

The Journal

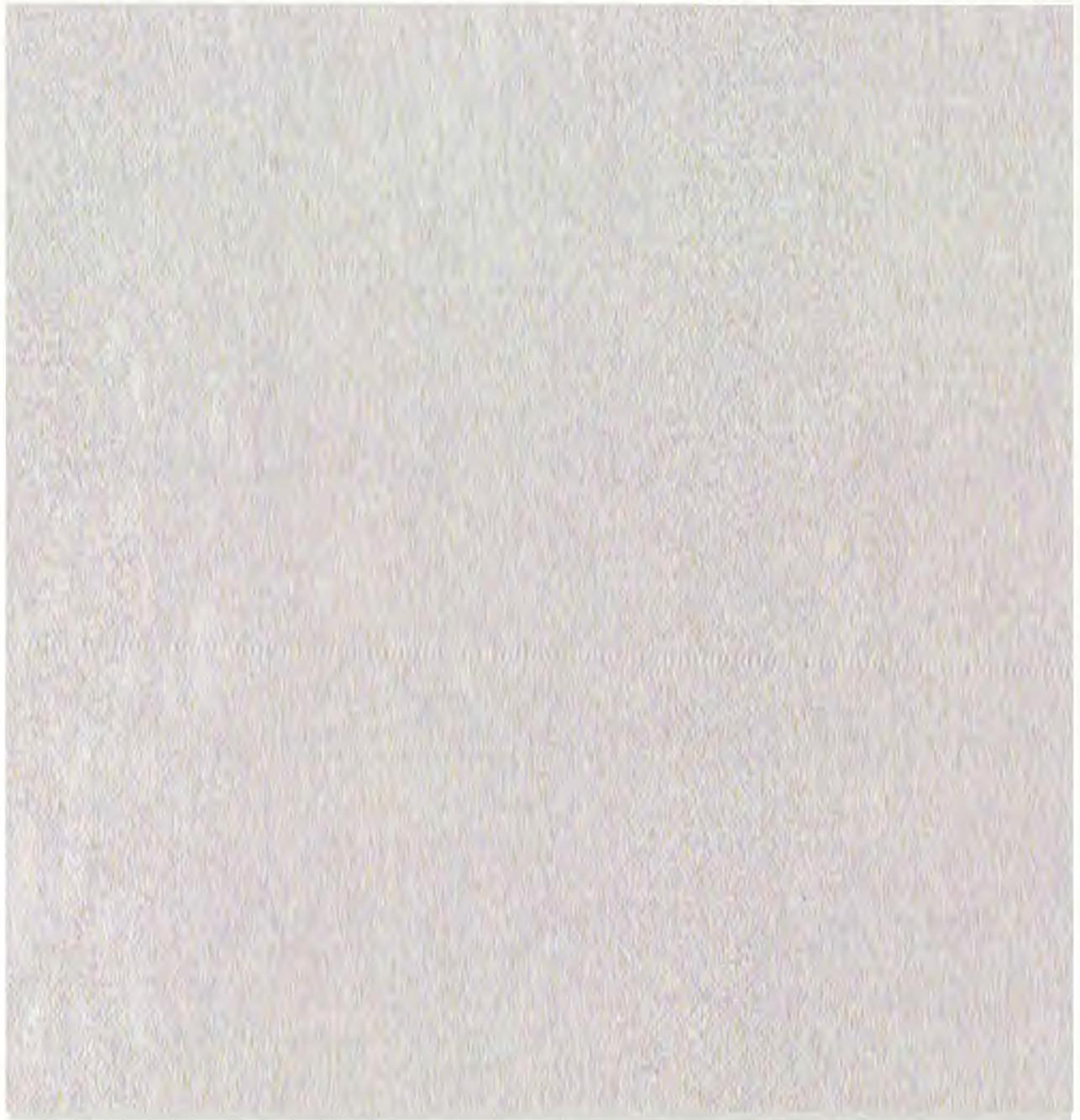


A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES

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The Journal

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Editor's Musings

We moved awhile back. Part of getting settled is reassembling the grandfather clock. Until that is done, it just doesn't seem like home. The Westminster Chimes are a soothing and welcoming sound. But this time, something was wrong. The pendulum would not hang properly. Jim and I finally decided we needed "professional" help. We called our friends Gary and Rae to the rescue. Gary's hobby is clocks. So we "struck" a deal—I would cook supper for all of us and he would fix the clock. Quickly, he discovered a little broken piece, handcrafted a replacement, and had it properly repaired. The pendulum began to swing back and forth and the familiar sound of ticking filled the kitchen. Gary and Rae departed and the pendulum stopped. We started it. It stopped. Gary came back. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the clock. Each morning in frustration I started the pendulum. Minutes later, it stopped. Weeks went by and one day I stood looking at the clock. What was wrong? Suddenly, I tilted my head. The clock was not level. It was not balanced. It leaned just slightly to the right. Quickly, I got down and began rotating the levelers at the base. The clock stood straight. I started the pendulum. That was several months ago. The pendulum is still swinging in perfect time, the chimes now sound their familiar welcome, and the kitchen seems whole again. I won't pontificate—you get the point. Balance. Sometimes I don't tick right because I am simply out of balance. What about you?

God bless you all.

The Journal A SHEPHERDESS

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A Pastor's Wife's Identity Crisis



Jean Coleman

Jean and her husband, Jack, are co-pastors of The Tabernacle, an International Christian Center located in Laurel, Maryland. She has a deep love for pastors' wives, and her monthly letter, *The Pastor's Helpmate* is widely distributed to these dedicated women who serve the church so faithfully. The Colemans travel thousands of miles every year carrying the gospel. Their hearts have been especially linked together with the nation of India where their church has a school and two orphanages.



Do you ever wonder just where you fit into the church picture? How is it that a pastor's wife can play such a major role in the church but yet not merit a place on the organizational chart?

For years I struggled with a real identity crisis in the church. Don't misunderstand me, there was never a problem with knowing who I was in Christ. I was secure in my identity as a child of God. I knew I was an ambassador of Jesus Christ, a new creature accepted in the Beloved, an overcomer and all those good things that are so clearly spelled out in black and white in the Bible. But my identity in the church was another matter entirely. There did not seem to be any written job description for the pastor's wife.

Jack and I had always been a team in ministry. For years we held prayer meetings in our home where Jack led the meeting and I led the worship. Nearly every weekend we were on the road, side by side, sharing the gospel up and down the east coast. It was a joint ministry in the truest sense of the word. We even did team teaching, standing together in the pulpit and moving as equals in ministry.

Then we started the church ministry and suddenly I was cast into the role of pastor's wife. I still worked at Jack's side as a co-laborer, carrying my share of the load. On the surface nothing had changed. I found myself teaching the adult Bible study, leading worship, organizing Sunday school and nursery, writing the weekly bulletin and monthly newsletter, counseling the women, attending leadership meetings, confidently making decisions and even running tapes.

But I started to question who I was. It was not an easy time in my Christian walk as I struggled to adjust to my new identity. It was obvious who Jack was. He was the pastor. But I had been delegated to something called the pastor's wife, a nameless entity who walked in the shadow of her husband. I actually was a real enigma to everyone. The church had elders, deacons and Jack's wife. Even the congregation was at a loss as to how to describe me and my role in the church.

I suppose the identity crisis came to a head when my husband had new business cards made. In the past, our cards always had "Jack and Jean

Coleman" engraved on the front. But the new card simply read, "Jack Coleman, Pastor."

Where had my name gone? I can still vividly recall that day nearly seventeen years ago as I sat on the couch with the new card in my hand, trying to reconcile the fact that my name was no longer included on our ministry card. I felt like I had been banished from the kingdom. Jack was the pastor, but who was I?

I suppose the expression on my face gave me away. "Do you want me to have a card made for you too, honey?" Jack asked. "What do you want it to say?"

I pondered his question for a few moments, vainly trying to come up with an answer. "I really don't know what the card should say," I finally replied. "What is my position in the church?"

My question was met with silence, and although my husband didn't have the answer to my question, I was confident that God did. For several days I spent time in fervent prayer seeking the Lord. Finally He spoke, but instead of a cut and dry answer, the Lord responded by asking me some very pertinent questions:

1. Why is having your name on a business card so important to you?
2. Does it bother you to walk in the shadow of your husband?
3. Is your identity dependent on a title or job description?
4. Do you feel unimportant if you are unnoticed?
5. Whose glory are you seeking?

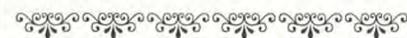
His questions had the desired effect of breaking my heart, and revealed a lot of hidden pride that I never knew existed. In all honesty, I had to admit that I didn't like playing the outfield. My preference was to be in the batter's box or standing on the pitcher's mound. My attitude was that I was as good as my husband, as smart as my husband, worked as

hard in the ministry as my husband, was as called as my husband and deserved the same acclaim as my husband. I didn't like being in a subservient position where he got all the glory and I was virtually ignored. Nor did I like walking in Jack's shadow—a shadow that kept me out of the limelight.

And there was more. I also had to confess that I hated the label of pastor's wife where I was forced to



I realized there was an ugly Pharisee living inside of me, one who was seeking the glory for herself! I had a glimpse of the hidden Pharisee who delighted in titles and recognition and position. Instead of the servant, I wanted to be the master. Instead of the subject, I wanted to be the ruler.



draw my identity from my relationship with Jack. It was an offense to me when I was introduced to someone as the pastor's wife. I wanted to be recognized as me—as Jean—not as the pastor's wife.

My eyes were opened to the truth, and I realized there was an ugly Pharisee living inside of me, one who was seeking the glory for herself! I

had a glimpse of the hidden Pharisee who delighted in titles and recognition and position. Instead of the servant, I wanted to be the master. Instead of the subject, I wanted to be the ruler.

Suddenly I understood. My missing name was not a printing error. My missing name was not an oversight on Jack's part. God was dealing with a prideful woman who needed to learn that her identity is not dependent on position and title, but only on her relationship with Jesus Christ. I was face to face with my desire and need for recognition.

With a repentant heart, I found myself praying, "Lord, as my life is hid with Christ in God (Col. 3:3), let me be content to have my life hid in Jack."

Many scriptures that previously seemed to have had no personal application began to take on new life as the Holy Spirit focused on my selfish attitude. I read how Jesus made Himself of no reputation and actually took on the form of a servant (Phil. 2:6-7). And then there was John the Baptist who humbly declared, "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30).

Carefully I studied the parable in Luke 14 where Jesus taught the importance of taking the lowest place and the dangers of exalting oneself. I was amazed when I realized that the twelve disciples argued among themselves as to who would have the highest position in the kingdom. Some very important principles seemed to leap out of the pages of my Bible.

The Lord patiently began to teach me what it meant to be a helpmate to my husband. Perhaps the greatest revelation was coming to the understanding that I wasn't a second-class citizen as a pastor's wife. In God's eyes, Jack and I are equal, but I am given the opportunity to humble myself and take on a submissive role, just like Jesus did when He came to

earth. The Lord wanted the Pharisee in me to be put to death and to see a helpmate raised up who would delight in being a servant to Jack and to our congregation.

I'm not going to pretend that the transition has been easy, but over the years a definite change of attitude has taken place in my heart. There is still no written job description labeled "pastor's wife" in the church file, but I no longer battle feelings of being left out and unimportant. Some-times I laughingly say I handle all the things that Jack doesn't want to do himself. The miracle is that I am now able to laugh when I say it. I no longer strive and struggle for position and recognition. That also is a miracle. I am comfortable in my calling as the pastor's wife.

I have finally learned to be content to ride in the passenger's seat of the car while Jack sits behind the wheel and does the driving. He may be doing the driving, but notice that I am sitting beside him on the front seat, not locked up in the trunk. Actually (just between us), I am just as good a driver as Jack is, but I don't need to prove it anymore. After all, what does it matter who drives as long as the destination is reached?

Many helpmates have shared with me their inner struggles in the area of identity. These are anointed women who are called and equipped for ministry but who feel rejected and unappreciated when their pastor husbands get all the praise and recognition. I have opened my heart to you in the hope that it will free you to enjoy your role of pastor's wife. Rejoice that you are storing up treasure in heaven and seek the praises of God and not men.

Maybe I should have some business cards made up after all. What will they say? You guessed it,

"Jean Coleman,
The Pastor's Helpmate."



How Do You Live Your Dash?

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone
From the beginning . . . to the end.
He noted that first came her date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years. (1900-1970)

For that dash represents all the time
That she spent alive on earth . . .
And now only those who love her
Know what that little line is worth.
For it matters not, how much we own;
The cars . . . the house . . . the cash,
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard . . .
Are there things you'd like to change?
That can still be rearranged.
If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and real,
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger,
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect,
And more often wear a smile . . .
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy's being read
With your life's actions to rehash . . .
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent your dash?

—Author Unknown

Be Encouraged— Be an Encourager



Jill Briscoe

“The Sovereign Lord has given me an instructed tongue, to know the word that sustains the weary. He wakens me morning by morning, wakens my ear to listen like one being taught. The Sovereign Lord has opened my ears, and I have not been rebellious; I have not drawn back.” —Isaiah 50:4-5, NIV

Have you ever run into someone in your fellowship who tells you that you are not qualified to help people with deep problems?

“You can’t really help her,” a young woman told me emphatically one day. “Why not?” I asked surprised. “Because you’re not the adult child of an alcoholic, you don’t come from a dysfunctional family, and you haven’t been sexually abused!” she declared triumphantly. “Are you saying I can only help people if I’ve had the same experiences they have?” I inquired. “Exactly,” she replied with great certainty.

The lady talking to me had been a great help to many people with broken backgrounds and would certainly be able to empathize seeing she had suffered some of the same things in her past. “Was Jesus the adult child of an alcoholic?” I asked her. “That’s different,” she replied. “Jesus could help anyone because He

was Jesus.” “O.K.,” I countered, “but when you’re sick you don’t look for a doctor that’s had all the diseases in the book, or a dentist whose got false teeth do you?” “Of course not,” she said defensively.

“The doctor knew his field well enough to diagnose and refer to an expert, or prescribe some medicine himself,” I said. “The Christian cannot possibly match all of life’s experiences, but we can become skilled in diagnosing and referring and also become spiritually mature enough to have a wise word for the wounded. Above all, we can show folks how to have a relationship with Jesus who can help us all get a new start or break an old cycle.”

I thought about this conversation a great deal. I even caught myself wondering if I would have made a better ministry wife if I had suffered a little bit more (I didn’t wonder too long in case the Lord heard my thoughts and took me up on it!).

The lady certainly had a point in that some problems are so deep and complex they definitely need a specialist, but all of us can ask the Holy Spirit’s guidance to be an encouragement to the discouraged, a help to the helpless, a positive influence in a negative situation—a friend indeed!

Jill is a speaker, writer, and ministry wife living in Wisconsin.

This article appeared in *Just Between Us*, September/October 1990. Used with permission.



Isaiah 50:4, 5 speaks of God's perfect servant. It says that he has the tongue of a teacher—or an instructed tongue (NIV)—and that he might *know how* to give a word to the weary.

This *know how* comes as the Lord sharpens the servant's hearing morning by morning. As I keep faith with God, meeting regularly with Him, He will give me words to help a hurting world every day of my life! Our words must come out of our worship.

Didn't Jesus himself say, "I do nothing on my own but speak just what the Father has taught me" (John 8:28, NIV). So God will give to me, a servant of The Servant, the tongue of a disciple and the skill of a counselor, even if I am not trained professionally. I love the King James Version here which says the servant will have the "know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." If I do my part as a disciple, I am promised words for the seasons of life. For teens who have been reckless in the spring of their days, or ones who are weathering the summer heat of heartbreak, or those enduring the autumn aftermath of tragedy, or cold blast of winter woes. This is what ministry is all about!

The *know how* to know what to say and when to say it is mine for the asking, for the Holy Spirit is my Counselor, Teacher, and Friend.

This is not to denigrate professional help. Our daughter is a psychologist; we work with a psychological resource center and run many support groups and programs for people with deep, deep needs. But I've never met a deeply damaged soul yet that I couldn't leave a little richer, a little lighter, and a little more encouraged because I asked the Lord to use me in his or her life.

Be encouraged—be an encourager!
We are greatly needed! ❀

Prayer for Pastors

Vasti Viana

*We give thanks to you, Oh God,
because you gave us pastors.*

*We want to see you, Lord,
through our pastors.*

*Take us in Your hands,
to show that Christ is the Truth,
Christ is the Life,
Christ is the Way.*

*We ask that they might know
how to do the work of evangelists.
That they might have wisdom
to correct,
and the sensibility to comfort.*

*That they may be able
to ask forgiveness for their mistakes,
and depend
on Jesus' power, for their strength.*

*Sanctify them, Father,
so that this model
will be an incentive to Your flock,
and all of us together will radiate
the beauty of Evangelism.*

*This we ask
for Jesus' sake,
Amen!*



Vasti S. Viana is the South American Division Coordinator for Women's Ministries and Shepherdess. She is married to Elder Jose Viana, the South American Division Associate Ministerial Secretary. She participates in the area of pastoring by being involved in church activities and training Shepherdess and Women's Ministries associates. Vasti holds a piano degree. She encourages her children, Ricardo and Joyce, and her piano pupils to use their musical gifts to uplift Jesus.



The Day I Witnessed God's Royal Telephone

Mrs. M. Bundo

Mrs. M. Bundo is the oldest in a family of five girls. Because her parents divorced when the children were young, her father took care of her so she did not experience the joy of having her mother nearby. After passing the O-level exams, she began secretarial training but got married in 1991, her final year, so she didn't finish the course. Mrs. Bundo is a full-time housewife and helps her pastor/husband in the Lord's vineyard. She likes to sew, cook and garden. During her spare time she enjoys going for nature walks in their rural area.



Our second child, Daniel, was only one and a half when a dramatic incident taught me how God's royal telephone works. Before that I had been only a Christian believer who wondered whether the personal testimonies given by fellow Christians were real or myth. This night I came to truly believe.

My children and I were very happy to have our Daddy home again after his three-week evangelistic effort in the rural areas of Nyanga. When we finished our evening Bible study and prayer, I tucked Daniel and his older sister into bed. A while later my husband and I also went to sleep.

Suddenly Daniel gave a loud cough, awakening me. I got up quickly and took him into my arms, but to my horror he was no longer breathing. I cried out, "Oh, Lord, would You let my child die?" My husband woke up and took Daniel from me. As he applied all the first aid he knew, I went to telephone our Adventist neighbors to ask Mr. Ndebele to come help give first aid. There was no answer. I pulled the cover from the sofa, wrapped it around my see-through night gown, and ran to the Ndebeles' house.

There I found Mrs. Ndebele standing on the veranda. She asked me what had happened. In reply I asked why she was waiting outside the house. Mrs. Ndebele said that a

noise on the roof had awakened her. I then quickly related my story. By then Mr. Ndebele, was also awake and had joined us outside. Hearing about my emergency, he rushed to a friend's house to borrow a car so he could take Daniel to the hospital.

The three of us rushed back to my house. To our surprise, my husband was outside holding Daniel and waiting for us. He related how he had applied first aid and then threw Daniel up into the air. He heard Daniel breath a sigh.

Although Daniel was breathing, he still seemed to be weak and unconscious. We immediately took him to the hospital, where he was admitted. On the second day, Daniel vomited up banana peelings. The doctor said those peelings had apparently been blocking Daniel's respiratory organs, and he warned us not to let any child eat unripe bananas. By the third day, Daniel was well enough to go home.

Today and every day I thank God for saving my son, who is now two and a half years old. That night I witnessed that God's royal telephone is never busy. He answered and rang through to Mr. Ndebele's house.

I also testify of God's power and His presence. "With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments" (Ps. 119:10). ❀

Reflections of a Former Shepherdess President

Christa Schiffbauer

A few years ago when I was nominated as Shepherdess President for the wives of the Texico Conference, I knew I was taking on a big responsibility. I am naturally an introvert and do not like public speaking. I felt God wanted me to take the position in spite of this. God helped me find the courage to say "yes" to the position and assured me He'd help. The first thing I did was start hunting for articles that I could put in the Texico *Teammates* newsletter since that was part of the president's job in our conference. Our library has a good section of religious books, and I found that some of the Christian publishers would give permission to use their stories and waive the normal reprinting fee. Christian magazines had many good articles that they were willing to let me use also. I found that I needed to write about two months in advance to have permission to print the articles in the newsletter in time. A series of uncopyrighted religious cartoon books were available to use in newsletters from the local Christian bookstore compiled by George Knight. They added just the right touch of humor to the newsletter.

I changed the newsletter schedule from quarterly to bi-monthly. I felt that the ladies could use the extra encouragement and reminder that

they are very important to the ministry. The pastors started taking notice of the newsletter their wives were getting and some would actually read them before their wives! I was very surprised at this! A team spirit began to grow among the pastors' wives. We began to have special speakers for the ladies at workers' meetings and craft sessions. It was fun to be able to share in a warm and friendly environment. In large districts, such as in our conference, we often feel alone and unimportant. Now that Shepherdess was becoming more active, we didn't feel so alone. The progress we made in reviving our club took us some time. Some discouraging moments came to me half-way through my two-year term. I had decided to try having a special speaker come during the campmeeting pre-session to talk to the ladies. I told the ladies about our special speaker in person and in the newsletters. When the time came for her talks, only ten ladies were there. I felt like I'd let her down and apologized to her for the small number of ladies at her meetings. She had given such good talks! The speaker told me to keep trying to have special things for the ladies and they would come. She helped encourage me when I felt like giving up. God knew she was just the right speaker to help me at campmeeting.

Christa Schiffbauer is a ministry wife who writes from Texas.



More ladies than ever came to our next meetings, and I actually gave a small worship talk. Once more I felt God was helping me do what I thought was impossible for me.

In January I found that I was pregnant, and I wondered if I'd be able to continue on as Shepherdess President. I had such bad morning sickness it was hard to get out of bed! God provided just enough strength for me to make the Shepherdess newsletters. The Shepherdess ladies encouraged me through my time of sickness saying it shouldn't last the whole nine months, and after four months, God finally took my morning sickness away! I was so happy to feel good again! I'm sure God answered the pastors' wives prayers for me because my pregnancy has been quite normal from then on, and some women really are sick the whole nine months of their pregnancies!

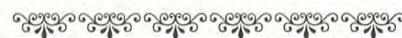
As campmeeting time approached again, I began to get nervous about the Shepherdess elections. My two-year term would be up, and I knew I couldn't continue on as president. Would anyone show up for the election meeting? Would anyone be willing to take the presidency? Had I really helped the ladies develop a spirit of unity? Could our Shepherdess Club continue? My fears were for nothing. God answered my prayers for our Shepherdess Club in an amazing way. Many ladies came to the election meeting. They were willing to get involved in the Shepherdess Club. We were able to separate the presidency from the newsletter editor and add some field reporters to gather local church news for our newsletters. Now more ladies were involved with Shepherdess than ever before. God had worked everything out!

Now I was looking forward to our campmeeting workshop speaker,

Sharon Cress, who was coming to speak to the Shepherdess ladies. My time as a leader would soon be over. A pleasant surprise awaited me before our speaker's arrival. After our Shepherdess elections, unbeknown to me, some of the ladies got together to plan a baby shower for me. We have always given gifts to the ladies having babies from the Shepherdess club. We hadn't been together at the right time to actually have a baby shower at campmeeting or a workers' meeting. At lunch, our



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new president, Cinda Lea Sitler told me of their plans to have a baby shower for me that night at 6:30 p.m.

I was amazed at the transformation the ladies had made of the girls' dorm chapel in such a short time! A banner had been made saying, "Welcome Melissa Sue" as it looks like I'm having a girl and that's the name Dan and I have chosen. A chair was decorated with plastic

teddy-bear streamers. Stuffed animals were in the front of the room. A table was decorated with a pretty paper tablecloth, shower umbrella, and teddy bear. Naturally there were treats to eat after the games and presents.

The ice-breaker game was one in which the ladies were given a roll of toilet paper and asked to take as many sheets as they thought they'd need. Some ladies took a lot of sheets and some only a few. For each sheet of paper taken, the lady had to tell something about herself. Some ladies said short and silly things and with all the laughter, the men outside the chapel wondered what we ladies were up to. Only one brave husband came into the shower to see what we ladies were doing, and he was rewarded with goodies to eat!

Another game we played was having two teams act out charades of different things a woman goes through with preparing for a baby such as decorating the baby's room, seeing the doctor, going into labor, etc. The winners of the charades were determined by who received the most clapping.

The last game was to see how fast a mother could pack a diaper bag from an assortment of items. Some of the items were for a baby, and others were not for a baby. A pastor's wife may need to accompany her husband with their baby on short notice, so speed was essential to this game.

After the games, the Shepherdess Club gave me a baby bathtub and a cute dress and romper outfit for the baby as a group gift, and others gave some additional gifts. We started the shower at 6:30 p.m. and didn't finish until about 8:00 p.m. It was a fun time to socialize and a great way to end my two-year term as Shepherdess President and newsletter editor. Thank you, Texico Teammates Shepherdess Club! ❀

Using Kindness

Martha de Fandiño



That Wednesday, as was our custom, I went with my husband and children to prayer meeting. After it finished and we'd said farewell to the congregation, a young soldier came to us. He was about 20 years old, tall, and slim. He greeted us then began to talk. "I am a soldier in Guajira. I just came to Valledupar but I do not have money for a place to spend the night. I must go tomorrow to Cartagena. I asked permission to see my parents. They are Adventists. I have a brother who is an Adventist teacher." He told us his brother's name, and it was well known.

My husband and I looked at each other. We understood he wanted us to help him. Immediately I thought, "Is he telling the truth?" There is a wave of insecurity in our country, Colombia.

In our house there is an empty room. A battle began to rage in my mind as I thought about giving lodging to a stranger—it could be dangerous. But if he is telling the truth and we refused to help him, we

Martha is a ministry wife in Colombia. She took secretarial studies at the Colombia Adventist University. In 1990, she married Jesús Alberto Fandiño. They have two children, Gamaliel de Jesús and Natalie. She enjoys working in the church for Dorcas and Women's Ministries. Her hobbies are knitting, and embroidery.

The Bible texts are from the NIV.

would feel guilty. My husband and I privately discussed the situation and finally concluded we would take him home to sleep at our house. We prayed, "Oh, Lord, you know that we want to serve you. Your word tells us that we shouldn't love with just, 'words or tongue, but with actions and in truth'" (1 John 3:18). This young man was tired and hungry. The army had given him only a little money to spend. He hoped to go as far as Cartagena. When we got to the house, we gave him something to eat and showed him to the bedroom to rest. We felt that he was not lying. That night, as was our custom, we asked God to be with us, and thanked Him for the opportunity to share our home with someone.

The next day we awoke with expectation. We went to his room and found a note that said, "I had to leave early to catch the most economical bus. Thank you for your hospitality."

A week ago, it was my husband's turn to go Cartagena to hold evangelistic meetings, and there are several Adventist churches there. He was assigned to Mary's Church and I went with him. What a surprise it was to find the young man there who had stayed in our home. He was with his parents, and when they saw us, they came to talk with us. They expressed their joy and appreciation.

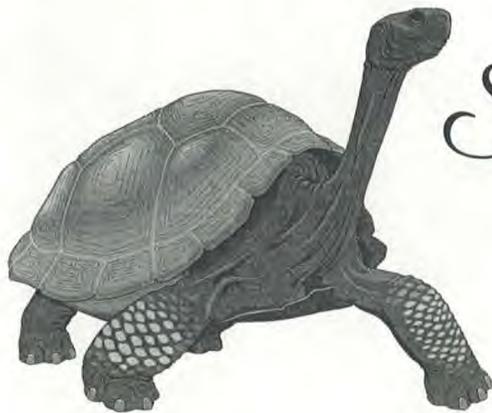
Today David is an active member of Mary's Church. He appreciates so much the favor he received when he most needed it.

I want to conclude with this text, "have you not discriminated among yourselves and become judges with evil thoughts" (James 2:4).

In our church there are cases similar to this one. And this text always comes to mind, "because of the increase of wickedness, the love of most will grow cold" (Matt. 24:12). And with that we want to silence our conscience. I want to tell you, my reader friend, that as Christians we have a great work to do. God tells us in His word, "Do not forget to entertain strangers, for by so doing some people have entertained angels without knowing it" (Heb. 13:2). We need to help those that need it as if we did it to our own Savior. In the end, He will reward us.

There are many that come to our churches asking for help: a place to spend the night, something to eat, medicine, or clothing. In seeing the evidences of their needs, we shouldn't doubt to help them solve their problems. We should do as Christ did, first alleviate their physical needs and then the spiritual.

David was used by God, as an angel, to prove our generosity and hospitality. We are thankful God gave us this marvelous opportunity. ❀



Slow and Steady

Birdie Poddar

We are all familiar with the English idiom, "Slow and steady wins the race." We are also familiar with the story of the turtle and the hare. The hare challenged the turtle to a race and though the turtle was slow and clumsy, it took the challenge. The race began and the hare took a quick lead. The hare was so confident it would win, it took a nap during the race. Of course, the slow turtle never stopped, its perseverance helped win the match. The hare's little nap had cost it the race.

Though the turtle is slow and clumsy, its shell provides wonderful protection from the fast-paced predators of the world. The turtle can stick its head, neck, legs, and tail out of the openings in the shell when needed. But when danger lurks, the turtle draws itself into its protective covering and escapes from danger.

In many ways the turtle is wiser than humans when it comes to protecting itself from the enemy. The scripture admonishes us to "be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter 5:8, KJV). God knows our helplessness against this angry lion. He advises us to "put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Eph. 6:11).

Like the turtle, God gives us strong and effective armor against our enemy. We are given the belt of truth, the breastplate of integrity, the Good News of Peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. The Word of God tells us to watch always and be vigilant in our prayers. It is clear that we must wear this armor always. We cannot lay the armor aside even for a moment. Nehemiah used this same method of perseverance which helped him and his men to complete the building of the wall of Jerusalem.

Though turtles live in water, they lay their eggs out on the shore in the sand. The moment the eggs are buried in the sand the mother pays no more attention to them. Abandoned and left on their own, these eggs are hatched only by the help of the warmth they get from the sunshine. As soon as they are hatched, they head straight for the ocean. They have a sense of their goal, heaven bound as it were. This time is the most dangerous time of their lives. There are thousands of birds, mammals and fish that try to attack them. The devil is like those predators; he is trying to attack us when we are most vulnerable. Jesus' life was full of danger. The devil used his devious skill to try and trick Jesus and he never stopped trying until Jesus died on the cross. Praise God

Birdie Poddar and her husband, D. S. Poddar, are enjoying retirement in the beautiful surroundings of Maranatha Colony, Hosur, India. Birdie spent many years as a teacher and office worker.



the devil did not succeed. We too can resist the devil and he will flee from us.

Turtles have the remarkable ability to stay alive even when they are seriously wounded or torn. It is very hard to kill them. They can live to be forty to one-hundred-years old. One turtle that was in captivity in Mauritius is known to have lived 152 years. It would have lived longer but it died because of an accident. A turtle can die by being overweight. When it is too fat, it cannot draw its different parts within the safety of the shell. Turtles differ in sizes; some like the Mud Turtle are only four inches in diameter. Others grow to be 12 feet in diameter! Turtles have a life span twice that of a human being. But humans have been given the gift of eternal life. Thank God for Jesus who made it possible for us to live eternally with Him.

All turtles, whether large or small, wear their armor constantly. We too need to wear our armor constantly. Many fresh water turtles use their webbed feet to swim as fast as possible to flee from their enemies. We must also flee from our enemy. King David said, "Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me" (Ps. 143:9, KJV). We should not be self-confident and take a nap like the hare. King Solomon warns us "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man" (Prov. 6:10, 11). Mark warns us not to sleep lest the Master come suddenly.

As Solomon has said, "The race is not to the swift" (Eccl. 9:11), we can still win like the turtle. We are assured of this victory when we run the race with patience, looking unto the Author and Finisher of our faith who is Jesus, our wonderful Lord and Helper (Heb. 12:1, 2). ❀

A Bible-class teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellencies. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James' version for my part," he said: "though, of course, The Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible, myself, to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed versions of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

—*Signs of the Times*, June 7, 1905



Eight Needs of the Shepherdess' Husband

Ruth McKinney

Ruth Esther McKinney is the Coordinator of the Office Administration Department and an assistant professor at West Indies College, Mandeville, Jamaica, West Indies.

Her husband, Silas N. McKinney, is the president of the West Indies Union Conference. They have three grown children—two girls and a boy. Also, they have been blessed with four grandchildren—three boys and a girl.

Ruth likes to write poetry, do gardening, play Scrabble, and listen to good music. She has been privileged to have a number of articles published locally, and she has had to fill various speaking appointments recently. She gives God all the glory for anything she has been able to accomplish.



1. Your husband needs to know that you support him fully and unreservedly in the God-given call to which he has responded and in the life-long commitment which it involves.
2. The specialness that exists between both of you should not be crowded out as time passes. He must always feel and know how much he means to you; for after God, he has first place in your love and affection.
3. Your he-man has a tenderness inside, reserved for you alone, which is fragile. Let him know and see that he fulfills your needs.
4. As a sounding board for his ideas and plans, he needs your attention, objective advice, encouragement, and praise.
5. Your pastor/husband should have your confidential ear if he feels the need to share with

you some “semi-classified” church-related information. Reassure him that his trust in you is well placed, for you are his friend and confidant.

6. Encourage his special study time so that he can be inspired and filled. His sheep need to be well-fed and watered. This is vital for his growth in the ministry and his effectiveness as a shepherd.
7. Planned, as well as spur-of-the moment recreational activities that involve just the two of you, add spark to the romance in your relationship. Cherish these moments together; they are the fabric of which memories are made.
8. Home, where the heart and the body are, should be a haven for spiritual renewal and a mental and physical oasis from the pressures and stress outside—a place of divine benediction. ❀

“P” Means Privileged

Patty Marsh

*A few words about
how to raise a happy
P. K.*

Patty Mostert Marsh currently serves as Registrar at Upper Columbia Academy where husband, Larry, is principal.

Patty, a mother of two delightful daughters in their twenties, Denna and Laura, keeps busy with a few special interests including music, hiking, camping, birding and digging in God's Word.



Have you noticed the same phenomenon I have? If a public speaker makes reference to his “P.K.” roots, all too often words in a negative vein follow such as “My dad was a preacher and never had time for us kids,” or “I was always expected to be a model child because I was a P.K.,” or “If you had been a P.K., you would have rebelled, too.”

When I hear these and other comments, I do not understand—in fact, I very much disagree! I get the distinct impression from some that being a “Preacher’s Kid” was a curse just a few degrees less than that of being an orphan. But it doesn’t have to be that way. I know. In fact, I’m an expert in this area. I have not polled hundreds of P.K.s or researched a Master’s thesis on the subject. However, my credentials are even better. You see, I WAS a P.K. And a happy P.K. at that.

Although I am now married with a family of my own, I look back and say, “Lord, thank you for the privilege of having a minister for a dad.” As I reflect on my growing-up years, I feel five factors contributed to making our preacher’s family a happy one:

Our family was important. My dad worked from dawn to far, far

past dusk seven days a week—a true workaholic personality. Even if that had not been his personality the job description would have required it. A super-human effort was needed to shepherd as many as five churches, have regular evangelistic meetings, build new churches, give Bible studies galore, promote Ingathering four months a year, go on hospital visits, and counsel members—you know the scenario. (Note: I do not hold such a lifestyle as an ideal—just telling it like it was. In later years the price tag was paid with my dad’s health problems and ultimately his early death.)

But somehow in the midst of the hustle-bustle, Dad still took time for fun and family activities. We enjoyed swimming, gardening, zoo trips, field trips to factories (I’ve visited a potato chip factory, an underground salt mine, a tire factory, a cereal factory . . .), parades, camping, hiking and air shows. Our family had lots of fun together. And no matter how tight the finances (and believe me it was tight with five kids to feed and educate on only one income), my folks carved into each year’s budget a family vacation—not exotic, perhaps, but memorable nonetheless.

Our family was included. My dad

liked to include his family whenever possible. Surprisingly, he discovered there was much kids could do to lighten or enhance a pastor's load. We passed out literature, sang or played an instrument at meetings (even the beginning efforts of a pianist are appreciated at Prayer Meeting in the smaller churches), kept dad company, helped with the younger children, greeted people, made posters, and helped dad drive (teenagers love this one). Whatever dad asked us kids to do, he had a special knack of making us feel so important.

Of course, a child's life must be kept in balance. An incident when I was about five-years-old pointed this out to my folks. My dad pastored a large church along with several smaller churches. For some reason, within a few month's time many deaths had occurred in our area. Of course, dad dutifully officiated at the services. To offer moral support to dad, mom would attend and bring me along. After one especially emotionally draining funeral service, I asked in an all-but-desperate little voice, "Mama, do I have to go to any more of these dead-people's meetings?" After that my mom lent her moral support more often by staying home and praying.

Our family was privileged. Now don't get me wrong. By privileged I certainly do not mean abundant finances, nor extra perks. But rather, God had called my dad to a very important and unique calling. This idea, however, came not from speech given, but rather from an attitude that permeated our home. If my mom felt resentment toward the many sacrifices and dad's long hours of ministering to others, never did she voice it or show it through a negative attitude.

Now that I am a wife and mother whose husband, too, has been called to a special occupation (an academy

principal), I admire my mother's tremendously positive outlook on life even more. One thing is certain—if your attitude reflects resentment and hostility toward your husband's work, your children will share your attitude, but to a greater degree!



I have shared with my own daughters a secret that I knew was true in my family. That is, "The fact that your dad has a special calling has nothing to do with the way we have chosen to raise you. Regardless, if your dad was a mechanic, a doctor, a street sweeper, or an airline pilot, it would make no difference. Our standards would remain the same. We would still want well-disciplined, respectful and obedient children."



Our family was mothered. Although Dad's hours waxed long and erratic, my mother remained a homemaker. Even in the sixties many

moms had joined the work force, but mom's presence with her cheerful song, warm smile, aromatic meals and clean home brought a security to the lives of us five kids like nothing else could have. Our family certainly didn't have the biggest, the best or the most, but that was all right—mom was home!

Our family was disciplined. Lest it sound like I'm bragging, let me mention that by disciplined I do not mean we were model kids with halos in tact. (Too many readers may have known me as a child to make such a claim.) However, we basically obeyed instructions, sat with a reasonable amount of quietness in meetings, acted polite and respectful, and of course, mom and dad always knew our whereabouts.

I have shared with my own daughters a secret that I knew was true in my family. That is, "The fact that your dad has a special calling has nothing to do with the way we have chosen to raise you. Regardless, if your dad was a mechanic, a doctor, a street sweeper, or an airline pilot, it would make no difference. Our standards would remain the same. We would still want well-disciplined, respectful and obedient children."

So these are the factors I feel made a real difference in our preacher's family. Did you notice something? These factors would probably strengthen any home—preachers or non-preachers. An emotionally healthy, loving, active, fun-filled, Spirit-filled, disciplined, caring family provides the optimum environment for raising happy kids. A real challenge as we enter the twenty-first century! But remember "With God all things are possible" (Matthew 19:26)—and "Whatever is to be done at God's command may be accomplished in His strength. All His biddings are enablings" (*Christ Object Lessons*, p. 333). ❀

If I Don't Do It, Who Will...?

Nadezhda. Gritz

Nadezhda Gritz is Director of the "Clergy Wife" and Women's Ministry" departments of Central Conference of the Ukrainian Union Conference. Her husband is a pastor, Ministerial Director and Family Ministry Director for the Conference. They have 2 daughters who are married to pastors and coordinate the Women's Ministry Departments in their local conference. And they have 5 grandchildren. She likes to write, read and preach about Christ.



While sitting on a mountain Jesus painted the picture of the Great Judgement for his disciples. Eternal life for everyone on earth will depend on the acceptance of Jesus Christ. Much can be told about a person by his actions and his willingness to help others in Christ's name.

On that day Christ will not tell us what He has done for each person's salvation when He died on the cross. Rather He will show everyone what he or she has done for Him, and that way Christ will separate "the sheep from the goats."

Those who will be approved by Christ at the Judgement may know nothing about theology, but they joyfully used God's principles throughout their lives. Influenced by the Holy Spirit, they were a blessing to those around them. In God's eyes every good deed is seen as something done for Christ.

Nowadays, as in the past, there are people in the church who have a gift of compassion and immediate response to anyone's pain and suffering, even though the people they help may not be their friends or loved ones.

It would be good to highlight those bright personalities who lighten up our everyday life. They should become a good example for others. It looks like those people always ask themselves, "If I don't do

it, who will...?"

I personally know a sister who does not think about her own well-being, even though she has some health problems. She is always helping others. Some years ago she provided a home for a lonely old lady. Now she regularly visits elderly people, cooks for them and does their laundry. She goes to hospitals to talk to the patients and to pray with them. She assists those who need help with yard work. She donates her land to those who need it to grow fruits and vegetables. She serves as a nurse for a friend's sick daughter to give the mother a little rest. She invites those who are sick to her house and treats them with herbal remedies and gives advice about healthy living.

She is so full of energy! Do you know how much Christian literature she has distributed? Sometimes she gives it out for free to those who cannot afford to buy it. Even though she is always quiet and does not want to be noticed, she has managed to light the fire of God's love in many people's hearts.

I will not mention her name—it is well known in Heaven. Those who serve their neighbors will be served to by the Great Shepherd. Everyone has an opportunity to do something. The Great Shepherd will ask everyone, "What have you done for me?" What are you going to answer? ❀

Love Inexplicable

Val Smetheram



He lay in the fetal position in very wet grass. His back lay against a tap in our little local park. Our dog sniffed him curiously.

"Is he breathing?" I asked my husband.

"Mm," he answered affirmatively as he rolled him over.

The smell of liquor enveloped us.

A car pulled up and a slim, worried-looking woman hurried over. She was followed by a pretty teenager. "Thank goodness we've found him," she said. Her hand trembled as she lit a cigarette. "My daughter suggested we try the park. They'd rung from the pub to tell us he'd won a bottle of rum in a raffle and had almost finished it when he

left the bar. They took his car keys off him. Whatever can I do now?" She looked so stressed out.

"Do you have anyone at home to help?" my partner asked gently.

"Oh, yes, plenty of people."

"Okay," we said together, "with the four of us, we should be able to get him in the car."

The mother tried to express her gratitude while her daughter looked deeply embarrassed. Perhaps this wasn't the first time she had witnessed such a scene. Was it her father, her uncle? We never found out.

Her mother apologized profusely. She warned us, "He can get violent and his language is usually filthy when he's disturbed." She was right. However, we managed to lay the man along the back seat of her car and after more thanks and apologies, they left us.

We collected our dog from where she was tied to the children's swings and continued walking.

"Sweetheart," I said, "I'm glad I've never seen you like that."

He squeezed my hand. "In my silly youth, I drank a bit, smoked some too, but it's been a long time ago now." He grinned suddenly. "I never

spent much on it, though, too mean I reckon."

"Well, I'm glad you were a skinflint. That man is going to feel awful when he wakes up, isn't he?"

"Mm, I imagine so."

"Poor guy," I thought. But then I felt sorrier for the woman. Having been exposed to a drinking problem in my family a long time ago, I knew how devastating it can be. I had managed in the intervening years to avoid being anywhere near liquor, people imbibing it, and the problems it generates; there were too many painful memories!

Someone cared for that man though. The woman, whatever her relationship with him, was clearly relieved when she found him unharmed. She cared enough to search for him and see to his welfare. She must really love him.

Another thought followed, overwhelming in its clarity. God, who cares for us, even in our filthy, drunken condition when we curse at being disturbed in our questionable activities, still loves us . . . however bad we've been. The love is as much for that drunken man as it is for Mother Theresa or you or me. Staggering, isn't it? ❀

Val Smetheram is a pastor's wife who writes from Australia.



Shepherdess International News

Southern Asia Pacific Division

✿ Dorothy Biswas, the Shepherdess Coordinator for the **Bangladesh Union Mission**,

reports that their yearly Shepherdess Seminar was held at the Maranatha Seminary Church. Forty-five women participated in the program. With the aim in



Dorothy Biswas speaks to the Shepherdess

mind that Shepherdess reflects God's light to people around her the women vowed to (1) understand the love of God, (2) obey parents and teachers, (3) be faithful to God, others and themselves, (4) know the responsibility of the children to the parents, (5) keep them and their environments clean, (6) feel the power of prayer in their lives, and (7) learn honesty in their daily life. Besides seminars the Shepherdesses took time relaxing in nature, admiring the beauty of the lake and visiting Dinajpur District's two

historical sites. A miracle took place when Sweetie Ritchil's son got seriously sick. Nurses in the group and a small clinic doctor helped, and with a miracle of God the child's life was saved. Pastoral wives left with the goal to grow personally, find fellowship with fellow pastoral wives and assist in developing stronger family relationships.

✿ Pastors wives from Manado, Indonesia and the surrounding areas held satellite meetings for months and gave hundreds of personal Bible studies in preparation for the reaping meeting at the **East Indonesian Union** office.

Netty Rantung, Shepherdess Coordinator for the Southern Asia-Pacific Division, along with Sharon Cress from Shepherdess International and Adly Campos joined the pastoral wives in a joint evangelistic meeting. Mrs. Jeanne Sakul, Shepherdess Coordinator for East Indonesia, worked tirelessly on the programming to make the meetings successful. Behind the scenes support was organized by Mrs. Gladys Mambu. Mrs. Evelyn Kesaulya was the official hostess and made

everyone feel at home with her gracious hospitality.



Front row, left to right Jeanne Sakul, Netty Rantung, Adly Campos, Sharon Cress, Evelyn Kesaulya, and Gladys Mambu.

Each evening Sharon Cress presented a Health Lifestyle seminar and Adly Campos conducted a Family in Jesus seminar. Netty Rantung was the official translator for the meetings. Opening night the Mayor along with his wife were present for the meeting. The wife of the Mayor presented a timely and relevant message of the importance of family life in Christianity which set the tone for the whole seminar. Elder Noldy Sakul, the Union Secretary, and Elder Moldy Mambu, the Union Treasurer, supported the meetings by both their presence and expertise. Hundreds of people were baptized because of the faithfulness of these pastors wives with a passion to spread the love of Jesus.



Bangladesh Union Mission Shepherdess group pose during their seminar.



Adly Campos preaches as Netty Rantung translates.



Attendance at the Manado, Indonesia evangelistic meetings



The Shepherdess group from Irian Jaya during the Shepherdess meetings in Indonesia.



Baptism at the Union office in East Indonesia

Shepherdess Seminars were held in the mornings for all the pastors wives

at the Union office. Each group presented a report of their area and

many presented special music with their vocal gifts.

✿ Joy Tun, Shepherdess Coordinator from **Myanmar Union Mission**, reports the following story: Myint Myint Yee lives in the little town of Tharawaddy with her husband Pastor Tin Saung. Every Sabbath and Sunday for over two months she conducted Branch Sabbath School in her village. When the children had holidays she also conducted meetings for them, always telling them



Myint Myint Yee

Bible stories, teaching them songs and special picture roll stories about Bible characters. One day as she turned the picture roll over telling the stories, the pictures touched the heart of a little boy. He began wondering how many children were saved in the story of Noah or how many children were saved in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. He was only eight-years-old but he went home worried and urged his mother to be baptized because he did not want his family destroyed. The mother at first did not accept the Bible stories he was telling her. But the little boy was not thwarted. Day in and day out, week after week, he pleaded with his mother. Finally, she could not go on neglecting his coaxing so the mother asked Pastor Saung to give her Bible studies. Now the mother and son are both happy and satisfied because she was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist church! Praise the Lord for the perseverance of a little boy and praise the Lord for Myint Myint Yee and her devotion to Jesus and the spreading of His message of love.

✿ Mrs. Ruth V. Aguilar, Shepherdess Coordinator of the **Northern Mindanao Conference**, reports that



Annabel Quilog (center with x on jacket) with her assistants



One group who were baptized at Annabel Quilog's meetings.

the pastors wives teamed with lay women to produce a Revelation Seminar. The speaker was Annabel Quilog, a pastors wife. She had a question and answer session each night in which people from the audience could ask her any question. Sometimes her husband, Elder Quilog assisted with the difficult questions. Lay women helped with the registration and prayers each evening. They also did the babysitting. Because of the cold weather, people were wrapped in coats to keep warm, but it did not keep them from attending. Because of Annabel's faithful efforts 50 precious people were baptized into Jesus.



Pastoral wives from S. Catarina Mission in Brazil meet for a special day to honor their pastor/husbands.

South American Division

✪ **Central Brazil Union** through Vasti Vianna, Division Shepherdess Coordinator reports:

(1) In the **South São Paulo Conference** Pastor's day was well commemorated at a special meeting.

(2) In **Mato Grosso Mission** the AFAM have a system of visiting in homes and also hold meetings for the community for social activities and lectures.

(3) In the **East São Paulo Conference** they hosted an AFAM meeting where Dr. Claudia Bruscagim spoke on the subject of feminine sexuality. Also, an interior decorator spoke on "Beauty in the Home and the Church" and they had a Valentine's day banquet. Attendance at all of these events by the pastors wives was approximately 90 percent.

(4) AFAM coordinate Bernadete held regional meetings one of which was in a lovely country home. During the day the women shared good experiences, swam in a beautiful pool and enjoyed a delicious meal together. At night they had a tea and lecture.

(5) In the **Central São Paulo Conference** they had a meeting "Cure for Broken Vessels" in which they also developed a group activity book.

(6) In ABC a special meeting for the PK's was held at McDonalds.

(7) In the **São Paulo Conference** a Shepherdess Council was held in a hotel in Santos. The speaker was Dr. Estrada, a psychologist and marriage counselor.

(8) In CPIC Shepherdess organized an encounter for teenage pastoral children. It was entitled "Overcoming the Impossible and "How Can Adolescent Children Understand Their Parents Faced with Physical and Psychological Changes." A survey was made regarding the daily life of the pastoral family and the result proved a lack of attention of the fathers toward their children and the absence of the father from the home.

At the **Brazil College** Campus Mrs. Miriam Marks has a team which developed a complete program of orientation and continuing education for wives, fiancée's and girlfriends of Theology students at Brazil College Campus 2. A large number of future pastors wives attended with interest and enthusiasm.



Miriam Azeriedo Berg is honored by Vasti Viana. Miriam is a retired pastor's wife and widow. She and her husband, Enrique, served in Africa for many years. During his presidency of the Mozambique Union Mission he was arrested and spent six months in prison because of their religious beliefs. Finally the Brazilian embassy was able to free him. Later they served in Peru. Miriam has been a faithful servant of Jesus for many years.



Left: Gloria Condemarita, Associate Shepherdess Director, La Paz Mission, Vasti Viana and Ruth Ferrufino, Shepherdess Coordinator, La Paz Mission office.

Below: Pastors' wives from the La Paz (Bolivia) Mission attended meetings especially for them held at the mission office.



Alicia Arn, Shepherdess Coordinator for the Peru Union, and Vasti Viana together in the first Adventist church that Elder Fernando and Anna Stahl built by Lake Titicaca. The pulpit was built with the wood from the boxes that brought their belongings to Peru. It is just as perfect today as when it was built.



AFAM (Shepherdesses) and Lake Titicaca Mission administrators in front of the Mission office building.



Lake Titicaca Mission AFAM (Peru Union) meet for three meetings and a banquet.

Southern Asia Division

✿ Leela Rathman writes from the **Andra District** that she is using the picture rolls sent to her by Shepherdess International to conduct Evangelistic Meetings. She and her husband walk seven kilometers to spread the gospel message with these picture rolls. Many people have been baptized from the Hindu religion.

✿ Zarin Sharon, Shepherdess Coordinator of **Gujarat Conference**,

reports that they organized a meeting for the pastors' families. Pastor Christopher, **Central India Union** President, Mrs. Sarojini Christopher, **CIU** Shepherdess Coordinator, and Pastor Bhaskar Rao were the guest speakers.

Mrs. Christopher gave valuable tips on the Role of a Shepherdess in church growth. The theme of the Presidents' message was "We are the source of blessing to our church and family".

The women promised to add another 200 women to the church by the end of 2000. They need your prayers.

✿ Jean Sundaram **South Tamil Conference**, Shepherdess Coordinator reports, Mrs. Glory Monickam along with Pr. Monickam conducted a group Bible study at Rajapathy which is close to Tuticorin. Among this group was a young girl named Poornakala. She attended Sabbath services faithfully. She was very much interested in Adventist truth. Since she was born and brought up by Hindu parents, they refused her to be baptized. The following week when a few members were baptized, Poornakala voluntarily stepped into the water and asked the pastor to baptize her. Since she went against her parents wish, they did not accept her back at home. Now she is staying in a hostel and studying plus two, (12th standard). Kindly remember her in your prayers.

✿ Mrs. Vanitha Sandersingh visits homes and prays for the sick. She says by fasting and praying five sick people were healed. They were so interested to know the truth that she organized a Bible study group. She also conducts prayer meetings and all night prayer meetings at Rajakalpatti. In the last meeting she conducted people from nearby villages gathered. Nearly 100 people attended the meetings.

✿ Mrs. Glory David is giving Bible studies to the people who make earthen pots. These potters were attracted by the women who accompanied Mrs. Glory David to give Bible study in that area. They were very much interested to know about Jesus and asked our Shepherdess to tell more about Jesus. Since they are very poor she collected some clothes and other things and distributed to all the people in that colony. They were very happy and are thankful to our ladies. The Bible study is going on. A few families are getting ready to be baptized.

✿ Rani Nageshwara Rao of **West Andhra Section** gives Bible studies.

The women gather in one house every day to study God's Word. While the study was still in progress one of the women stood up and said, "We never heard that Jesus is the Lord and Saviour of the world. This is something new." She was the first to give her heart to Jesus. Fourteen other women joined her.

Rami Nageshwara Rao has decided to prepare 30 souls for God's kingdom in 1999.

✿ Mrs. Jasoni Murmu of **West Bengal Section**, along with her pastor/husband, visits three villages. They gather children, teach them songs and tell stories. They study God's Word with adults, give health lectures and pray with them. Mrs. Murmu talks to the women separately about house-keeping, cleanliness, child care, financial management, food and nutrition, etc. As a result of her labour she led two souls to light. She also helps the poor by stitching clothes for them.

✿ Mrs. Karuna Kandulna, along with her husband conducts prayer meetings in five villages. Her regular visits and prayer with the families in their respective homes resulted in five baptisms and reclaiming the inactive members to the church.

✿ Suman Khajekar from **Jalna, Maharashtra** is the founder and coordinator of the Shepherdess



The regional director baptizes a woman from the Tailoring Center in Jalna.

Tailoring Center in Jalna. Mrs. Khajekar had toiled for over three years and has changed the lives of many women. Again, she has prepared one of her classes for baptism. Sixty-seven people were baptized in a special service attended by Union officials.

Among this group were women who had formerly been prostitutes, Hindus and Muslims. The Holy Spirit continues to bless this Tailoring Center and Mrs. Khajekar's faith. Please remember her and this center in your prayers.



Mrs. Khajekar addresses the topic "Adventist Faith" at the gathering of eight denominations in Jalna.



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