

ADVENTIST Review

May 21, 1998

Cutting Edge

Honor Thy Father and Mother

*"Are you going to grow up and be ashamed of us?"
they would query.*

Seinfeld's Missing Ingredient
When We Feel Like Dirt

LETTERS

The Local Church

Whew! Finally someone says what's really going on. I applaud the *Adventist Review* for printing Alex Bryan's "The Local Church Is the Church" (Mar. 19 Cutting Edge Edition), as well as the other two articles that examined the state of the local church.

As associate lay pastor/elder at my church, where I have been a member for 15 years, I have seen our struggle in the "typewriter" age, as Bryan so aptly put it, while "the latest communication and information technology is found in our colleges and conference offices." Our congregation has supported the Adventist system willingly, has little funds to support our own congregation's ministries, and often has been in "critical condition" along with other churches.

As the mother of a Gen Xer and two teenagers who are already assuming leadership roles as they attempt to minister in their community, I shudder to think what the local congregation will be like for them in five to 10 years. Yes, we *all* "must commit ourselves to the primacy of the local church" if our churches are to emerge from languishing, sometimes pathetic, stupors and begin to flourish as God intended. Thank you for such a timely call to action!

—**Iris Stovall**

HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND

Bryan's central point—that we must ensure the health of the local congregation—

is vital. I challenge all denominational leaders to go beyond lip service and actually do whatever it takes to make this happen—redistribution of resources (including tithe), development and support of pastors and other local church leaders, and creation of a corporate climate that really values the life and ministry of the local church.

Just as an example: I pastor a large church (1,000-plus members) that generates almost \$1.5 million a year in revenue. After we send the tithe to the local conference and the subsidy to the local school, we have about \$250,000 (less than 17 percent) left to do the ministry of the local church—Sabbath school, evangelism, worship, discipleship training, fellowship, maintenance of the physical plant, etc. If we add in the support from the local conference that supplies the pastors to my church, the percentage increases to about 26 percent.

We can say what we like about the importance of the local church, but the truth is that the local church stands at the end of the line in our denomination, hoping that there will be something left after the denominational bureaucracy and the educational system have taken their share. The crumbs left are barely enough to sustain life.

—**David VanDenburgh**, PASTOR
KETTERING, OHIO

With all due respect, the articles about the weakness of the local church missed the mark. When we focus our attention on numbers and what "works" in other churches, we have lost sight of what we as a church are supposed to be about.

Bryan's reference to the early rain in Acts as "spiritual adrenaline" trivializes what really occurred! The apostles received the outpouring power of the Holy Spirit only because they laid their pride, self-righteousness, and jealousies at Christ's feet in earnest prayer. They were completely surrendered to God in all aspects of their lives. They were of "one accord"; they did not worry about contriving different kinds of worship styles to meet the likes and dislikes of their church body. If we ever hope to have the latter rain fall upon us, we must first humble ourselves before the Lord and repent of our own self-righteousness. It's not about what we can do, but about what *He* can and will do!

—**Kathie Heydt**

READING, PENNSYLVANIA

Bryan hit the nail right on the head! He maintained fairness and balance in granting the parachurch its legitimate and necessary role, but reminded us who work in the parachurch that we must not fall to the temptation of thinking we occupy the central position.

—**Gorden R. Doss**

DEPARTMENT OF WORLD MISSION
ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

Look for more letters on this subject in two weeks.—Editors.

Waggoner and Jones

I disagree with one of the points made by William G. Johnsson in his editorial "Right About Jesus" (Mar. 19).

Johnsson states that many of the pioneers saw Jesus as an "exalted, divine being who was not eternally God," and includes Waggoner in a list of those holding these Arian, or semi-Arian, beliefs.

While it is true that Arianism was rampant among the pioneers, I feel Johnsson should give credit to Waggoner, who actually made significant strides away from Arianism. Waggoner's first 13 meetings at the epochal 1888 conference were recorded in shorthand by his wife and published in 1890 as the book *Christ and His Righteousness*. In Waggoner's series, he first spent several meetings establishing the divinity of Christ. In fact, he warred against the belief that Jesus was a created being. He said, "Now if He created everything that was ever created, and existed before all created things, it is evident that He Himself is not among created things" (*Christ and His Righteousness*, p. 21; italics supplied). Waggoner also described the deity of Christ in phrases such as "Life inheres in Him," "The very substance of God," and "Jehovah, the self-existent one" (*ibid.*, pp. 22, 23). Instead of viewing Waggoner as entrenched in Arian thought, we should see him as one of the first who began to break free.

—Jennifer Jill Schwirzer
PUTNAM, CONNECTICUT

William Johnsson states that A. T. Jones "saw [Christ] as an exalted, divine being who was not eternally God," with a "diminished Christology."

Here is what Jones actually said about Christ: "Christ is revealed as God, of the name of God, because He is of the nature of God. And so entirely is His nature of the nature of God, that it is the very impress of the substance of God. . . . [Christ's likeness to God is] the very 'impress of His substance, Spirit of Spirit, substance of substance,' of God" (*The Consecrated Way to Christian Perfection*, original edition, pp. 16, 17).

—Robert J. Wieland
MEADOW VISTA, CALIFORNIA

Along with the early Adventists, Waggoner and Jones apparently believed that while the Son of God shares an equality of nature with the Father, this was conferred upon Him by virtue of His literal Sonship. Thus Waggoner wrote: "While both are of the same nature, the Father is first in point of time. He is also greater in that he had no beginning, while Christ's personality had a beginning" (*Signs of the Times*, Apr. 8, 1889). Jones wrote: "He came from heaven, God's firstborn, to the earth, and was born again. . . . He whose goings forth have been from the days of eternity, the firstborn of God, was born again, in order that we might be born again" (*Review and Herald*, Aug. 1, 1899).—Editors.

Nash Ramblings

Congratulations to Andy Nash for his fine editorial "Nash Ramblings" (Mar. 19). He has many insights about issues facing our church today and is able to express these in a loving, kind, and forceful way. Many of his "ramblings" are topics needing exploring and/or explaining.

Take the simple statement about Ellen White being progressive. How dare we as a church condemn the thinkers inside our church doors today. We need and should welcome the questions being asked by our young people and applaud the fact that they are searching for the answers that we do not seem to have for them.

—Mae Feldmann
APOPKA, FLORIDA

When Jesus "Fails"

We have been warned never to ask Why? However, in his inspiring "When Jesus 'Fails,'" (Mar. 19) Victor Czerkasij dares to ask Why? And he gives several satisfying answers. I wish there were more articles that contain solid biblical content and are imaginatively written.

—Dan Guild
THOUSAND OAKS, CALIFORNIA

ADVENTIST Review

COVER STORY

8 Honor Thy Father and Mother

Just because we make our own decisions doesn't mean that we aren't still impressionable.

BY EILEEN GREENWALT

ARTICLES

14 When We Feel Like Dirt

An opportunity too good to be true is still true.

BY JENNIFER JILL SCHWIRZER

24 The Missing Ingredient on Seinfeld

What comes after fame and fortune?

BY DAVID B. SMITH

DEPARTMENTS

- 2 Letters
- 7 Give & Take
- 17 Book Mark
- 18 World News & Perspectives
- 22 The X-Change
- 29 Leaving the Comfort Zone
- 30 Reflections

EDITORIALS

- 5 Focus, Focus, Focus
- 6 Real Community

NEXT WEEK

The Vision Glorious

Ellen White's "great controversy" vision is 140 years old. Yet it still shapes the way we see end-time events.

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.

The *Adventist Review* (ISSN 0161-1119), published since 1849, is the general paper of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. It is published by the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists and is printed 40 times a year each Thursday except the first Thursday of each month by the Review and Herald® Publishing Association. Periodicals postage paid at Hagerstown, MD 21740. Copyright © 1998, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists.

Publishing Board: Robert S. Folkenberg, chair; Phil Follett, vice-chair; Lowell Cooper; William G. Johnson; A. C. McClure; Dorothy Watts; Ted N. C. Wilson; Martin Ytreberg; Robert Nixon, legal advisor

Executive Publisher and Editor William G. Johnson

Associate Editors Roy Adams, Bill Knott

Managing Editor Myrna Tetz

News Editor Carlos Medley

Assistant Editors Stephen Chavez, Andy Nash

Editorial Assistant Ella Rydzewski

Administrative Secretary Chitra Barnabas

Editorial Secretaries Mary Maxson, Jean Sequeira

Art Director Bill Kirstein

Designer Bill Tyneson

Design Assistant/Production Stephanie Kaping

Ad Sales Melynie Tooley

Subscriber Services Steve Hanson

Marketing Coordinator Ray Tetz

Consulting Editors: Robert S. Folkenberg, Matthew Bediako, Phil Follett, Robert J. Kloosterhuis, A. C. McClure, Jan Paulsen, Leo Ranzolin, R. F. Rawson, Calvin B. Rock, G. Ralph Thompson

Special Contributors: P. D. Chun, L. T. Daniel, L. J. Evans, Ulrich Frikart, Lee Huff, Israel Leito, Ruy H. Nagel, L. D. Raelly, Ron Watts, Bertil Wiklander

To Writers: We welcome unsolicited manuscripts. (Please query before submitting long articles.) Include address, telephone number, and Social Security number, where available. Address all editorial correspondence to 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904-6600. Editorial office fax number: (301) 680-6638.

E-mail: Internet: reviewmag@adventist.org
CompuServe network: 74617,15

Subscriptions: US\$38.97 for 40 issues, US\$50.97 for 52 issues. Add \$10.20 postage for addresses outside North America. To order, send your name, address, and payment to your local Adventist Book Center or *Adventist Review* Subscription Desk, Box 1119, Hagerstown, MD 21741. Single copy, US\$2.50. Prices subject to change without notice.

Subscription queries and changes of address: Call 1-800-456-3991, 301-791-7000, ext. 2439, or e-mail shanson@rhpa.org.

Postmaster: Send address changes to *Adventist Review*, 55 West Oak Ridge Drive, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Scriptures credited to ICB are quoted from the *International Children's Bible*, New Century Version, copyright © 1983, 1986, 1988 by Word Publishing, Dallas, Texas 75039. Used by permission. Texts credited to MLB are from *The Modern Language Bible: The New Berkeley Version in Modern English*, Copyright © 1945, 1959, 1969, 1970, 1987, Hendrickson Publishers, Inc. used by permission. Texts credited to NIV are from the *Holy Bible*, New International Version, Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan Bible Publishers. Bible texts credited to NRSV are from the New Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyright © 1989 by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Used by permission. Bible texts credited to RSV are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyright © 1946, 1952, 1971, by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Used by permission. Verses marked TLB are taken from *The Living Bible*, copyright © 1971 by Tyndale House Publishers, Wheaton, Ill. Used by permission.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.
Vol. 175, No. 21

it is written TELETALK



OPEN PASSAGE TO CUBA



**THREE IIW PROGRAMS
TAPED ON CUBAN SOIL
TO AIR THIS FALL**



**3200 BAPTIZED
FEBRUARY 23-28**



**2000 MORE DECIDED
FOR BAPTISM IN MAY**

Reaped from efforts by

- Cuban laymen • La Voz de la Esperanza Radio
- Bible schools • local pastors
- visiting evangelists • Maranatha International
- It Is Written • the General Conference

— and the *Holy Spirit*

For information on how you can help, write or call:

**It Is Written • Box 0 • Thousand Oaks, CA 91360
(805) 373-7733 • www.iiw.org**

Focus, Focus, Focus

STEPHEN CHAVEZ

I'm not saying that it's impossible, but one of the hardest things you'll ever do is try to keep your gaze out of your fellow believer's shopping cart when you meet him or her at the supermarket or wholesale shopping club.

Why? Because, if in a quick downward glance you catch a glimpse of something not quite kosher (like a box of Double Fudge Breakfast Buddies), you can justify (at least in your own imagination) the six-pack of Coca Moca Cola in your own shopping cart.

Most of us thrive on rationalization—"Well, I may _____, but at least I don't _____." And so any time we can detect a bit of hypocrisy or a smidgen of a double standard in someone else, it's easier to sooth our consciences about the areas in our own lives that are less than sterling.

But while highlighting the lifestyle flaws of others may distract us from the problem areas in our own lives, to do so does nothing to provide a remedy. And focusing on the defects of others, be they small or large, real or imagined, prevents us from making Jesus—His life, His love, His character—the focus of our attention.

"And we all, . . . beholding the glory of the Lord, are being changed into his likeness from one degree of glory to another; for this comes from the Lord who is the Spirit" (2 Cor. 3:18, RSV). It's not by looking at each other that we become more like Jesus (although we can often see reflections of His character in the lives of fellow believers); it's by permanently fixing our gaze on Jesus that we become more like Him.

This great truth has implications that are both positive and negative.

On the positive side, in a world that's smoldering in the toxic fumes of greed, oppression, and religious and political intolerance, genuine Christian concern is truly a breath of fresh air. A Christlike character, faithfully and consistently demonstrated among family members, neighbors, and fellow workers, is a powerful antidote for feelings of guilt, despair, loneliness, and humiliation.

This proactive, intentional demonstration of Christ's character in the person of His followers is perhaps what Ellen

White had in mind when she wrote: "Christ is waiting with longing desire for the manifestation of Himself in His church" (*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 69).

*The only
infallible standard
is Jesus.*

But this level of commitment will never be achieved as long as we content ourselves with comparing ourselves with each other. Even assuming that we're all doing the best we can to live up to God's standards of truth, purity, and devotion, the only infallible standard is Jesus. And only as we focus on Him will we reflect any of these characteristics to those around us.

The negative aspect of this truth is that when we focus on the perceived weaknesses of someone else, we lose our spiritual moorings. Without being anchored in Christ, we become critical and judgmental; allowing petty, inconsequential matters to grow out of proportion and sabotage our own relationship with Him.

One of Jesus' post-Resurrection appearances was to His disciples on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. After Jesus reinstated Peter and told him something about his future, Peter noticed John not far away and asked, "Lord, what about him?"

Jesus' answer is instructive: "What is that to you? You must follow me" (John 21:21, 22, NIV).

We encounter innumerable distractions on our way to the kingdom. The devil will use any means to get us to lose our focus—and our salvation. Even the most devout role model will sometimes disappoint. Our best hope—indeed, our only hope—is to fix our eyes on Jesus. In the words of the old gospel song: "Heaven and earth may pass away, but Jesus never fails."

So what do you do when you see your fellow believer with something in his or her shopping cart that is less than wholesome, or wearing something that is less than traditional, or renting a video or listening to music that is less than uplifting (in your opinion)?

Well, if you've been keeping your focus on Christ, you'll treat that fellow believer just as Jesus does—with love, respect, patience, and gentleness.

You know, the same way Jesus treats you.



Real Community

When Adventist editors and communicators gathered in Florida last February, I took the opportunity to visit the town of Celebration, a new, experimental housing community designed and built by the Walt Disney

Company, just south of Orlando. Florida Hospital, an Adventist facility, has built a state-of-the-art wellness center there called Celebration Health.

While walking through the 2-year-old community I was awestruck by the old-fashioned atmosphere. Opened in the summer of 1996, the 4,900-acre community features neotraditional-styled homes inspired by old Southern towns built near the turn of the century. A leisurely stroll through Celebration's streets is like a trip back in time—a real-life fantasy.

The Victorian-, Colonial-, and French-styled houses are placed close together on small plots, close to sidewalks and streets. Many homes feature columned porches, verandas, and steeply sloped roofs. Garages are placed at the rear of the homes with entrance through rear alleys.

But Celebration is much more than just a bedroom community. It features a town center with restaurants, grocery store, post office, bank, dry cleaners, movie theater, and ice-cream parlor—all within a short walk. The neighborhood also has plenty of green space with manicured walking trails.

Landmark Community

With Disney's backing, this landmark project has captured the attention of land developers and urban planners. The community is considered the boldest statement to date by New Urbanism architects and signals a growing trend.

New Urbanism architecture is an attempt to build *genuine* community into architectural designs. Through pedestrian-friendly streets and nearby shops, builders are trying to reduce the need for cars and help residents establish close-knit friendships.

The most important message undergirding the movement is that people are growing weary of suburbia's fortress lifestyle where cars are needed to get around. People have become isolated and disconnected in their big homes. On large estate-sized lots even neighbors are strangers.

Research shows that newer home buyers seek to recapture

the small-village ambiance where each neighbor knows all the families on the block.

I believe that this movement is another vivid example of how desperately humanity longs for meaningful relationships. Both men and women are discovering that they need a communal connection.

Recognizing this deep desire helps us as Christians to share the gospel of Christ more effectively with our neighbors and friends. Christ offers the community that the world desires. He fills life's emotional void with love, peace, joy, and fellowship. His offer extends to everyone.

Christ says, "Here I am! I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in and eat with him, and he with me" (Rev. 3:20, NIV).

Fellowship with Christ elevates life to a whole new level. Humanity was created for fellowship with God. Those who commune with Christ enjoy a deeper relationship with Him than even the angels. Ellen White says, "By gentle and patient ministry they [angels] move upon the human spirit, to bring the lost into fellowship with Christ which is even closer than they themselves can know."¹

Fellowship with Christ uplifts our character and nature. By communing with Him, we quicken our senses, sharpen our minds, and ennoble our thoughts.

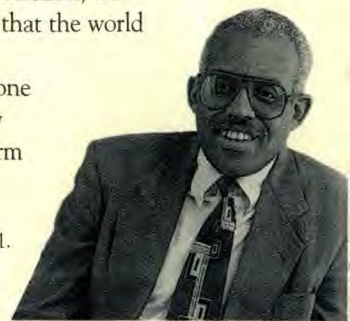
In addition to our relationship with Christ, divine fellowship opens up a new community of relationships in the family of God. We become full partners in the body of Christ, sharing in the joys and sorrows of our fellow believers.

It is Christ's desire that His family be united by the closest bonds of brotherly love. If we would simply model that love, helping one another, strengthening one another, we could mold the *genuine* community that the world craves.

"A blessed brotherly fellowship one with another will bind all who truly receive the Lord Jesus Christ in a firm loyalty that cannot be broken."²

¹ Ellen G. White, *The Desire of Ages*, p. 21.

² *The Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, vol. 5, p. 1098.



GIVE & TAKE

ADVENTIST LIFE

After my first day of classes at Chattanooga State, my husband asked



if I knew anyone. I was very excited to tell him that I knew two of the women in my class—an ultra-

conservative Christian named Patricia and an ardent evolutionist named Helen. While telling him that the three of us sat together on the front row, I mentioned that I had heaven on my right and Helen on my left.

—Pamela Wood, Chattanooga, Tennessee

WE NEED YOU

Send Give & Take submissions to . . .
Give & Take, *Adventist Review*, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904;
Fax: 301-680-6638; E-mail:
74532.2564@CompuServe.com. Please include phone number. Submissions will not be returned.

HATS OFF TO ADVENTIST YOUTH

After the recent deadly tornadoes in central Florida, the Forest Lake SDA Elementary School began a drive to collect funds for the tornado vic-



BY HER FRUITS: MeMe Mader

tims. Nine-year-old MeMe Mader asked her mother for a donation, and, wanting to contribute more, she received permission to pick the grapefruit from the backyard tree.

Without further conversation, she took the grapefruit, a table, and a handmade sign to the curbside—and was in business. Her efforts resulted in an additional \$11 for the tornado victims.

The *Review* congratulates MeMe Mader on going the extra mile for God. Look for your *Review* cap in the mail.



ADVENTIST QUOTES

"And then Jesus will fly down in His heavenly airplane and land on the Olive Garden."

—a young Adventist girl concluding her telling of the millennium

"If he doesn't get a shot at the NBA or at European pro ball, he hopes to study medicine at Loma Linda University, an Adventist school in California. 'I'm OK with not making a career of basketball,' he says. 'I mean, it would be great. But I have higher aspirations.'"

—the March 9, 1998, issue of *Sports Illustrated*, in a full-page article on seven-footer Sam Randolph, who chose to play basketball for Columbia Union College rather than big-time colleges that play games on Sabbaths.

"I know some Adventists who are so sugar-free, they are sour."

—Ron Halversen, at Eastern Carolina camp meeting

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

BIG DAY: Pastor Carl Wilkens baptizes Milo Adventist Academy senior Luke Lambert in the South Umpqua River, which flows near the school. The river has been a favorite site for baptisms since 1955, when Milo Academy (located in Days Creek, Oregon) opened. As director of marketing Jenienne Kriegelstein puts it: "The cold winter waters do not chill the warmth of rebirth." *Photo by Jenienne Kriegelstein*



Honor Thy Father

A boomer remembers a small town

BY EILEEN GREENWALT

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE girl, Daddy sang a little song whenever we asked for a story:

*You promised me, you
said you would,*

You've gotta give in, for I'll be good.

Tell me a story, and then I'll go to bed.

As we got older and could read our own books, it was the one activity my father approved of—as long as the stories were true. No works of fiction were allowed, not even nursery rhymes or the “classics.” We had no TV, so on winter nights we all huddled around the coal stove in the kitchen, the only room that was heated in our old farmhouse, and read.

I especially remember one story called “Ingratitude,” from *Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories*. “Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson lived on a lonely farm,” it began. “They had one son, whom they loved more than life itself . . .”

The story told of the triumphant moment when the Tomlinsons saw Harold off to college, dressed in a “fine new suit”—and of the heartbreaking rejection two years later when Dad showed up unexpectedly at Harold's college. “Harold!” the excited father had called from his horse and cart. But

ner and Mother

armhouse in 1950s Nebraska.

Harold was ashamed of his father. "‘You’ve made a mistake,’ he said coldly. ‘Better take that old contraption out of here.’"

"Father’s heart froze . . ." He went home on the same long road he’d just traveled, and when Mother saw him, she knew something was terribly wrong. Father walked through the house without a word, sat down silently in his old armchair, and died.

"‘Died of a broken heart,’ people said. ‘Killed by base ingratitude.’"

The story concluded with the fifth commandment: "Honour thy father

and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Ex. 20:12).

"Christian Education," He Snorted

Just as the parents in this story, my own parents dreamed of sending us to college. My mother had had a taste of higher education through a summer of teacher training in the early thirties. But my father, a very intelligent man who loved to read, had not had the opportunity of even a secondary education while growing up as an orphan on his uncle’s farm in Wales. My parents

spoke of education as a moral imperative—the responsibility to use our talents wisely.

But they were also afraid of what that might mean. Even as a very little girl, I sensed my own parents’ anguish when they read the story of Harold’s ingratitude toward his father. "Are you going to grow up and be ashamed of us?" they would query. And I, of course, vowed never *ever* to treat my parents in such a way.

I was the fifth of six children. My four older brothers and sisters had attended boarding academy for at least

part of their secondary experience, and my father was very disappointed in the results. "Christian education," he snorted. "I sent away good Adventist boys and girls, and they send me back these silly, rebellious, worthless kids." He raged at miniskirts, makeup, interest in the opposite sex, disinterest in discussing the Sabbath school lessons, and most of all, his diminishing control over their lives. So my parents chose to send me to public schools from sixth grade through the first two years of college.

But my father wasn't entirely at peace with that arrangement, either, for my best friends happened to be Catholic. When out of the line of their vision, he would catch my eye and make the sign of the cross—reminding me that I was speaking to an "antichrist."

I liked school. I loved listening to lectures and the questions and the discussions. But when I returned home summers to put up hay on the ranch with my father, I found that he was not interested in the ideas I had been pondering. Instead, he interrogated me about doctrine, faith, and standards. I seemed to pass his judgments, but I felt betrayed and isolated by his suspicions.

At last my mother's concern that I marry an Adventist prevailed, and the last two years of college I attended Loma Linda University. I anticipated being in a setting where others shared my faith and values. Indeed, over the next two years the religion classes I took were the highlight of my college experience.

I took *The Life and Teachings of Jesus* from John Robertson, and we read the Gospels along with *The Desire of Ages*. He did what was called a "close reading" of the texts: looking beyond a casual reading to understand better the meanings of the author. Familiar texts came alive. I was hungry

to go to class to hear more.

I took a class in ethics from Fritz Guy. For years my questions in Sabbath school had received pat answers that left me frustrated. But in this class we wrestled with the issues confronting us as idealistic young Adventists of the sixties. I discovered that Christians throughout the centuries have struggled with the challenge to live lives of integrity in

*I found myself
deliberately
mispronouncing
words they
mispronounced to
avoid offending.*

the context of the world in which they lived.

Then my senior year I took *The Doctrine of Christ* from Edward Heppenstall and listened with astonishment to a Week of Prayer by Morris Venden on righteousness by faith. Although I had always been sincere about religious life, I had never before found the pure grace of God offered to me.

I wanted to share with my parents what I had been learning. Since I knew the concern my father in particular had for my spiritual well-being, I imagined connecting with him in a new way now that my own faith was becoming a living part of my emerging adult life.

Instead, I discovered I alarmed my father. Rather than seeing me as

growing spiritually and maturing in my faith, he interpreted all my experiences as "foolishness," or criticized my "ignorance" for not knowing these things already. He blamed the college for "tinkering" with "the message" and regretted he had "wasted" his money on Christian education rather than just leaving my religious instruction to the Sabbath school quarterly, which he could carefully monitor. He

interpreted my new security in my relationship with God as "presumption" and predicted rebellion and a "laxness of standards" to follow. He was unable to hear how the classes I had taken were grounded in the Bible stories I had been taught at home.

While I was more grateful than ever for my Christian education, I was heavy in heart to sense that my parents were uncomfortable with many of the changes that my college years were bringing. Mother was embarrassed when I appeared wearing a hat one day. Daddy thought I was putting on airs when I used a word he didn't know. Mother experienced my new independence as "coldness." I found myself suddenly being seen through their prejudice against intellectuals even though I did not view myself as "intellectual." I found myself thinking before I spoke and deliberately mispronouncing words they mispronounced to avoid offending. I never wore the hat again. My confidence stumbled. I stopped sharing my life.

"So What About the 'Little Horn'?"

Throughout the years, my father continued to ask me the same set of questions: "So what do you tell people who ask you about the 'little horn' of Daniel 8?" or "When did the command to 'restore and rebuild Jerusalem' go forth? Do you know who did that? Why was this such an important command?"



I remember standing by the doorway as I was leaving my parents' home one day. I was almost 40 years old and had been visiting from halfway across the country. I felt very tired. "Daddy," I said, "I don't know. I can never seem to remember those facts. What I do know is that most often I feel judged and inadequate and hopeless and that my only hold on life is the grace of God. Perhaps you need to live with God's imminent judgment hanging over your head every minute to survive. All I know is that I cannot live without God's grace. I have left my life in God's hands. God is going to have to decide what to do with me."

For three decades I felt estranged from my parents. As the church began to focus upon the central importance of Jesus as Saviour, my parents became more comfortable talking about grace and mercy. And in the last few years I was even invited to present the Sabbath sermon in my home church when I visited. They were "proud" of my contribution, but I sensed that my father had been far more comfortable when I was a 5-year-old and had stood for a recitation of the 13 memory verses for the quarter.

One year, just as I was leaving, Daddy asked if I'd be bringing another sermon the next time I got back. "I will if I'm invited," I replied.

"What's your topic going to be?" he inquired.

"Well," I said, "I've been reflecting recently on the metaphors in the Bible that focus on the mothering qualities of God. I'd like to do something with those."

"God as Mother?" He was almost shouting. "Don't think you can come in here and speak of such a thing in our church! I won't have it!"

My heart froze. "Don't you believe the Genesis account of Creation, Daddy," I asked, "where it says we were created in the image of God—male and female? Do you think I was not created in the image of God because I am female? And what do you do with those texts where the Bible speaks of God as mothering us?"

I realized I hadn't argued with my

An Inclusive Church

BY EILEEN GREENWALT

My personal conflicts can be seen in the church at large:

Are we going to define Adventism in ways that encourage the pursuit of God's truth in every area of life (psychology, sociology, archaeology, the sciences, the arts), or are we going to judge everything as "foolishness" or "secular" that challenges our concepts? Is it OK to bring a subtle end to dialogue by labeling others who hold views different from our own as "disloyal critics of the church," or are we going to trust God to lead Seventh-day Adventists into "present truth," confident that God will bless our community with a timely message to this generation—if we will be open to one another?

Do we still believe in the priesthood of all believers, or are we going to fall into a modern autocracy? Do we still believe that in Christ there is no male or female, that power and dominance over the minds and hearts of believers is still a great evil, that Christ is the head of this church and that all the rest of us are servants?

Is there a place for a family with a wide range of rich Bible-based experiences?

father for decades. I had been trying to "honor my father." But was this really "honor"? Was it "honor" to listen to my parents' ideas and remain forever silent? Was this respect, or had I only tried to protect myself from my father's wrath?

My sister told me our father began to stew about my sermon as my next visit approached. So I called him and said that my topic was not going to be the motherly characteristics of God.

"All Is Foolishness!"

I have listened to stories others of my generation tell—stories very similar to mine. They are the stories of the confusion and brokenheartedness of children—stories of going away to college believing they are supported in growing and learning and developing their abilities. And then discovering their parents' fear of education: the insecurity of their parents when they realize their "child" has learned something they don't know; the distrust when old information is restated into new experiences; the fear of new paradigms replacing old concepts.

These are stories of the pain of bearing our parents' disappointment in us, of doing our best to live our lives honestly, but being judged negatively at every turn. Not knowing how to

reconcile our gratitude with our alienation. Praying for the grace to bear the self-righteous judgments of others without becoming either resentful or self-righteous ourselves. Feeling a deep commitment to our church, but feeling exiled from its ranks because our trumpet doesn't have a "certain sound." A few of us have stayed without voice or identity; most have not.

This is not the official story of the church. Most stories focus on the anguish of parents whose children have "strayed" or "left the truth" or "lost their faith." And there are endless articles asking why so many people leave the church. "Uncommitted youth," they say. "Secularized, rebellious, selfish." But no one dares to tell the story of the anguish of the children who live in an invisible exile imposed by the traditions of their elders—traditions that silence their contributions, traditions that may be unbiblical in their emphasis and irrelevant to the community at large, and reflect sadly upon God's character.

When I was a child, "Honor your father and mother" meant that I had a responsibility to be loyal to my father's demands and expectations, forgive his rages, and abandon the pursuit of my own interests. One of my father's

favorite words had been "foolishness"! He quoted it from the text that says that all is foolishness except for Jesus (1 Cor. 1, 2) and used it to lop off whatever bit of life that was at the moment trying to bud: learning to swim, planting flowers, practicing the piano, birthday parties, church picnics, and Saturday night socials—they were all foolishness. Christmas, Halloween, and Easter were pagan. Valentine's Day and St. Patrick's Day were popish. Any visible form of affection was nonsense. Friendships, sports, art—all were "foolish wastes of time." And any thought that contradicted his own was quickly dismissed with a single word: "Heresy!"

For nearly 30 years I struggled with the dilemma: How can I honestly share what I carry in my heart when it is unrecognized and rejected by the people I wish most to honor in all of my life? No one had prepared us for the chasm that appeared. And so we filled the chasm with small talk.

"You Have Never Abandoned Us"

My parents were suddenly in their 80s and getting fragile. Mother had a serious heart attack, and then my father had a severe stroke that left him paralyzed and speechless. I continued to call and to visit in the summers. Mother's voice had lost its familiar enthusiasm. She just wanted "to go now." I was not ready to let her go.

That fall I was preparing a women's ministry program on the topic of mothers and daughters. I remembered a story I had read in *The Joy Luck Club* about a Chinese woman who saw a swan for sale at the market. She was told that this swan used to be a duck that had stretched its neck out, hoping to become a goose. Inspired by this swan that became "more than what was hoped for," she set off to build a new life for herself, vowing that someday she would have a daughter and she would give her daughter this swan. As the story evolves, the swan is taken from her and she is left with only one feather, but she saves the feather for her daughter and plans to tell her, "This feather may look worthless, but it comes from afar and carries with it

all my good intentions."

I called my mother and told her about the program I'd been working on. And I told her the swan feather story and how it symbolized the good intentions the mother had for her daughter. And I told her that I believed her intentions toward us had been to give us freedom—giving us into the hands of God to lead and educate and direct. And she and Daddy had done that not only by reminding us during our childhood that we had been dedicated to God but also by encouraging us to "go on and get an education."

"But," I told her, "you didn't know how much pain that would bring you: letting us go, seeing us take up lives so different from your own, experiencing the distance and separation those changes brought about."

My mother's voice was young and strong again. She had been so quiet while I'd been talking that I had begun to doubt my own interpretations, but she responded now with a soft assurance, a young voice I hadn't heard in years. "Well, that just about says it all! But of course, we haven't regretted sending any of you off . . . And you have had to pay a price too. Why are you crying?" she asked.

It was a long time before I could speak. But as the tears came, I knew better than ever how great a price I had paid in order to follow God's leading in my life, how excruciatingly painful it had been to continue to live in ways that I felt God was leading when it was not recognized and affirmed by my parents. And these were also tears of relief, for her words told me that she now saw nothing needing forgiveness.

I was finally able to talk again. "I have not known how to take my freedom without feeling the guilt of abandoning you," I said.

She was gentle and emphatic. "You have never abandoned us. Everyone has to live their own life. You have done what everyone must do: find their own place of work and home—their own life. You have gone beyond what we could give you. And Daddy and I are proud of every one of you!

We talk about each of you every morning and pray for you."

Roots and Wings

There is a saying that parents give their children two gifts: one is roots and the other is wings. That afternoon my mother gave me wings. And a spring of gratitude flowed freely. That was the last time I spoke with her. She died the next week. About a year and a half later my father died. During the last two years of his life, when he could no longer speak, I came to accept that I would say goodbye without hearing the blessing for which I had always hoped. I came to understand that to honor my father meant to let him be who he was even when that meant letting him remain closed to who I was.

The Bible emphasizes *both* roots and wings. As a parent myself, I struggle to express that combination of groundedness and freedom in my relationships with my children. And I discover that

ADVENTIST Review Subscriber Services

- ☐ Please send me one year, 40 issues, of the *Adventist Review* for US\$38.97.
- ☐ Please renew my subscription.
- ☐ Please update my address. Enter new address at top of form. Copy previous address at bottom of form or enclose old mailing label.
- ☐ Please send a gift subscription to the address at the bottom of this form.

My Name _____

Current Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Phone _____

Please enter previous address or gift address here.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Please enclose payment for orders. Mail to: Subscriber Services, P.O. Box 1119, Hagerstown, MD 21741.

Credit card orders: 1-800-765-6955.

663-01-0

life is not only an exhilarating creative process, but also ambiguous and complex. But I know that God will always be not just my God, but God of my children.

And so I am trying to share my roots with my children. In our family, stories continue to be an important vehicle for sharing. As did my father, I have a passion for Scripture and those stories that not only comfort and encourage but also inspire and direct. As did my mother, I am not content until interpretations concur with an "orthodoxy of living." I want my children to take the Scriptures seriously and to wrestle with interpretations for their personal lives. I want them to say, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."

And I am trying to give my children wings. I now know that the message Mary was given at Jesus' dedication is the message every parent is given when they offer their child into the hands of God: "A sword will pierce your side also." We desire to see them soar beyond our own sphere, but it is with anguish that we see them go.

As a parent now myself, I am trying to build on my parents' gifts to me, just as they tried to build on what they had been given themselves. My children are growing beyond my own gifts to them, but I can trust God to lead them, for they are rightly God's children. And "higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children" (Ellen G. White, *Education*, p. 18).

The story of Abraham's test has new meaning to me now. Perhaps Abraham loved his son so much that he began to think of him as his own possession. And when God asked Abraham to give him up, He didn't want Isaac's destruction. He wanted to lead in Isaac's life.

I needed my parents to entrust me into God's hands. My children need me to entrust them into God's hands. This radical life of faith, of radical resignation, is like a sword and creates anguish. But to ask for our children's loyalty over their loyalty to God's leading creates a division in the spirits of our children. To stand in the way of God's leading

creates anguish for them.

Jesus warned against my becoming a stumbling block in the lives of my children. And so I am trying to teach my children new meanings to familiar concepts: honor does not mean they have to agree with my ideas or feel the same way about things as I do; loyalty does not mean avoiding conflicts; protection does not mean controlling and smothering them.

I best honor my parents by continuing to commit my life into the hands of God and to be the person God is creating me to be moment by moment. I now believe that *that* is what their intentions were for me. I must take the

space to "stick my neck out" and to become "more than they hoped for."

I pray that I can have the courage of Abraham to let my children go, to trust in God's goodness and power to lead them. I pray that I will have eyes to see and ears to hear the lessons God has for me through their lives—and that God will lead the church in ways that will honor our roots and lift our children upon her wings. Amen. ■

Eileen Greenwalt is a communication consultant in Walla Walla, Washington.



For further reading on cross-generation relationships:

Cannon, Carol. *Never Good Enough*. Boise, Idaho: Pacific Press, 1993.

Seamands, David A. *Healing for Damaged Emotions*. Wheaton, Ill.: Victor Books, 1988.

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

Wilson, Sandra. *Released From Shame*. Downers Grove, Ill: InterVarsity Press, 1990.

———. *Shame-Free Parenting*. Downers Grove, Ill.: InterVarsity Press, 1992.

Wright, H. N., and G. J. Oliver. *Raising Emotionally Healthy Kids*. Wheaton, Ill.: Victor Books, 1995.

The North American Division presents . . .

Seeds '98

A Church Planting Conference

July 15-18, 1998 . . . at Andrews University

Hear Robert Folkenberg, Alfred McClure, Russell Burrill plus a host of track and break-out seminar presenters.

Features of Seeds '98 . . . Major plenary sessions, five training tracks (Lay Track, Pastors Track, Administrators & Directors Track, African-American Track, Cell Church Track) and 30 seminars from which to choose five.

Learn how to plant churches that are healthy, active, and not pastor dependent . . . reaching their own areas, yet working together with each other and with the Conference to reach the entire territory . . . all people . . . for the Kingdom of God!

A new way
to **look** at
ministry...

The pastors equip

The laity is
empowered
to minister

For information, call
1-800-ALL-PLNT
Early rates available until June 1

When We Feel Like Dirt

Why is this ancient story still so relevant?



BY JENNIFER JILL SCHWIRZER

LEARNING TO LOVE YOURSELF IS THE greatest love of all." That was the theme of the song that launched Whitney Houston's career. Do you agree with that?

I like Whitney's voice, but I have to disagree with her doctrine. I have never been able to learn to love myself. My self-worth was restored only when I saw that Jesus loved me. The love of Jesus is the greatest love of all.

Because I meet with so many people, especially women who have what we would call "low self-esteem," I've been very interested in how the gospel restores human self-worth. One little-known person featured in the Old Testament makes this clear, and his story points the way to healing of the mind. His name is Mephibosheth.*

Crippled

The first time Mephibosheth appears he is a toddler. King Saul and his son Jonathan are killed in a battle with the Philistines, and the survivors of the family of Saul know that it is time to run. David, their enemy, is about to possess the throne. In the rush to leave, little Mephibosheth is dropped by his nurse, and his feet are permanently damaged.

The next time we see him is after David has been on the throne for several years. One day the king asks, "Is there anyone left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" Ziba, a servant of Saul's house, mentions

Mephibosheth and is told to bring him in before the king.

No doubt Mephibosheth heard his death knell in the call to come before the king who was his grandfather's avowed enemy. He crumpled in fear before the throne, saying, "Here is your servant." Imagine his astonishment when David promises to restore Saul's property to him and invites him to eat regularly at the royal table.

"What is your servant, that you should regard a dead dog like me?" Mephibosheth gasps. Still, David took the fugitive in as if one of the family, wooing him to a table that would hide his deformed feet. Sitting there, he would look like everyone else.

That's What We Are

This is the gospel in story form. A crippled soul fearing death is invited into a royal family. He has no native right there. That right was forfeited by his rebellious ancestor. The crippled man is now condemned because of what his grandfather has done and because of his own personal deformity. He responds to the gracious invitation to the royal table by calling himself a dead dog. He knows that in his flesh he is worse than nothing—a flea-ridden carcass.

But the call to the table is not based on his worthiness. He goes to the table, grateful but undeserving, and becomes a fully restored member of the royal family. He is not there because he is beautiful, gifted, or charming. He is there



because the king loves him.

The Bible teaches that we are all “dead dogs”—condemned because of Adam’s sin. We no longer have a native right at the banqueting table in heaven. “One man’s trespass led to condemnation for all” (Rom. 5:18, NRSV). But on the flip side of that coin we see the restoration of *all* in Christ: “So one man’s act of righteousness leads to justification and life for all” (verse 18, NRSV).

Jesus Christ relived human history by clothing Himself in fallen human flesh and living a perfect life. In so doing, He qualified Himself to be our Saviour and High Priest (see Heb. 2:16, 17). He has the right to ask you to eat at that table with Him. Will you go? You are nothing but a dead dog in your fallen flesh, but because of Him,

and in Him, you are a royal son, a royal daughter. Your twisted feet are hidden by the table. Heaven looks at you as if you had never sinned.

The Bottom Line of the Gospel

We get one more glimpse of Mephibosheth. In it we see what the gospel does to the human heart ultimately. Many years have passed, and the Absalom debacle has forced David to flee Jerusalem. The rebellion is short-lived, however, and soon David is in the process of resuming his duties in Jerusalem.

But he’s been told by the conniving Ziba that Mephibosheth has defected with Absalom. David then proceeds to award the property of Saul to Ziba.

Imagine his surprise when Mephibosheth appears in a posture

of mourning, unshaven, unwashed, before him.

David asks, “Why did you not go with me, Mephibosheth?” At this the lame man explains that he was unable to because of his disability. David seems to believe Mephibosheth, but he has given the land to Ziba. In an effort to settle the matter once and for all, however, he says that Ziba can have half the land and Mephibosheth the other half.

But this is not Mephibosheth’s concern. He says, “Let him even take it all, since my lord the king has come safely into his own house.” In other words, “Let him have it all; I have you.”

This enamored soul cared not for his own winnings. It was enough for him that the king was reinstated to his rightful throne. This is the bottom line of the gospel at work in the heart. When we

You Are Somebody

BY ELLEN G. WHITE

Rich and poor, high and low, free and bond, are God's heritage. He who gave His life to redeem man sees in every human being a value that exceeds finite computation. By the mystery and glory of the cross we are to discern His estimate of the value of the soul. When we do this, we shall feel that human beings, however degraded, have cost too much to be treated with coldness or contempt. We shall realize the importance of working for our fellowmen, that they may be exalted to the throne of God.

The lost coin, in the Saviour's parable, though lying in the dirt and rubbish, was a piece of silver still. Its owner sought it because it was of value. So every soul, however degraded by sin, is in God's sight accounted precious. As the coin bore the image and superscription of the reigning power, so man at his creation bore the image and superscription of God. Though now marred and dim through the influence of sin, the traces of this inscription remain upon every soul. God desires to recover that soul and to retrace upon it His own image in righteousness and holiness.

The Ministry of Healing, pp. 162, 163.

finally understand who we were in Adam and who we are in Christ, we will be set free. Our own sense of value will be bound up with that of the King. Because He restored our sense of self-worth when we were nothing but dead dogs, we will love Him wholly.

"In this is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the atoning sacrifice for our sins" (1 John 4:10, NRSV). ■

* The story of Mephibosheth is found in 2 Samuel 4, 9, 16, and 19.

Jennifer Jill Schwirzer is a homemaker living in Putnam, Connecticut. She is also founder of the Michael Ministries Cooperation.



Understand?

ROSY TETZ



Do you like school? You probably do when you think about it. There are some kids in the world who can't go to school.

Do you suppose they sit around all day playing video games and watching cartoons? They don't. They hoe weeds or haul water or tie knots in a rug factory.

But school is more than an alternative to hard labor. School is a place where you can learn to understand why the moon changes, how numbers work, what words mean, and who Abraham Lincoln was.

It can be frustrating not to understand. That's why it's so important to study the Bible. God gave you the Bible so you could learn more about Him.

But there are some things in it that we find hard to understand. Take the story of Abraham and Isaac, for exam-

ple. God told Abraham to offer Isaac as a sacrifice. How could Abraham be willing to do that?

Even though he couldn't understand why God would want him to kill his son, Abraham did understand some things.

Abraham understood that God had a plan. Years before, God had called Abraham to "go to the land I will show you" (Genesis 12:1, ICB). Abraham learned that life works out best when we obey and follow God's plan.

Abraham understood that God keeps His promises. God had promised Abraham that he would have more descendants than there were stars. Abraham had to learn to be patient, but eventually he did have a son, and he knew that God always does what He says He will do.

Abraham understood that noth-

ing is too hard for God. When Abraham's wife overheard God say that she was going to have a baby at her age, she laughed. God asked, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" And then He answered, "No!" (Genesis 18:14, ICB). Abraham knew that was the truth.

Abraham didn't know how God could keep His promise about descendants like stars if Isaac was killed. But even though Abraham didn't know what God's plan was, he knew that there was one. Even though he didn't know how God would keep His promise, he knew He would keep it. Even though Abraham didn't know why God wanted him to do something that seemed impossible, he knew that with God nothing is impossible.

God stopped Abraham before he killed Isaac. And Abraham learned even more about God. He understood what it feels like to be willing to sacrifice your son.

When things happen that you don't understand, remember the things that you do understand, and go forward. We'll understand them all by and by.

BOOK

• MARK •

Guardians



Céleste perrino Walker, Pacific Press Publishing Association, Nampa, Idaho, 1997, 317 pages. US\$12.99, Cdn\$18.19, paper. Reviewed by Colleen Kelly, of Indianapolis,

Indiana. She is community relations director for the Metropolitan School District of Washington Township and video producer of the "Overview" MSDWT television show.

Guardians is the compelling sequel to *Prayer Warriors* and continues to weave together the remarkable stories of ordinary people struggling with life and their relationships to God. Prayer is their main hope as spiritual warfare rages all around them.

Author Céleste perrino Walker portrays the lives of five individuals and their families. Some surprising twists and intertwining of characters occur as her story unfolds. Walker states in an author's note, "My purpose in writing these books was to condense *The Great Controversy* into one practical idea. The battle for our wills became the plot in order that we might draw aside the curtain for a time and become aware of this battle and explore ways to become warriors in it rather than victims of it."

Ethel Bennington is one of those

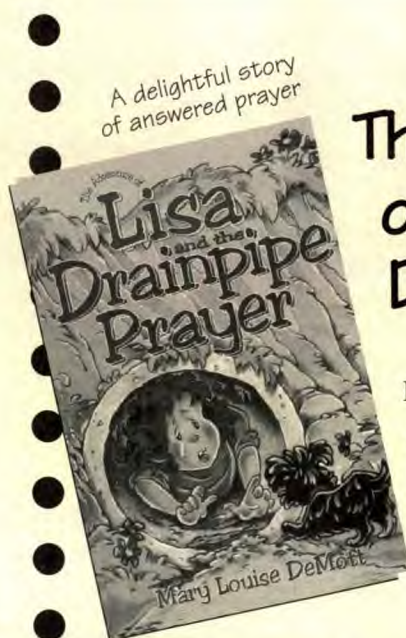
prayer warriors. Old and frail, she battles to continue living even though ill and nearing death. As she prays, streams of angels go to heaven and back to deliver her requests to Christ. Meanwhile, opposing forces and demons lurk in the background, unable to intervene.

The story moves on two levels: first, the actual characters dealing with their lives, and second, the spiritual warfare going on around them—battles between good and evil. Walker portrays the thoughts and motives of demons and angels with uncanny imagination. Even though some conversations seem realistic and others perhaps silly, she gives us a glimpse of what could be happening every day and invisible to our senses. *Guardians* can help you tune in on your thoughts and actions as you ask yourself who or what influences you—good or evil. The story encourages you to pray for help and gives you determination to receive divine guid-

ance and protection.

If you have read *Prayer Warriors*, you must read *Guardians* to find out how Billie Jo discovers secrets of Helen's past, how the African missionary suffers but survives, and how a prayer warrior successor emerges to take on Ethel's work.

Like *Prayer Warriors*, *Guardians* spotlights Satan's devices and strategies and shows us how prayer will keep us centered. Prayer is not a passive Christian device, but pivotal communication with a beneficent God who is only too willing to hold back the forces of evil on earth and launch heaven-sent hosts to our side.



The Adventure of Lisa and the Drainpipe Prayer

Introduce children to the power of prayer and trust in God with this delightful story of a little girl who gets stuck in a drainpipe. Ages 7-9. US\$7.99/Cdn\$11.49 *

Available at your Adventist Book Center.
Call 1-800-765-6955.

Visit our Review and Herald Web site at <http://www.rhpa.org>
*Add GST in Canada



fr

AU Students Seek to Save "Soul" of Alaska Town

Their architectural vision combats urban sprawl.

BY JACK STENGER, ANDREWS UNIVERSITY PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER

For outdoor enthusiasts, Palmer, Alaska, is a frontier paradise. The city of 4,000 is surrounded by snowcapped mountains, and glacier-fed rivers run through it.

For students at Andrews University, Berrien Springs, Michigan, is home. The village of 2,500 is surrounded by fruit orchards, and a meandering St. Joseph River runs through it.

More than 3,000 miles separate the two communities, but the continental distance has been bridged by 10 enterprising Andrews architecture students. Since August the fifth-year architecture class has been deeply involved in an ambitious plan to revitalize Palmer's central core.

It could be considered the ultimate class project: "How to save the soul of an Alaskan frontier city and get a good grade while doing it."

Once associated mostly with spectacular scenery and underpopulated spaces, some parts of Alaska have experienced a comparative population boom in recent years. United States Census figures show that the "Last Frontier" (a moniker proudly displayed on state license plates), has gained 60,000 citizens in the past seven years. With 250,000 residents, Anchorage, Alaska's largest city, has grown by 30,000 citizens since 1990, many of whom are recent transplants.

Their arrival has meant massive real estate and commercial development. As this development has spread, it has

transformed wide-open spaces into four-lane corridors lined with discount marts and expansive parking lots. Since Palmer is just 45 miles northeast of Anchorage, there are now fears that urban sprawl could swallow up the city's landscape.

This "strip mall effect" and a desire to avoid it prompted a group of Palmer

sold his faculty colleagues on the Palmer project. Andrews' fifth-year students could not only handle the challenge, he reasoned, but they could also get some real-world experience out of it.

For the project Bess would be assisted by Mark Moreno, assistant professor of architecture. Even though it would

mean a lot of work, students enthusiastically signed on from the start. "This was not some make-believe thing," said Randy Boersen, a fifth-year student. "This was a chance to possibly direct the future of a city."

Every year fifth-year architecture students at Andrews take on a class project. Recent projects have meant extensive urban designs for sites in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Santa Paula, California. But the Palmer plan is the most ambitious plan attempted so far, Bess said. Fifth-year plans are typically more on the theoretical side. "But this year we're getting as close to reality as we can get," Bess said.

When their school year started in September, fifth-year students poured themselves into the task. Traditionally nocturnal crawlers, the students say they were even more juiced up for the Palmer plan. "We spent a lot of late nights getting this thing ready," said student Seth Morrison.

In case they needed a reminder about the importance of their work, they quickly got one. In early October all 10 students and Bess were flown up to Alaska by PARCS to conduct a 10-day design workshop with committee



PAPER DREAMS: Though the above drawing is only paper, it symbolizes the future dreams of many Alaskans.

residents to organize. Formed under the acronym PARCS, the Palmer Arts Recreation Culture and Sports committee had a vision for their town's future: planned growth with no ugly urban sprawl.

But along with a vision, the group recognized the need for an architectural plan. Fortunately, committee member Howard Bess knew just the person to call: his son. Since 1995 architect Philip Bess has been associate director of the Andrews Division of Architecture. Bess, who teaches fifth-year studio courses, first

members and Palmer city officials.

Their arrival in town and their much-discussed Palmer plan were even written up in the city's newspaper, the *Frontiersman*. "PARCS Unveils Proposed Master Plan," an article headline read on October 15.

Since the weeklong October visit, the students worked throughout the fall quarter to give the master plan more detail. The winter quarter has been spent designing individual buildings and streetscapes that will go into the master plan. The overarching goal for Palmer is currently a dominant theme in contemporary urban design: creating more residential and commercial activity in a city core.

Unchecked growth could mean urban sprawl. In contrast, the Palmer plan envisions a walking community that utilizes the city's historical strengths. Current trends could turn



YOUNG VISIONARIES: With hard work and long hours Andrews University students created a new vision of community in Palmer, Alaska.

undeveloped acreage into contiguous real estate development. But the Palmer plan seeks to preserve the natural and agricultural character of the landscape surrounding the city.

In January, Bess and architecture student Chris Hoyt flew back to Palmer to present a more detailed mas-

ter plan to the Palmer city planning and zoning commission. For student and teacher alike, it was a reminder that architecture is not all parallel rules and computer terminals. "It's a lot more than just drawings and designs. We have to learn to sell our projects to people. In a way we have to be architects and politicians," Hoyt said.

Whether all or any of the Andrews plan will become an immediate reality is not certain. Competing interests and a need for further political discussion

likely mean the Palmer plan will outlast the academic career of students working on it.

But for the moment a group of 10 college students in Berrien Springs are working hard to ensure that the "Last Frontier" remains safe for nature lovers—and safe from too many shopping center parking lots.

NEWS BREAK

Thousands Tour Global Village on Opening Day

BY BETH SCHAEFER, A PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER FOR THE ADVENTIST DEVELOPMENT AND RELIEF AGENCY

Thousands of schoolchildren joined public and civic officials for the grand opening of the Adventist Development and Relief Agency's Global Village (AGV) at the Mall in Washington, D.C., on April 16.

At the opening, Eleanor Holmes Norton, congressional delegate for the District of Columbia, said, "I am pleased that ADRA and its sponsors have brought the world to Washington. When the president [Bill Clinton] went to Africa a few weeks ago, I don't know if he went into a mud hut, but I am thrilled that children from the District will have a chance to be in a mud hut and to experience how people live in other places."

Other visitors to the one-of-a-kind traveling, educational exhibit were Brian Atwood, United States Agency for International Development administrator; Elaine Wolfensohn, educator representing the World

Bank; and Charles T. Manatt, International Business Council chair of the D.C. Board of Trade.

AGV features 10 life-size habitats, including a Southeast Asian stilt house, an African Masai hut and a Latin American *choza*. At the 10 learning stations, visitors discovered the importance of clean water, "beasts of burden," bridges, and marketplaces. At the Pack-a-Box station, the last stop on the two- to three-hour tour, schoolchildren took direct action against the global poverty they'd just learned about.

"At Pack-a-Box they are busily packing boxes of clothes and personal hygiene items for needy children overseas," explains Casey Bahr, ADRA's director of development and education, and one of the creators of the village. "We also talk with students about what they've learned and encourage them to think about how to continue helping others."

At this event the items the children packed will go to Haiti, and as Norton happily noted in her opening speech, some of the boxes will benefit three charities in the

District of Columbia: Martha's Table, For the Love of Children, and Bailey's Making the Grade.

Almost 1,000 schoolchildren from as far as New York



A BIG SMILE PLEASE: Children from the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, Maryland, play with goats at Global Village.

What? A Dismissal Without a Scandal?

BY ANDY NASH, ADVENTIST REVIEW ASSISTANT EDITOR

Earlier this spring Russian president Boris Yeltsin fired his prime minister and all but two of his cabinet members because, said Yeltsin, they were "lacking in dynamism and initiative, fresh approaches and ideas" (*Washington Post*, Mar. 24, 1998).

It's worth repeating.

Earlier this spring Russian president Boris Yeltsin fired his prime minister and all but two of his cabinet members because, said Yeltsin, they were "lacking in dynamism and initiative, fresh approaches and ideas" (*Washington Post*, Mar. 24, 1998).

In a society in which political appointees are generally dismissed for what they *did*—lying, laundering, cheating—it is, in a weird way, refreshing to see someone dismissed for what they *didn't* do.

Not that a government shouldn't discipline employees who do wrong. It should. But it must also discipline employees who neglect to do right. By not doing so, it rewards apathy.

NEWS COMMENTARY

The same must hold for the church.

Over the years we have consistently disciplined employees who do wrong—who commit adultery, preach heresy, withhold tithe. And we should continue to show little tolerance for such trust-busters; they set the church back.

But do we also consistently discipline employees who neglect to do right—the pastor who

hasn't baptized an unchurched person in 30 years, the less-than-ambitious

administrator that hides behind an office door all day, the high-level appointee "lacking in dynamism and initiative, fresh approaches and ideas"? By not doing so, we reward apathy.

In any business—and the church is in the business of soul-winning—we must not only guard against slipping backward, but against refusing to move forward.

As President Yeltsin reminds us, there's more than one way to serve poorly.

NEWS BREAK

State also came to tour on opening day, and more than 150,000 were expected throughout the two-week event.

Adventist Elected to Indian Parliament

Kim Gangte, an Adventist who attends church in New Delhi, India, was recently elected to the Lok Sabha, India's lower house of Parliament. Gangte, a graduate of Spicer Memorial College, became the first woman to represent her home state of Manipur and is the first known Adventist to be elected to India's Parliament.

Burundi ADRA Director Murdered

Officials of the Adventist Development and Relief Agency are mourning the loss of Bent Moeller Nielsen, ADRA director for Burundi, who was shot and killed by armed bandits in Bujumbura on April 22.

Nielsen had reportedly just dropped off a colleague when he was attacked. He was shot and killed, and his vehicle was stolen. Conflicting times place the attack at 4:30 p.m. or 9:00 p.m. The vehicle was found in another part of town.

"Bent was one of our longest-serving country directors, and his tragic death is a terrible loss to the agency. Our hearts go out to the family at this sad time," said Ralph S. Watts, president of ADRA International, based in Silver

Spring, Maryland.

ADRA projects in Burundi include a camp for internally displaced persons, a clinic, a home for the disabled, and a home-rebuilding project.

Adventists Trade Ivory Towers for Community Service

Dental students in California and university faculty in Michigan recently traded their "ivory towers" for community service, underscoring the practical learning that has always been a hallmark of Adventist education.



OPEN WIDE: Dental students donated about \$20,000 of dental care to needy patients.

In a recent Clinic With a Heart program, hosted by the Loma Linda University School of Dentistry in California, 350 patients crowded into a tent for a "free-for-all" service designed for those with no access to dental care.

Run by 170 students, with 100 faculty and support staff, the program demonstrated the

Did You Know?

High Court: A City May Continue Nativity Display

The United States Supreme Court let stand a lower court decision March 9 permitting the city of Syracuse, New York, to continue its sponsorship of its annual Nativity scene in a public park.

Without comment the High Court turned away the argument of a self-described atheist that the display amounts to public endorsement of religion.

In 1995 Carol A. Elewski asked a federal judge to rule the Nativity display, which includes a banner proclaiming "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," unconstitutional. But the judge ruled against Elewski, saying the scene did not intend to convey a religious message, the Associated Press reported.

In addition to the Nativity scene, the city also permits a privately owned Hanukkah menorah to be displayed in another public park and sponsors other holiday displays, including lights, reindeer, and a snowman.

The second U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with the lower district court, saying that because the Nativity is part of a larger holiday display, it does not endorse Christianity.—*Religion News Service*.

For Your Good Health

Glorious Garlic

While your aorta naturally stiffens as you get older, a new study from Germany shows that people who consume garlic daily have up to 15 percent more elasticity than those who don't include garlic in their daily diets. And while the study's subjects consumed garlic tablets, researchers say the benefits of garlic are the same whether it's taken in pill form or in food.—*Health and Fitness News Service*.

"Herbal" Not Always Safe

If you're using an herbal weight-loss remedy as a safe alternative to the recently banned diet drug combination fen-phen, make sure your product doesn't contain ephedrine, an amphetamine-like stimulant. Ephedrine has been linked to heart attacks, strokes, seizures, and even death. It can appear on package labeling as ma huang, ephedra, epitonin, Sida cordifolia, or ephedrine.—*May Clinic Health Letter*.

—"For Your Good Health" is compiled by Larry Becker, editor of Vibrant Life, the church's health outreach journal. To subscribe, call 1-800-765-6955.

NEWS BREAK

dental school's commitment to the community. The monetary value of the donated dental services totaled almost \$20,000.

"Students volunteer their time to help in a number of ways," says Charles Goodacre, dean of the Loma Linda University School of Dentistry. "The Norton Clinic, traveling assignments around the school districts, helping migrant workers in agricultural areas, as well as helping in 82 mission clinics—these give our students meaningful experience in a wider environment."

In Michigan, faculty from Andrews University participate in direct teaching of the county's gifted children, according to Patricia Mutch, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

"Faculty in the Science, Mathematics, and Computing departments teach 125 high school students each week," says Mutch. "This is one of only a very few such programs in the country in which university lecturers are directly teaching public school students in the local community." —*Adventist News Network*.

News Notes

✓ The Adventist Communication Network has adopted a new digital satellite system. The new package includes a seven-foot-six-inch dish, receiver, automation,

and other equipment for \$1,975, plus shipping, handling, and installation.

ACN will continue to provide services to churches using the analog system at least through the end of the year 2000. Churches wishing to adapt to the new system can purchase the upgrade package for \$1,255, plus shipping, handling, and installation. For more information, call (800) ACN-1119, extension 3 or 7.

✓ **Adventist Review** editors William G. Johnsson and Roy Adams will host a special mission report at the Florida Conference electronic camp meeting at 2:30 p.m. (EDT) May 23 (Galaxy 9, channel 2).

With the theme "What One Can Do," the program features presentations from the Adventist Development and Relief Agency, Adventist World Radio, a live video segment from the *Pentecost 2000* evangelistic series in South Africa, and other mission-oriented reports.

What's Upcoming

May	23	Global Baptism Day
June	6	Bible Correspondence School emphasis
June	13	Women's Ministry Day
July	4	Vacation Witnessing Emphasis
July	18	Home Study International Day
Aug.	1	Global Mission Evangelism Day

A Parent's Love: The Passion and the Peril

A. ALLAN AND DEIRDRE MARTIN

I'm not as close to the church as my parents wish I were. But how do I convince them I still love them and that my noninvolvement is not a reflection of how they brought me up or what they did wrong? I want them to love me without pitying or pining over whether or not I will go to heaven.

Allan's reply: Yours is a difficult question, and I sense some of the anguish that both you and your parents must be feeling. A parent's love for his or her children is one of the most powerful emotions in the universe. It's one of God's ways to give us a glimpse of His potent and ever-present passion for us.

Let me address your question first by saying it is *because* of their love that your parents desire your salvation. The very idea of an eternity without you is a painful prospect—solid evidence of their love for you. So to want them to love you and not yearn for your salvation is a very difficult thing to ask any sincere and caring parent. In addition to languishing over your spiritual condition, your parents are searching themselves for what they might have done differently in your upbringing, where they might have failed to convey the importance of salvation. Here again is evidence of their love.

As long as your parents aren't looking at your decisions as a personal insult, their reactions are vivid examples of their love for you.

And I sense your love for them also. For even as you make your own decisions and choices, you want your parents to know that your love for them is still very strong. Although your relationship with the church may not be very strong, you care about your parents, and you don't want them to agonize over your future.

How do you convince them of your love while not embracing God's gift of salvation? How do you get them to love you without wanting to spend eternity with you? I don't know.

I really don't know.

Why would God place the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the Garden of Eden?

Deirdre's reply: I'm sure that your local pastor can give you a theological reason for this, and I encourage you to study this Bible topic with her or him. But since you asked, let me give you my thoughts.

I think God placed that tree in the garden because He didn't want His creatures to be robots. He didn't want to create mechanical push-button drones who just follow some uniform program. God wanted to create freethinking humans, and He loved us enough to give us a choice. That freedom to choose, as risky as it may be, provides us with the opportunity to love Him or leave Him. It's hard to have a choice with only life-bearing "love Him"

trees to eat from. For there to be real choice, there has to be a knowledge-bearing "leave Him" tree.

Having "created" my own child, I sometimes wish that I could simply tell her what to do and she would obey automatically, without question. Sometimes I, as a protective parent, wish I could make all her choices for her. But as I search my heart, I know that Alexa's thoughtless compliance would not reflect the love relationship I want to experience between us. A remote-control daughter, although intriguing, would not be as lovable as my Alexa. It's when she chooses to trust me, to obey me willingly, and to run to me, that I fully experience the love between us.

God loves us enough to give us a choice.

Send your questions about young adult life, Christian lifestyle, and Generation X culture to *The X-CHANGE*, Adventist Review, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904-6600, or via e-mail to dream_VISION_ministries@CompuServe.com.

Allan and Deirdre Martin are cofounders of *dream VISION* ministries, dedicated to empowering young people in Christian lifestyle and leadership. Visit their Web site at <http://www.tagnet.org/dvm>.



Ages 2-12

THE EARTHMAKER MYSTERIES

US\$49.99
Cdn\$72.49

An exciting Vacation Bible School series for 1998

This VBS program plunges kids into the fascinating world of nature while introducing them to its loving Creator—the Earthmaker. Bible stories and nature-related crafts, skits, songs, and games lead them to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour and have an assurance of salvation. Your starter kit includes a sample of everything you'll need to plan, promote, follow up, and run your VBS.

- Planbook
- Step-by-step program guide
- Bible learning guides and activity books for beginner, kindergarten, primary, and junior
- Large, full-color wall poster
- Kindergarten/primary and junior interactive black-and-white poster

These Review and Herald products are available
at your local Adventist Book Center.

Call 1-800-765-6955

Starter kits are also available for:

Friends Forever (friendship)

Children discover friendship skills and a close relationship with Jesus.

Jesus' Kids in the Kitchen (healthy choices)

Children learn how special they are to God and how to care for their body temple.

The Missing Ingredient on *Seinfeld*

*Jerry said it was a show about “nothing.”
Considering that God was never in the story, he’s probably right.*

BY DAVID B. SMITH

IT WAS THE LAMENT ON THE COVER OF *People* magazine—and also of millions of viewers all around the world: “Say It Ain’t So!” But it was so, and comedian Jerry Seinfeld announced last December that the NBC hit television program that was famously about “nothing” would be coming to an end. Grieving fans counted down to the May 14 deadline when Jerry, Elaine, George, and the wild-haired Kramer would bicker in Monk’s corner café for the very last time.

For nine years and 178 episodes these four single, confused, disturbed, wacky, paranoid—and admittedly very funny—New Yorkers have ruled the airwaves on Thursday nights. But what is there that God’s people can learn from a sitcom like *Seinfeld*?

Admittedly, out of 32 million viewers, many are also faithful church attendees each weekend; in fact, the Christian magazine *Leadership*, in the summer 1997 issue, ran a cartoon in which a pastor in the pulpit is doing a little comedy routine of his own. “Do you ever wonder what the food is going to be like in heaven?” he asks. “I wonder if

they serve deviled eggs. Since we’ll probably have wings, maybe they’ll give us airline food!” The caption reads: “Pastor Larry had been watching too much *Seinfeld*.”

There’s no denying that these four people represent the hot demographic in network television today. They’re young; they’re single. They’re angst-ridden and hung up about a million things. They’re city dwellers who have to buzz their friends into the building and who trade keys with each other. Every week it’s one social crisis after another. They pick every relationship to death. Their lives are ruled by self and the desire to please self. And of course Jerry, the creative force behind the program, is—in his own words—“thin, single, and neat,” with all the advantages. But there’s one thing he isn’t, and that’s religious. God isn’t there much on Thursday nights.

What’s Missing?

All of us who stop to think about this God-absent media phenomenon have to concede immediately the obvious question. Is Jerry Seinfeld—and you can take your pick of either the TV character or the hugely successful actor with the same name—missing anything? Now, it’s not our place to judge what the real Jerry has decided to do about God or about His Son Jesus Christ, but the real Jerry has been picking up more than \$1 million an episode for each half-hour sitcom he’s in. In 1997 alone he tucked into his wallet something like \$94 million. In front of his Hollywood house there are not one but three Porsches. And if that doesn’t seem so impressive, just add on 60 more cars that he

owns. That's right. Sixty cars, all belonging to Jerry Seinfeld, parked in a warehouse in Santa Monica.

So does this person need God? Can I, with a straight face, announce on the *Voice of Prophecy*: "Jerry, you'd have a better life as a born-again Christian; you'd be happier if you got down on your knees, confessed you're a sinner, and joined my church"?

NBC, desperate to keep its "must-see TV" lock on Thursday nights, recently offered Seinfeld a whopping \$5 million *per episode* if he'd go one more year with the show. This past year the other three actors, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Jason Alexander, and Michael Richards, had just moved up to the "big leagues" themselves, getting \$600,000 each per show, with millions more if they could have persuaded their leader to keep being funny through 1999. And all of this without going to church, paying tithe, or acknowledging God as the giver of all good things. These people seem to have made it to the top without any need for heaven's help along the way.

And yet the observant person who watches even a few episodes might notice what Tom Shales, writer for the *Washington Post*, wisely picked up. He gives the program high marks, calling it an all-time classic right up there with *I Love Lucy* and *All in the Family*. But then he says: "*Seinfeld* is about the human condition. And the human condition is basically a mess."

And this is the core lesson we can learn as the last few episodes of *Seinfeld* slip into syndication. Sure, it's funny stuff. People laugh because they're laughing at themselves and their own warts and worries. But when God isn't in the equation, life is basically a meaningless collection of episodes. It's

many half hours stitched together, with lessons you never quite learn, happiness you never quite find, fulfillment that never quite arrives, parties that don't quite satisfy, friends who usually don't stay. And there's always an end to ratings and to the headlines

you love prepare to live lives that last for eternity. Everything you do has meaning—it counts—because it's all shaping an everlasting destiny.

There's an Old Testament passage

that actually describes the cast of *Seinfeld*, believe it or not. People who, deep down, are scared and lonely; people who are afraid of real enemies, not just the psychological sitcom bug-bears out there. Here's their endless curse:

"Your lives will hang in doubt. You

will live night and day in fear, and will have no reason to believe that you will see the morning light. In the morning you will say, 'Oh, that night were here!' And in the evening you will say, 'Oh, that morning were here!'" (Deut. 28:66, 67, TLB).

In other words, perfect fulfillment and happiness are always the other thing, not the thing you have.

That morning-evening lament certainly has to describe the romantic relationships of George Costanza. Whenever he's dating a girl, he's immediately looking to get out of the relationship. "This is terrible, Jerry! I'm stuck!" But finally he sees his way clear to freedom. And you hear that cry of exultation: "I'm out, baby! I'm finally out!" Which is followed maybe two minutes later by the realization: "But wait a minute! Now I'm alone! How could I have been so stupid? She was everything! Jerry, give me the phone; I've got to call her back and grovel. Yes sir, some major groveling is coming up."

That's the story of George Costanza's life: in wanting to get out; out wanting



THE CAST OF SEINFELD: Michael Richards, Jason Alexander, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, and Jerry Seinfeld.

and even to the money. Without God, all of those things really are going to run out in the end. When the lights go out at the end of life, you can't take your Emmys and your Porsches with you.

What About the Rest of Us?

But maybe that's oversimplifying. After all, Christians lurch from one crisis to another too. God's people stumble in their relationships just as George Costanza does. They have messy breakups and painful divorces too. We all know that.

But in the Christian faith there's Someone with you who outlasts all that. There's a big picture, a divine plan, in which your birth on this planet counts because God paid an incredible price for you. The small deeds you do—raising your kids, driving them to soccer practice, putting a Band-Aid on their scrapes and scratches—may seem trivial in a sitcom world. But in God's eyes they all add up as you and those

The "Seinfelding" of Adventist Preaching

By Kermit Netteburg, NORTH AMERICAN DIVISION
COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR

Seinfeld wanders out of prime-time television this month, except, of course, for the reruns, which will be as omnipresent as God, though not nearly as long-lasting. The series will receive television's highest praise: \$2 million per commercial.

We'll miss Jerry, George, Elaine, and Kramer. They've become our imaginary friends. Meeting at Monk's café for lunch, wandering in and out of Jerry's apartment, but never out of each other's lives.

Seinfeld was the comedy of daily life. Ellen DeGeneres came out of the closet and announced her homosexuality. Jerry came out of the bedroom and announced that he was going to be late for an appointment.

There's some similarity here to changes we've seen in

Adventist preaching over the past 25 years. Sermons now focus on daily life. We preach about marriage and the family, not Armageddon and apostasy.

"Seven Tips on How to Have a Better Monday" is more likely to be a sermon topic in the 1990s than it was in the 1950s.

Is this good or bad? Both. It's important to know how godly living affects life on the job. We struggle with raising our kids, finding meaning in the "rat race," loving our neighbors when we don't even know their first names. Those are important parts of Christian living, and our preaching must speak to those issues.

It's also important for Adventists to know the prophetic faith that created this church. Jesus is coming soon! That changes how I live at work. That creates meaning in our daily lives.

Jerry and the gang are leaving us. I hope the sermons on daily life won't stop, but that they'll include what our prophetic faith has to say about Tuesday's "rat race."

Maybe a sermon entitled: "Living Your Faith in the Third Millennium."

to get in. Never happy; never secure. Always knowing that his life has a missing piece, but he just can't figure out what it is.

We also find a *Seinfeld* essay of sorts in the second chapter of Ecclesiastes. It was written by someone who was on the top of the Nielsen charts just as surely as the four *Seinfeld* millionaires from NBC. Notice how King Solomon hit it big-time as well:

"I tried cheering myself with wine, and embracing folly. . . . I wanted to see what was worthwhile for men to do under heaven during the few days of their lives. I undertook great projects: I built houses for myself and planted vineyards. I made gardens and parks and planted all kinds of fruit trees in them. . . . I bought male and female slaves and had other slaves who were born in my house. I also owned more herds and flocks than anyone in Jerusalem before me. [Those were the Porsche collections of Solomon's day.] I amassed silver and gold for myself, and the treasure of kings and provinces. I acquired men and women singers, and a harem as well—the delights of the heart of man" (Eccl. 2:3-8, NIV).

Well, this guy's on a roll. But here's a bit more: "I became greater by far than anyone in Jerusalem before me. . . . I

denied myself nothing my eyes desired; I refused my heart no pleasure. My heart took delight in all my work, and this was the reward for all my labor" (verses 9, 10, NIV).

This is the Jerry Seinfeld of 950 B.C. He's got a condo in Manhattan and a mansion in Beverly Hills. But the next sentence, verse 11, is absolutely shattering. Listen up, Jerry and George and Elaine and Kramer:

"Yet when I surveyed all that my hands had done and what I had toiled to achieve, everything was meaningless, a chasing after the wind; nothing was gained under the sun" (NIV).

All that money—meaningless. All the limo rides—meaningless. The headlines, the acceptance speeches on Emmy night, the chance to host the Oscars—meaningless. The millions and millions of dollars piled up—in the end, meaningless.

And those who have watched the exploits of these four comedians know how true those words ring. Without God somewhere—anywhere—in the mix, these people never really learn to care about anything other than themselves.

Getting Down to Basics

The Jerry character goes from one relationship to another, one pretty and

single female candidate after another, but none of them ever stay. They break up with him or he with them. And over what? One because she stabbed her peas with her fork one at a time. Another one got the ax because she liked a Dockers television commercial that Jerry thought was stupid. Finally, in a telling moment, Jerry's friend Elaine listens in amazement as he spouts off about yet another failed relationship. Elaine shakes her head: "You know," she tells him, "every time I think you can't possibly get any shallower, you scoop a little more water out of the pool."

Even in the real Jerry's stand-up routines, he admits to the emptiness of his romantic relationships. Men are scared that women won't be impressed with what they do for a living, he suggests. "That's why we make up those phony, bogus names for the jobs we have. 'Well, right now, I'm the regional management supervisor. I'm in development, production, consulting . . .'" According to *Seinfeld*, guys who work at the drive-up window at McDonald's tell pretty girls that they have a high-level job as a "vehicular nutritionist."

And of course, bonds between two men are even more tenuous, as the fictional Jerry, George, and Kramer

endlessly demonstrate. In Seinfeld's own words: "All plans between men are tentative. If one man should suddenly have an opportunity to pursue a woman, it's like these two guys never met each other in life. This is the male code."

And as philosophies go, what we see on Thursday evenings at 9:00 has been tried before. King Solomon had it all: the girlfriends, the money, the fame, and the fun. But in the end he found it was all meaningless. Several times every year we read in the papers that a certain very famous person, big in business or politics or rock-and-roll music, has put a bullet in their own brain. Because royalty checks and one-night stands in a Caesar's Palace penthouse suite can last only so long. Never long enough.

In the book of Ecclesiastes, which reads as though it came right out of *Variety* or the *Hollywood Reporter*, this playboy named Solomon finally gets down to the bottom line. In the final

chapter he looks back at his own mess, and maybe anticipates the thin prosperity of Jerry Seinfeld:

"Remember your Creator in the days of your youth"—the sixth-richest entertainer in the world is only 43, so he's still relatively young—"before the days of trouble come and the years approach when you will say, 'I find no pleasure in them'" (Eccl. 12:1, NIV).

It's only when one remembers the Creator, builds a career, amasses whatever wealth comes along, with a loving God at the very center of her or his existence, that life has real meaning.

Jerry Seinfeld's mother is an 83-year-old widow living in South Florida, Florida. She tells *People* magazine that her son is probably going to enjoy not working for a while, but everybody knows this creative genius isn't just going to retire and count his money . . . not for long. There are big careers still out there for Seinfeld and for Julia

Louis-Dreyfus, Jason Alexander (who's probably bound for Broadway), and Michael Richards, if he can plaster down his hair a bit. Career-wise, these four are still "in their youth."

It's certainly not too late for any of them to remember their Creator and go on to show us some new material that, for a change, is about something. Better yet, make that Someone. ■

Based on *Can Jerry Seinfeld Make It Into Heaven?* a weeklong *Voice of Prophecy* radio series that aired March 30-April 4, 1998.

David B. Smith is writer/producer for the *Voice of Prophecy* radiobroadcast. He lives in Newbury Park, California.



GIANTS FOR GOD

Save US\$10! *H.M.S. Richards*

A biography of this beloved pioneer radio evangelist written by Bob Edwards, long-time member of Richards' own King's Heralds. 0-8280-1332-2.

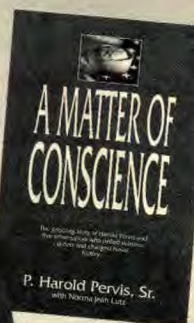
Hardcover. Reg. US\$24.99, Cdn\$35.99.

Special introductory price,

US\$14.99, Cdn\$21.49

Jack: An Incredible Life

Forced into a Nazi labor camp at 14, Jack Blanco faced one tumultuous experience after another. Only God could develop this disillusioned, religion-hating man into a respected theologian and author of the best-selling Bible paraphrase *The Clear Word*. By Jolena Taylor King. 0-8280-1324-1. Paperback, US\$10.99, Cdn\$15.99.



A Matter of Conscience: Court-martialed for his faith

The gripping story of Harold Pervis and five other sailors who defied wartime orders regarding Sabbath observance and changed Naval history. By P. Harold Pervis, Sr., with Norma Jean Lutz.

0-8280-1087-0. Paperback, US\$9.99, Cdn\$14.49.



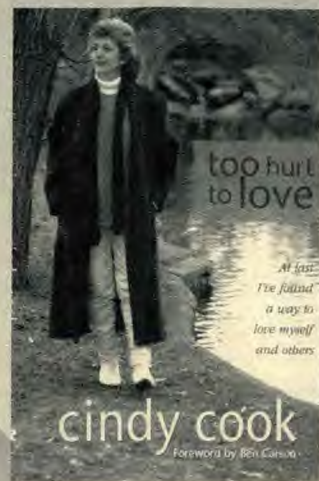
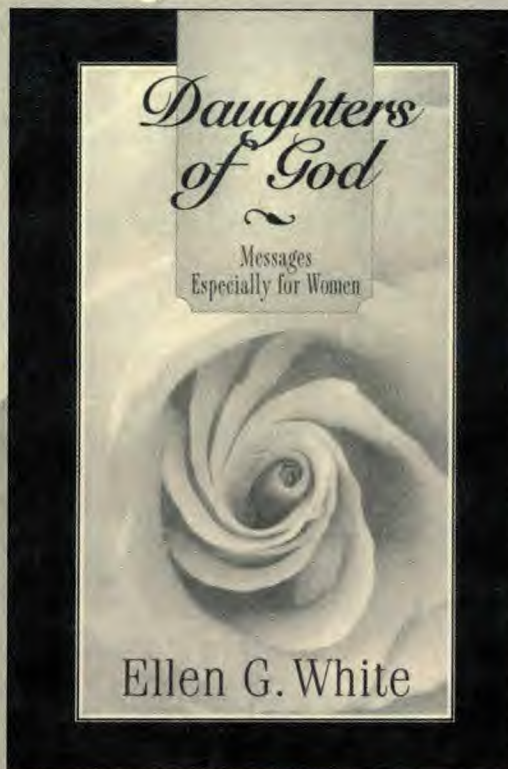
These Review and Herald books are available at your local Adventist Book Center. Call 1- 800-765-6955.

Prices and availability subject to change. Add GST in Canada. Visit us at www.rhpa.org.

Especially for Women

Daughters of God

This compilation brings together significant portions of Ellen White's messages especially for women. 0-8280-1358-6. Hardcover. Reg. US\$14.99, Cdn\$21.49. Special introductory offer, US\$12.99, Cdn\$18.99.



Too Hurt to Love

Cindy Cook's story of how God freed her to love and trust brings hope and healing to hurting women. 0-8280-1293-8. Paperback, US\$10.99, Cdn\$15.99.

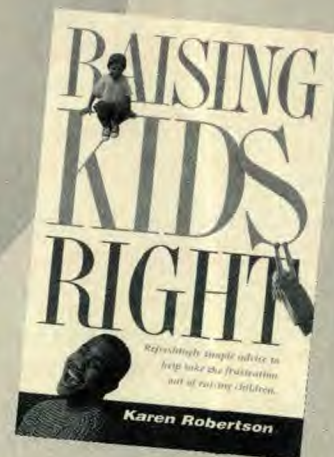
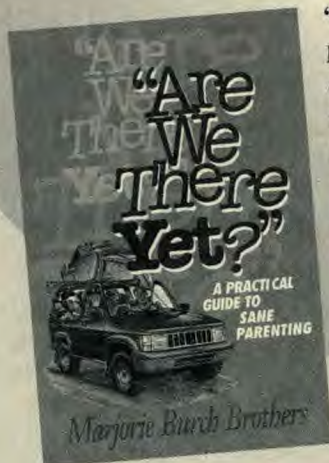


Get Organized!

Stressed? Nancy Van Pelt's *Get Organized!* can get you on top of things! It includes a personal daily planner, five-minute pickup plan, appointment tracking system, easy menu planning, tips for cleaning like a pro, and 40 ways to stop and smell the roses. 0-8280-1327-6. Paperback, US\$12.99, Cdn\$18.99.

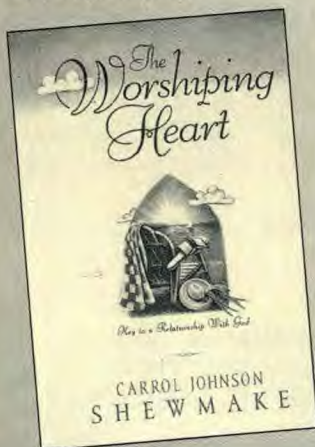
"Are We There Yet?"

Marjorie Burch Brothers offers easy-to-understand suggestions for parenting. Topics include helping your child get along with others, teaching responsibility, tactics for tantrums, leading a child to know and love God, and much more. 0-8280-1286-5. Paperback, US\$10.99, Cdn\$15.99.



Raising Kids Right

Taking you step by step, from the wake-up call to the evening prayer, *Raising Kids Right* helps parents of school-age children do the "right things" to raise healthy, happy kids. By Karen Robertson. 0-8280-1295-4. Paperback, US\$8.99, Cdn\$12.99.



The Worshipping Heart

Carol Johnson Shewmake helps you enjoy a more meaningful worship experience and deeper intimacy with God. 0-8280-1297-0. Paperback, US\$8.99, Cdn\$12.99.

To request a women's catalog, call your Adventist Book Center.

These **IR** Review and Herald products are available at your local Adventist Book Center. Call 1-800-765-6955.

Prices and availability subject to change. Add GST in Canada.
Visit us at www.rhpa.org

Getting Away

Some snapshots stick in your brain. I remember my dad standing in front of the TV in the living room. Cradling his head in his hands, he covered his eyes and slowly rotated his torso. Mostly I remember him moaning, "My son . . . is a moron. My son . . . is a moron."

I had just informed Dad that I would be hitchhiking across the country with my friend Don, who was also a freshman in college. We were ready, as we had read a book about hitchhiking. Though confetti might have been a bit much, Dad's mantra was not the send-off I had hoped for. I laughed about his comment. He did not seem all that amused.

Anyway, I wanted to get away. Away from coaches who screamed and swore. From pointless droning classes. From insane living in an athletic dorm. From a mind-numbing, soul-shriveling summer job at a Sunkist factory. From the suffocating smog. From life's sameness. I *needed* to get away.

So we left on August 10 from Ontario, California. We traveled across to Washington, D.C., up to Montreal and back. I dropped off Don at Kearney (pronounced CAR-nee) State College in Nebraska and returned home September 10.

I can still recount each day of the trip. The day I left Don I caught a 1,400-mile ride with a student from New York headed for Stanford. I've forgotten his name, but I remember his dog, Azdak, which lay across the top of the front seat and skittered off each time we stopped or started. I helped drive, and we slept in the car outside Elko, Nevada. Azdak got the top bunk.

I remember sleeping on a sidewalk outside a corporation in Rockville, Maryland, and waking as suited businesspeople showed for work. Feeling grit in my eyes after an afternoon of New York City. Folk dancing in a public square one evening in Montreal. Wondering where the falls were on a foggy, roaring Niagara night and abruptly, unexpectedly peering over the boiling, tumbling waters. Kind strangers of every stripe going out of their normal paths to cart and deposit us where we wished.

I'm not recommending hitchhiking; Dad's discomfort was justified. And I recall something else distinctly. Though I traveled 7,000 miles, I never got away. Everywhere I went I carried along my greatest frustration, my deepest regret—myself. My lack of

focus, my impure thoughts, my laziness. I could never truly get away, because wherever I went, there I was.

After my Christian conversion years later, I realized that *we can get away only as the Way gets in us*. Freed from ourselves, we become ourselves. Dying daily, we live abundantly in the thrall of peace.



I remember squatting in the hospital corridor outside the room where Dad had just died. He had been dying for weeks—no, years—yet I was unprepared. The cancer had consumed his kidneys, and he had said no to dialysis. Our family—his wife of 35 years, two sons, two daughters, two grandchildren, my younger son (not yet 3 months)—clustered about his bed and laughed and watched home movies and talked and watched him slowly die. My sisters bathed his yellowing skin with a

sponge. I prayed with him. He croaked, "Take care of this family forever." This to his son, the moron.

For some reason we allowed him to be taken to the hospital at the very end. I sat beside my father—my honest, intelligent, giving, witty father—and listened to his rasping breaths until he breathed no more. I notified the nurse and went out to the corridor as staff rushed by me. I wanted to get away, and I knew I could not.

It wasn't the send-off I had hoped for. As a son I had lost my father. I thought later of the Father who had lost His Son.

Life trips us down, kicks us with heavy boots, and laughs. The Son of man showed that true Christians get disappointed, gored, betrayed. We long to get away, to have this cup taken from us, and in truth, whether we escape to the Catskills, British Columbia, or Cancun, we cannot fully get away.

I look forward to when we catch the ultimate ride with the Way. He reaches out His arm to open the door, beckons us in, smiles, and says, "Let's go."

Chris Blake teaches at Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska.



The Fountain of Life

BY K. L. BASSFORD

asking in the shadow of the Big Horn Mountains is a small farming community surrounded by fields of sugar beets and barley. From the outskirts of Worland, Wyoming, cattle ranches scatter themselves far and wide. Yet just a few miles away are areas of dry rocky buttes, sagebrush, and alkali known as badlands.

Although Worland thrives as an agricultural community, the badlands remind us that it is located in a desert. If not for the expansive network of irrigation canals flowing from the Buffalo Bill Reservoir near Cody, the crops would wither and die, and the land would soon return to the desert from which it was carved.

Small and homey, Worland has that atmosphere of rustic friendliness so often found in small Western towns that represents the wholesome goodness of American life at its best. Residents are comfortable here; everyone knows each other. It is a place where neighbors look after one another, and doors are seldom locked.

With a population of less than 6,000, downtown Worland, quite naturally, is small. The full-color brochure of the Big Horn Mountains that you picked up over in Cody refers to the town as "authentically Western." Tourists smile their sophisticated city smiles and call it rustic and quaint, even as they glance at their watches and wonder what's on up the road. There is more to see "on up the road," certainly. But not until you've discovered the treasure contained in Worland.

At the corner of Big Horn Avenue and Tenth Street, next to the county courthouse, stands a rock fountain, one of those friendly Western gestures that reflect the fact that the passing of time has been of but little concern to Worland. Clear and cold, the continually bubbling water is always ready to refresh the thirsty passerby. Pure, fresh, and clean, it's not the kind of purified or chlorinated water served in the city, for the fountain is fed by a 4,330-foot-deep artesian well.

A natural well nearly a mile deep! Amazing! But what is even more amazing is that the well is located 23 miles away from Worland. Since I discovered it, I never pass through Worland without taking a drink, whether I'm thirsty or not. And when I do, I always marvel at the fact that my lips are drawing up water from so far down in the depths of the earth.

I stand in awe as I drink my fill, and I walk away refreshed and oddly pleased.

A simple thing. A stone fountain sitting on a street corner in a little desert town, and yet a thing so totally extraordinary. Tourists travel hundreds, even thousands, of miles to stand in awe at the geysers in Yellowstone National Park, 160 miles away, and yet here on a street corner in Worland, Wyoming, stands a monument so totally impressive and so wonderfully unique. An attraction that is

*I drink my fill,
and I walk away
refreshed.*

completely overlooked, and almost entirely unknown.

Standing on the street corner in Worland, drinking from the fountain, reminds me of a passage contained within the pages of my favorite book of poetry:

*How precious is Thy lovingkindness, O God,
So the children . . . take refuge in the shadow of Thy wings! . . .
Thou shalt give them to drink of the stream of Thy delights;
for with Thee is the fountain of life.*

—Ps. 36:7-9, MLB

Very often it's the simple things in life, such as a stone fountain on a street corner, that cause us to stop dead in our tracks and remember how wonderful is our God. We are tourists, traveling through the unknown and barren desert of life. Lost in the tourist traps, we are in desperate need of a guide who knows the territory and is able to point out the lovely spots, the quiet spots, the meaningful spots. If we stand on the street corner and take the time to listen, He directs us to the fountain where His goodness bubbles up like an artesian well in the desert of our withered souls. We drink, and the tourist traps we once thought so necessary to our lives, so meaningful, are pulled back into perspective. We drink, and we are refreshed. Renewed. For "with Thee" there is a "fountain of life." ■

K. L. Bassford is the library director for the Idaho State Correctional Institution and writes from Boise, Idaho.



VITA-MIX'S® 4 QUICK 'N EASY STEPS TO BETTER HEALTH!

C
O
O
K

Fresh Ingredients



Fresh, wholesome vegetables and herb seasonings contain powerful antioxidants & therapeutic phytochemicals.

Preparation Time



No dyes, nitrates, excess salt or harmful chemical additives in this soup. You can't buy soup this wholesome in a can.

Processing Time



The 5000's power and blade speed heats a 1/2 gallon of soup to piping hot in a matter of minutes.

Total Time



Delicious, savory soups supply health-promoting fibers and critical nutrients which strengthen your immune system.

J
U
I
C
E



25% of modern medicines occur naturally in fruits & vegetables. Eating 5 servings daily can lower risk of disease.



Unlike extracted juices, Vita-Mix Total Juice contains the health-promoting fibers that help detoxify your body.



Vita-Mix blades liberate nutrients and phytochemicals that extractors & blenders can't—for increased bioavailability.



Total Juice is a nutritious replacement for coffee and soda. What an easy way to consume cholesterol-lowering foods!

F
R
E
E
Z
E



With the 5000 you are in control of the ingredients that go into ice cream—nutritious fruits, low-fat yogurts and nuts.



Fast, nutritious, home-made ice cream never existed...until the Vita-Mix Super 5000 made it possible.



"I made ice cream first because I didn't believe it could freeze in 30 seconds. But it did!"
—M.H., Missouri



Vita-Mix ice cream is low-fat or nonfat, low-calorie, nutritionally better than most breakfasts and the best you ever tasted!

G
R
I
N
D



Whole grains (wheat, oats, etc.) deliver critical nutrients that your body needs for total health.



Can refined flours (missing up to 96% of certain nutrients) nourish your body like the real thing?



In 90 seconds, the Super 5000 grinds two cups of grain into pastry-fine flour, then mixes batters.



Super-healthy pancakes are scrumptious. The Super 5000 makes cereals & kneads bread dough.

The Vita-Mix does all this and so much more with no attachments! Clean up is a snap: just add 2 quarts of water and 2 drops of soap to the container, secure the lid, turn on machine, and it self cleans!

Discover How!—Call 1-800-VITAMIX, (1-800-848-2649) and speak to a Vita-Mix Specialist or write for a **FREE Brochure! Vita-Mix, Dept. ADV0598, 8615 Usher Road, Cleveland Ohio 44138.**

1998 VOICE OF PROPHECY

Holy Land Tour

Hosted by Lonnie and Jeannie Melashenko
with Bob and Sharon Edwards
& Joe and Anne Melashenko

11-Day Tour – September 6-16, 1998

with Optional Extension to Eilat, Sinai, and Jordan



Come walk with us where Jesus walked! Our tour is limited to only 99 people (two tour buses) and is rapidly filling up. This life-changing trip features five-star deluxe accommodations and excellent Israeli tour guides – plus our own Voice of Prophecy staff who will attend to your every need. Request your free color brochure and tour application today by calling 800-429-5700.

Tour price: \$2149. Includes round trip airfare from New York, five-star accommodations, full Israeli breakfast and dinner daily, complete sightseeing program and entrance fees on itinerary, all transfers, portorage at airport and hotels, tips for driver and guide. Extension tour: \$799.

Voice of Prophecy Box 53055 Los Angeles, CA 900