

mission360

The official mission magazine of the Seventh-day Adventist® Church VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 3

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Digital Issue Online at Mission360Mag.org

Editorial

Every Sunday afternoon like clockwork, my husband, Bob, and I take our copy of the *Washington Post* to a nearby café. We leisurely take turns reading the various sections of the newspaper, making small comments now and then. But if there is an article one of us finds especially interesting, we point it out to the other. When we leave, we stack the newspaper neatly and leave it for someone else to read.

I certainly respect that people like to read news and stories in their own ways, but I can't resist pointing out that *this issue of Mission 360°* is special! This issue celebrates the joyful lives of real women as missionaries, wives, trailblazers, and sisters. They are volunteers and friends, young and old, who surprise themselves by what they

can do. Best of all, they make us laugh and learn along with them as they share their stories.

Here are some quick recommendations for you:

- ▶ If you like to cook, check out the Malaka family recipes from Egypt on page 18.
- ▶ If you want a good chuckle, read about Sharlene Hayton's experience as a paparazzi impostor on page 4.
- ▶ If you think you could learn anything from a prostitute, see what Amy learned on page 14.

There is so much more to tell you, but I must not encroach on your reading time. But please do two things:

- 1 If you enjoy this magazine, please pass it on or tell someone about it.
- 2 Join us in thanks and appreciation for the women who are doing their best to reach others for Jesus.



Thank you for helping to support missionaries and frontline workers in big cities and rural areas. We invite you to give an additional gift, if you can, through your church or by using the enclosed envelope. Thank you for helping to make things happen!



Nancy

Nancy Kyte
Marketing
Director,
Office of Adventist
Mission



Features

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mission360°

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The Paparazzi Impostor

The badge of power



A sudden rush of activity around Malamulo Hospital piqued my curiosity. The

Wow, the president of Malawi! I thought. I pictured our three sons, Benson, Hudson, and Jett, and myself standing outside our gate, waving as her convoy passed by. Jason Blanchard, our chief executive officer, asked if I could take pictures for the hospital's records. "Sure," I replied casually, envisioning myself

Jason introduced me to the press agents for the president. One of the men handed me a badge with the word "Press" on it. "With this pass, you may take pictures and move around freely," he said. I looked at Jason who just raised his eyebrows and smirked.

I felt like a paparazzi impostor as I pinned the badge to my dress. I hovered around the man who had handed it to me, but he urged me away. "You



President Joyce Banda greets the hospital staff during the red-carpet arrival.



Benson (6), Hudson (4), and Jett (1) eagerly await the president.



The presidential convoy arrives.

potholes in the road from town were being filled. The "Malamulo Mission" sign was getting a fresh coat of paint, and small cracks in the sidewalks were being repaired. *What is going on?* I wondered.

"President Joyce Banda is coming to Malamulo," announced my husband, Ryan, who works at the hospital as a surgeon. "She's coming on Tuesday for a tour."

snapping a few shots from a distance.

On Tuesday morning I donned a dress and walked to the hospital with our sons. "Will we see army guys?" Benson asked. Just as he finished his sentence, a truck of soldiers whizzed by. "Cool," he muttered.

We had just joined the crowd awaiting Her Excellency's arrival when my phone rang. It was Jason. "Shar, meet me at the stairs. I have a press pass for you."

may move around," he reiterated. I took the hint. For the next hour and a half before Her Excellency arrived, I snapped pictures, trying to capture the mood as dozens of dignitaries greeted each other with handshakes and smiles.

Suddenly we heard sirens. The delegation appointed to greet the president took their places on the red carpet. It was "go time!"

The convoy entered the gate and the press began jostling for position. I realized that if I was going to get the pictures Jason wanted, I too had to vie for position—elbow for elbow, nudge for nudge. I leaned on the back of an experienced photographer, willing my camera into position, hoping to obtain at least one focused picture of the important moments.

As President Banda exited her vehicle, a slew of security agents descended on the red carpet, ushering her forward. Bodyguards seemed to drop out of the sky. The movement was rapid. It seemed like only seconds passed and the red-carpet entrance was over. I apologized to the photographer in front of me for practically riding on his back down the carpet.

The head of the president's protocol office controlled the press and the speed of the event. I learned quickly to watch him for cues.

As the president entered the hospital, the doctors and nurses standing in line in the general ward snapped to attention. A choir sang, and the voices

trying to get the best lighting. I edged forward, pressing the button with vigor. The introductions concluded and the party proceeded down the ward with haste.

A burly bodyguard crossed in front of me, blocking my path into the ward-room where my husband, Ryan, was presenting patients to the president. *I can't believe this!* I thought. *I'm not even in the room.* With a racing heart, I tapped the bodyguard on the shoulder and presented my press badge. "Er, excuse me, sir," I started. "I'd like to get into the room." He moved to the side, and I squeezed by, relieved to have an opportunity to photograph the president's first patient visit of the day.

At the maternity ward, I secured a favorable position for shooting and started to breathe a little easier. I even enjoyed watching the president interact with the patients and staff—she often shared a joke or a smile with those on the ward. Listening to her speak, I forgot momentarily that I was "Press." Suddenly, I realized the party was getting ready to move, and the

.....
 Among many other things, your weekly mission offerings and world budget offerings help support more than 455 missionary families around the world.
 Thank you!

I've done something wrong! I thought. But then I realized that we'd come to the end of the tour.

I wasn't allowed to walk with the party to the president's car, so I sauntered behind the soldiers and poked my camera out of one of the arches and waved to Her Excellency as her Land Cruiser rolled away.

In a glorious whirlwind, my day as part of the official press for Malawi was over. I was back to being a stay-at-home mom of three boys—back



Sharlene Hayton, honorary press for Malawi.



The president shares a laugh with missionary doctor Cristy Shank and a patient who just delivered her sixth child and wants to talk about family planning.



Dr. Ryan Hayton and the president discuss Malamulo Hospital's plan to train surgeons.

echoed down the corridor as the president approached. I fired away with my camera, but the lighting was bad. My little built-in flash was struggling to keep up with the external mega flashes of my competitors' cameras.

Keep shooting, I told myself as the press pushed from every side, hoisting cameras in front of my face. *Don't flub it up! Don't miss the handshakes!* I moved the camera up and down,

head of protocol was staring at me, trying to speak with his steely eyes. I popped out into the hallway, falling behind the main press again.

It was difficult to shoot photos in the crowd, but I managed to position myself well enough to get shots of the main events. I just got used to being part of the official press when the head of protocol swooped over and snatched the badge off my dress.

to being a housewife, a hostess, and a t-shirt-and-jean-wearing nobody. I decided that is the way I like it.

Sharlene Hayton grew up in Australia, married an American, and serves at Malamulo Hospital in Malawi, supporting the medical work of her husband and raising three sons.





A Small SEED

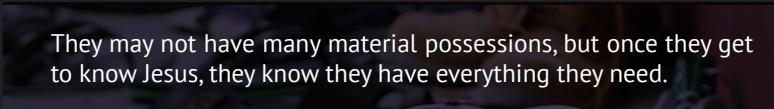
A small group of believers worships in an Indian city nestled in the foothills of the Himalayas. Over the years, it's grown to include people from many different backgrounds.



The members love to sing, pray, and fellowship.

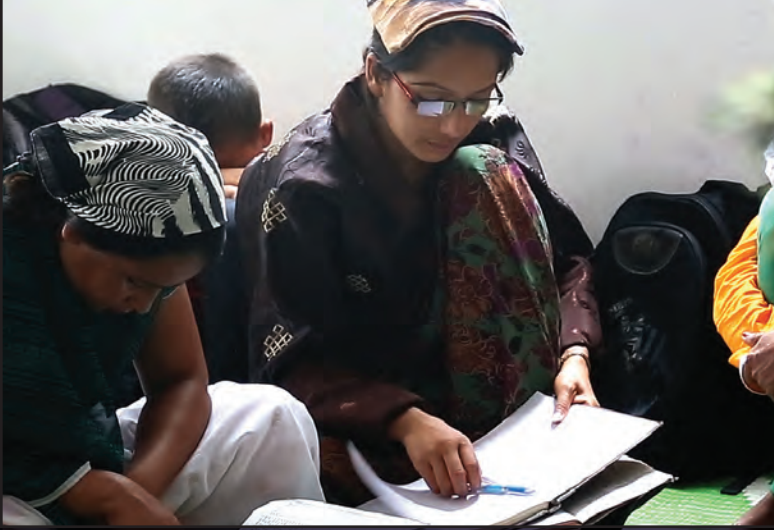


The church plant exists thanks to several Global Mission pioneers, including a woman named Asha.



They may not have many material possessions, but once they get to know Jesus, they know they have everything they need.





Asha's favorite thing is to introduce people to Jesus. She visits them in their homes, where they feel comfortable asking questions about the Bible.



Asha is able to answer these questions confidently because she studies her Bible a lot. She has no formal training or degree—just a strong desire to share God's message with her neighbors.



Asha's children are also interested in reaching out to the community, and they often join her in giving Bible studies. As they approach one home that they regularly visit, the owner greets them with a big smile. He's eager to learn more about the Bible.



Asha shares stories that the man has never heard before. A simple lesson, a song, and a prayer are enough to make a huge impact. He has decided to be baptized.

Global Mission pioneers are local people who dedicate at least one year to starting new churches in areas or among people groups where there is little or no Adventist presence. Many are volunteers, living on small stipends. They work in challenging conditions and some are the only Seventh-day Adventists in an area of more than one million people. To learn more about their unique ministry, please visit www.global-mission.org.

Global Mission pioneers have planted seeds in this part of India that have grown into a healthy group of believers. Without their efforts and your faithful support, many people in this community would still not know the love of Jesus. Thank you!

Ricky Oliveras
Office of Adventist Mission



Hungry for a Bible

Tatiana* was desperate. With her husband gone, she wasn't sure how she and her three-year-old son, Vladimir, would survive. The little money she earned at a local café was barely enough to feed them.

After a while, life became too heavy for Tatiana, and seeing no way out, she made plans to send Vladimir to an orphanage and commit suicide.

The appointed day arrived, but as Tatiana looked at her precious son, she couldn't bear to part with him. Throwing her arms around the boy, she

sobbed for several minutes, distraught and yet relieved.

For several years mother and son continued to hold on to life, but by the time Vladimir was 12, Tatiana's depression had returned, and along with it more thoughts of suicide.

It was during this time that a friend invited Tatiana to attend a musical concert celebrating the birth of Christ. The concert was held at a Seventh-day Adventist church, and although she didn't know anything about Jesus, Tatiana decided to go.

That evening, Tatiana heard the story of Jesus for the first time. Through the beautiful songs and narration, her heart was touched as she discovered a Savior who truly cared about her and had a wonderful plan for her life.

Returning home, Tatiana's face lit up as she explained to Vladimir what she had learned that night. "There is a God who loves us," she told him. "A God who wants us to live and be happy."

Soon, Vladimir noticed a change in his mother's appearance and outlook. There was a look of hope in her eyes. They both longed to learn more about this wonderful God and had heard that it would be good for them to read the Bible—but neither knew where to find this special book.

Then one day, Tatiana returned home with the news that she had found where to purchase a Bible. Sitting down with Vladimir, she



Your mission and world budget offerings help to make mission work possible. Thank you!

Four ways to give:

- ① During Sabbath School
- ② Secure online: Giving.Adventist.Mission.org
- ③ In North America, mark a tithe envelope “World Budget” at your local church
- ④ Call 800-648-5824

explained that they could buy the Bible, but it would cost her two week’s wages. There would be no money left for food.

“Would you be willing to go for two weeks without food in order to buy the Bible?” Tatiana asked her son. Without hesitation Vladimir responded, “Yes. Let’s get the Bible.”

Overjoyed, Tatiana bought the precious book. Day by day, as they read the Bible, Tatiana and Vladimir began noticing differences in their lives. They were happier and experienced less stress. Tatiana became less bitter and more patient. She began regularly attending a Seventh-day Adventist church, although Vladimir was not quite ready to join her.

As the weeks went by, Tatiana noticed her son becoming more distant and sad. Word had spread

around the neighborhood that Tatiana and Vladimir were joining a cult, and suddenly all of Vladimir’s friends turned against him. Attempting to fit in, he tried smoking, but nothing seemed to help.

One day the Adventist pastor invited Tatiana and Vladimir to stay with his family for a while, and they accepted. During family worship, the pastor prayed for Vladimir, but a war was raging in his heart—to accept Jesus as his Savior or to be accepted by his old friends.

During this time, Tatiana studied the Bible with the pastor, and she often shared with Vladimir the exciting things she was learning.

Tatiana’s faith continued growing, and she was baptized. She became a new

woman, full of love and hope. She continually prayed for her son, and one year later her prayers were answered.

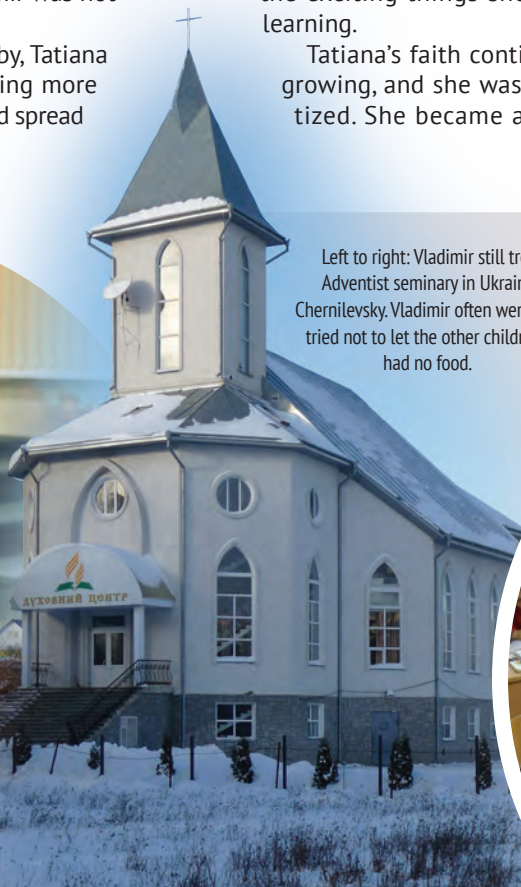
“Seeing the change in my mother, learning the Bible truths she shared with me, and her prayers and those of the pastor had a big effect on me,” said Vladimir. “The following year I was baptized.”

Some years later, Tatiana went to sleep in Jesus, with the assurance of one day soon seeing her Savior face-to-face. Her son, Vladimir, is now studying theology at the Adventist seminary in Bucha, Ukraine.

* Not her real name.

Gina Wahlen

Office of Adventist Mission



Left to right: Vladimir still treasures his Bible as he studies to become a pastor at the Adventist seminary in Ukraine. The Adventist church in Vinnytsia, Ukraine. Photo by George Chernilevsky. Vladimir often went to school hungry, but he tried not to let the other children know that he had no food.





Finding My Voice

“I was shocked when the Adventist World Radio director asked me to start coming to the studio,” Hla Yee says. She was working as a housekeeper in the Upper Myanmar Mission office and had only a fourth-grade education. *What could the director possibly have in mind?* she wondered.

Yee is one of the very few Adventist church members from the Shan ethnic group in Myanmar. Her life began in a small village named Pyin Gyi, located 30 miles from Mandalay. Like the rest of the people in the village, her parents and six siblings were traditional Buddhists. Yee received her primary education at the Buddhist monastic school in the village. Studies were offered only for four levels, however, so when her parents couldn't send her for further schooling in another town, she started working with them on their farm.

Out of more than 135 ethnic groups in Myanmar, the Shan are the largest group. Their Buddhist beliefs and traditional culture are very strong, and for many decades Christian missionaries were unable to share Jesus' love with them.

Then one day, a man named Tun Bo came to Pyin Gyi. He worked for a timber company, and soon the entire village took notice of his industrious style.

Bo was a Seventh-day Adventist who had previously worked as a Global Mission pioneer.* During his service, he was able to plant a church in a town called Kywenadauk, not far from Yee's village. Today, that congregation has more than 100 members. In Pyin Gyi, Bo spent time getting to know many people, and he frequently talked

about Jesus. Although the villagers liked his hard work, they disapproved of his religion. Their minds were made up that all Shan people were Buddhist, and they were not about to change their beliefs.

As it turns out, Yee had noticed more than Bo's work style: she also appreciated his personality. Luckily, her feelings were returned, and they fell in love. “But,” she recalls, “he would talk to me more about Jesus' love than about his own love for me. I was interested in both the message and the man!” Still, it took her five years to accept Jesus.

When Yee and Bo married, Yee's parents refused to associate with her. She faced criticism from her relatives and friends and disapproval from the villagers.

Before long, two of her grandparents died. To add to her pain, many people believed that Yee's grandparents were affected by her marriage to a Christian. Sadly, more sorrow awaited her. When Yee became pregnant, she

Adventist World Radio (AWR) is the official global radio ministry of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Its mission is to broadcast the Adventist hope in Christ to the unreached people groups of the world in their own languages. AWR's programs can be heard in nearly 100 languages through AM/FM and shortwave radio, on demand, and on podcasts at awr.org and iTunes. Thank you for supporting AWR through your mission and world budget offerings.



Far left: Hla Yee's radio programs in the Shan language are generating response from listeners in Myanmar. Left: Hla Yee, *left*, with her daughters, May Thwe Oo, *right*, and Nan Huai, *front*. Below: Hla Yee has treasured this picture of her family since her husband, Tun Bo, passed away.

and Bo eagerly looked forward to starting a family of their own. But their baby was born prematurely and did not survive.

The tragedy sparked even more gossip among the villagers, who could see with their own eyes the dangers that came from marrying a Christian. But Yee says, "My husband's parents were Adventists, and they encouraged me by sharing examples in the Bible of others who suffered. It helped me a lot."

Yee and Bo eventually had two daughters, and it seemed that their troubles were finally behind them. But then the unthinkable happened: Yee's precious husband died. She says simply, "I was left with an empty heart and an empty life."

As a young widow with two daughters and few job skills, Yee was grateful when the mission office offered her a job as a housekeeper. She didn't think about the future much—until she received the call from Thang Pau, the AWR studio director in Pyin Oo Lwin.

Church leaders had wanted to start producing programs in the Shan language for some time and were



looking to recruit a program speaker who had technical, language, and theological skills. But they were unable to find anyone suitable.

Then God led them to Hla Yee. She says, "When Thang Pau asked me to start working in AWR, I was surprised and really touched in my heart to accept." She began taking computer classes and concentrated fiercely for six months to learn word processing and other applications. Although she was scared in the beginning, she picked up the skills remarkably quickly

and amazed the church leaders with her rapid progress.

Yee was given a laptop computer on which she now records, edits, and mixes programs on her own. She translates scripts from Burmese into Shan and records children's stories, health segments, Bible readings, Ellen White books, sermons, and more. These half-hour programs are broadcast seven days a week. Bible correspondence lessons are offered, but they are only available in Burmese.

"I want to continue working for AWR until we can get a new speaker who can do much better than me," she says. She hopes that her elder daughter, who is currently in the tenth grade at Ayeyarwaddy Adventist Seminary, can begin working on the programs. "She is good in music, language, and computers."

"My faith in Jesus has grown more and more through the experiences I have had in my life," Yee says. "I have gone through pain, bitterness, and struggles. But I see now that I am saved by God's grace. I cannot do anything on my own. The Holy Spirit transforms my lips and my voice and speaks to the Shan people about Jesus. I hope my voice will benefit my people for eternal life."

* A Global Mission pioneer is a church planter who works in an area or among a people group where there is little or no Adventist presence. For more information, please see page 7.

Shelley Nolan Freesland is the communication director for Adventist World Radio at the Seventh-day Adventist Church world headquarters.

Special thanks to Maung Maung Myo Chan, communication and public affairs director, Myanmar Union Mission.





The **View** From Thelma's Rocking Chair

“Rainey, doing therapy on Thelma will be a great opportunity for you. Isn't that what you want to do for a career?”

Dr. Mitzelfelt peered at me expectantly through his bifocals. I sighed and thought of Thelma with her dull brown eyes. Her left side had been paralyzed from a couple of strokes, and she compensated for this loss by using a crutch and dragging around her foot. She didn't smile or talk much, and her muscles were stiff and curled from lack of use.

“All right, Dr. Mitzelfelt,” I replied. “I can try to do some therapy with her. Or at least visit and talk with her. Maybe that will lift her spirits.”

I had been in the Philippines as a volunteer for five months and had been praying for extra ways to help out in the seaside village of Pagudpud. So the next day I set out for Thelma's house, stopping to ask for directions along the way. Finally, I found her family's home—two houses, really, filled with uncles and aunts and many young cousins.

Those first few days with Thelma were awkward and difficult. While she watched TV, I would sit beside her on the bench in her house and unclench her gnarled fingers, straighten out her stiff elbow, and bend and unbend her wrist.

Thelma's muscles were so stiff that at times I could barely move them. I begged her to walk short distances or have her family members

stretch them when I wasn't there. But I don't think she ever did.

I never saw much change in Thelma's muscles, but I did start to develop a friendship with her and her family. They would always bring me a drink and some crackers—maybe sticky rice if Thelma's sister-in-law Yeng had been in a cooking mood. Sometimes Thelma would want to talk; other times she would just sit and watch her soap operas.

Toward the end of the year, as the days grew even hotter, I would find Thelma sitting in a rocking chair outside in the shade, wiping her brow. “So hot!” she would lament to me as I manipulated her sweaty hand. Sometimes we'd sit in companionable silence; other times she would talk about her travels or the places she wanted to visit.

I had often wondered how Thelma could stand such complacency—sitting in that chair for hours on end while life passed her by. But as I spent more time with her, I began to almost envy her tranquil life. Sitting under the palm trees brought her such peace, and I found it pleasant to be with her, watching her nieces and nephews play in the yard or the old women on the porches fan themselves as the relentless sun blazed down.





1

Adventist Volunteer Service
 facilitates volunteer missionary service of church members around the world. Volunteers ages 18 to 80 may serve as pastors, teachers, medical professionals, computer technicians, orphanage workers, farmers, and more. To learn more, please visit www.AdventistVolunteers.org.



- 1 Rainey grew to love sitting with Thelma, *back center*, surrounded by her nieces and nephews.
- 2 Rainey met this little girl while visiting a fishing village.
- 3 A common sight in the Philippines—women washing clothes while their children play in the river.
- 4 The village children loved to attend special events hosted by the volunteers.
- 5 The beginning of an eight-hour trek out of the mountains with a medical mission group.

another country can change the way you think. I had been searching for peace and purpose in large areas and big plans, and here I had found what I needed in a little yard in the Philippines. I had gone there thinking I was going to make a big difference, when really the people there were the ones who made a difference in me.

Thelma and her family had blessed my life and given me peace, and I believe that the few months we shared together were gifts from God, given to each of us in our time of need.

Rainey Davis is studying occupational therapy at Loma Linda University in California, a career choice confirmed by the joy she experienced helping Thelma. She volunteered in the Philippines as a medical clinic assistant for In His Service Amianan.



I liked this peace, and I liked Thelma and her family. I didn't want to leave them, but soon the end of April arrived and it was time to go. "You will not leave," commanded Thelma, a few mornings before my departure to the United States. "You will stay here." But of course I had to leave.

I left the family and the rice cakes and the palm trees and the old rocking chair that held the precious woman who had become my friend.

It's amazing how a few months in



4

5



Lessons From a Prostitute

I really shouldn't have judged her because I didn't know her story, but from her appearance it was all too easy for me to conclude that she was a prostitute.

Her short skirt and tight-fitting top, accented by her flashy red lipstick and darkly lined eyes, made her stand out from the rest of the modestly dressed women in church. I had only been in the mission field a few weeks, but I had observed that there was only one class of women who dressed this way. Who would have known that she had something to teach me!

My husband, Greg, and our two sons, Tyler and Ryan, had recently arrived in Southeast Asia. We had devoted our lives to soul winning and were excited that God had called us to be missionaries. What better place to get experience in soul winning than the mission field!

As I sat in my pew relishing in the fact that I was living the life most others only dream about, I had no idea that God was about to teach me my first mission-field lesson and that my teacher would be that high-heeled, scantily clad woman.

It was communion Sabbath. I was curious to see how it was done in this country, especially the footwashing part. Here in Asia, many things associated with feet are taboo, and I was anxious to see how the members reacted to it. Did they wash feet like we do in the West? Or would they pour

water over the feet without touching them? Would everyone participate? Or would this activity weed out all but the most devoted members?

At the right time, we filed out of the sanctuary for the footwashing. I surveyed the crowd outside. Whose feet should I wash? Should I choose the grandma who greeted everyone warmly with her ear-to-ear smile? Should I choose my seamstress friend who was becoming more like a sister to me than just a friend? What about the pastor's wife whose oldest daughter was just a newborn, only a few months younger than my baby? As I stood contemplating my options, I felt a timid tap on my shoulder. I turned around, and to my utter surprise, there stood the "prostitute." Out of the whole crowd, she had chosen me.

Wonderful! I thought. *Here's a great opportunity to show everyone here what it means to humble one's heart and serve the "least of these."*

In good new-missionary style, I insisted that I wash her feet first. After all, I figured, she needed me to be an example for her. I knelt down on the concrete floor, carefully laid the towel out on my lap, folded her fake-fingernailed hands in mine, and prayed that God would bless her with His love and peace and that she would find His

presence so satisfying that she would leave the loveless lifestyle I assumed she was living. Then I washed her feet.

I carefully scooped the water in my cupped hands and let the water trickle over her ankles and down her feet. Then I tenderly lifted one foot and then the other, scooping and drizzling the water with my free hand, letting it wash away any dust that may have collected as she walked to church. As I dried her feet, I was extra careful to gently dry between her toes and avoid the ticklish spots as best as I could. Satisfied that her feet were clean enough, I took the basin, refilled it with fresh water, and sat down.

What happened next humbled me in a way I have never experienced before. My "prostitute" friend knelt down in front of me on the concrete floor, prayed a prayer for me that I didn't understand, and then proceeded to scrub my feet. She used her thumbnail to clean dirt from around and under my toenails and rubbed her fingers between my toes to get the dirt out, giving them a mini massage at the same time. She scrubbed the calluses on my heels with her fingernails until they were soft and then scratched away the dead skin I often miss around my ankles. She massaged my feet and calves and stretched my ankle

I sat in my chair, completely humbled. Before me sat someone whom I'd considered an undeserving "Mary Magdalene," yet it was she who had shown true humility.



muscles. Then she dried my feet. Not with light strokes, but with a firmness that was refreshing and energizing.

I sat in my chair, completely humbled. Before me sat someone whom I'd considered an undeserving "Mary Magdalene," yet it was she who had shown true humility.

I wish I could say that we developed a wonderful friendship and that I mentored her into a leader for the church. But that didn't happen. Before I had enough language skills to carry on a conversation, she stopped coming to church. I often wonder what happened to her. And I wish I knew her story. But what I do know is that God used her in a big way to humble a missionary

who needed to be humbled before He could use me. It was a hard lesson for me to realize that I needed to learn before I could teach. It's all too easy to make assumptions and draw wrong conclusions that actually hinder us from truly ministering to others.

Now, more than ten years later, I'm still learning. In fact, I've learned more than I've ever taught. But I'm better for it, and so are the people I came to minister to!

Amy and her husband, Greg, live in Thailand with their three children. Seasoned missionaries to Southeast Asia, they currently serve at the Global Mission Center for East Asian Religions, where they focus on providing resources and equipping the church in contextual and wholistic ministry among Buddhists, Taoists, Confucians, and Shintoists. Much of this material is available online at www.AdventistMission.org.



About our cover photo...

Photo by Laurie Falvo

I met this persistent little girl from the "Big Ear" Karen tribe at a market in Thailand, where families sell traditional handicrafts. I lost track of how many woven souvenirs I bought from her. With that smile, who could resist?

Nearly 95 percent of the population in Thailand are Buddhist. The remaining 5 percent are Muslims, Sikhs, Hindus, Jews, and Christians. There are 47 Adventist churches with a total membership of 15,160 in a country with a population of more than 66 million people.





CUBA



PORTUGAL



VIETNAM

“Please,
tell me about



BULGARIA

TANZANIA



ARGENTINA



NAMIBIA

CAMEROON



CAMBODIA

Jesus.”

You can help right away. Every dollar given to Global Mission goes to the front lines of mission, reaching people who are still waiting to know Jesus. For more information, please see the back cover.



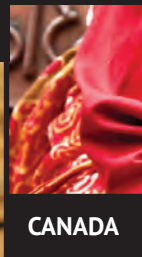
NEPAL



PERU



THAILAND



CANADA





Mom's Egyptian Kitchen

Hilda, Heba, and Nada are three sisters who love to cook the recipes they learned in their mother's kitchen in Egypt. Later, they moved with their parents, Nathan and Saadiya Malaka, to Lebanon and Sudan as a missionary family. They're pleased to honor their mother's memory by sharing her favorite recipes. This Egyptian *koshari* is a one-dish meal, assembled by layering ingredients on each plate.



Koshari

(Serves 6–8)

First Layer—Rice and Lentils

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup jasmine rice
- 1 cup brown lentils
- 6 cups water
- 2 tablespoons canola oil, divided
- 2 tablespoons cumin, divided
- 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon salt, divided
- 1 cup diced onion
- 2 tablespoons olive oil

PREPARATION

STEP 1

Rinse rice thoroughly, cover with water, and set aside to soak for 10 minutes.

STEP 2

- Rinse lentils and place in a large pan.
- Add the 6 cups of water, 1 tablespoon of canola oil, 1 tablespoon of cumin, and 1 tablespoon of salt.
- Boil for 12 to 15 minutes, and then drain; reserving 1 cup of the cooking water.

STEP 3

- In a medium pan, fry the diced onion in oil until golden brown.

- Drain the rice (from Step 1) and add to the onions, stirring well.
- Stir in 1 tablespoon of cumin, 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of reserved cooking water, plus an additional 1 2/3 cups of boiling water. Stir well.

STEP 4

- Add the onion and rice mixture to the lentils in the large pan. Bring the entire mixture to a boil, and then reduce heat to low. Add the olive oil, but do not stir in. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes or until lentils and rice are fully cooked.

Second Layer—Pasta

Boil 2 pounds of elbow pasta, following package directions. Drain.

Third Layer

INGREDIENTS

- 5 tablespoons crushed garlic
- 1 tablespoon canola oil
- 6 tablespoons vinegar (may substitute lemon or lime juice)
- 7 cups crushed tomatoes (fresh or canned)
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon cumin

PREPARATION

- In a medium saucepan, fry the crushed garlic in the oil. When

golden, add the vinegar or juice.

- Cover and let sizzle for 1 minute.
- Add the crushed tomatoes, salt, and cumin.
- Stir well, cover, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, but keep the mixture boiling for 10 minutes.

Fourth Layer

INGREDIENTS

- 3 tablespoons crushed garlic
- 1 large finely chopped green pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon cumin
- ½ cup vinegar (may substitute lemon or lime juice)
- ¾ cup water

PREPARATION

In a bowl, mix all the ingredients listed above.

Fifth Layer

- 1 package of French-style fried onions

To serve

On each plate, start with a layer of lentils and rice. Next, add a layer of pasta, then the tomato mixture, followed by the green pepper mixture. Top with fried onions.

Goulash

(Serves 8–10)

Most people think of *goulash* as a stew, but it is entirely different in the Middle East, where it is known as a popular appetizer. One taste of this savory treat and you'll understand why it is a beloved tradition.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 package phyllo dough
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn or vegetable oil
- 3 cups crumbled feta cheese
- 2 teaspoons Zaatar* powder
- 1 cup of low fat milk
- 1 egg
- Salt to taste

PREPARATION

- Preheat oven to 350°F.
- In a medium bowl, lightly mix the feta cheese, Zaatar (or seasonings below), milk, and egg.
- In a 9x11 pan, use a brush to oil the surface. One at a time, place each sheet of phyllo dough in a stack, brushing each layer with oil.
- Halfway through the stack of phyllo sheets, spread the filling mixture of feta cheese and Zaatar evenly.
- Continue to alternate the remaining phyllo dough sheets with oil. Do not spread oil over the final layer of phyllo.
- Cut the stack of layered phyllo sheets into the desired number of pieces.
- In a separate bowl, mix the egg with the milk and sprinkle with a dash of salt.
- Pour the egg and milk mixture along the cut lines to make sure all the liquid is evenly spread.
- Place tray on the center oven rack. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes or until golden brown on the top.

* Zaatar is a combination of several Middle Eastern spices. If you cannot find it, you can substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of each of the following spices: thyme, oregano, basil, and marjoram or sage.



Above: (from left) Nada Malaka, Heba Antwan, Saadiya Malaka, and Hilda Madanat. The three sisters and their families live in Silver Spring, Maryland, in the United States. Top left: A plate of *koshari*. Top right: Delicious Egyptian *goulash*. Right: Ready to assemble your own *koshari*. Photos by Nada Malaka.



THAILAND



Umbrella frames wait for the next step at the factory.

Hand-painted umbrellas.

Thailand

Home of **beauty** and **culture**



Artisans skillfully paint each design by hand.



Serenity in a temple garden.



A girl from the Lisu tribe.



Orchids thrive in Thailand's humid climate.



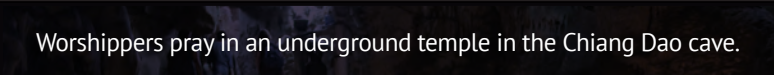
Colorful handmade bags.



Perfumed water at a Buddhist temple.



A mother and baby from the "Long Neck" Karen tribe.



Worshippers pray in an underground temple in the Chiang Dao cave.



A brother and sister in a country home.



A woman from the Akha tribe.



A baby playing in a stream.



Curb Appeal

There's no doubt that the Happy Hand secondhand store has curb appeal. But beautiful décor and high-quality merchandise aren't the only draw for shoppers on this busy street in Copenhagen. Customers say they're attracted to the shop's peaceful, spiritual atmosphere and its caring workers.

Opened in 2012, Happy Hand was the brainchild of a group of Adventist lay members in Copenhagen who wanted to do more to help the needy in their city. Working closely with the Danish Union and local Adventist churches, they created an economically independent Life Hope Center that enables them to minister to people's



The shop's downtown location brings in a large clientele.

The Adventist-run nonprofit store is located in the heart of Denmark's capital city.



Enjoying an in-store fashion show.

In the middle of the shop is a café area where people can relax, chat with the personnel, or read some of the books and magazines on hand.



needs and fund a variety of mission projects in their neighborhood and around the world.

"We called the shop Happy Hand," says Anne-May Müller, "because we want to lend a hand to those in need around us. We want to pass on the physical and spiritual gifts we've received from God and share hope and happiness."

Happy Hand is decorated with recycled furniture to create a warm, charming atmosphere. When customers enter the shop, they're invited to sit down to rest, enjoy refreshments, listen to inspiring music, and connect with friendly Christians. Refreshments are served, such as hot teas, cold drinks, fruit, and cookies.



Concert at Happy Hand



Two of Anne-May's children attending Happy Hand's opening ceremony.

Volunteers ready to hit the streets and shelters with warm clothes and fresh food.



“We sit and talk with people and even pray with them,” says Müller. “We had no idea when we started this project that people would be so willing to discuss spiritual matters—even in secular, postmodern Copenhagen.

In the back of the shop stands a small table with a box on it. Each day people slip prayer requests into the box, knowing the staff will pray for them later. There is also a place for

them to visit with a pastor.

Happy Hand is so much more than a classy secondhand shop. It provides many services and activities for the community such as:

- ▶ Free concerts and tutoring for schoolchildren;
- ▶ Warm clothing and food for the homeless;
- ▶ Seminars on topics such as marriage, parenting, creation, and health;
- ▶ Bible study groups, prayer groups, and pastoral counseling;
- ▶ Free Bibles and literature;
- ▶ Workshops on topics such as bullying, self-worth, depression, and anxiety.

Thursday is my happy day!

Müller became involved with Happy Hand about two years ago when the shop's leader asked if she could volunteer. She committed to working Thursday afternoons for three months. “I'm still here,” says Müller, “because Thursday is my happy day! This ministry is so meaningful to me. I've connected with many good people and made a lot of friends. It's been a wonderful experience.”

Our two-way window

Every day hundreds of people peer through Happy Hand's front window—a window that Müller sees

Anne-May teaching an evening seminar on better relationships and marriages.



Tid

1. Blevr denkontakten, når din partner siger noget.
2. Foretag dig ikke andre ting, mens du lytter.
3. Lyt efter følelser.
4. Søg mærke til knudeordet.
5. Aflyt dig selv.

Volunteers making food bags for the homeless.



Guests listen to a seminar by an astronomer about the existence of God.



A healthy meal is often served after the seminars.





Mission to the Cities is the church's initiative to reach out to the world's largest cities. A vital part of that initiative is establishing Life Hope Centers, wholistic ministry centers that put Christ's method of ministry into practice. Your Global Mission donations help support Life Hope Centers. To learn more about their ministry or to support their work, please visit www.MissiontotheCities.org.



Berit Elkjær, the entrepreneur behind the success of Happy Hand.

members in Copenhagen to develop and nurture relationships with people in their community. If your church is considering a similar ministry, Müller encourages you to take the leap. "Dare to ask God to show you how to minister to people in a meaningful way," she says. "He has a heart for city people, and He'll show you how to reach them with His love."

Copenhagen is home to some one million people representing a wide variety of cultural, ethnic, and socio-economic levels. It faces the same challenges to mission as many cities, such as secularism, materialism, and atheism. But through the ministry of Happy Hand, the church in Denmark is being connected to hundreds of people who long for a relationship with God and authentic people who love them.

Please pray for Happy Hand and for all our Life Hope Centers around the world as they bring the joy of Jesus to the millions in our cities.

as the perfect metaphor for their mission. "The community looks in and sees a caring, happy church at work," she says. "And we can look into the community to see what issues people are struggling with and how we can help them."

Customers often tell Müller that they feel at peace in the store. "We want customers to use the shop as a place to take a break from life's stress," says Müller. "They come in and talk. They get a hug and a hot drink, and they're able to face the world again."

Happy Hand continually provides opportunities for pastors and church

Mission 360° TV hosts guests, such as Anne-May Müller, from all over the world. Watch it on Hope Channel in North America or see it now at www.Youtube.com/AdventistMission.

Airtimes (Eastern Time)

Fridays	11 P.M.
Sabbaths	8 A.M., 5 P.M., and 8 P.M.
Sundays	7 P.M.
Wednesdays	8 P.M. and 11 P.M.



Photo credits: Thomas Boilesen, Inger Falk, Thomas Müller, Per Arild Struksnes, and Joachim Thortzen.

Anne-May Müller is a pastor and the director of family ministries for the Danish Union. She is also a volunteer and a pastor for the Happy Hand project. She is married to Thomas, and they are blessed with four lively boys. Anne-May enjoys running in the forest for recreation.

Laurie Falvo
Office of Adventist Mission



Brave Hearts



Nanibala Biswas and
Georgia Ann Burrus



Georgia Burrus Burgess

When Georgia Ann Burrus was baptized at age 16 against the will of her parents, she revealed a courage and determination that would characterize the rest of her life. Born in California in 1866, she attended Healdsburg College* in the same state and then taught at the Bible School in nearby Oakland. By the time she was 29, an unshakable yearning filled her heart for the salvation of people overseas.

Georgia sailed to India in 1895, and when she set foot on a bustling dock in Calcutta, she became the first full-time Adventist missionary in India. She faced many challenges. In addition to being single at a time when it was uncommon for women to travel independently, she was one of the only Adventists in the country and the sole financier of her ministry. Her first task was to learn Bengali. As she grasped the basics of the language and immersed herself in the culture, she developed a longing for the salvation of Hindu girls, who numbered in the hundreds of thousands. This was a vast field, but she started small, opening a girls' school with Martha May Taylor in 1896. The two women fed the poor, clothed the naked, taught the uneducated, and



Luther and
Georgia Burgess

told them of a Savior they had never heard of before.

Georgia loved her students deeply, and they loved her in return. They began urging her to visit their homes to meet their parents. One day Georgia visited the Biswas family. In those days the homes in India were like small compounds in which extended families lived together, the men and women occupying separate quarters. In the women's quarter, Georgia met a beautiful 11-year-old girl named Nanibala. Georgia was surprised to learn that Nanibala was already a widow. An immediate bond developed between them.

Georgia began to visit the Biswas women, teaching them English from

the Bible once a week. Soon all but Nanibala lost interest, but to Georgia's delight, she could see the Word of God taking root in the young girl's heart.

One day as Georgia walked past the Biswas' home on the way to the mission school, Nanibala spotted her and snuck out of the house unobserved. "O Mem Sahib," she said, "I want you to come at night and steal me away and let me live with you so that I can be a Christian. My father has forbidden me to study the Bible with you and told me that if I leave Hinduism, he will kill me. Even now my family beats me for believing what you have taught me."

The next day when Georgia came to the Biswas' home for her weekly lesson with Nanibala, she found the doors barred. She knocked several times, but no one responded. She decided to come back later, and this

The Biswas family; Nanibala second from right



time she found the door unlocked. She slipped in and greeted Nanibala. They studied the Bible like old times, only now the other women glared at them coldly. After praying with Nanibala, Georgia left to return to her teaching.

When Nanibala's father returned from work, he was informed about the Bible study. Nanibala was beaten badly by her father and other members of her family. When she could stand the abuse no longer, she threw off all custom and ran out into the street. Providentially, Georgia was returning from a day of teaching at just that moment. She gathered the girl in her arms and took her to the home of Martha Taylor. Then she hurried back to the mission school to talk with the other missionaries about what they should do.

When Georgia approached the school, she saw an angry mob of men, yelling for Nanibala to be returned to her parents at once. It was only through the intercession of Georgia's language teacher, a high-ranking Brahman, that the men were pacified. He explained that Nanibala had chosen to become a Christian, and since she was of age, she could legally leave home.

When he was finished, Nanibala's father stepped forward. Changing his tack, he admitted that his family had abused the girl and that they were sorry. If she would just return home, he urged, they would apologize and return her the next day to the school where she would be free to become a Christian.

When Georgia went to Martha Taylor's home and explained the plan to Nanibala, she agreed to return home. But the next day, Mr. Biswas did not return his daughter to the mission as promised. Nor the next. Georgia went to the Biswas' home, only to find the doors barred again.

The Seventh-day Adventist missionaries in Calcutta held a prayer vigil for Nanibala that Friday evening. In the wee hours of Sunday morning, Georgia heard a loud rapping on her door. She opened it to see Nanibala trembling with fear. The missionary drew her inside, bolting the door behind her.

The whole story tumbled out. After Nanibala had returned home, her father locked her in a room, swearing he'd murder her if she tried to escape. Nanibala pleaded with God not only to escape but for the opportunity to serve her newfound Savior.

In those days, homes in India were built on all four sides of an open court, forming a complete enclosure. All through the week, workmen had been making repairs on the Biswas' house. At quitting time on Friday evening, they had left a ladder lying in the court. On Saturday when she arose from her prayers, Nanibala looked out her window and spotted the ladder.

At midnight when everyone was sleeping, Nanibala made her getaway. With the assistance of a sympathetic aunt, she escaped her room and hoisted the heavy ladder against the side of the house. Nimbly climbing it, she pulled herself onto the roof, scurried across it, and leapt to the street below.

In the coming weeks, the Biswas family made several attempts to retrieve Nanibala from the mission. Her mother and grandmother came and with tears begged her to return. A rich woman hired by the Biswas tried to entice Nanibala with a promise of unimaginable comforts. Her father stationed men at the mission gates to grab her when she walked by. But all to no avail. Nanibala was baptized in 1895, the first Hindu to become an Adventist. She had defied family, upbringing, culture, and religion for Jesus.

In 1901 Nanibala came to the United States to study medicine, telling her amazing story to believers across the nation. She quickly became a symbol of the power of the Adventist message to overcome all barriers and a testament that with God's grace the world can be reached with the gospel. Meanwhile, Georgia Burrus went on to serve as a missionary in India for nearly 40 years. These two women were firsts in a country that now has more than one million Adventists, more than any other nation in the world.

* Currently Pacific Union College.

Benjamin Baker is the assistant archivist at the Seventh-day Adventist Church world headquarters.





Adventures of a Reluctant Missionary



Suddenly I felt like crying. We were on our way to church, listening to a CD of George Beverly Shea singing “How Great Thou Art.” My husband, Fred, joined in, adding his bass voice to one of my favorite songs. That voice took me back 65 years to our college days when he sang in a double male quartet.

It had taken some time to find the right guy. Back in high school, I remember looking out the window of my dorm room, watching a missionary family walk along the path. The mother had long, graying hair and was wearing a faded, outdated dress. Several little ones were running beside her. All of them had a yellowish skin color, the result of taking a malarial drug. *If that’s what you look like when you’ve been a missionary, I said to myself, I’m not interested. Never!*

But now, here I was in college. I’d been checking out all the eligible young fellows on campus, but no one

quite caught my eye. My best friend, Rena, the pianist for the double male quartet, was eager to introduce me to Fred Thomas. He was one of the basses, but since he was from a missionary family in Kenya, I was hesitant. I’d heard that he planned to return to the mission field upon graduation.

Eventually, Rena won out. Under the flowering goldenrod arbor in front of the girls’ dorm, she introduced me to Fred. He brought along a slab of Cadbury’s chocolate to make a good impression. And that was the beginning of the rest of my life! It wasn’t long before I changed my mind about being a missionary. Now I can look back and see how God guided and protected us through the 65 years we’ve been together.

Just six weeks after we were married, we arrived in Zambia for our first mission appointment. The only feasible way to get to the mission station in this remote and primitive area was by a single engine, five-seat airplane, called a Rapide. The sides were made of canvas, but we made it safely, much to my relief. Our few possessions were to come much later by barge up the Zambezi River.

Upon arrival we rode on the flatbed of an old army truck through the forest on sandy tracks. The ink was barely dry on my new degree in home economics, so you can only imagine what I was thinking as we were ushered into the thatch-roofed house we

were to share with another family. We had one small room for ourselves, plus an attached closed-in porch, just large enough for a bed. The kitchen and washroom, both painted dark green, and the outhouse were to be shared.

Drinking and wash water for the house, brought up from the river some distance away in buckets, was pumped up into a raised tank in the back yard.

To my dismay, I learned that the task of carrying water to the house was given to the lepers from a nearby colony.

The nearest grocery store was 400 miles down the Zambezi River to the town of Livingstone. The only fresh produce we had was whatever we could grow in a small garden.

The mission operated a small elementary school, a church, and a dispensary run by a brave Norwegian nurse. She was the only medical help available for anyone within a 300-mile radius. Most of the local inhabitants were spirit worshippers, so we would often be lulled to sleep by the sound of drums beating in the distance.

After two years on the mission, Fred had an opportunity to use the skills he learned in carpentry and construction as he worked his way through college. He was asked to start construction of a hospital and housing for doctors. Since it was to be built on a piece of uninhabited land, some distance from the mission, we moved to the construction site and lived in a mud hut. Nine-foot mamba snakes were frequent visitors.

By now we had one baby, little Frederick, so while Fred was supervising the



4



5



3

.....
**God calls each of us
 to serve where we are
 planted. The collective
 number of years of mission
 service by various members
 of the Thomas family
 amount to more
 than 500.**

making of bricks and the construction of the buildings, I would watch our son as he played in the sand under a shade tree in front of our hut. I also distributed simple medicines to the local women and children who came around for help.

As a result of our organizing a Sabbath School and holding a church service under the shade of a large tree, a number of individuals showed an interest in studying the Bible. They were baptized a few months later in a crocodile-infested river.

Once some of the buildings were completed and a doctor had been appointed, we were relocated to Kenya. Situated on a beautiful mission compound, the living conditions were much easier. Water was no problem because it rained every afternoon for

about an hour. The lawns around the house were soft and green, and the vegetable garden was very productive.

By now we had four active little boys. The three older children were in need of homeschooling, but they were much more interested in riding bikes and pushing their baby brother around in a buggy. Since our house was built on steep ground, the boys had to see for themselves how the buggy springs worked on a slope! Every Sabbath we attended a different church, wherever Fred had been invited to preach. Our family was quite a curiosity to the local people.

Our next move took us to Tanzania. Now we felt it would be best for the three older boys, Frederick, Dave and John, to attend the boarding school in Nairobi, Kenya. This was a very difficult decision for me. We saw them only once every three months, and, oh, how much they grew during that time!

Another move took us to Zimbabwe, and once again the boys had to go away to boarding school. This time they would travel some 2,500 miles distance by train. The first time we did this was on a Sabbath morning, the only day of the week the train left from Bulawayo, where we lived, for Cape Town, South Africa.

After hugging them goodbye, we headed to church with heavy hearts. The person offering the prayer in church asked God to protect and bless the children who had just left for boarding school. I promptly burst out crying—I couldn't help it! Sacrificing

our children—it was becoming unbearable.

When it was time to send Peter, our youngest son, away to school, it was more than I could handle. Being missionaries in remote, undeveloped places was not our most difficult experience. The hardest thing was being separated from our children. It was because of my aching heart that we immigrated to the United States, where our children could live at home and commute to school every day.

Now here we are, 65 years later, having served in many different areas of Africa, the United States, and in the Middle East. We praise God for His goodness and protection. The gospel is spreading across the African continent in an amazing way. Once the recipient of missionaries, Africa now sends missionaries to other parts of the world.

Today I am thankful to God for bringing the son of British missionaries into my life. Frederick Herbert and Florence Thomas left the shores of England in 1924 and served in Africa for 40 years. Their son Frederick George changed my perspective of mission forever. I wouldn't trade our adventurous life for anything!

- 1 Jean and Fred Thomas at home in Burlison, Texas. Jean painted the landscape of Table Mountain in South Africa.
- 2 Jean and Fred, right, with other missionaries in Zambia.
- 3 The Thomas' belongings arrived by barge.
- 4 Jean with little Fred.
- 5 The Thomas family in Tanzania: back to front: Fred, Jean, John, Fred, Dave, and Peter.

Now retired, Jean and Fred's neighborhood is their current mission field. They deliver Meals on Wheels to housebound residents, organize birthday celebrations for the neighbors on their street, and tend a flourishing flower garden. Birds from miles around visit their birdfeeders daily.



The Throwaway Baby

It's not time for this baby to be born, thought the mother as she hurried to the hospital to deliver her tenth child. Only five months into this pregnancy, she was surprised to feel the familiar labor pains. When the baby was delivered, the doctor said, "Ma'am, you have nine children waiting for you at home. You did not deliver a baby—you had an undeveloped fetus that didn't survive." The doctor put the baby in a cloth and threw it in the garbage.

But the mother wasn't convinced. Once the nurses left, she looked into the garbage and saw the cloth moving. When she lifted it, there was her baby, still breathing.

Taking a washcloth, she wrapped up her baby, put it in her pocket, and went home. "Where's the baby?" her children asked. The mother unwrapped the cloth and there was the tiniest infant they had ever seen.

Before long, the police came. She had stolen hospital property, they informed her—the baby! "If you don't return it" they said, "we'll take you to court."

"This is my child!" the mother cried, refusing to give them her baby.

"If the fetus dies under your care," they responded, "you will go to jail for murder." Refusing to be intimidated she responded, "Then I will have to do my jail time."

A directive was then sent to all government clinics in the area, forbidding them to accept the baby or mother for treatment. But God did not forget this desperate mother or her premature infant. As she prayed, God impressed her with what to do.

The baby was so tiny that his little mouth wasn't large enough to nurse, so the mother put some of her milk into a doll's bottle to feed him. Because no incubator was available, she carefully placed him in the sun each day. Over time, the baby strengthened and grew.

One day, however, the baby became very ill, and the mother had to bring him back to the hospital, where she met the same doctor and nurses. They were perplexed because the child was still alive. Getting on her knees, she pleaded with the doctor, begging him to help her baby.

The baby desperately needed a blood transfusion, but the hospital had only one unit of blood available, and it had not yet been screened for disease. The mother asked that they give it to him anyway, or he would die. She prayed as she watched them transfuse the unscreened blood into



Jeremy Arnold

her infant. The doctor assured her that he would not survive past midnight. But at 6 a.m. the next morning, the baby was still alive.

By this time, the doctor was amazed. He had never seen anything like this before. Now, he had another idea: "Let's send him to a hospital in Jamaica to see how long he can survive. But the mother refused. "My child is not a guinea pig or a lab rat!"

The police officers were called in order to ensure that this "crazy" woman wouldn't steal the baby again. Determined to take him home,

“This is my child!”
the mother cried,
refusing to
give them
her baby.

the woman came up with a plan—she would go to another ward of the hospital, create a big commotion, and when the officers were distracted, she would grab her baby and run. The plan worked, and she hurried home. Not far behind, however, were the police officers. Once again they threatened her with stealing hospital property, but she stood her ground.

A year later, the baby was still alive. But, once more he became ill and there was no choice but to return to the hospital, where once again the mother met the same doctor and staff.

Looking at the child, the doctor made dire predictions: “This baby will be blind and crippled by the age of 2.

He will be mentally disabled
and will die at
the age

of 5.” The mother took her treasure home and prayed.

The baby kept growing and became stronger each day. When he was 6 years old, he walked into a Seventh-day Adventist primary school, not with a cane, as the doctor predicted, because he wasn’t blind. Not in a wheelchair, as the doctor had warned, because he could walk. He walked in on two strong legs and did well in every subject.

That baby, rescued from a garbage can, is me. Amazingly, however, in spite of my miraculous delivery, Satan almost won my soul.

I faced many discouragements and temptations, growing up in the south side of Belize City. My father did not support us, and we were very poor. Often we went to school hungry because we hadn’t eaten for days. I became involved in some bad things.

But the Lord led me back. By His grace, I have been able to lead many people to Christ through my evangelistic ministry.

My mother, whom I love very much, always reminds me, “Never forget that you were a throwaway baby. God preserved you, and you are here to bring Him glory.

Jeremy Arnold with Gina Wahlen.

Jeremy Arnold recently graduated from Belize Adventist Junior College and would like to pursue a degree in theology. Gina Wahlen works in the Office of Adventist Mission as the editor of the *Mission* magazines.



For more mission stories, please visit
www.adventistmission.org/mqa-home.

Christ's method in the world's great cities

Mingling
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Ministering
to needs
Winning confidence
Bidding people
to follow
Jesus

Every dollar given to Global Mission goes directly to the front lines of mission, including big cities, reaching people who are still waiting to know Jesus.

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