

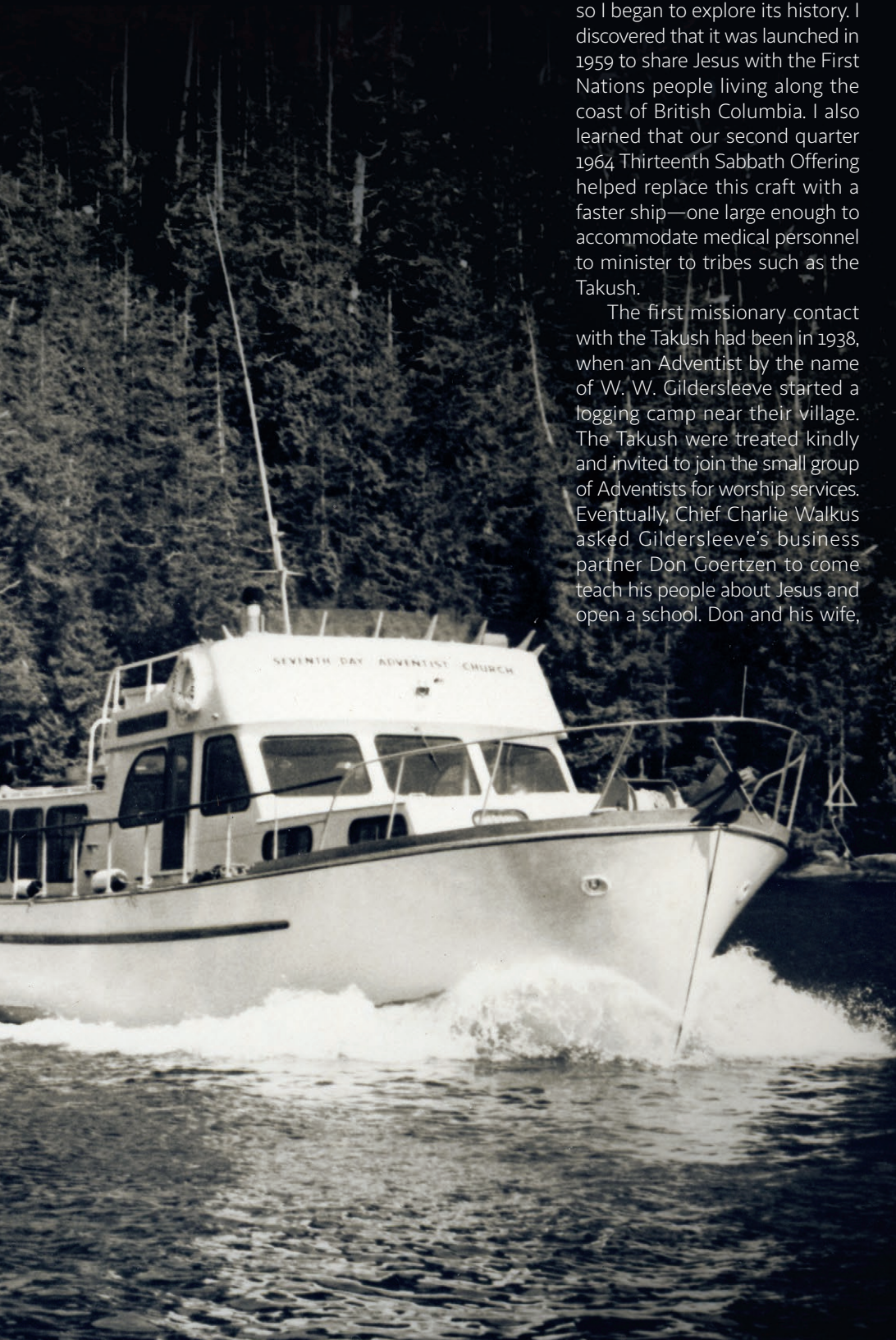
mission360

The official mission magazine of the Seventh-day Adventist® Church **VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 4**

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EDITORIAL



I've always had a fascination with mission ships, so I was intrigued when Frank Johnson III sent me a story about the *Northern Light*.

I'd never heard of the boat, so I began to explore its history. I discovered that it was launched in 1959 to share Jesus with the First Nations people living along the coast of British Columbia. I also learned that our second quarter 1964 Thirteenth Sabbath Offering helped replace this craft with a faster ship—one large enough to accommodate medical personnel to minister to tribes such as the Takush.

The first missionary contact with the Takush had been in 1938, when an Adventist by the name of W. W. Gildersleeve started a logging camp near their village. The Takush were treated kindly and invited to join the small group of Adventists for worship services. Eventually, Chief Charlie Walkus asked Gildersleeve's business partner Don Goertzen to come teach his people about Jesus and open a school. Don and his wife,

Claire, weren't teachers, but they were willing to share God's love. They cut loose their houseboat and towed it to the Takush village.

The need for a teacher was satisfied when Frank Johnson II and his wife, Ada, moved to the area with their children, Donald, Ethel, and Frank III.

During his teenage years, Frank III worked as a fisherman and dreamed of becoming a boat captain. Instead, he served as a teacher and pastor, but God hadn't forgotten his dream.

In 1974, Frank was asked to captain the *Northern Light*. He and his family joyfully accepted the call to bring the gospel to the First Nations people he had grown to love as a child.

As captain, Frank experienced many instances of God's power and protection. One such instance is shared in his story "The Angel Fishing Boat," which appears on page 16 of this issue.

Laurie Falvo
Editor



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ABOUT OUR COVER PHOTO . . .

Photo by Rick Kajiura

In the hills of northeastern Thailand, a group of Adventists from China had started a small school. They had a pickup truck that they used to transport students. We jumped in the back of the pickup and went to visit the families of some of their students. At the first stop, we met this little girl and her mother. Her mother was making crafts to sell in the market to tourists. The little girl let us take a few pictures but then got shy and hid behind her mother.



The official mission magazine
of the Seventh-day Adventist® Church

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THE GIFT OF A YEAR

As a teacher for 18 rambunctious and affectionate first-graders, I receive many gifts from my students. On average, I receive about six flowers every day: some boldly brought to me with big smiles; others quietly placed, crumpled, in my hand.

Sometimes, I'm given little notes asking me to stay in Timor-Leste or to come to their home, or telling me of their love. My cupboard doors are covered in drawings of all sorts of things from monster trucks to animals to "teacher and me" to bright beehives swarming with bees. I have a drawer full of funny little gifts such as buttons, seeds, coral, leaves, paper snowflakes, pins, candle holders, shells, colorful pieces of paper, and candy. But of all the gifts from the children, one in particular stands out.

One day at recess, my youngest girl came up to me, a massive smile spread across her face, and asked me to hold out my hand. "Something for Teecha," she rasped out in her warm, little voice. I stretched out my hand, and she

placed something shiny in it. Her eyes looked keenly up into mine, waiting for my reaction.

Looking into my hand at the special gift, I smiled down at her and thanked her for thinking of me. Her eyes glowed with pride as she gave me a big hug and skipped off to play.

As I examined the gift, I laughed as I realized what she had so lovingly given me: the back of a dead cockroach. I can't say that I kept it, but I can tell you that I felt all the love she meant to show me in her unknowingly nasty gift. I wasn't looking at the piece of a cockroach; I was looking at those eyes, just longing to show her love to her teacher. That meant all the world to me.

I dedicated this year to serving God as a teacher in Timor-Leste.



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 AdventistVolunteers.org.

In a sense, it's my gift to Him. But to tell you the truth, I've failed in many ways. Some days I've become impatient with my kids, been impolite to people, or not shown love to those who need it most. As much as I desire to give my best to God, my best just isn't good enough no matter how hard I try. But you know what? Just like I felt my little student's love through her unpleasant gift, God looks at my broken, stained, and pathetic gift of service, and He sees right into my heart. He knows my motives, and He can

see my eyes looking up at Him, just longing to show Him my love.

Psalm 103:13, 14 says, "As a father has compassion on his children, so the Lord has compassion on those who fear him; for he knows how we are formed, he remembers that we are dust" (NIV). God's benevolence surpasses our mistakes; His love fills up our brokenness, and His sacrifice covers our failed attempts at showing Him love. Just like the story of my student, our love behind the gifts we give God are more important than the gifts themselves.

This year I've learned that if I give my best for God, if I give Him my all, He will use it to His glory. And for me, that's reason enough to keep giving Him my broken gifts.



Originally from the United States, **Julia McEdward** spent the past year as a volunteer teacher in Timor-Leste. She is earning a degree in education at Walla Walla University.

- 1 Teaching my neighbor kids basic English in our free class.
- 2 Saying one last goodbye to my beloved students on the last day of school.
- 3 Making new friends on the streets of Timor-Leste.
- 4 Receiving student missionary packages from Walla Walla University.



Our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for third quarter 2015 helped build the school where Julia taught in Timor-Leste. Until then, there wasn't a single Adventist school in the entire country! Meet some of the students who faced a difficult decision between following Jesus and getting an education in the video stories "Tough Choice," m360.tv/s1535, and "School Challenges," m360.tv/s1636.



CAMILA'S **Miracle**

Camila* dreamed about becoming a missionary doctor. She studied medicine for seven years and, shortly after graduating with her medical degree, moved with her husband, Mateo, to the Middle East.

But finding work proved difficult. Obstacle after obstacle kept emerging, preventing her from being hired by a public hospital. The authorities gave preference to physicians with previous experience, but Camila had none to offer. She pleaded with officials at the Health Ministry to give her a chance. She traveled between her home and the ministry for weeks to make her case, even suggesting that she work under their supervision. The situation seemed impossible.

Camila had a second option: enrolling in a specialization training program. But first she would need to pass a national exam that was scheduled only on Saturdays. She decided to appeal to the authorities and sent an email explaining

that she observed the biblical seventh-day Sabbath and asking for an alternate exam day. The return e-mail said, “No.”

The couple grew very discouraged. For two years, they had struggled to find work. They questioned why Camilla had studied medicine and why they had traveled to a country with such an impenetrable health care system.

Camila and Mateo decided to take a month off their job search

Tawrah and *Injeel* (the Old and New Testaments) and believed that Saturday is the only day of worship to God.

After sending the email, Camila took one more step of faith. She signed up for the exam. She had never done anything like this before and had no idea what would happen. But she and her husband firmly believed that God could do anything, so changing the time of the exam would be a small matter for Him. They asked friends and

Arab doctors from various Middle Eastern countries were taking the exam already. She had three hours to answer 120 questions about subjects she had studied during her seven years of medical school.

Four days later, Camila received the results. She had passed the exam!

More applications, interviews, and other potential obstacles lie ahead for Camila—but she’s not worried.

“He was willing to perform the miracle if we were willing to move our stone of unbelief. In an hour, God solved a problem that we hadn’t been able to fix for two years!”

to pray and to study the biblical account of the last week of Jesus’ life. As they observed Jesus in His final days, their hearts began to change. They slowly laid their dreams, fears, and sins at His feet. It was a life-changing experience.

One morning, they read the story of Lazarus’ death and resurrection. When Martha expressed disbelief that her brother could be resurrected at that time, Jesus replied with words that struck deep into Camila and Mateo’s hearts. “Did I not say to you that if you would believe you would see the glory of God?” (John 11:40, NKJV).

“Mateo and I realized that the miracle only happened when people moved the stone of unbelief away from the tomb,” said Camila. “In that instant, I recognized my own lack of faith and asked God for forgiveness.”

Getting up from her knees, Camila wrote to the person in charge of the exam, asking to take it after sundown on Saturday. She explained that she followed the

staff members at the Middle East and North Africa Union headquarters in Beirut, Lebanon, to pray.

Soon, Camila received a reply. It said, “Dear Dr. Camila, I understand very well your situation, and we, as Muslims, tolerate and respect everyone’s beliefs. I have instructed the exam center to give you the exam immediately after sunset Saturday.”

“We just began to cry with happiness and joy, praising our God Almighty,” Camila said. “He was willing to perform this miracle if we were willing to move our stone of unbelief. In an hour, God solved a problem that we hadn’t been able to fix for two years!”

But that wasn’t the end of the story.

Camila had only eight days to study for the big exam. Again, she asked friends and church employees to pray.

When she arrived at the exam center, the officials were waiting for her. They ushered her into the room where a group of mostly

“How can we forget what Jesus has already done?” she says.

* Names have been changed.

Melanie Wixwat,

the daughter of missionary parents, grew up in India and then settled in Canada. She is currently a news writer for the Middle East and North Africa Union Mission in Beirut, Lebanon.



Your weekly mission offerings help support the ministry of the Adventist Church in the Middle East and North Africa. Thank you!

Solomon's Prayers

1 My name is Solomon Kasaka. I'm a Global Mission pioneer serving in a town near Gaborone, the capital of Botswana, in southern Africa.

2 It's an interesting community to work in. When I first came here, we had only five members meeting every Sabbath. Five out of a population estimated to be around 18,000! I was a bit discouraged at

first, because at my previous church plant, we had more than 50 members, and our worship service was vibrant.

3 The first thing I did was to intensify my prayer ministry. I went from house to house, sharing the love of Jesus and praying for people, rather than focusing immediately on giving Bible studies.

4 The Lord has been so good. Now more than 80 people are attending church services regularly. Every Sabbath, we have an average of 10 or more visitors, and we've had baptisms on a monthly basis.

5 I want to see the gospel permeate this town and its surrounding area so that the people will live in harmony with the principles in God's Word. Please pray for the Holy Spirit to work upon their hearts so that they will be open to Jesus' love and leading.

PIONEER POSTCARD Botswana





GLOBAL MISSION

The Global Mission program was established by the 1990 General Conference Session to reach the unreached people groups of the world. It currently supports nearly 2,000 Global Mission pioneers.

If you would like to support Global Mission, be assured that every dollar will go directly to the front lines of mission, reaching people who are still waiting to hear about Jesus.

Global Mission pioneers

- plant churches in areas or among people groups where there's no Adventist presence;
- are usually local people who already speak the language and understand the culture, enabling them to contextualize the gospel message for a lasting effect;
- receive a basic stipend, making them more affordable than traditional missionaries; and
- share the good news of Jesus through wholistic ministry, such as providing medical care, teaching agricultural skills, offering literacy programs, holding evangelistic meetings, and giving Bible studies.

In the past five years, pioneers have supported 5,281 church planting projects in 104 countries and have helped lead thousands of people to Jesus. Their ministry wouldn't be possible without your donations and prayers. Thank you for your support!

Ways to Give

- **Online**
Visit Giving.AdventistMission.org to make a secure donation quickly.
- **Phone**
Call 800-648-5824
- **Mail**
In the United States:
Global Mission, General Conference
12501 Old Columbia Pike
Silver Spring, MD 20904-6601

In Canada:
Global Mission
SDA Church in Canada
1148 King Street East
Oshawa, ON L1H 1H8

To learn more about Global Mission, please visit Global-Mission.org.



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To watch a video story about Solomon called “A Humbling Experience,” please visit M360.tv/s1639.



Love on a Plate

I wanted to open a restaurant in Japan where people could become healthier just as I had at an Adventist health resort in Alabama, United States.

My husband and I flew from our home in Japan to the state of Alabama to seek treatment for his pancreatic cancer. I was a Seventh-day Adventist, and I had heard that Adventist doctors working at a health resort called Uchee Pines Institute might be able to help. My husband wasn't a Christian.

As we ate vegan food and exercised, our bodies began to change. I lost a lot of weight. My husband quit smoking. He also began to read the Bible and was baptized at the institute.

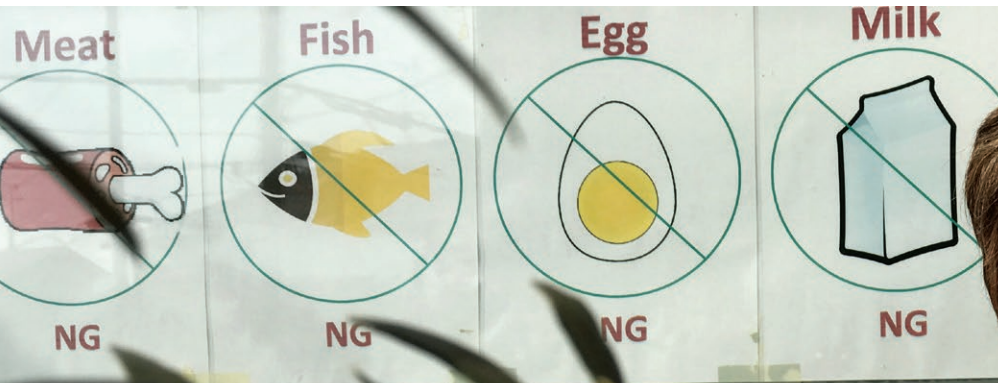
My husband died a week after his baptism. He was only 56. I was sad, but I was also happy because we had agreed to meet again in heaven.

Returning to Japan, I counted my savings and realized that I had more than enough to live on. I wanted to use my money

to spread the gospel here, where only one percent of the population is Christian. So I started praying, "Dear God, what should I do?"

One day, I read Isaiah 55:13 during my devotions. This verse says, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the cypress tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off" (NKJV).

At that moment, I knew that I wanted to open a restaurant where I could help people become healthier and feel better just as I had in Alabama. Maybe I also could win their confidence and



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- 1 Hasegawa Harue, 65, standing outside her restaurant in a suburb of Tokyo, Japan.
- 2 One of Hasegawa Harue's signature dishes contains soy meat and bell peppers doused in a sweet and sour sauce.
- 3 A dessert plate includes, clockwise from bottom left, a banana-topped carob brownie, frozen banana puree, vanilla pudding, and fresh fruit with an edible flower.

point them to Jesus. I decided to name the restaurant Myrtle after that verse in Isaiah.

That same day, I walked down a street in my hometown just outside Tokyo and saw a plot of land for sale. It was a perfect location, near three Adventist churches. I bought the vacant lot and paid for the restaurant to be built.

To be honest, I knew nothing about the restaurant business, so I attended an Adventist vegetarian cooking school to get some ideas and then created my own meals for the restaurant.

A good-sized crowd showed up on opening day, but it was chaos inside. I still knew nothing about running a restaurant. One of the diners, a former insurance client, knew someone who owned a nearby café and asked the owner to help me. She helped a lot!

Business has been good. Myrtle is one of the few total vegetarian restaurants in the Tokyo area. I go to my insurance job in the morning. Then I go to the restaurant at 11 o'clock and serve lunchtime customers until

2 o'clock. After that, I return to my insurance job. The restaurant is closed on Sabbath, of course.

This restaurant has given me the opportunity to do more than provide healthy food. One regular diner has breast cancer, and she asked for information about a healthy lifestyle. I shared some Adventist literature with her. Another diner, a single woman, told me that she was looking for new friends. I invited her to visit my church, and she has come several times.

The main goal of the restaurant is to lead people to Jesus. Ellen White says, "Our restaurants must be in the cities, for otherwise the workers in these restaurants could not reach the people and teach them the principles of right living" (*Selected Messages*, vol. 2, p. 142).

That's why I started this restaurant. This is God's restaurant. God is helping me run it, and the owner is Jesus.

By **Hasegawa Harue** as told to **Andrew McChesney**, Office of Adventist Mission.

Urban Centers of Influence

Global Mission supports wholistic mission to the cities. This includes a rapidly growing number of Urban Centers of Influence (UCIs) that serve as platforms for putting Christ's method of ministry into practice and provide an ideal opportunity for Total Member Involvement in outreach that suits each person's gifts and passions.

From refugee assimilation centers, juice bars, and secondhand shops to cooking classes, cafés, and after-school childcare, UCIs provide long-term, on-the-ground ministry that connects with people on a local and personal level.

To learn more about UCIs, please visit UrbanCenters.org and MissionToTheCities.org.

Christ's Method of Ministry

"Christ's method alone will give true success in reaching the people. The Saviour mingled with men as one who desired their good. He showed His sympathy for them, ministered to their needs, and won their confidence. Then He bade them, 'Follow Me'" (*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 143).

WHAT A FEAST!



Nothing made me more homesick while serving as a volunteer missionary in Cameroon than being away from family on Thanksgiving Day. It's one of my favorite holidays in the United States, but since it's not observed in Cameroon, it was just another workday for me at the Adventist hospital.

I tried to preoccupy my mind by planning a traditional meal for later in the day. I'd have mashed

He robustly shook my hand and said, "Hey, as you know, today's Thanksgiving, and we remembered that you were here from the U.S., so we wanted to invite you to join us for dinner."

I was shocked. What incredibly good news! I enthusiastically accepted the invitation and offered to bring something to drink. He laughed and said that sounded fine.

"We're baking two turkeys," he added, "and the other American

own: abundant life in the presence of His company forever. I'd be a fool to forgo His feast!

Originally from California, United States, **Corbin Clark** served as a volunteer medical scribe at the Seventh-day Adventist hospital in Buea, Cameroon. He's currently attending Walla Walla University and hopes to become a missionary dentist.

I was blessed by the burly man's gracious invitation and the companionship I enjoyed in his home. His offer reminded me of God's lavish invitation to me.

potatoes, gravy, steamed green beans, and a can of meatless chicken (in place of turkey) that I'd received in a package from home. I'd even asked the wife of one of the doctors for permission to use her kitchen to make my dinner since her stove had four burners, while mine had only two.

The excitement of having some semblance of a Thanksgiving feast helped ease the pain, but I couldn't help thinking of my family talking and laughing while relishing a slice of warm pumpkin pie topped with whipped cream.

I was torn from my mournful reverie with the news that someone wanted to see me in the waiting room. *Who could it possibly be?* I wondered. *And what could they want?* I set my project aside to go find out.

I was met by a giant of a man, whom I recognized from three weeks before. This American had brought his five-year-old boy to our clinic for malaria treatment. I had visited with them briefly, long enough to know that he and his family were also involved in mission work in Cameroon.

family we work with is bringing rolls, green beans, and mashed potatoes. We've also made pumpkin *and* apple pie." I nearly choked on the drool that was cascading down my chin at that point.

"Sounds great. I'll be there!" I managed to piece together.

I joined the two families for dinner and ate a better feast than I could have ever imagined. Being a vegetarian worked out in my favor too because I wasn't a threat to the coveted turkey drumsticks! The food was hundreds of times better than anything I could have cooked with my two pots and one pan on a four-burner stove.

After dinner, the younger kids watched a movie while the rest of us shared our different family traditions for Thanksgiving.

I was blessed by the burly man's gracious invitation and the companionship I enjoyed in his home. His offer reminded me of God's lavish invitation to me.

I tend to have my life all planned out and know what my next step will be. But God offers me something so much better than I could ever experience on my

Cameroon Mission Facts

The Adventist work began in Nanga Eboko in 1926, followed by the first Adventist primary school in 1928.

A significant portion of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for third quarter 2007 helped complete the first phase of construction on the Buea Adventist Hospital in northwest Cameroon. A clinic there had served the community for years, but a hospital was urgently needed.

We currently have two missionary families serving in Cameroon: Manuel and Elma Bellosillo from the Philippines and Pierre and Mediatrix Mutarambirwa from Rwanda. Please remember them in your prayers.



If you're interested in being a volunteer, please visit AdventistVolunteers.org.



Sabbath Miracles

The baby looked dead. A small arm emerged from a pool of blood and amniotic fluid. Tiny fingers rested limply on the mother's abdomen. What had started as a routine Caesarean section that had pulled us from a promising Sabbath potluck had turned into a complicated nightmare, and now the baby was stuck.

We were all dripping with sweat because the temperature in the operating room (OR) was well over 100° Fahrenheit with rapidly rising humidity. The air conditioner didn't work because of the tenuous electrical situation.

The little arm remained limp and lifeless. And yet . . . a twitch. Was it our imagination? Finally, a great sucking sound, and the baby was pulled forth. Dr. Bland quickly suctioned the tiny mouth. Dr. Vadym dropped the little girl into my hands and returned to do battle

with the multiple hemorrhages threatening to kill the mother.

My wife, Melissa, and I were completing our last rotation of medical school, the senior international elective, at Bere Adventist Hospital in Chad, Africa. With Melissa's competence and compassion, there is no one I'd rather have by my side when facing a daunting task such as this. We laid the baby down and suctioned out globs of blood and fluid from her mouth.

"No tone, no heartbeat," said Melissa.

I started chest compressions while Melissa placed a mask over the baby's face and began to dispense oxygen.

Silent prayer. Silent baby. Another little life snuffed out before it began. And yet . . .

"I have a heartbeat, slow but coming up!" Melissa cried. A little

gurgle. Oh, joyful sound! A little gasp, and the baby took her first breath. Her respirations were ragged at first, but she was breathing.

"Heart rate over 100, good air movement bilaterally," announced Melissa, stethoscope in hand.

We did some more suctioning. "Heart rate is great, and lungs are clear bilaterally."

Little eyes flickered, and then she peeked up at us. Little arms twitched and then moved. We gave her supplemental oxygen to ease her transition into the world. Her tone rapidly improved. Eyes open, she grabbed my finger and looked at me suspiciously.

"Hello, beautiful," I breathed.

Unfortunately, as the baby grabbed onto life, the mother was losing her grip.

"Oxytocin! We need more suture and more compresses," the surgeons requested.

Nothing would stop the bleeding. Drs. Bland and Vadym tied off bleeders and applied pressure. Even the mother's 20-year-old body couldn't tolerate this level of insult. Her oxygen level plummeted as her heart rate soared. Her eyelids closed.

Melissa administered oxygen. I soon had a unit of blood running into each arm. Dr. Bland used every trick he could think of to stop the bleeding. We all prayed. Death in a sauna.

I looked past the gray face of the mother to the moving blue drape in the neonatal area. Little chubby arms reached to the heavens. We had one miracle in the corner; would we get another? Things appeared grim. And yet . . . the uterus was finally convinced to clamp down. The bleeding slowed. Her oxygen saturation began to rise.

The patient had barely left the OR when Maternity called Dr. Bland to look at another patient. Unfortunately, she needed a Caesarean section as well. We cleaned up the OR and repeated the process. Fortunately, the next surgery went smoothly, and the baby barely needed any coaxing before screaming forth his complaints against the world. Late Saturday evening, our day was finished.

As we pondered these Sabbath miracles, we reflected on the miracles that had happened earlier that day at church. A call had been made from the front, and the baptismal candidates came forward. Palpable, joyful celebration from the congregation

filled the air. People surged to the front to surround them with prayer.

At the river, the celebration continued, with each new member coming out of the water to shouts of praise from ecstatic church members. This was a miracle of rebirth. We are dead in sin, and yet . . . we can become dead to sin and live a new life with Christ!

On a sweltering Sabbath in Bere, Chad, I saw miracles, each a testimony to the same power. God was on the move in my own heart, in the congregation, and in the OR. The scenes on the river bank and in the OR could not have happened without hard work and sacrifice by locals from Bere, workers from other countries in Africa, volunteers from Europe and America, and the Holy Spirit. The journey will be tough, the difficulties massive, and sometimes the whole enterprise will seem dead, and yet . . . "with God all things are possible" (Matthew 19:26).

After completing their rotation at Bere Adventist Hospital in Chad, Africa, **Tyler and Melissa Pender** returned to the United States and graduated from the Loma Linda University School of Medicine. They are now residents at the University of Utah. Tyler is a general surgery resident, and Melissa is an internal medicine resident. Both are enrolled in the General Conference's Deferred Mission Appointee program. They look forward to a career of international missionary service wherever God leads.



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1 *Left to right:* Delores Bland, Rollin Bland, Tyler Pender, Melissa Pender, and Fabiene Essono, Adventist Health International Chad business manager.

2 Melissa Pender with twins after a late-night Caesarean section.

3 Tyler Pender (*right*) operating with Dr. Vadym.

Your weekly mission offering, collected during Sabbath School or given online at Giving.AdventistMission.org, helps support the medical mission work of the church around the world. Thank you!



The **ANGEL** FISHING BOAT

In 1975, I was the captain of the *Northern Light*, a Seventh-day Adventist mission ship in British Columbia, Canada. My wife, Yvonne, and I lived on the ship as missionaries, ministering to the First Nations people who lived along the coast.

One day we were asked to visit the Kitkatla who lived in a village of the same name on Dolphin Island. Many of them had been listening to the *Voice of Prophecy* radio broadcast or

watching *It Is Written* television programs, and they wanted an Adventist representative to help them learn more about God's Word.

I searched the marine charts for the passage into Kitkatla and noticed that captains were required to have "knowledgeable personnel" accompany them through this dangerous channel.

I searched diligently for someone with knowledge of the passage, but I couldn't find

anyone. Yvonne and I prayed for God's leading and felt impressed to proceed to Kitkatla on our own.

We embarked on our mission on a calm day, and with one last prayer for protection, aligned the ship to enter the passage. Suddenly, we saw a fishing boat coming from another direction, also headed toward the passage. "Praise God!" I called out to Yvonne, slowing down the ship to let the fishing boat enter first. "Now we can follow him!"



When the two boats arrived in the port of Kitkatla, I noticed a berth along the wharf that the *Northern Light* could enter easily. I was afraid the fishing boat would take it, but it passed on by.

I docked the ship and immediately set out to find the fisherman to thank him for leading us in. But I couldn't find his boat.

I asked several men at the dock where the boat had gone. They hadn't seen a fishing boat, or any other boat, preceding the *Northern Light* to the docks.

How odd! I mused, as we made our way to the first home on our list for visitations.

I found the people to be friendly, and the day passed quickly as we went from place to place, studying the Bible with the adults and telling Bible stories to the children.

We were heading back to the ship after our last visit when a man invited us to come to his office. He wasted no time getting to the point. "When I saw your

ship enter the harbor with no local fishing boat preceding it, I waited to see if you were accompanied by knowledgeable personnel," he said. "I was not happy to see you step off the ship alone."

The man had never seen anyone navigate the passage safely without assistance because there were so many rocks and gravel bars lying just below the water's surface.

Then a woman in the office informed him that she had seen a local fishing boat leading in the *Northern Light*. When she discovered that I was the missionary captain of the ship, she was delighted that Yvonne and I had come to visit the Kitkatla. Her comments seemed to ease the man's anger.

"Captain, I almost demanded that you never come back to Kitkatla, but God must want you here," he said, smiling. "I expect to see you back regularly now."

Obviously, Yvonne and I weren't alone that day. Jesus had

sent His angels to lead the *Northern Light* through that dangerous passage to reach the Kitkatla people with His love.

The son of missionary parents, **Frank Johnson III** grew up among the First Nations people in British Columbia and developed a passion



for them to know Jesus. He served as a teacher, principal, pastor, radio operator and announcer for Voice of Adventist Radio, and captain of the *Northern Light*, the mission ship of the British Columbia Conference in Canada. He and his wife, Yvonne, have two children, seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Your weekly mission offerings and world budget offerings help support the ministry of more than 400 missionary families around the world.





My **10-Hour** Mistake

I love living in Asia. For the past 14 years, my family has grown to love the food, the tropical climate, and most importantly, the people. Some of our favorite memories are of times that we've spent mingling with those in our Asian community.

There are many ways to mingle—and I have so many stories to share. But one of my favorite experiences was one that embarrassed me for a long time. When we first arrived in Asia, we were totally dependent on others. We didn't know the language. We didn't recognize the food. And we weren't sure how to get around town. I didn't even know how to clean the house properly (yes, it's done differently here!). So when we found people who took the time to understand and help us, they became special friends.

One of those people was a tuk-tuk* driver at the market. Whenever I went to the market, he would spot me—not hard to do because I'm white and a head taller than most of the locals, and at that time I had a three-year-old and six-month-old in tow! He would run over to me and tell me through hand gestures that he would be waiting for me and would take me home when I was done shopping. I would then do my shopping, and as I exited the tarpaulin-covered open-air market,



he would run over to me, take my heavy bags, and tell me to wait in the shade while he got the tuk-tuk from a block down the street. He always charged me a few cents more than the other drivers, but he knew what I needed and how to get me home.

Over time, my husband and I began to speak the language. We started with simple things such as numbers and days of the week, and every time we left the house, we would practice the words and grammar we were learning. It wasn't easy, and I had to learn to laugh at myself because I always made mistakes. One of my favorites happened when "my" tuk-tuk driver ran up to me one day before I started shopping.

"How long will you be?" he asked me—and I understood!

"*Sip shua mong*," I answered proudly. Ten minutes would about do it.

To my chagrin, he began laughing and again asked how long I would be. Again, I answered, "*Sip shua mong*."

Feeling quite defensive, I wondered how to politely say, "Just because I have two small children and am *farang* (a foreigner) doesn't mean I'll be slow!"

Still my tuk-tuk driver kept laughing. This attracted a group of fun-loving locals. Again, I insisted

that I would just be "*sip shua mong*." Still, everyone laughed.

Wishing that I could suddenly disappear anonymously into the crowd, I finally realized why they were laughing. *Sip shua mong* means 10 hours, not 10 minutes! Soon I was laughing too. And a few short *na thi* (minutes) later, we were on our way home.

I learned again that day that mingling requires several things. First, it requires time. I have to intentionally take time to be with my Buddhist friends and acquaintances. Second, I have to go to them. As an introvert, it's easy to feel comfortable in my own four walls at home. But if I'm going to mingle, I have to put on my extrovert face and leave home. Third, I have found that people open up to me and accept me more if I approach them as a learner. It's amazing how much you will bond with people with this approach, especially if you can laugh at yourself!

So give it a try. I can almost guarantee that there are Asian people living near you. Set aside a few minutes or an hour, go find them, and then see what you can learn about them. You'll find that you'll be richer for it. And it's the first step in developing a friendship that can lead to an

opportunity to share the good news with them. They need to hear!

* A tuk-tuk is a three-wheeled motorized vehicle used as a taxi.

Amy Whitsett and her husband, Greg, continue to enjoy life in Asia, where they now direct the Global Mission Center for East Asian Religions. Amy still enjoys exploring local markets but now goes without her boys, who are attending boarding school in the United States.



1



2

- 1 Me with my husband, Greg, and sons, Tyler, waving, and Ryan.
- 2 Bartering for a good price at the vegetable market!

Greg Whitsett reveals some of the challenges and successes of sharing Jesus with the people of East Asia. To watch, visit m360.tv/i15011.

Global Mission Centers explore methods for working effectively with Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, and Jews as well as secular and urban groups. They're actively involved in research, training, and creating models for reaching out to non-Christians. To discover how they can help you in your outreach, visit GlobalMissionCenters.org.



No Unknown Soldiers¹

There have been many times in my life when I've seen that God is real: real in the church, real in the lives of people I know, and real in my personal life. One such occasion happened when my husband and I participated in the 50th celebration of a Russian-speaking church in Glendale, California, United States.

I had been asked to present several seminars on Adventist history that weekend, and I had selected biographies of several Adventist pioneer workers in Russia, including the story of a pastor named Alexander Gritz.²

Alexander Gritz (Grietz) was born on November 23, 1900. He spent his childhood in Warsaw,

Poland, at that time part of the Russian Empire, where his parents became acquainted with Adventism and joined the church when Alexander was 10 years old.

Alexander's father was an educated man, fluent in French, German, and Polish. In 1913, the church sent him to serve as a Bible worker in the town of Lublin, where there was no Adventist presence at the time. Alexander and his siblings often helped their father, especially with distributing literature.

The Gritz family was later sent to Ukraine, where they lived in the city of Simferopol during World War I. At that time, the Russian government was closing Protestant churches because many of the members were of German heritage and viewed as potential traitors to the state. The Adventist church in Simferopol was no exception. Alexander's father conducted worship services in the privacy of members' homes while Alexander and the other children stood guard.

Alexander's father often sent his children to the military barracks to share Adventist literature because adults weren't allowed inside. As a result, many of the mariners began attending church, and some of them were baptized by Alexander's father.

When Alexander was 22 years old, he returned from obligatory military service to discover that his father, a conference president at the time, had died three days before. His father's legacy of ministry inspired Alexander to follow in his footsteps. He was baptized in 1923 and eventually became an Adventist pastor in Ukraine. He often traveled great distances by train and foot to visit scattered believers. Once he walked about 31 miles in winter, looking for a church member living on a remote farm. He almost froze that day in the severe cold.

In 1928, Alexander married Olga T. Tarasenko. They had four children, one boy and three girls.

During the time of Stalin's repressions, Alexander was arrested, as were many Adventist pastors and lay members. Before he was taken away, he told his wife, who was pregnant with their fourth child, "Name our baby Nadezhda if it's a girl." Nadezhda means "hope" in Russian.

Alexander was sentenced to five years in a prison camp in Siberia. He continued to preach, organizing a worship group with the inmates. For that crime, he was sentenced to five more years and was sent to a more distant and colder place in the north—Magadan.

1 Alexander Gritz's granddaughter, Viktoria Itskan.

2 Alexander Gritz with his wife, Olga, and their oldest daughter, Vera.

1





Alexander continued to be faithful under difficult circumstances. He refused to work on Sabbath and was regularly punished for that. One of his regular punishments consisted of being taken outside in severe cold without clothing and having cold water poured on his body. One day, that punishment took his life.

Nobody knows the exact date of Alexander's death or the place where he was buried. According to documents sent to his wife, he died in 1944. He never saw his little girl, Nadezhda, but he died with the hope of seeing her at Christ's return. His wife and children kept as priceless

treasures his Bible, diary, and hymnal, which miraculously were not confiscated.

Nadezhda grew up and married a man who trained for the ministry. I met her at a conference for pastors' wives and learned that she had a daughter named Viktoria. I happened to know Viktoria, who by that time had become a well-known singer in the Adventist Church. But I didn't know that they were related to Alexander Gritz; neither did I know his story.

Later, when I was researching Seventh-day Adventist history in Russia, I came across his story. Given some facts, I thought he was Viktoria's grandfather, but I

hadn't had the opportunity to see Viktoria again to confirm it.

When I saw Viktoria's name on the guest list for the celebration in Glendale, California, I was thrilled to realize that I would finally have my chance!

I was scheduled to share the story of Alexander Gritz on Sabbath afternoon. Several minutes before my presentation, I stepped out into the church hall eager to find Viktoria and almost ran into her. I told her that I would be giving a presentation about Alexander Gritz in several minutes and asked whether she was his granddaughter. She said that she was indeed. And then, to my amazement, she told me that she was scheduled to sing right before my talk.

No one knew the content of my presentation, and no one knew that Viktoria had some connection to the main character of my story. But by God's providence, she was scheduled to sing right before I shared the story of her grandfather. Viktoria's song became a tribute to him.

Needless to say, I was moved. I felt that God honored his faithful servant Alexander Gritz that day. He scheduled Viktoria, a daughter of Nadezhda, who never saw her dad, to sing before his story was told. Truly, there are no unknown soldiers in the army of the Lord!

Born in Russia, **Galina Stele** is the research and evaluation manager of the Office of Archives, Statistics, and Research.



1 Title taken from "No Unknown Soldiers," by Gloria Gaither and Lari Goss. Recorded by Ernie Haase & Signature Sound, Dream On: Live From Chicago, Gaither Music Group, 2008.

2 D. Heinz, A. A. Oparin, D. O. Yanak, and A. Pešelis, *Dushi pod Zhertvinikom [Souls Underneath the Altar]* (Kharkov: Fact, 2010), 95-100.



He Brings Them

It's been amazing to watch God work while I've been a pioneer. I'm intentional about mingling, putting myself in places where I can meet people. I believe developing relationships is an important part of my ministry. Everyone I see, whatever their condition, is someone who needs to know about Jesus. I pray that God leads me to someone who's searching, and He does the rest!

Like the time I took French lessons. Because I'd taken some French as a kid, I signed up for the level two class. It didn't take long for me to realize I was in way over my head, so I switched to the level one class and sat in the only seat still available.

Maybe I'd better take notes, I thought, rummaging unsuccessfully for a pen in my bag. The

woman sitting on my left noticed my predicament and handed me one of hers.

During break time, she initiated a conversation and asked what I did for a living. I told her that I led a small group in Bible study and prayer and mentioned that we had various classes, including one for kids. She brightened. She said she was involved with sociological research with children and asked whether she could come watch our kids interact.

She came to our next meeting and the next. She asked for Bible studies and gave her heart to Jesus. I didn't choose my seat that day in class. God did.

God's always ahead of me, orchestrating everything, like the time our congregation hosted a health expedition. When the

event was over, I asked for the list of names of those who had expressed an interest in learning more. The list was lost, but that didn't stop God.

Shortly after the expo, I agreed to move to a new community and live in the building where our small congregation worshiped. One day on my way to the market, I noticed a woman walking toward me. We greeted and passed each other and then both turned around.

"Aren't you the doctor who was at the health expo?" she asked. "Well, I'm a spiritual doctor," I replied, trying to make a little joke. "I saw you there with the group. What do you do?" she asked. I told her that I led a group in Bible study and prayer. Soon she visited and began worshipping



with us. She told me that she felt that something very important was missing in her life. She asked for Bible studies and eventually accepted Jesus as her Savior. I didn't choose where to live at that time in my life. God did.

Currently, I'm working with refugees from various countries and religious backgrounds.

Several years ago, the Middle East and North Africa Union Mission started an Urban Center of Influence that operates as a learning center for refugee children. We thought we needed to find a way for them to continue their education since most of the schools here can't take them. I've teamed up with the schoolteachers to reach the refugee families with Christ's love. I visit them in their homes to talk, pray, share

God's Word, and help in any way that I can. I also teach a class on Sabbath for the refugee men.

These people have lost so much—their homes, property, loved ones, and sometimes even their hope. They want a caring person to listen, and I let them talk. Then slowly, I begin to introduce the gospel.

One group of refugees that I work with told me that, despite all their losses, they think it's better for them to be in this country because they can worship without persecution and learn about the Bible. They believe God sent them. I believe they're right.

By a Global Mission pioneer in the Middle East as told to **Laurie Falvo**, Office of Adventist Mission.



GLOBAL MISSION

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Dining in Deutschland:

A German Celebration

The idea of exploring one's food heritage and ancestral roots has never been more popular than it is now. I wish I could have known my great-grandfather, Albert Fahl, who emigrated from Germany to the United States. It would have been so nice to enjoy a cup of warm Kinderpunsch with him.

Carrot and Radish Salad

(Serves 4–6)

This colorful salad is filled with bright flavors and a hearty texture. It can be prepared the day before serving.

INGREDIENTS

- 6 medium carrots, thinly sliced
- 10–12 radishes (about one bunch), sliced
- 2 apples, peeled and diced
- 1/4 cup golden raisins
- 3–4 tablespoons fresh parsley, chopped
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2/3 cup plain yogurt or low-fat sour cream
- salt to taste

PREPARATION

1. In a small pan, cover carrots with water and bring to a boil. Simmer for 1–2 minutes. Drain and cool to room temperature.
2. In a large bowl, combine the carrots, radishes, apples, raisins, and parsley.
3. In a small bowl, mix the lemon juice, oil, sugar, and yogurt or sour cream. Add salt to taste. Gently stir into the salad.
4. Chill thoroughly before serving.



Sweet Apple and Sauerkraut Salad

(Serves 4–6)

Sauerkraut holds a position of pride in German cuisine, where it is often served as a side dish or sandwich filling. In this unique dish, sweet apples add a lovely balance to the sauerkraut.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups sauerkraut, rinsed and drained well
- 2 red apples, unpeeled and diced
- 3 gherkin pickles (may substitute dill pickles), coarsely chopped
- 1/4 cup sweet onion, diced
- 1/3 cup plain yogurt or low-fat sour cream
- 1 teaspoon sugar

PREPARATION

1. Rinse the sauerkraut and drain well in a colander. Use paper towels to absorb remaining liquid. Loosen the sauerkraut with a fork.
2. In a large bowl, combine the sauerkraut, apples, pickles, and onions.
3. In a small bowl, mix the yogurt or sour cream with the sugar. Fold into the salad mixture and combine well.
4. Serve chilled. Keeps well for up to one week.



Warm and Spicy Kinderpunsch

(Serves 6–8)

Kinderpunsch is a warm and comforting fruit drink that is traditionally served during the Christmas holiday season. There are endless variations, but here is one that stands out due to the flavors of whole spices.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups of orange juice
- 2 cups of apple juice
- 1 cup of grape juice or cherry juice (or substitute additional orange or apple juice)
- 2 cups water
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 10 whole cloves
- 2 whole star anise
- 5 bags of hibiscus or berry herbal tea
- Honey to taste
- Lemon wedges, optional

PREPARATION

1. In a large pan, combine the juices and spices, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 15 minutes. Add the tea bags and turn off the burner. Let the tea bags steep for 10 minutes.
2. Remove the tea bags, and add honey to taste. Reheat the punch until it is hot.
3. Remove and discard whole spices before serving in mugs or teacups. If desired, individuals may squeeze fresh lemon juice into their mug of Kinderpunsch. Leftovers may be reheated or served chilled.



Apricot Kuchen

(Serves 4–6)



German desserts are often fancy and may require many steps to complete. However, this country-style recipe is quick and easy to prepare.

INGREDIENTS

- 5 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 egg
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 16-ounce can (about 2 cups) apricot halves, well drained
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

PREPARATION

1. Preheat oven to 375° F. Spray a 9-inch round cake pan with nonstick cooking spray.
2. In a large bowl, use a mixer to beat the butter or margarine and sugar until smooth. Add the vanilla and egg and beat well. Stir in the flour, baking powder, and salt. Spread the dough evenly in the bottom of the pan.
3. Arrange the apricot halves over the dough. In a small bowl, combine the 2 tablespoons of sugar and the cinnamon, and then sprinkle over the apricots.
4. Bake for 20–25 minutes or until the edges are golden. Cool for 5 minutes.
5. If desired, serve with whipped cream, frozen yogurt, or ice cream.

Recently retired, Nancy Kyte served for 10 years as the marketing director of the Office of Adventist Mission.





In loving memory of **Randy Ayn Mater** | 1994–2015

God, My Help

IN TIMES OF TROUBLE

My experience as a volunteer missionary taught me firsthand that God doesn't call the perfect but makes perfect those He calls.

I'd come to Porto Alegre, Brazil, to teach English, and one of my responsibilities was to host

a class in the community that would help lead my students to Jesus. Before I started my mission service, I didn't see the connection between teaching a language and sharing Jesus, so I prayed that God would guide me and bless my ministry.

In the following weeks things began to change dramatically, but not the way I wanted. The number of students in all my classes began to dwindle, and my largest class of 20 students completely dried up. Now I was even more unsure about my abilities as a missionary. I felt like giving up, but I was terrified at the thought of leaving the mission field having accomplished nothing.

Through these circumstances, God revealed to me that in my own strength I could only teach English and that only through His power could I draw others to the cross. So I began to pray a different prayer: "Lord, I'm all Yours. Please use me as You will and give me the wisdom I need to do this."

Immediately, things began to change. One day, as I was searching for teaching materials online, I came upon a website that uses books based on the Bible to teach English. Not only were they free to download, they came with a workbook and audio files for basic and intermediate levels.

The next day, I got a very pleasant surprise. I had been

distributing flyers for almost a month and getting a very poor response. Suddenly, 21 new students registered for the class! This time, I was well-equipped and better prepared to teach them. My first set of students had all been from the Adventist church where I worshiped, but in response to my prayers, God had sent me non-Adventist students from the community. And the class kept growing because the students were inviting their friends and family members to join!

But God did even more. One of my students learned that I was a psychologist, and she told me that one of her colleagues was willing to allow me to use a fully equipped room in her clinic to offer my counseling services to the community. This sounded great, but there was a big problem. My Portuguese was really bad, and all my patients spoke only Portuguese. Since everything discussed between a counselor and patient must be kept confidential, using an interpreter wasn't an option.

"Lord, please help me share Your love, and speak through me because my Portuguese is horrible," I prayed. From then on, I would utter Portuguese words in my sessions that I didn't even know that I knew, and they were perfect for the context of the conversation! I had such a high influx of patients that I had to





The number of students in all my classes began to dwindle, and my largest class of 20 students completely dried up.

begin counseling sessions in the church because any time I was free, there was someone needing counseling. But this was still not sufficient, so two other therapists had to join the clinic at the church to help the high number of people needing our services.

God is great, and He will bless all those who are faithful to Him and seek His help. Within four

months of my being in Brazil, God really blessed my ministry and supplied my every need.

I learned that God does what is best for us and that I must just trust Him and leave the rest to Him. I am to work, but it is God who gives the increase.

Serving as an Adventist volunteer was a life-changing experience. It helped me realize

my dependence on God, become more obedient to His voice, and draw closer to His heart. I now know, without a doubt, that I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.

Originally from Castries, Saint Lucia, **Randy Mater** was a graduate of the University of the Southern Caribbean in Trinidad. He served



as a volunteer missionary in Brazil, teaching English and sharing the gospel at an Adventist church in São Paulo. He later attended Centro Universitário Adventista in São Paulo, where he was in the process of earning a master's degree in clinical psychology. Randy had a passion for mission. He passed away in 2015 at the age of 20. He is dearly missed by his family and friends.

Special thanks to the Mater family and Abner Chanan.

Greece



Someone Who's Been There

I'm writing this on Sabbath evening after spending the day with Nikos Fotinos, a Global Mission pioneer who's planting a new group of believers near Athens, Greece.

I took a train to Piraeus, the main port in Athens, caught a bus to the proper street, and then walked the remaining distance to the address he'd texted me earlier. I arrived a little early and was glad to see that Nikos was already there.

After greeting me, he beckoned, "Come see our meeting room!" I followed him to a nicely

reconstructed room on the main level of an older structure.

"The church owns this whole building," he told me as we took a seat. "It turned the floors upstairs into apartments, which it rents to generate income, and renovated the first floor for our church group." The renovation took place before Greece's huge financial crisis.

While we were waiting for people to arrive, I asked Nikos to tell me about the project. He began by sharing his personal story because it has heavily influenced his approach to outreach.

"Some time ago, I slipped on soapy water that someone had poured out on a sidewalk," he said. "I fell under a vehicle, and it crushed my ankle." The horrific experience brought Nikos back into the Adventist Church and into ministry—a ministry with an interesting focus.

"I noticed that the only people who could understand what I was going through as I recovered

from my injury were those who had suffered a similar traumatic experience," he said. This made Nikos realize that he would be able to reach out to people with comparable injuries in ways that no one else could.

"You see," he continued, "everyone who helps you with such an injury is doing so because they get paid to. It's all about the money. But my experience taught me that an injured person needs more than paid services. They need personal help from someone who's been there. That's why Jesus came to earth to live among us."

You can often find Nikos in the hospital helping such people. "I take their contact information, and we talk by phone whenever they need to about the things no one else can understand," he said.

Nikos has just started work on this project, but he hopes and prays that after he builds relationships with these individuals, he will be able to begin meeting their spiritual needs as well. Some

already attend a midweek social gathering that Nikos holds in the meeting room.

Nikos has also made contact with two psychologists and a physical therapist who are interested in his work. Even though they're not Seventh-day Adventists, they've been intrigued enough to volunteer some of their time to help.

The fact that Nikos lives in Athens, one of the places the apostle Paul visited on his church-planting journeys, is not lost on him. "People in Athens have lost interest in traditional religion," he said. "That's why we don't

even have a sign on our building. If they saw a sign that this was owned by a church, they would avoid coming in. We must use Paul's approach in reaching people. We must build small groups of people who meet together and who are defined by their personal community, not by their building."

This is why I hadn't been invited to the project at the traditional time of 9:30 that morning. Nikos had told me to come at 1:00 so that we could have lunch together. That's the way they do it. "Eating together is a big deal here," he said. "It's where our community


starts. After that we have our group discussion."

Jeff Scoggins, Planning Director,
Office of Adventist Mission

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"My experience taught me that an injured person needs more than paid services. They need personal help from someone who's been there."



AN UNNAMED COUNTRY

Janet* had been working as a tentmaker nurse for 17 years in a very difficult country. Sometimes she felt all that time had been wasted—no one had been baptized; no one was even taking Bible studies.

One day, a pastor was able to visit her city (the first pastor in more than a year who had been able to get a visa to come). She asked him and his wife to visit some friends with her. They agreed, expecting to visit another foreign family. But as the car pulled up to the house, the pastor realized this was no foreign worker's home. This was a massive mansion owned by wealthy locals. His mind was

whirling. In this part of the world, Adventist pastors rarely have the opportunity to visit non-Christian locals in their homes. In fact, he had never been in one like this before. But he knew a little of what to expect. Inside the door would be an ornately furnished visiting room. That is where they would sit and talk because in that country men aren't allowed in the center of the home unless they're part of the family.

The hosts welcomed Janet, the pastor, and his wife warmly and then turned and walked past the visiting room and up the stairs into the center of the home. As the group took their seats in the

“Don't tell me you're not making a difference in this country.”

large family room, the pastor almost had to pinch himself to see whether this was really happening and not just a dream. *This family must really think a lot of Janet, he thought. They must consider her part of the family, and because of her, my wife and I are being counted as part of the family too.*



The men soon excused themselves, and after a few minutes, the women went to prepare refreshments. As soon as all the family members had left the room, Janet said softly, "Pastor, look at this!" and reached over to the wide-screen satellite system on the wall and turned it on.

The pastor gasped in surprise as a familiar picture came up on the screen. It was a well-known Adventist pastor preaching on one of the Adventist satellite channels. "Janet," he asked in amazement, "how is it that this family is watching Adventist television?"

"Oh, Pastor," she laughed, "they like cooking. So, when I saw a

cooking class, I told them about it. I offered to program it into their favorite channels so they could see it anytime. To humor me, they began watching a few minutes of it now and then. They liked it and began to watch more. Then they started watching what came before and after it. Now they watch many of the Adventist preachers and programs."

"Janet," the pastor asked, "have you done this with anyone else?"

"Well, yes, I guess so." Janet thought for a moment. "Yes, with quite a few people really. I've done it with most of my friends and coworkers. I find a program I think they'll like and then, with

their permission, program it into their favorites list."

Later, after they left the home, the pastor gently chided Janet, "Don't tell me you're not making a difference in this country. You may not be seeing people baptized or coming to church, but families all over this city are watching Adventist television. They would never have selected a Christian program on their own, but because they've learned to love and trust you, they've started watching. And some of them will be walking the streets of heaven with you after Jesus comes!"

* Name has been changed.

the right training and experience get a job with a company in the community.

The church has an urgent need for tentmakers in the 10/40 Window, an area that stretches from northern Africa through the Middle East and Asia. This is home to two-thirds of the world's population, most of the world's least-reached countries and people groups, and the fewest Christians.

Tentmakers can work as entrepreneurs, computer technicians, public relations specialists, graphic designers, engineers, agriculturalists, international development workers, artists, teachers, and health care professionals, among other professions.

When we learn of an opening, we search the Adventist Professionals' Network (APN) database and send out notices to all who might qualify. Please sign up so we can include you in future searches and notifications.

For more information, please visit TotalEmployment.org.

Total Employment™, the Global Mission tentmaker program, is an initiative of the Seventh-day Adventist Church to recruit, train, and place "tentmakers"—self-supporting professionals who want to

share Jesus—in places where it's politically or religiously challenging to share the gospel openly. Sometimes the only way to get a dedicated Adventist into these areas is to help someone with

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