the church, and their story touched me deeply.

Much of their lives was filled with hardship, poverty, persecution, and illness. It must've been their faith that got them through the hard times. I read how God impressed James to begin writing and guided him in establishing a publishing outlet for our church. The very book I held in my hands would not have come about except through the lives of self-sacrifice that James and Ellen White had lived so many years ago.

My Own Painful Past

As I read I began to reflect back over my own life. When I was a boy, my father was ill for as long as I can remember. He got sicker and sicker, worked less and less, until one day he finally left home and never returned.

Mom would gather us together almost every weekend, and we would make the long, hot drive to visit him at the veterans hospital. Many times he didn't seem happy to see us. Sometimes he hardly knew who we were. Mom cried silently as she drove down the long driveway and out the hospital gates. We were always quiet on the way home.

Living at home without a father made growing up difficult. Much of the time we went without a lot of the "necessities." Mom struggled just to pay the bills and put food on the table. She seemed tired all the time, and she was often angry for no apparent reason.

The people in town said horrible things about Dad's illness, making me feel alone, ashamed, outcast, and unloved. I tried desperately to suppress my feelings, spending much of my time wandering through the woods around our home with an old chow dog we called Gal. She was my protector and constant companion. With her I escaped into a world of my own invention, a world that I controlled, a world that existed within my own mind.

In my world everyone loved and cared for each other. People were kind and helpful. Families always stuck together. There was no sickness to take dads away from home. There was no hunger, sadness, tears; only happiness—for everyone.

The Beginning of Better Things

I've purposely tried to forget most of my childhood memories because they're so painful. But there's one day I'll always remember. One day Mom announced that we were going to have a new sofa. She had apparently been saving up, and she had enough money to replace the old sofa that sat so forlorn in the corner of the living room.

When I heard the news I ran down the hallway to the living room and looked at the ragged old sofa. I tried to imagine what the new sofa would look like in the old sofa's place. I asked Mom what would happen to the old one. "We'll probably take it out back and burn it up," she said.

As I looked at its tattered cover and swaybacked frame, I felt a twinge of sadness. It had been "part of our family" for as long as I could remember. And as if it were a family friend, I felt sad when I realized that it would soon be gone forever.

Suddenly I remembered a compartment in the bottom of the old sofa. I sometimes hid my "treasures" there. "What are we going to do with all the stuff that's in the bottom of the old sofa?" I asked Mom.

"We'll just have to have a look," she said. We opened up the bottom panel and peeked inside. The compartment was filled with what looked like shredded paper, except for one place—right in the middle—where there were four brown books.

Evidently a family of mice had made their home in our old sofa for a time. And around these books were trails of shredded paper that the mice had made. They had shredded all the other books in the compartment; only these four volumes had been left intact. I picked up one of the books and read the title on the cover. *Testimonies for the Church*, it said.

Mom was so amazed that the mice hadn't touched these books that she immediately began to read them. For the next several weeks she read them day and night. Often she would call me and have me listen as she read a particular paragraph out loud. I couldn't always comprehend the words, but I knew the books were important. Hadn't they been protected from the mice so that someday we would find them and Mom would have a chance to read them?

Soon afterward Mom said that we should start going to church.

Faith Made Flesh

One day we drove up to a little brick building that sat back from the road in the middle of a big yard. It had a dirt parking lot on one side and a large sign out front with the words "Seventh-day Adventist Church."

I hope the people aren't too weird, I thought. I didn't know what a Seventh-day Adventist was, and the

*I hope
the people
aren't too
weird,
I thought.*

name struck me as being one of the strangest things I'd ever heard.

But the people welcomed us with warmth, love, and open arms. Many of the members were older, and the services were simple, but I began to feel that something very special and genuine was to be found there.

Pastor Glen Turner preached each week, and I drank in his words. I began to read and study the Bible. Often Pastor Turner would stop by our house for a visit. He always prayed for us. In fact, he took such a genuine interest in us that he soon gained a special place in our hearts.

We continued to attend services at the church with the very strange name, and one day Pastor Turner preached a

sermon about a most incredible place. He preached about the place I had often pictured in my imagination. The place I so desperately longed for was real after all.

There is a place where everyone will love and care for each other. There is a place where people will be kind and helpful, and families will live together for ever and ever. There is a place with no sickness to take dads away, no hunger, no sadness, no tears; only happiness for everyone.

My life since I joined the church with the very strange name has not been without heartaches and trials. Yet my journey, which I began as a young boy so many years ago, is to a real place that I still can only just imagine. Like Abraham, I've set my sights on a real place, a "city with foundations, whose architect and builder is God" (Heb. 11:10, NIV). ■

Mac Franks writes from Jefferson, Texas. His most recent story for the *Adventist Review* appeared on October 19, 1995.



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Off Their Pedestal

Around the corner from my office, on a single pedestal, sit the busts of James Madison and Thomas Jefferson, the two architects of possibly America's greatest philosophical contribution to humanity: the principle of religious freedom.

Yet the two icons don't always engender respect; depending on the occasion, someone places party hats (birthdays), rabbit ears (Easter), or Santa caps (Christmas) on them. Other times the two founders have been adorned with clerical collars and even Groucho Marx noses and glasses. (What those touring the General Conference complex think is anyone's guess.)

It's all, of course, done in good fun, and not meant to depreciate Madison's or Jefferson's enduring contribution to religious liberty. At the same time, however, the jesting can be a reminder that these men weren't perfect, even in their views of religious liberty. In fact, Thomas Jefferson once wrote a Sunday law bill that James Madison pushed through the Virginia legislature! That's right! The same men who established the principles so crucial to freedom also egregiously violated those principles by promoting a law to punish "Sabbath breakers."

What happened is this: After the Colonies declared independence from England in 1776, legislators in Virginia wanted to rewrite state laws, harmonizing them with republican principles and stripping away, as much as they deemed appropriate, vestiges of the British monarchy. The result was the revision of 126 state laws, of which Jefferson revised 46, including three of the five laws that dealt with religion.

Nothing happened to the revisions until the mid-1780s, a few years after the Revolutionary War ended. At that time Jefferson was the American minister in France, so James Madison—by then a powerful and respected Virginia politician—pushed most of the bills through the Virginia legislature, including Jefferson's Bill 84, A Bill for Punishing Disturbers of Religious Worship and Sabbath Breakers (notice the religious language of the bill: it wanted to punish "Sabbath breakers").

How could Thomas Jefferson, who helped establish the eternal principles of religious liberty, advocate the punishment of Sabbath breakers? How could James Madison, such a staunch separationist—even opposing chaplains for the military and tax

breaks for churches—push the bill through the legislature?

We don't know. Neither man left to posterity their motives for the Sunday law. The best we can do is offer a few possible explanations.

First, however egregious the bill, it was a revision of an earlier, much stricter Sunday law that actually prohibited travel on Sunday (except to and from church)—a provision missing from Jefferson's more liberal version.

Second, people just didn't understand the principles of religious liberty back then. (For example, it took Jefferson almost a decade to get his famous Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom through the Virginia legislature.) Though Jefferson and Madison might have seen the inconsistency of Sunday legislation with religious liberty protections,

they might have known that Virginians—who carried these laws over from England (Virginia was a heavily Anglican colony)—weren't ready for anything as radical as abolishing them.

Third, perhaps the most important factor was that because the colony was inhabited mostly by Protestants and Catholics (there were a few Jews, but they didn't have any rights to speak of) the issue aroused no controversy. Everyone, to some degree, already kept Sunday.

Of course, we can speculate about Jefferson's Sunday law until the cows come home, but the unfortunate historical fact remains: the two founders of religious freedom in America worked to establish the one thing Adventists fear the most. And if that weren't bad enough, the U.S. Supreme Court in the 1960s used Madison's support for the bill to help justify the Court's decision to uphold the constitutionality of Sunday laws.

The lesson from this is simple: history and the founders (even pillars like Madison and Jefferson) aren't necessarily kind to our positions. Fortunately, they don't need to be, because our positions are based on the Word of God and the life and teaching of Jesus, not on American history or even the life and teaching of Madison and Jefferson—a fact that the occasional party hat or even Groucho Marx glasses can help remind us of.



Madison and Jefferson

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



ADRA Helps the “Greening” of Ararat Country

BY JACK MAHON, WRITING FROM BINFIELD, ENGLAND

There she was, looming out of the morning mist—the Bible’s first-named mountain, Ararat. Oblivious to the millions of vines fringing the battered tarmac of Armenia’s southern highway and the orchards of yellow-green apricot trees, my eyes were fixed on one of the major sights of a lifetime. Surely this is the ideal way to view for the first time Noah’s time-honored landing stage! Ararat’s towering 17,000-foot summit, when silhouetted against the sunset, resembles many other mighty massifs.

As our three-vehicle convoy drove deeper into the rugged mountains that skirt Armenia’s border, my mind was still obsessed with biblical images. Beyond the canvas rear cover of the big Russian-built truck ahead of us I saw the outlines of hundreds of garden hand tools, products of a Yerevan factory, previously engaged in war production in the bitter struggle with neighboring Azerbaijan.

“They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into

pruninghooks” (Isa. 2:4) seemed like a relevant reference as we headed for the village of Gog Tanik for the Adventist Development and Relief Agency’s refugee project. The main cargo was 110 family-sized greenhouse units. Each was designed to shield sensitive plants from adverse winds and to conserve every thermal ray of the Caucasian sun, converting the solar energy into succulent salads, costly out-of-season vegetables, and fragrant herbs and spices.

In spring seedling plants grown under shelter and planted after the last mountain frost can feed a family for a whole month before the same varieties grown outdoors from seed are available. You can fill an enormous garden with seedlings produced in a greenhouse measuring 24 by 10 feet. ADRA’s mission was to paint the mountainsides of Gog Tanik green with fertility. With the extreme poverty of the average refugee family, a greenhouse unit is not so much an interesting hobby as a lifeline extended to the drowning.

UN Funding

According to a February 1996 report of the United Nations, portable greenhouses have proved to be a successful way to improve vegetable production among refugees. In 1995 ADRA began an experimental project involving 500 families with UN funding. In 1996 the UN funded an additional 2,000 greenhouse units in Azerbaijan and shared the cost of an additional 2,000 units for ADRA’s Armenia project. The Netherlands government and United States Agency for International Development also provided funding for Armenia.



Seroj Terian

Ian Ridley, ADRA director for Azerbaijan, said the pilot project was an unqualified success, with 97 percent of the beneficiaries enjoying a productive harvest.

What a day it was in Gog Tanik when the greenhouse units were delivered. Every refugee dwelling received three preliminary visits from the ADRA team. Each participant agreed to program guidelines with a signed contract.

The ancient volcanic crater forming the heart of the village echoed with excited chatter as each family head, clutching the white contract form and passport, gathered to witness the erection of a sample unit.

From where I stood the operation looked like a spontaneous “help my neighbor” proposition. As the ADRA team assembled the metal frame elements, the big roll of horticultural plastic, the spades, rakes, hoes, bucket, plant food, and seed packets were unloaded. Friendly hands picked up items the families could not carry and joined the triumphal march to the new erection site. Before the bright autumn sun faded behind the mountain, more than 60 greenhouses had mushroomed on the mountain slopes—the greening had begun!

“So what are these contractual conditions the folks have signed?” I demanded of Seroj Terian, ADRA director in Armenia. He picked up a white form and showed me the artistic rows of Armenian characters,



GREEN MAGIC: With a portable greenhouse, families like this one can easily take care of their nutritional needs.

meaningless to me.

Since the unit does not become the beneficiary's property until the close of the project, they must agree not to sell or lend the unit to any other person. Not only do they agree to plant and maintain the greenhouse, but they must also agree to return 10 kilograms (22 pounds) of produce in the first year.

"But surely that's going to make life difficult for you. How on earth are you going to collect the perishables, and what will you do with them once they're collected?" I asked. A smile enveloped the features of that usually deferential young man as he tapped the side of his nose and said, "You come with me tomorrow, and I'll show you."



VOLCANIC VILLAGE: The village of Gog Tanik is located at the base of a volcano.

At the appointed time next morning I boarded the ADRA vehicle and Seroj joked, "Now I am taking you to one of the most exclusive restaurants in the city of Yerevan." Puzzled, I was escorted

to a stairway in the city center. I was pondering that most exclusive restaurants are upstairs, not below the pavement level, but then he explained that I was about to enter the ADRA Diner's Club of Yerevan, funded by ADRA/Euro-Africa. Its current membership of around 160 persons are retired professionals and tradespeople whose pensions have been so eroded by recession that they are able to subsist only because each weekday they receive, free of charge, a nourishing hot meal prepared by a friendly and cheerful staff.

"Now you know what will happen to all those 10 kilograms of greenhouse produce," said Seroj, tapping the other side of his nose.

Al's Fingerprints Went to the Moon and Back

BY WALTER SCRAGG, FORMER PRESIDENT OF ADVENTIST WORLD RADIO

Al McDowell, a retired electronics engineer, declares that his fingerprints made it to the moon. That happened when he worked with the Apollo space program. Quality control and attention to detail gave him a significant role in equipment checks. As the last person to touch these parts, his were the fingerprints that made it all the way there and in some cases back again.

Today you can find his fingerprints on Adventist World Radio transmitters on Guam and in Costa Rica, just one example of why AWR is special and why we should give a liberal contribution to the AWR offering on March 8.

That Al spent 32 years in federal service, traveling and supervising electronics installations, is a miracle in itself. Pearl Harbor gave him a brush with death that left him convinced that God had a greater purpose for his life. A bomb

landed near the U.S.S. *Maryland* on December 7, 1941, but didn't explode.

Following retirement Al conducted evangelistic meetings in the Oregon Conference. When he joined the AWR board in 1990, the church was looking at his technical skills. The AWR staff in Guam and Costa Rica valued his attention to detail. They often found him inside the transmitters, checking connections and fixing the minutest fault.

Surprisingly, we didn't realize that Al brought more than just technical skills. He had no plans of giving up on evangelism, only now he worked in international radio evangelism. His wife, Julia, shares this love and works with him, visiting churches in the Pacific Northwest, forming links with those who want to see the gospel go to the ends of the earth.

On any Sabbath you will find Al and Julia sharing the thrilling story of Adventist World Radio's outreach. He tells the story, and Julia supports it by reading letters from listeners. Al says of his visit to the Prosser church, "People kept asking questions and wanting more stories. My throat got so dry it felt like cotton in my mouth. People really want to hear the AWR stories."

As an AWR anchor and volunteer, Al has logged more than 60 visits to churches carrying AWR's message. As part of its commitment to Al's ministry, AWR staff members pray for each congregation he visits. He tells of the delight of congregations that they are in the prayers of others so far away. Then those congregations begin praying for AWR.

So if you want someone to pray for this week, remember Al and Julia McDowell. They are just as much a part of AWR's ministry as the transmitter Al cherishes, the program producers who supply the tapes, and the pastors who meet AWR listeners.



Al McDowell

The Sky Is Falling! The Sky Is Falling!

BY MYRNA TETZ, VICE PRESIDENT FOR COLLEGE ADVANCEMENT, CANADIAN UNION COLLEGE

On an arresting half wraparound, the *New Yorker* boldly proclaims "The End of the World" (Jan. 27). To most, it's a scary proclamation.

"As the comet approaches," Timothy Ferris predicts, "a giant fireball will light up the sky. Then meteors will crash to the ground, tidal waves will engulf cities, fires will incinerate what remains, and a long, cold, deadly darkness will descend on the survivors. They won't last long."

Ferris says scientists are worried about the threat of a cosmic collision. "Having acquired a new sensitivity to the impact hazard," he writes, "they have begun to look at historical records with a freshly baleful eye. . . . The biblical tale of the seventh seal has likewise taken on a tincture of astronomical significance."

Sound strangely familiar?

NEWS COMMENTARY

"Great balls of fire were falling" (*Evangelism*, p. 29).

"The seaports . . . are swallowed up by the angry waters" (*The Great Controversy*, p. 637).

"Inhabited islands disappear" (*ibid.*).

"Tempests, floods, cyclones, tidal waves, and earthquakes, in every place and in a thousand forms" (*ibid.*, p. 590).

"He [Satan] imparts to the air a deadly taint, and thousands perish" (*ibid.*).

Scientists are woeful, examining records with "freshly baleful eyes." Adventists are hopeful, looking at the sky with an I-know-that-will-happen confident expectancy.

Scientists shudder. Adventists "watch for the signs of His advent and rejoice" (*ibid.*, p. 308).

We're fortunate, aren't we?

NEWS BREAK

Amid Reports of Persecution, 14,000 Are Baptized in South Mexico

High baptismal figures indicate that the fire of evangelism has not been squelched in southern Mexico, despite reported cases of religious persecution in certain areas.

The church growth figures in southern Mexico for the past month show more than 14,000 newly baptized church members, according to Sergio Moctezuma, Sabbath school and lay activities director of the Inter-American Division. "This will be an exceptional year for the growth of the church," says Daniel L. Cruz, South Mexican Union communication director.

The South Mexican Union is one of the largest in the world, with 335,000 church members, 4,400 congregations, and 280 pastors. But the church in Mexico has challenges. According to reports from the area, there are local controlling organizations that perceive Seventh-day Adventists as a defiant religious group. This mentality has brought about religious persecution in several areas of southern Mexico, according to local sources.

A feature story on southern Mexico will appear in the March 13 issue of the *Adventist Review*.

Adventist Pastor Arrested in Laos

Last October authorities in Laos arrested an Adventist pastor who brought Bibles into the country for his members, reports General Conference president Robert S. Folkenberg.

Smuggling Bibles into the country is considered a serious offense, and it seems likely that unless God intervenes, Pastor K. Houmphanh will be sentenced to a lengthy prison term.

Though his case has not yet come to trial, all efforts to secure Pastor Houmphanh's release have been exhausted. "I invite you to join me and Pastor Houmphanh's family in earnest prayer on his behalf," said Folkenberg.

North American Tithe Tops a Half Billion

Adventists in North America returned more than a half billion dollars in tithe for the first time in 1996. The \$507 million is a 3 percent increase over the previous year. The gain is roughly the same as the increase in the United States Consumer Price Index.

The Southern Union led the way with a 5 percent increase. Every union's gain was at least 2 percent. "This is great news—and great evidence of the faithfulness of church members," said George Crumley, NAD treasurer.

Religion in the News

Catholics, Anglicans Remain Divided. Anglican Church leader archbishop George Carey (left) and Pope John Paul II remained at an impasse after two days of



talks over fundamental issues that have divided their churches, including women's ordination, gay marriages, and the primacy, or supreme authority, of the pontiff.

Neither the Vatican nor Carey could point to any tangible progress in the long effort to restore unity to the divided churches, reports Religion News Service.

"I'm a realist, and the realistic part of my response is to recognize that there are still deep divisions," Carey told reporters. Carey's visit marked the second time in four years that he has met with the pope. The first meeting between the top leaders of the two churches came 30 years ago, when Archbishop Michael Ramsey met with Pope Paul VI.—*Religion News Service.*

95 Years Ago: Sanitarium Fire

On February 18, 1902, Adventists throughout the United States were shocked to read in their local newspapers that the two main buildings of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and Hospital had



burned to the ground early that morning. Despite the fire, facilities yet at its disposal ranked the sanitarium as the largest and most thoroughly equipped in the world.

Newspapers praised the efficiency of the staff in meeting the emergency. Procedures had been practiced often and all were prepared.

Because of intense smoke, the 50 bedridden patients were escorted down the outdoor fire escapes. Some 300 other patients were quickly guided to safety. Only one perished; he had reentered the building to retrieve possessions.

Said medical director John Harvey Kellogg: "Buildings may burn, but principles survive."

—Bert Haloviak, GC Office of Archives and Statistics

NEWS BREAK

Mission giving continued to decline, however, with a 6 percent drop in 1996. Crumley attributed some of the decline to the special Hands Across the World offerings in 1995. "But this is a decade-long trend, one that affects our ability to fulfill the gospel commission around the world," Crumley said.

Adventist Review Concert to Be Uplinked From LLU

Last April the *Review* staff launched its redesigned journal with a special concert, *Adventist Review Unwrapped*.

Next month the *Adventist Review Unwrapped II* concert will be uplinked via satellite from Loma Linda University in California on March 22, 6:00-7:30 p.m. Eastern time. The program will feature the *Review's* Take a Stand columnists, Gina Brown and Loretta Spivey, as concert hosts. Music will be provided by Faith First, Jaime Jorge, the a cappella men's chorale Polished Pipes, a Peruvian flute quartet, and other artists.

General Conference president Robert S. Folkenberg and *Review* editor William G. Johnsson will be the featured guests on the program.

The concert will be televised via satellite on the

Adventist Communication Network at Galaxy 9, channel 2. If you live in the southern California area, come and join us at the Drayson Center, on the campus of Loma Linda University.

News Notes

✓ Church administrators, pastors, and lay members are invited to a Seeds '97 church planting conference at Andrews University, in Berrien Springs, Michigan, September 7-10.

The conference will feature seminars and workshops on effective church methods for planting and nurturing new congregations. For more information, call the North American Division Evangelism Institute at 1 (800) ALL-PLNT (255-7568), fax (616) 471-9211, or send E-mail to 103262.2002@compuserve.com. To obtain a reduced registration price, register by July 31.

What's Upcoming

Mar.	1	Women's Day of Prayer
Mar.	8	Adventist World Radio Offering
Mar.	15-22	Youth Week of Prayer
Mar.	29	Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the Eastern Africa Division

Why Soap Works

ROSY TETZ



top of the water? Even if you try to stir it in, it always separates again. Now scrape a few flakes off a bar of soap and add them to the water. Stir it all very well. Now look at it. The water has gotten cloudy because the soap has mixed with the water and broken down the oil into tiny bits. The oil is no longer floating in a big puddle on top of the water—it has been “vanquished.”

Has this ever happened to you? Your mom tells you to wash your face, so you do it. Then she looks at you and tells you to wash it again with soap. Have you ever wondered why sometimes you can get away with just washing with water, but other times you have to use soap?

It's because of oil. Some dirt has oil in it.

If the dirt doesn't have oil in it, then water can easily wash it away. The water just comes along, mixes with the dirt, soaks it up, and carries it away. All clean! Very cool.

However, if the dirt does have oil in it, you have a problem. Water won't mix with oil. It can't wash it away.

That's where soap comes in to save the day.

Soap mixes with both water and oil. First the soap mixes with the water and goes out in search of the oily dirt. Then it surrounds the dirt and attacks it (sort of), pulling it apart and breaking it into tiny bits. Once the oil is in tiny bits, the water dissolves the dirt and carries it away.

Sometimes we say that washing away dirt is like getting rid of sin. In many places the Bible talks about “washing” away sin. When we ask God for forgiveness, we feel as if our hearts have been washed and made clean.

But when we ask for forgiveness, we also need to promise to try not to make those mistakes again. That's the “soap” part of this kind of washing.

Isaiah 1:16 says, “Stop doing the evil things I see you do. Stop doing wrong!” (ICB). You might say God is telling us to go back and use soap this time.

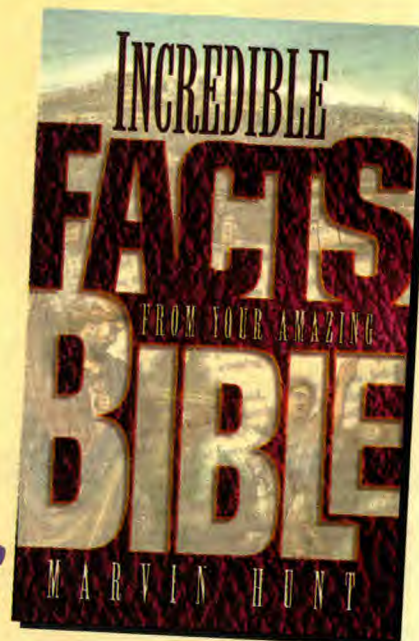
Jesus will help you be clean. He promised. Ask Him to forgive you, and ask Him to help you do better. He will. It's like soap and water.

Activity

Would you like to see soap attack oil?

Try this experiment. Fill a glass half full of warm water. Add a little salad oil (maybe half a spoonful). See how the oil floats on

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Sacrifice—And Lasting Rewards

With so little pay and so many hardships, why did Adventist teachers of 60 years ago persevere?

BY MIRIAM WOOD

CHURCH SCHOOL TEACHERS DURING the twenties, thirties, and forties faced their gargantuan tasks with faith, determination, and consecration that amaze us today.

The young Adventist ministers of that era, themselves on scanty wages, were paid princely sums in comparison to the teachers.

In general, if a neophyte minister received \$15 per week, the neophyte teacher received \$15 per month. And teachers were not paid during the summer. One wonders at the concept that the church school teacher did not live in a fully human body requiring creature comforts, balanced sustenance, suitable clothing, and in most cases, transportation.

U Was for Uncertain Wages

Mildred Priest, who moved to Colorado to teach, recalls being promised \$55 per month. But after the first month the church felt it could not raise that sum. It was cut to \$40, although she had made her plans and budget on the higher amount.

"I understood that the rest would be made up to me through the summer. But at the close of the year it was announced publicly that the teacher had been *paid in full*. I was stunned. Being very young, shy, and naive, I just drew into a shell and licked my wounds."

J. Helen Graham taught for room, board, and what she thought would be \$20 per month. "Then the educational superintendent came and discovered my salary, and said it was too much. It was reduced to \$16. It's a good thing I

was used to a poor person's fare."

E. E. Messenger, who had a wife and son, received just \$5 cash per month and a rickety old house. It was in such disrepair that he feared it would blow away when the winds of January howled around the corners. Keeping warm was almost impossible. On the positive side, he said, "Kind neighbors furnished us with canned blackberries, fresh buttermilk, and sundry items that they could spare. When my wife told me that our bread flour was about gone, I took old copies of *Life and Health* and sold them for five cents apiece until I had enough money to buy another bag of flour."

Mary Bishop remembers a unique experience in Oregon. When the church treasurer didn't have the full amount for her salary, he made strong appeals for pledges. "I remember sometimes *making pledges to help pay my own salary!*" In a masterpiece of understatement she adds, "Those were interesting years."

Another teacher recalls that by the end of the month she never had bus fare and had to walk long distances back and forth to school. Sometimes she was also enduring hunger pangs. "I remember craving ripening tomatoes on someone's cozy windowsill. The realization dawned on me that I would never dream of stealing—but I was tempted to!"

Lucille Brown chose a tiny apartment across from school to avoid paying for a streetcar commute. She sometimes took meals with a nearby family. When that became too expensive, she skipped meals, her stomach growling and complaining. Still, she says, "If anything was ever left, I spent it on supplies for my pupils. The church provided almost nothing."

L Is for Learning on the Job

Both teachers and preachers in the twenties, thirties, and forties often came to their work with little training. Post-secondary education was rare, no matter what the profession—not only in the Seventh-day Adventist Church but in the secular world. This was an age in which preachers were still being called “from the plow to the pulpit.” Young men who wanted to show their qualifications as a minister, for example, were expected to raise up a church before being hired.

Mrs. Dallas Young took a six-week session at summer school at Southern Junior College. “I thought I was ready to teach!” she says. “But I soon learned—and how I learned. After that first year I kept going back to college each summer and finally graduated from the two-year course in 1924. I was delighted to become the proud possessor of a *professional certificate!*”

When Paul Ritz applied for his first teaching job, he learned he would have all eight grades, with 28 classes per day. Appalled, he sought out an experienced teacher, who worked out a daily schedule for him. “I will teach for you the first two days,” she said, “and you can observe.” That was the extent of his normal training. He was 19.

R Is for Rewards

Yet Adventist teachers from this time period claim they received great rewards. One of the best was seeing their students grow and succeed spiritually.

Mae Libby says, “One of my first graders of long ago finished college, entered the ministry, and became president of one of our large world divisions. There is nothing more satisfying than having a small part in influencing young people.”

After she married, her husband took

an interest in her four younger brothers. “They lived in a small town with no other Adventists. If he hadn’t helped them, they would never have gotten an education or remained in the church. One by one, he got them into school. All four eventually entered the Lord’s work. I can’t say enough good for our educational system. It has its faults; nothing is perfect. But generation by generation, you see what it produces.”

Carolyn Thorp Seamount states emphatically, “I wouldn’t trade anything for my years of teaching. Of course, I wish I could go back and correct some things. Yet I feel well repaid for my work as I read articles in our papers written by my former students. Many have become teachers, doctors, ministers, nurses, and dentists.”

She recalls seeing a former student, Paul Whitlow, many years later when he himself had become an educator. “He reminded me that I had written a note and put it in his report card when he finished the eighth grade. I had said I expected to see him someday in the Lord’s work. He said he had kept that note all these years.”

Looking her in the eye, Whitlow added, “That’s the reason I’m where I am today.”

Mildred Priest, the dedicated teacher mentioned above, was hurt badly when a proper salary was withheld from her. She vowed never to teach again in a church school and obtained a public school post.

“But there was something lacking. I missed the Bible study with my pupils. I missed morning worship. I missed being able to talk to my students about Christ’s soon coming. Eventually I decided to teach in a church school in Salt Lake City, Utah,” she said.

I was a student in that very church school. I owe much to the dedication and skills of Mildred, who lived with us in the home of my grandparents. ■

Editor’s Note: With this article we conclude Golden Rule Days, a poignant tribute to Adventist teachers in the twenties, thirties, and forties. The church owes much to these teachers, most of them women, whose great sacrifice was often taken for granted. Their dedication and vision shaped the lives of many who led the church in recent decades.

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

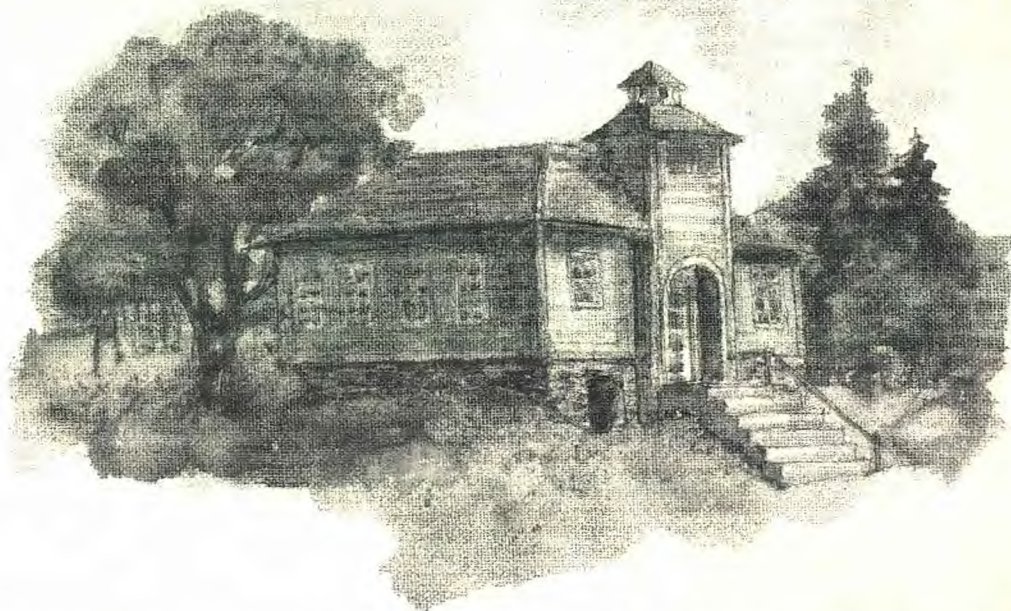


ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY CREWS

BY GARY B. SWANSON

Making a Statement

One day I went to an athletic shoe store to buy a new pair of tennis shoes. My 4-year-old white Pumas had just about had it.

The salesclerk asked if he could help. "Looking for a pair of tennis shoes," I said. "Kind of like these." I pointed to a pair on a table.

"Oh, those aren't tennis shoes," the clerk said. "Those are basketball shoes."

"Well, that doesn't really matter," I said. "I don't play tennis anyway."

"Then you're not really looking for tennis shoes," he said. "You're looking for some all-purpose athletic shoes."

Clearly I was dabbling in a field I knew nothing about.

"Whatever," I shrugged. "You know—something I can wear around the house, play ball in once in a while—stuff like that."

"Looking for something practical," he asked, "or do you want to make a statement?"

It hadn't occurred to me before this that one could make a statement with tennis shoes. But for some reason I was feeling unusually daring that day. "How about something other than white?" I responded.

He led me to a rack on the wall and pointed to a shoe that was definitely not white. "These are really hot right now," he said.

"No way," I said. "I might wear those playing volleyball in the gym, but never around town. I don't want to make that big a statement."

"Well," the salesclerk said, "people these days usually have several pairs of athletic shoes. Different styles for different occasions."

I'm not going to divulge the kind of tennis shoes I finally bought. But I've thought a lot about "making a statement."

For example, how much of a statement could we make by how we treat people, including ourselves? Everybody knows you're supposed to be kind to others. Nothing new in that. But are you being kind to yourself?

This is where good judgment in such things as exercise, sleep, and nutrition comes to mind. As the ancient Greek poet Menander said: "Health and intellect are the two blessings of life." Caring for your health is an investment in

your own future. It's also a tribute to your Creator.

The apostle Paul described the human body as a "temple of the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. 6:19). Our bodies are supposed to be homes for God, yet sometimes we don't open parts of our lives to divine leading. We often reserve certain ideas, attitudes, and behaviors that don't allow God to occupy our hearts completely.

When we live unhealthfully, we stop short of a *total* commitment to God.

Humans are the only animals with a choice in habits of health. When a disease attacks other animals, they can do nothing but suffer. Yet we often use our power of choice to do things that we know lead to disease, even to death.

The concept of choice itself suggests a right and wrong approach to health—what is good for you versus what is not good for you.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States, lived a long and productive life. Even after suffering a stroke at the age of 79, he continued for a time in public life, but his health was clearly failing.

One day a friend asked him how he was feeling. "I inhabit a weak, frail, decayed tenement, battered by the winds and broken in by the storms," Adams said. "And from all I can learn, the landlord does not intend to repair."

Clearly John Quincy Adams recognized that the only life-giving ability we have as human beings is to take the very best possible care of our health and thus—by God's grace—make the most of our time here on earth.

Go ahead and wear those athletic shoes if you feel they express something you want to say. But don't overlook the lasting statement that a strong, healthy body and keen mind can make. The tennis shoes may be out of fashion in a month or two, and worn out within a year. You'll probably want your mind and body to last a little longer than that. Certainly God does. ■



Gary B. Swanson edits the *Collegiate Quarterly*. He writes from Silver Spring, Maryland.



Bulletin Board

At Rest

BELTZ, Dorothy Foreman—b. Apr. 10, 1904, Illinois; d. Oct. 25, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. She served for many years as a women's dean, most of this time being at Walla Walla College. She is survived by one sister, Helen Little; and one brother, Walter Foreman.

CLOUGH, Louise J.—b. Apr. 27, 1916, West Virginia; d. Oct. 27, 1996, West Palm Beach, Fla. She served with her pastor-husband in Arkansas, Oklahoma, and West Virginia. She is survived by her husband, Earl; two sons, Kenneth and Michael; two daughters, Sharon and Karen; nine grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

COLLINS, Beatrice A.—b. Dec. 14, 1910, Belmont, Mass.; d. Oct. 5, 1996, Syracuse, N.Y.

She served as executive housekeeper at the Florida Hospital for many years. She is survived by three sons, Edward, Gerald, and Dennis; seven grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

COON, Glenn A.—b. Aug. 12, 1903, Lincklaen Center, N.Y.; d. Nov. 7, 1996, Ooltewah, Tenn. The founder of ABCs of Prayer Crusades, Elder Coon served 60 years in the ministry, including 40 years of extensive travel overseas and in North America. He authored more than 20 books. He is survived by his wife, Ethel; one brother, Lester; one son, Glenn A. Coon, Jr., who continues his work; one daughter, Juanita Steffens; six grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.

DAILEY, James—b. June 20, 1924, Minnesota; d. Oct. 17, 1996, Calimesa, Calif. Most of his career he worked as a hospital administrator, serving with the Youngberg Adventist Hospital in Singapore and with Adventist Health System West. He is survived by his wife, Ruth; two sons, Ronald and Marc; and one daughter, Nancy.

DARNELL, Robert C.—b. June 6, 1927, Ohio; d. Nov. 12, 1996, Loma Linda, Calif. He served as a pastor in the Carolina Conference as well as in the Middle East, where he was president of the Middle East Union and secretary of the Middle East Division. He also served on the Loma Linda University faculty of religion. He is survived by his wife, Mary; three sons, Leonard Robert, Tunis Allen, and Kenneth

Charles; and three grandchildren.

ERMSHAR, Harold—b. May 6, 1906, Los Angeles, Calif.; d. Nov. 4, 1996, Napa, Calif. He worked for 35 years at the White Memorial Hospital. He is survived by his wife, Gladys; one son, Arthur; two daughters, Carla Shimkowski and Iris Anderson; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

FRAZEE, Willmonte D.—b. Feb. 15, 1906, Pima Indian Reservation, Ariz.; d. Mar. 19, 1996, Wildwood, Ga. He served for many years as a pastor and health evangelist. In 1942 he co-founded Wildwood Medical Missionary Institute, where he was president emeritus at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife, Willeta May; and one daughter, Rebekah.

WARD, Melvin—b. June 8, 1916, Waldena, Minn.; d. Aug. 27, 1996, Fortuna, Calif. He served as an educator for 36 years in South Dakota, Oklahoma, Missouri, and California. He is survived by his wife, Josephine; one son, Virgil; one daughter, Verdel Garbi; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

WILL, Bonnie Beth—b. Sept. 2, 1919, Keene, Tex.; d. Feb. 11, 1996, Fletcher, N.C. She was a nurse and the wife of conference worker and pastor S. S. Will, currently a trust services representative and interim pastor at Hilton Head, South Carolina. She is survived also by two sons, Ken and Cliff; and six grandchildren.

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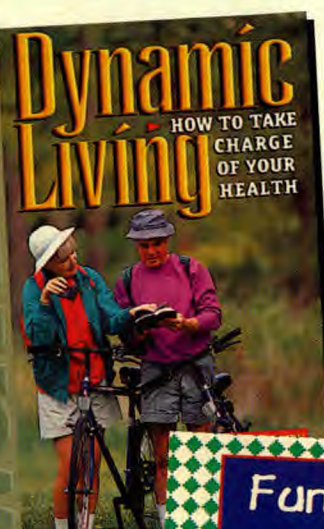
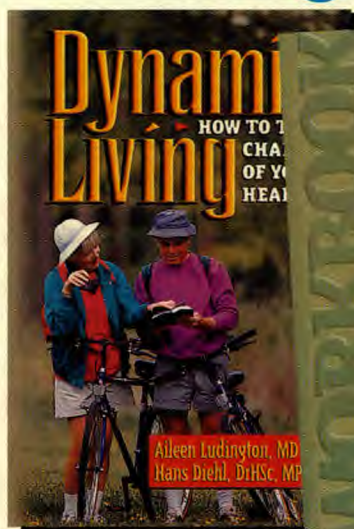
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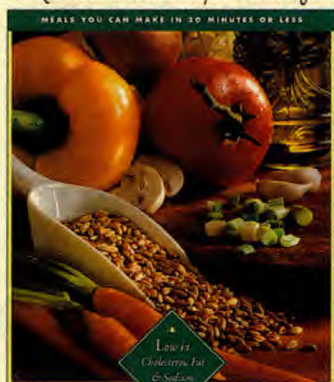
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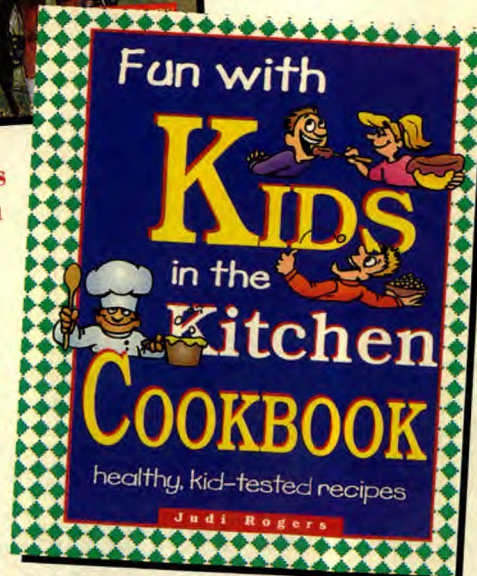
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