

# mission360°

The official mission magazine of the Seventh-day Adventist® Church VOLUME 3 • NUMBER 1

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Digital Issue Online at [Mission360Mag.org](http://Mission360Mag.org)

# Editorial

So, what's your favorite thing about Camp Polaris, Miss Laurie?" Kyle's eyes dance with mischief as he stands with my pen poised over my pad of paper. He pretends to jot down my response, then he draws a line under his notes with a flourish, playfully mocking my interview style with the campers and staff. He's been watching me this week. And I've been watching him too.

As the ringleader of a group of older boys, Kyle has a tough-guy image to maintain. Yet several times, he has allowed me a glimpse through the chinks in his armor, revealing an intelligent, compassionate, very lovable young man.

How is it that he and the other campers have stolen my heart in just a few days? Why is it that months later, I still see their faces, recall their names, and wonder how they're doing?

Something happened to me when I met these children. As I listened to their stories and watched them bloom in their relationships with Jesus, I began to care deeply for them and the mission camp project that was impacting their lives. When my heart became involved, the rest of me wanted to become involved too!

In this issue of *Mission 360°*, we share stories of people whose lives have been touched by Adventist Mission projects around the world.

You'll meet

- Pothiram and Jeshoda whose unhappy home life changes when their neighbors share Jesus with them.
- a soldier whose burning desire to learn about Christ is satiated through the friendship of a volunteer missionary.
- a discouraged, lonely shepherd who learns of God's love through a radio program while tending camels in the desert.
- a nine-year-old camper named Jamal who discovers that God likes him very much.

Perhaps you'll read their stories and feel a heart connection with them as I did with the children at Camp Polaris. If so, I invite you to respond to that love by supporting the

missionaries, Global Mission pioneers, and mission projects that are reaching them with God's love.

Thank you for everything that you've done to further the ministry of Adventist Mission. You're making an eternal difference, one life at a time.

*Laurie Falvo*

Laurie Falvo  
Managing Editor



## About our cover photo...

Photo by Rick Kajjura

A drizzling rain and a broken-down vehicle sent us seeking shelter under the overhang of a corner store in Tanzania, while waiting for another car to pick us up. A group of boys joined us. When this young boy leaned against one of the support poles, his expressive face, the water droplets, and the vibrant colors, muted by the light from the overcast sky, made for an irresistible picture and made the unscheduled stop worthwhile.



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mission360°

**Chairman:** G. T. Ng

**Editor:** Gary Krause

**Managing Editors:** Nancy Kyte, Laurie Falvo

**Contributing Editors:**

Adventist Mission: Gina Wahlen

Adventist Volunteer Service: John Thomas

Archives, Statistics and Research: David Trim

Global Mission Centers: Rick McEdward

Institute of World Mission: Cheryl Doss

International Personnel Resources and Services:

J. Raymond Wahlen II

Secretariat: Rosa Banks, Augustin Galicia, Myron

Iseminger, Harald Wollan

**Editorial Staff:** Teen Nielsen,

Karla Rivera Bucklew

**Editorial Advisors:** Paolo Benini, Edison

Choque, Richard Elofer, Kleber Gonçalves, Kwon

JohngHaeng, Raafat Kamal, Zakari Kassoule,

Elkana Kerosi, Viktor Kozakov, Lester P. Merklin, Jr.,

Alex Ott, Justino Paulo, Karen J. Porter, G. R. Mohan

Roy, Gerson Santos, Clifmond Shameerudeen,

Lionel Smith, Samuel Telemaque, Ernesto

Douglas Venn, Gregory Whitsett, Ivan Williams

**Design:** 316 Creative

**Production and Digital Media:** Hans Olson, Rick

Kajiura, Donna Rodill

**Finances:** Delbert Pearman

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12501 Old Columbia Pike,  
Silver Spring, MD 20904-6601, USA

Telephone: (301) 680-6005

Email: [questions@mission360.org](mailto:questions@mission360.org)

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# Gift of the Word

“I have a surprise for you,” I announced to my midwife students at Gimbie Adventist College of Health, where I volunteered as a nurse-midwife instructor in Ethiopia. “The chaplain just called to tell me that the hospital has Bibles for you—.” That was as far as I got before a joyful roar drowned out

my voice. My students were clapping their hands, stomping their feet, and gleefully pounding each other on the back.

I had never seen anyone so excited about receiving a Bible. But I understood why. Literacy in any language is often elusive in rural Ethiopia, and my students considered their ability

to read a blessing. Finally, they would be able to read God’s Word for themselves. Furthermore, all of my students were struggling financially. Tolessa, for example, did not have money for





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- 1 Becky Dice and Kuliche Gemtessa, nursing supervisor, in front of Gimbie Adventist Hospital.
- 2 Nurses Alemstehaye and Waktole admire a new Bible.
- 3 Becky Dice, far left, with her midwifery students at Gimbie Adventist College of Health Science.
- 4 One of Becky's midwife students learns to start an IV.



supper if he did not give a couple haircuts at his “barbershop” after school. It would have been difficult for any of them to buy a Bible on their own.

Bibles in the language of the Oromo people are particularly difficult to find because their language became a written one only recently. Thankfully, generous donors helped the hospital buy every copy that could be located. Then the hospital resold them at cost. I know that it may sound terrible to sell Bibles, but this was done for a reason. Studies have shown that

people are more likely to value and use something if they have had to sacrifice a bit to get it. And, if we gave the Bibles away, some people would sell them on the black market. We subsidized the cost for those who needed it, and the income from the sales helped us buy more Bibles. They sold like hotcakes!

All that being said, Gimbie Adventist Hospital wanted to provide each of its employees and students with a Bible of their own. With our donors’ help, the chaplain’s office distributed Bibles to all the departments as supplies became available.

Finally, it was my midwife students’ turn to receive their Bibles. I wish you could have seen them! They were practically dancing. I felt a little overwhelmed by their emotion. I have nine different Bibles, and there are days that I don’t read from even one of them.

Each time a Bible was placed in the hands of its new owner, a cheer went up from the excited students. My student Kebedech hugged her new Bible to her chest, eyes a little moist, and shivered happily, “Will you write your name in my first Bible, Teacher?”

What a gift to watch my students receive the story of God’s love in a language they understand! The blessing was not lost on them, and I vowed that it would not be lost on me either.



**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](http://www.AdventistVolunteers.org).

**Becky Dice** is a certified nurse-midwife who volunteered four years in Ethiopia working as a nurse, midwife, and teacher at the Adventist Health Science College in Gimbie, Ethiopia. Most recently, she and her husband, Austin, volunteered as consultants in Liberia. They are now in the United States, raising their son, Cyrus.





# The Tooth

The newly married Colin and Melva Winch took up their first mission assignment in the Solomon Islands as nurses in 1956. While on furlough in Australia in 1962, Colin obtained his commercial pilot's license and, working with fellow pioneer pilot Len Barnard, flew the first Seventh-day Adventist mission planes, reaching the remote areas of Papua New Guinea and the islands of the South Pacific. The following account is one of Colin's first challenges at an outpatient clinic.



It was an early morning session at the outpatient clinic at Amyes Memorial Hospital. Colin and Melva had recently arrived in Kukudu, and this was one of Colin's first clinic sessions.

The first ten patients presented with only minor maladies, but this changed when Jacob—a large, well-built Solomon Islander with a mop of curly hair—presented, holding his jaw. Assuming he had a tooth problem, Colin seated the patient on the folding dental chair that had been donated by the United States Army.

Inspection revealed an excellent mouthful of shiny white teeth, but the crown of a huge molar had broken off, creating the discomfort. Colin discovered Jacob had already sought dental treatment from another “doctor,” who had failed in his attempt to remove the offending molar and snapped off the crown in the process.

This was to be Colin's first real extraction, the only previous one being at the dental hospital in Sydney, and that tooth had almost fallen out of its own volition. He knew this extraction

would be a real challenge, even more so since some of the village people would be watching the skill of the new “dentist.”

Having prepared a mandibular block, Colin approached Jacob with the gleaming needle at the ready. Jacob knew all about that needle and withdrew his head as Colin endeavored to inject the anesthetic.

Lakana—the clinic assistant—sensed the problem and positioned himself behind the patient. Grabbing Jacob's hair with powerful hands, he said, “Shoot him, Doctor! Give the injection! He won't move now!”

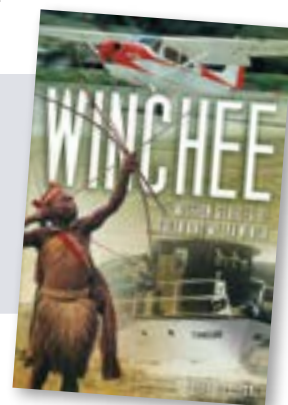
To make sure of deadening the area, Colin injected the anesthetic into the gum beside the tooth as well.

While waiting for the anesthetic to take effect, Colin noticed the audience below the clinic windows, listening to the commentary provided by the observers at the door. The outpatients were curious to know whether the new “doctor” could be trusted as a dentist.

Selecting the lower-jaw forceps, Colin approached the apprehensive patient. With Lakana continuing to hold Jacob by the hair, Colin planted his feet firmly on the floor, gripped the molar, squeezed and pulled, pushed, levered, and pulled again.

The tooth did not move! Failure as a “dentist” had become a real possibility. Eating coconut and native foods had made for strong teeth.

*This story has been reprinted from Winchee: Mission Stories of Colin and Melva Winch by S. Ross Goldstone, with permission from Signs Publishing in Warburton, Victoria, Australia. To enjoy more adventure stories from their mission service, you may purchase the book at [www.AdventistBookCenter.com](http://www.AdventistBookCenter.com).*





**Clockwise from left:** Colin and Melva Winch's wedding day, November 22, 1955. The VH-SDB, parked and awaiting Colin's return from a 16-day walkabout in the Kukukuku Mountains. Dropping a bag of clothing to an isolated village in Papua New Guinea. "We have had a wonderful life!"—Colin

The day was hot and steamy. Any ventilation that might have reached Colin had been blocked by the curious and excited spectators. Those with a clear view of the procedure continued the commentary to those who could not see. There were beads of perspiration on Colin's brow—also on Jacob's, although for different reasons.

Colin selected alternative American-donated forceps and gripped the offending tooth once more. Jacob sank deeper into the chair, still restrained by Lakana. Pull! Push! Pull!

It seemed like an hour to Colin as he worked on that tooth without success. Some of the observers were beginning to have doubts! Others were beginning to leave, deciding the

new "dentist" was no good.

Then Jacob said, "Doctor, you have forgotten something!"

"No, I don't think so, Jacob," he replied. Colin checked the sterile tray. All was in order.

"You have forgotten to pray, Doctor!"

Incredulous at his own forgetfulness, Colin and Lakana helped Jacob out of the dental chair, and the three of them knelt in prayer. The spectators whispered the news. "They are praying!"

Expectations rose again. Some of those who were about to leave decided to stay to observe the answer to prayer.

Back in the chair, Jacob received another pain-deadening injection.

Taking up the same pair of forceps, Colin offered another silent prayer, and placing his feet firmly on the floor once more, gripped the molar and pulled.

Those four huge curled molar roots came out as easily as pulling a nail out of soft timber. "It's out!" went up the cry as Colin held up the offending tooth. In his excitement, Lakana had failed to loosen his grip on Jacob's hair. But, with an enormous grin and blood dribbling from his mouth, Jacob praised God for the miracle.

So did Colin. His reputation was intact, and his dental practice began to flourish.

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

**Ross Goldstone** and Colin Winch are close friends and golfing mates, both now retired in Cooranbong, Australia. After listening to Colin's flying stories over the years, Ross has put them into print for all to enjoy.



# A Billion Challenges

The work of a Global Mission pioneer is to plant churches and teach others about the love of Jesus.



Pothiram is a Global Mission pioneer who works in India. He didn't always work for God. "I used to drink heavily," he says with regret in his eyes. "I did terrible things and didn't take care of my family."

One day a neighbor saw Pothiram's wife, Jeshoda, crying in front of her house. She invited Jeshoda to her home, where she and her husband comforted and prayed for her. Jeshoda liked this Christian couple, and when they invited her to study the Bible with them, she agreed.

Week after week, Jeshoda studied the Bible with her neighbors and learned about Jesus. Then one day, they gave her a Bible. Jeshoda was thrilled to have a Bible of her own. But there was one problem. She couldn't read.

The only solution was to bring the Bible home and ask her husband to read it to her. At first Pothiram resisted her request. But eventually, he agreed. As he read the Bible night after night, he noticed that he began to feel better. His heart was slowly changing.

Jeshoda invited Pothiram to her weekly Bible study with their neighbors, and he went. The more Pothiram studied the Bible and prayed, the

Pothiram, Jeshoda, and their daughter love spending time together.



more he felt convicted that God's way is the right way. He gave his heart to Jesus, gave up alcohol, and made his family a priority. Finally, he and his family were baptized.

Pothiram wanted to do more to serve God, so he became a Global Mission pioneer. Now Pothiram and Jeshoda work together, sharing the gospel with their community. They

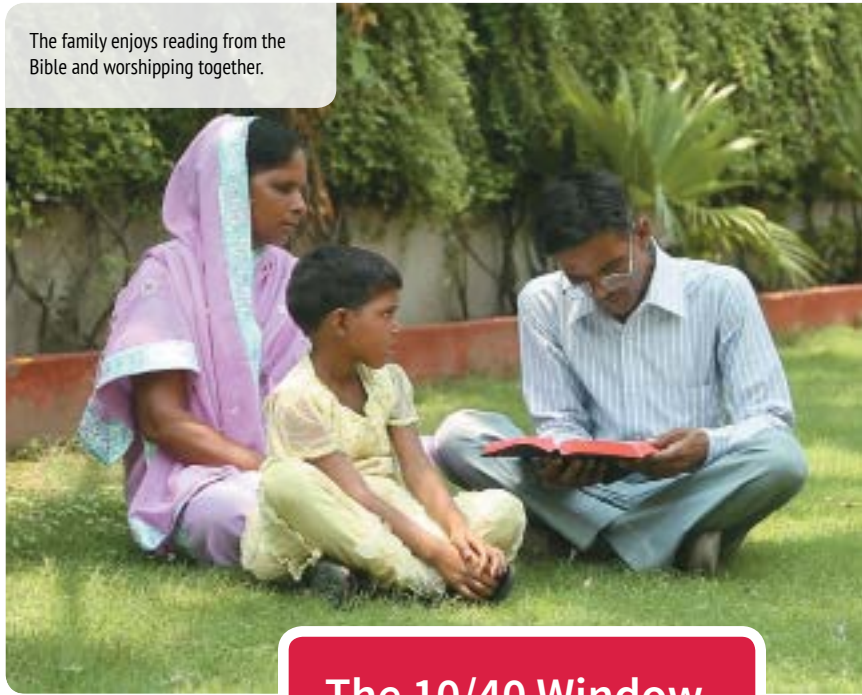
are filled with joy and can't imagine doing anything else with their lives.

The Global Mission initiative is one way the Adventist Church is sharing the gospel with those who live in the Southern Asia Division, a region of our world church comprising India, Bhutan, the Republic of the Maldives, and Nepal. Here Global Mission pioneers, such as





The family enjoys reading from the Bible and worshipping together.



As Jeshoda heard the words from the Bible, her heart began to change.

**The 10/40 Window** is an area located between 10 degrees and 40 degrees north of the equator, reaching from Northern Africa through the Middle East and into Asia. It 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.



To learn more about Global Mission pioneers, please visit [www.global-mission.org](http://www.global-mission.org).

Pothiram, are starting new Adventist congregations in areas or among people groups where there is little or no Adventist presence. As part of the 10/40 Window, the Southern Asia Division is especially

some 1.2 billion people, of whom less than 10 percent are Christian. Many of these people have never opened a Bible or heard the name of Jesus. Please pray for our Global Mission pioneers, and if possible, support

challenging for mission. It has a population of

them with donations so that they can continue to reach billions of hearts for Jesus.

**Ricky Oliveras**  
Office of Adventist Mission





# Stories From My Window

I'm sitting on a bus, leaning left then right as it navigates the curvy roads down to the capital city, Antananarivo. It was dark when I left the university, but during the two- and-a-half-hour ride to the city, the sun spills over the terraced mountains, revealing a dozen shades of green. I have never stopped appreciating Madagascar's beauty. Or its people. For as we pass them, I know that each one has a story.

I've turned this weekly trek into a special prayer time, interceding for those I see along my route. My first prayer today is for a group of children walking to school. Some of them walk five kilometers each way, even children as young as four years old. It's a dangerous journey, for the roads are narrow and the traffic is fast. I pray for the children's protection and that God will bless them in their studies.

When we reach the highway, it's crowded with bicyclists of all ages. Some are taking their goods to market, while others are heading to their fields. A father pedals past with one daughter sitting on the back seat and another perched on the cross bar. They ride without a care in the world because Daddy is taking them to school. I wave to the girl on the back seat and she smiles at me. I wonder where the father will go after he drops off his daughters. I pray for the family's safety and that God will bless this man in his work.

Soon we enter a busy village. The road is so narrow, it takes ten minutes to drive the two kilometers to the village's other end. Minivan taxis are parked two deep on one side of the road, making it difficult for vehicles to pass. Trucks are parked on the other side, adding to the congestion. Street vendors move in and out between cars, selling their wares. The traffic slows to a trickle as one car and then another negotiates the obstacle course of taxis, trucks, people, and animals.

My eye catches a young vendor selling rice cakes. She looks no older than 16. I wonder about her life. Is she working toward a dream? Or helping her mother achieve a dream? They must have been cooking long before dawn. Their meager earnings for the day will only allow them to make more rice cakes to sell tomorrow. There is such poverty here. Yet it is not the poverty that concerns me nearly as much as whether these people can find meaning in their lives. The song comes to my mind, "People Need the Lord." I hum the tune as I watch the girl vanish behind a taxi.

The village is more congested than usual because several herders are leading their cattle to





- 1 The winding, narrow streets are lined with market stalls and crowded with cars, trucks, rickshaws, animals, and people walking and riding bicycles.
- 2 Children on their way to school.
- 3 Street vendors laden with food on a bus in Antananarivo.
- 4 The vendors work long and hard and make little money.

market. I wonder how far they've walked. Having been a herder myself at one time, I know their work is difficult. I notice that one of the steers is limping. It must have been hit by a vehicle. I ask God to protect the herders and their cattle and that He will help them get a fair price, because they are often cheated at the market.

The saddest part of my weekly journey is passing a family who is manually breaking up a mountain. I long to stop and hear their story, to watch them hammer with such precision that they break the rocks into perfect building stones rather than shattering them. Sometimes the toddlers play on the mountainside while the older siblings and adults

rhythmically hammer away at the rock.

*God, do these people really have to work day in and day out like this? Isn't there something more lucrative they could do than this endless pounding?* Perhaps, I

am looking at their labor in terms of economics, whereas the family sees it as their business and training school.

I don't blink as we approach the family, for I want just once to look into their eyes. But, again, we pass too fast.

My weekly journey to the city is a powerful worship experience. It draws me into the presence of God as I wrestle with Him about His children. As I witness their daily struggle, haunting questions face me: Have I been preaching at people while neglecting their needs? Have I wanted to share the message of Jesus' love from the safety of the mountaintop while avoiding entering the valley so that people can experience His presence through me? Have I been content with the view from my bus window? *Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace, I pray. Help me to reach just one of Your people in the valley today.*

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

**Four ways to give:**

- 1 During Sabbath School
- 2 Securely online: [Giving.AdventistMission.org](http://Giving.AdventistMission.org)
- 3 In North America, mark a tithe envelope "World Budget" at your local church
- 4 Call 800-648-5824

**Gideon Petersen** serves at Université Adventiste Zurcher as academic dean and part-time educational director for the Indian Ocean Union. His passion is mission, touching lives with God's love. He and his wife, Pam, are from South Africa.





# The Soldier With Burning Eyes

Plagued with  
doubt and discouragement,  
I wondered why I was here.

When my plane touched down on the tarmac, it was a dream come true for me. I had wanted to visit this country for years, and now I had the opportunity not only to live here but to serve God here as well.

Funny how God has different plans. Within a short time, He rearranged everything, and I found myself living in a nation that I would not have chosen to even visit.

During the first week in my new world, I was in perpetual culture shock. Everything seemed chaotic to me: the unfamiliar language, the traffic, and the frequent power outages. It didn't help when my cell phone, my only source of communication, was ruined because of the voltage differences. I lay awake at night, wondering how I was going to survive an entire year in this city.

One morning I was awakened by a terribly loud noise. I looked out the window to see a car exploding a

kilometer away from where I live. My college classes are often canceled due to shootings on the street. Nothing about my existence is safe, yet God constantly protects me.

The pastor with whom I lived initially was accused of proselyting and forced to leave the country. The accuser then focused on me, trying to establish a link between the pastor and me and questioning why I am here.

Not all my challenges have been external. Sometimes, plagued with doubt and discouragement, I too have asked why I am here when it seemed like all I ever did was study the local language.

Then one day, I met a young soldier who invited me to eat with him in a street café. We talked about culture, my country, and finally, my religion. We became friends and began to meet often.

On one occasion, he asked me how I pray, and I gave him an example.

We ended up talking about Christian beliefs, and I shared how as an Adventist Christian, I don't drink alcohol or eat pork and that I worship on the seventh-day Sabbath. He was very surprised and interested.

A few days later, we met again with two of his friends. After a quick conversation, he looked in my eyes and asked me why I believe that Jesus is the Son of God. Amazed at this opportunity, I shared a few key reasons for my faith in Jesus' deity.

Eventually, he asked me whether I could get him a Bible because he wanted to learn more about Jesus. I have never seen such burning desire in someone's eyes.

I was able to get him a Bible, and I put tabs on special verses that talk about Jesus. I also gave him a link to an Adventist Website so that he could contact someone if he has more questions.

I couldn't understand at first why God sent me to this place. But now I

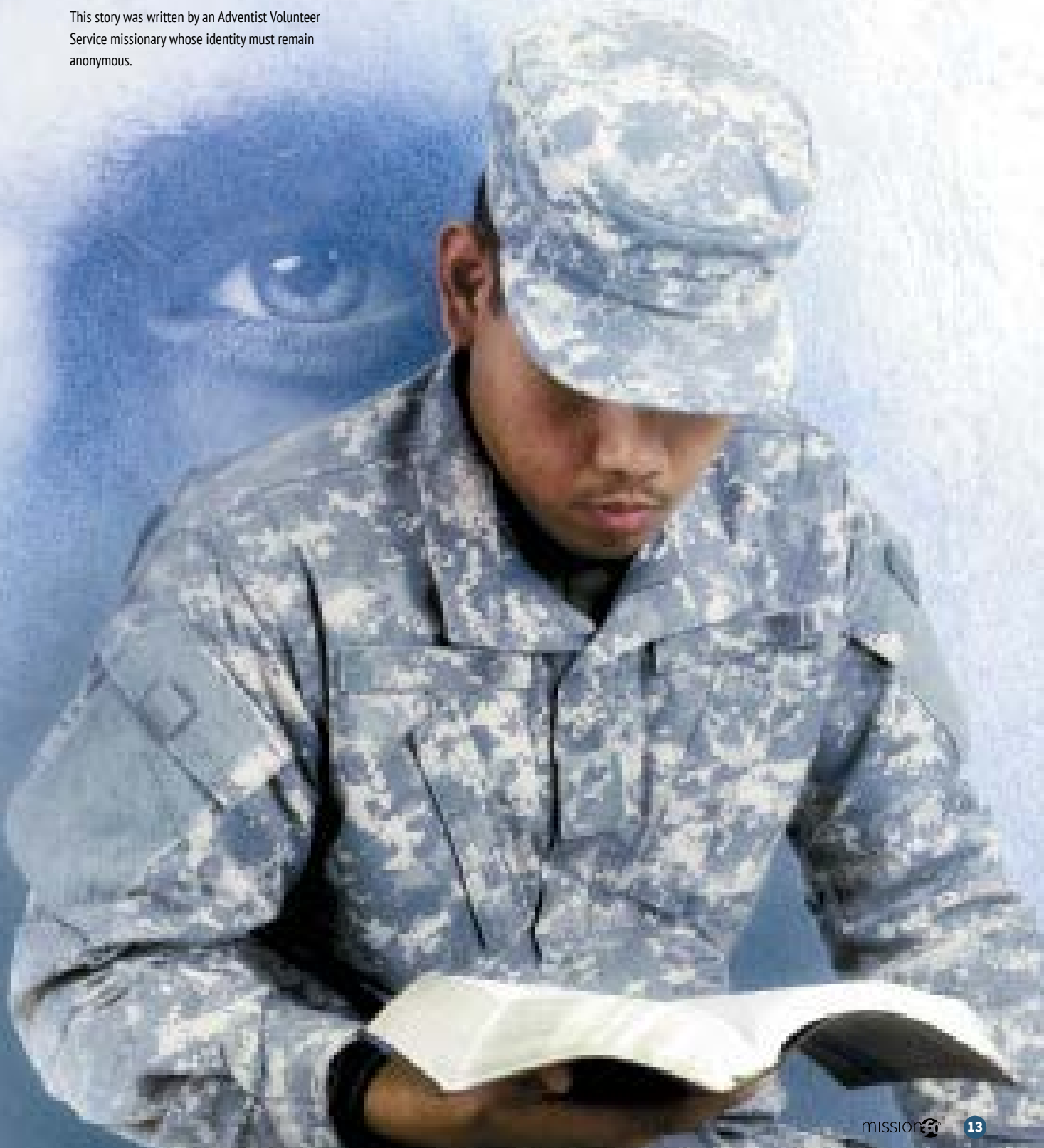
understand that it was for the purpose of helping to lead at least one person to Jesus.

I miss my home country, and I do not really feel comfortable here. But as long as God wants me here, this is where I'll be.

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This story was written by an Adventist Volunteer Service missionary whose identity must remain anonymous.

If you're interested in being a volunteer, please visit [www.AdventistVolunteers.org](http://www.AdventistVolunteers.org).



# The Voice in the Desert

**M**ore than three years ago, Chiadan\* left his home in Ethiopia in search of a better life. From the beginning, his journey was plagued with life-and-death challenges, even before he crossed the border of his country. Undaunted, he persevered, crossing country after country. Eventually, he reached a prominent nation and decided to try settling there.

To his great disappointment, however, Chiadan's vision for his new life was nothing like the reality he found. The biggest hurdle was securing work. He searched and searched, following every lead, all the while wondering whether he would have to give up and make the long trek back home.

Finally, he managed to obtain a job in one of the country's many deserts, shepherding 200 camels.

Chiadan's existence was a lonely one. Occasionally, the camel owner would come to check on him and the animals, but otherwise there was nobody else around to see or talk to.

Many days passed in this way, and Chiadan's spirits became lower and lower. The only way to overcome his deep loneliness was to keep busy working and sometimes listen to programs he could pick up on his shortwave radio.

One day, as Chiadan was tuning his radio, he discovered a broadcast in his mother tongue. The program came from Adventist World Radio (AWR), and

Chiadan was immediately captivated by what he heard. As soon as the program ended, he eagerly waited for the next broadcast. For two whole years, Chiadan continued to rely on the AWR program as his only companion. He was very disappointed, however, that he could not contact the people on the program.

One day there was a special broadcast, in which a pastor presented an evangelistic series. At the end of the two-week series, the pastor made a call for listeners to give their lives to Christ and accept Him as their personal Savior. On the spot, Chiadan decided to accept the invitation. But although he wanted to give his life to Jesus, he had no way of getting in touch with

the studio to tell the pastor about his decision. Days passed, and Chiadan's wish to be baptized remained firm.

Suddenly, however, he was confronted with an unexpected crisis. The government began a campaign to more closely regulate the foreign workers in the country, both legal and illegal. In the months that followed, more than two million people left the country—voluntarily or involuntarily—and returned to their homes in Bangladesh, India, Philippines, Nepal, Pakistan, Yemen, and Ethiopia.

Chiadan was one of these departing workers, and when he arrived in Ethiopia, he made his way back to his birthplace. One of the first

## 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](http://awr.org) and iTunes. Thank you for supporting AWR through your mission and world budget offerings.



# AWR Ethiopia

things he did there was to call the AWR studio and contact the producer of the program he had been following so faithfully. Chiadan told the producer his whole story and declared his wish to be baptized.

The producer made arrangements to bring Chiadan to the capital city of Addis Ababa. Pastor Bekele Gebre, whose voice Chiadan had heard presenting the

evangelistic series on the air, was conducting a new series of meetings there, so Chiadan's visit was perfectly timed. With everything in place, Chiadan arrived in Addis Ababa and eagerly attended the meetings. After they concluded, he finally was able to stand next to Pastor Gebre in the baptismal pool and publicly accept Jesus Christ as his personal Savior.

After his baptism, Chiadan returned to his hometown to live with his family. He is enthusiastically sharing his faith with his family and friends and is praying that he can establish a church there.

\* Not his real name.

- Programs are broadcast in the Afar, Amharic, Oromifa, and Tigrinya languages via shortwave and podcasts.
- Topics include Bible discussions, family, health, youth, witnessing, music, sermons, and Q&A.
- Broadcasts reach migrant Ethiopian and Eritrean audiences around the world.
- Listeners contact the studio through letters, phone calls, e-mails, social media, text messages, and face-to-face.
- Many listeners are illiterate.
- Radio can carry the gospel to prohibited and remote areas.
- The radio work is integrated with other forms of church outreach, including inviting listeners to evangelistic meetings, putting listeners in touch with church members, promoting AWR in church publications, and publicizing church activities.

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

Special thanks to Sintayehu Kidane, the Amharic producer for AWR Ethiopia and Geremew Biru, the communication director for the West Ethiopian Conference.





# Welcome to Camp Polaris

**N**estled between Lake Aleknagik and Jackknife Mountain in southwest Alaska is Camp Polaris, a tiny mission camp with a huge heart. One of three summer camps operated by the Alaska Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, it gives community children an opportunity

to grow in their relationship with God, discover new skills, and enjoy fun activities in a remote, pristine setting.

Many children who attend Camp Polaris for the first time are unaware that God cares for them. Those who return each summer always make new discoveries about His love.



## Meet the Campers

**1 Kyle**, master of the cup game  
My favorite thing at camp: "Worship, because we learn about God and thank Him for what He's done."

What I've learned about God: "He loves me no matter what I do."

Additional comments: "I miss moose meat. Camp Polaris has changed my life. I'm going home a changed man."

**2 Kayu**  
My favorite thing: "Swimming and learning new things."  
What I've learned about God: "That He will always be with me."

Additional comments: "I've grown in my friendship with God here."

**3 Deashaun**, climbing Jackknife Mountain

My favorite thing: "Tubing and learning about God and Jesus because I'm not from a Christian home."

**4 Laci** loves to sing worship songs.

My favorite thing: "Everything!"  
Laci's mother, Shannon: "I'm a teacher at the public school in Dillingham, and all last school year the students raved and wrote about Camp Polaris. It has a great reputation among children and parents in the community."

**5 Jamal** with counselor Heather Ueek.  
My favorite thing: "Knee boarding and

tubing."

What I've learned about God: "He likes me very much."

**6 Chassie**, the artist

My favorite thing: "Drawing class."  
Chassie drew a picture depicting her parents' battle with and victory over alcohol and the healing of her family.

**7 Lodi** in Life Skills class, exploring how the Bible helps with life's challenges.

What I've learned about God: "He has a house for everybody in heaven. I didn't know that. It makes me feel good. Before I came to camp, I knew that God existed, but I didn't know much about Him."

Additional comments: "I want to come to Camp Polaris until I'm too old and then I want to be a counselor someday."





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**8 Robin** with her grandfather, Russell, who flew to Camp Polaris for Community Day on Sabbath. “The townspeople know that they’re welcome to join us in praising God,” says camp director, Laurie Hosey. “Many of them have happy memories of worshipping with us as campers, and they continue to do so each year.”

**9 Ian**, left, with his mother, Melina, Mae, and Peter.

My favorite thing: “Hanging out with friends and learning about God.”

What I’ve learned about God: “He can forgive me.”

Additional comments: “Everyone is really nice. I want to come back.”

Melina, Mae, and Peter are former campers who came for Community Day. Melina and Mae are substance abuse counselors. “There are a lot of alcohol and drugs in Dillingham,” says Mae. “Without the ministry of Camp Polaris, these kids would be at much greater risk.”

**10 Cienna**, left  
My favorite thing: “The craft classes.”

Additional comments: “The counselors are awesome because they’re kind and they watch over us, pray with us, and love us.”

**11 Thomas**, right, playing capture the flag.

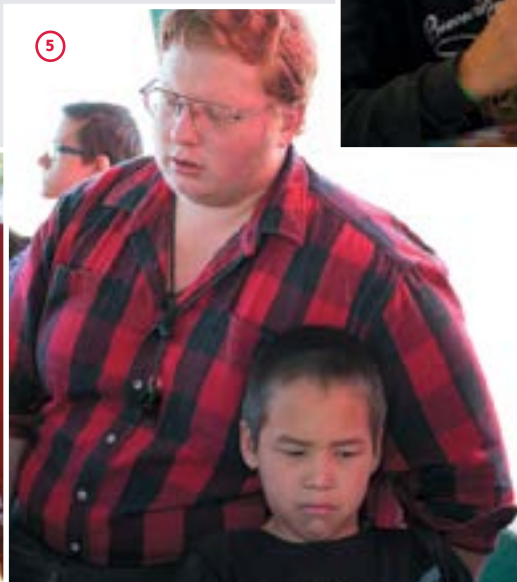
My favorite thing: “Field games, swimming, and worship.”

What I’ve learned about God: “Oh, man, a lot! A lot of Bible stories I didn’t know. I knew about God before, but I learned a lot more about Him here.”

# Meet the Camp Polaris Staff

- 1 The Camp Polaris staff worked together like a well-oiled machine. They were loving, caring, and very committed to the campers. They seemed to enjoy every minute of their ministry even without toilets, electricity, or showers.
- 2 “I love the kids and sharing the light of Jesus with them.”  
—Katie Fry, counselor
- 3 “I like to teach the kids new songs about God each summer. The public school teachers tell us that the kids sing or hum these songs all year.”—Travis Holm, right
- 4 “I was about to start teaching my Bible class, when Laci asked me why Jesus had to come to earth to die. Her question is the whole reason we’re here!” —James Ellison, chaplain
- 5 “We teach the children how to pray, giving them a means of leaning on Someone who can be there when we can’t be.”—Dwayne Vaughn
- 6 “I think one of the biggest impacts Camp Polaris has on the campers is that they know there are people here who love them and whom they can trust.”—Sherilyn Holm, camp nurse
- 7 “I like working with at-risk kids because I was one myself, and I feel that I can relate to them well. At Polaris, the campers get to see that there’s another way of life and that they have choices.”—Kasey Thomason, center
- 8 “The best thing about working at Camp Polaris is that I’m able to see kids become excited about God.

“A bathhouse with hot showers would be wonderful! Every camper in my cabin had swimmer’s itch from swimming because there was no way to rinse off.”—Heather Ueack, right





Laurie Hosey, right

## Interview with camp director **Laurie Hosey**

**Laurie Hosey has a passion for children, summer camp, and Jesus. *Mission 360°* recently talked with her about the impact and needs of Camp Polaris.**

**M360°:** Laurie, what is the family situation like for the campers, and what issues do they struggle with?

**Laurie:** Many of them come from impoverished families where drug addiction, alcoholism, and abuse are common. Suicide is prevalent, especially among the young people. At camp, they're able to put their struggles aside and just be kids for a week. It's like a little bit of heaven for them.

**M360:** What changes have you seen in the campers?

**Laurie:** I've seen some of them break the cycle of alcoholism and choose better lives. I meet people in town who tell me, "My life is better because I was a camper at Polaris." One woman told us, "I don't know where I would be today without my experience at Camp Polaris."

**M360:** I understand that you've seen a difference in some of your more challenging campers this week.

**Laurie:** We had a group of boys who came with a tough-guy attitude. We had a memorial service for one of our campers who passed away, and these boys put their arms around their friends who had lost their sister and cried with them. After this experience, they were helpful and respectful. To see them change from "I'm a tough guy" to "I'm here to help" is very rewarding.

**M360:** Does the condition of the buildings affect the camp's ministry?

**Laurie:** If we had updated facilities, including larger, warmer cabins, I think we could accommodate more children and extend our camp schedule.

**M360:** What updates are needed?

**Laurie:** The lodge is too small to accommodate the children and, like most of our buildings, is fifty years old and full of gaps that let in the cold. If we could keep the kids well rested, warm, and dry, I think they would be even more receptive to the gospel.

**M360:** What are the greatest needs?

**Laurie:** Mattresses for the campers—many of them sleep on a piece of cardboard on a hard bunk. And a bathhouse that would provide flush toilets and hot showers. The children are often wet and cold, and sometimes they get hypothermia. Currently, the only way to warm them is to build a fire in the sweathouse and wait for steam. Time is of the essence out here. It takes an hour and a half for emergency help to arrive, and we don't always have that long.

**M360:** This quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help Camp Polaris acquire mattresses and a bathhouse. Is there anything that you would like to say to our church members?

**Laurie:** Yes, thank you so much for supporting this mission camp that helps our campers and community develop a closer relationship with God. I very much appreciate anything you can do!

To learn more about Camp Polaris, please visit [www.alaskacamps.org](http://www.alaskacamps.org).

If you would like to help, please visit [www.adventistmission.org/mqa-home](http://www.adventistmission.org/mqa-home).



# Celebrating Kenka

**Y**ells and screams shatter the morning air as campers emerge from their six A.M. polar plunge at Camp Polaris, a small Adventist mission camp in southwest Alaska. Their teeth chatter and their lips are blue, but they are emphatically not cold. They've waited an entire year to dive into this icy water again, and only the wafting scent of pancakes can coax them out now.

"Kenka used to love the polar plunge," says counselor Katie Purvis, with a wistful smile. "It feels so weird not to have her here. I can still see her running down the beach, you know?"

"She was so full of life ... and love. Sometimes I'd feel arms around my waist and I'd look down to see Kenka smiling up at me."

Katie's pool-blue eyes fill with tears, and I wonder whether it was a mistake to ask about Kenka. She, like all the camp staff, is trying to grieve the sixteen-year-old girl's death privately and make the campers' week as happy as possible.

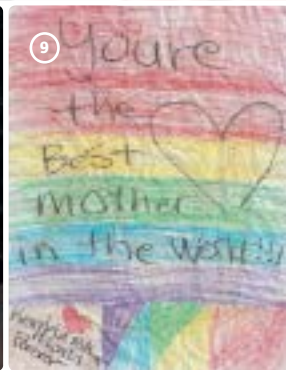
"I'm sorry," I say. "I didn't mean to ..."

"No, it's OK," Katie says. "I want people to know about Kenka ... and what Camp Polaris meant to her."

So, I keep asking questions, and the staff keeps sharing memories. And over the next few days, their memories, like brushstrokes, paint a picture so that I too can begin to see the beauty of Kenka Active.

Kenka, like many children in the towns of Aleknagik and Dillingham, attended Camp Polaris each summer. It was her favorite place to be, whether she was zooming around the lake on a kneeboard or creating roses out of frosting to decorate her first cake.





- 1 Kenka loved animals and visiting the zoo.
- 2 Kenka enjoying a Pathfinder event.
- 3 It didn't take Kenka long to wrap her elder brothers around her little finger.
- 4 Kenka's mother, Kathy (grey sweatshirt), and brother David, on Kathy's right, came for Community Day.
- 5 Getting strong!
- 6 Katie Purvis, Kenka's former counselor, with Kenka's nephew, Jamal.
- 7 Kenka loved to create beautiful things. She was especially proud of this hat that she made.
- 8 There wasn't much that Kenka wouldn't try!
- 9 A treasured note.

It was also where her love for Jesus blossomed. Kenka liked to sing the worship songs and especially enjoyed listening to the staff play their guitars. When she expressed a desire to learn how to play, program director Boyde Hosey taught her. When she learned quickly, he gave her a guitar of her own.

Debbie and Ken Reisinger have served as caretakers for Camp Polaris since 1994. They have formed strong bonds with the people in their community and are especially close to Kenka's family.

"I thought of Kenka as one of my own children," says Debbie. "We spent

countless hours together talking. She was full of joy . . . and mischief!"

Kenka (short for Kenkamken) was born to Kathy and Aki Active in 1998. "Kenka came into this world ready for action," says Kathy. "I remember telling my husband to hurry when I went into labor because this baby was on her way. Sure enough, Kenka arrived quickly, ready to meet life head on."

"We loved our little girl so much," says Aki, "that Kenkamken, which means 'I love you' in our language, naturally became her name."

It didn't take Kenka long to wrap her adoring elder brothers around her finger. They spent hours with her, hiking and swimming and teaching her how to fish.

On one occasion, Kenka's mother asked her to wash the dishes. Kenka got a twinkle in her eye and went outside to chop wood. After a while she came back in the house and announced that she had chopped wood—get someone else to wash the dishes!

On Friday evening, the children gathered in the lodge at Camp Polaris for a special time of remembering Kenka.

"We've come together to celebrate Kenka's life," Chaplain James Ellison told the campers. "We want to give each of you an opportunity to share a special memory of her."

At the mention of Kenka's name, her brothers, Lodi and Jeshae, began to cry. Soon all of our eyes were filled with tears.

"She always made me laugh," said one girl, breaking the silence. She told a funny story about Kenka, and then the other campers began to share.

"She loved tubing," one said. "She set a record for the most turns on the knee board."

"She always had a smile on her face," another added.

"Kenka gave her heart to Jesus last summer at Camp Polaris," said camp director Laurie Hosey. "She loved Him with all her heart."

After everyone had had an opportunity to comment, Chaplain Ellison shared Jesus' promise to take those who love Him to live with Him forever. When he asked, "How many of you want to go to heaven and see Kenka again someday?" the lodge became a sea of waving hands.

That night in Katie's cabin, her campers had many questions. "What will life be like in heaven?" one girl asked. "Does the Bible say what heaven looks like?" asked another. Sitting on the floor with the girls, Katie shared several texts about heaven from her Bible. "I really want to be there," said one camper. "Me too," chimed in others.

I wish I could have met Kenka. But the effect she and the camp she loved had on those I did meet touched me deeply. Because of them, children in a little fishing village in Alaska now know that Jesus loves them and is coming soon to take them home.

**Laurie Falvo**

Office of Adventist Mission



# Nutmeg

In the jungles of West Papua, Indonesia, villagers harvest nutmeg to be shipped all over the world. In the village of Kramongmongga, part of the nutmeg fruit is used to welcome visitors.

Darron Boyd is a missionary from the United States who has lived in West Papua for several years. He first traveled to Kramongmongga to meet the villagers and become acquainted with their needs. Darron's goal was to help meet those needs and share the love of Jesus. Every time he visits Kramongmongga, he is greeted with a special nutmeg garland. "I'm interested in meeting people's needs because this was part of

Jesus' method in winning people's hearts," says Darron. "Jesus set the perfect example for ministry. Only after meeting people's needs and gaining their confidence did He invite them to follow Him."

Darron is spreading the gospel in Kramongmongga by building relationships with people and following Christ's method of wholistic ministry.

Over time, Darron became friends with the village chief, David. When David studied the Bible with Darron, he learned about the Sabbath and began faithfully observing it. David tells everyone in his village about Jesus, and if anyone is interested in

- 1 Nutmeg that a villager has just harvested from the jungle.
- 2 Darron greets village leaders upon his arrival to Kramongmongga.
- 3 A young villager enjoys the commotion of the visit.
- 4 Darron talks for a few moments with a young girl from the village.
- 5 David, the village chief, gives a Bible study to an interested neighbor.
- 6 Darron shares a worship thought with the villagers.
- 7 Some villagers decided to give their lives to Jesus.

learning more, he visits their home to teach them from the Bible.

Now many people in David's village are Seventh-day Adventists. Every Sabbath the congregation meets in a church member's home to worship.

Darron occasionally visits David's village to see how the church plant is doing. He is excited to learn that the membership is growing and that the congregation will soon need a bigger building to meet in.

The rough terrain, world religions, and number of languages in this region make it a challenging area for mission. But through sacrifice and prayer, new churches are being planted.

Among many other things, your weekly mission offerings and world budget offerings help support more than 455 missionary families around the world, including Darron Boyd. Please pray for all our missionaries, and thank you for supporting their ministry.

**Ricky Oliveras**  
Office of Adventist Mission



The fruit of the nutmeg tree produces two spices.

Nutmeg is made from the dried inner seed kernel of the fruit, and mace is made from the dried

lacelike red covering of the seed, called aril.





## 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’” (*Ministry of Healing*, p. 143).

# Remembering Ejler Jensen

## Adventist Pioneer to Okinawa, Japan



Ejler Jensen may be remembered by friends for his personal stories of faith, such as how he was rescued by a mysterious stranger after a plane accident in an Alaskan blizzard.

But his daughters, Linda and Yvonne, say they will remember their 102-year-old father as a man who dedicated his life to serving others—a missionary spirit that stemmed from a childhood in Canada when he would watch, enthralled, as missionaries at camp meeting used a magic lantern projector to share slides of their far-off travels.

“From those days, Dad determined that he would be a missionary when he grew up,” says his elder daughter, Linda.







- 1 Ejler Jensen at 100.
- 2 Ejler, Iona, and Linda around 1951.
- 3 Jensen baptizing Moushi Bise, one of the first residents of Okinawa to accept the Adventist faith.
- 4 Ejler giving Voice of Prophecy books to Bible workers on Okinawa.
- 5 Okinawa's governor cutting the ribbon for the 1953 opening of a clinic designed by Ejler, center.
- 6 Ejler with his mother, Mette, at her home in her Modesto, California.

## First Adventist Missionary on Okinawa

Ejler's childhood dream of serving overseas came true in 1948 when he accepted an invitation to serve in Indonesia as the director of the North Celebes Mission. At the time, he and his wife, Iona, were living in Juneau, Alaska, where Ejler headed the Alaska Mission.

The couple boarded an old freighter with 18-month-old Linda and embarked on a voyage across the Pacific Ocean. Seventeen days into their journey, they received a cable asking them to go to Japan instead.

Willing to serve anywhere they were needed, Ejler and Iona sailed for Japan, where they spent the next year and a half becoming fluent in Japanese. In late 1949, local Adventist leaders decided to begin mission work on the island of Okinawa, and the Jensens agreed to serve there.

"Okinawa was not very large, we discovered by dusting off the atlas and searching for dots in the Pacific," Iona later wrote in a 1960 book titled *Adventure for God in Okinawa*. "After much looking we found it, lying like a small speck about a thousand miles southwest of Tokyo."

According to the law, no one was allowed to move to Okinawa unless they had a place to live, so Ejler traveled to the island first to build a home. He confidently promised Iona that he



would return in six weeks. It took four months.

Okinawa was devastated after the war, and there were no trees to supply lumber. The only building resources available consisted of war remnants and military supplies. Ejler credited countless miracles for providing him with the necessary materials.

Ejler bought a plot of land in the village of Shuri and built a small, traditional wooden house with a tile roof. Once the home was finished, he moved in his family and went to work on securing a lease for nearby government land to build the island's first Adventist church. In an act of faith, he built a building that could hold several hundred people, even though Okinawa's population of 600,000 did not include a single church member. He advertised the church by hiring a university student who knew a little English to print and distribute flyers. Forty people attended the first church meeting on August 4, 1951.



After the first church was established, Ejler decided to expand his efforts beyond the community's spiritual needs to include education and health care. He opened a school in the southern part of the island, and then a church attached to the school. As church membership increased, Ejler began designing a 15-bed clinic. It eventually grew into the Adobenchisuto (Adventist) Medical Center and is regarded today as Okinawa's leading private hospital.

Thirty-nine patients showed up on opening day of the clinic, and within a year, the lone doctor was seeing more than 200 patients each day.

In 1952, Ejler and Iona's second daughter, Yvonne, was born in a tiny Quonset hut on a United States military base.

## Childhood of Comfort and Poverty

Ejler was born in 1912 to Danish immigrants August and Mette Jensen in Alberta, Canada. He grew up in the small prairie town of Standard, where his family lived a comfortable life running a livery stable and drayage business as well as the first car dealership in the area.

His parents had a Christian background but rarely attended church services on the isolated prairie, where neighbors lived miles apart and churches were few and far between. Then one day an Adventist literature evangelist knocked on their front door.

"In those days book salesmen were welcomed into homes to stay for several weeks," says Linda. "They were fed, would help with farm chores, and would share the stories and pictures from their books. The Jensen family was so impressed with this colporteur that they converted to Adventism."

The Jensens started attending annual camp meetings at Canadian Junior College (now Canadian University

Okinawa, whose population has grown to 1.4 million, currently has 16 Adventist churches with a membership of 2,096.

College), a trip of 150 miles (240 kilometers) from their home on muddy roads. They traveled with a team of horses that pulled a wagon loaded with feed and a crate of chickens for eggs and with a cow tied to the back of the wagon for milk.

Ejler looked forward to the new family tradition, especially the opportunity to hear about mission work.

In 1918, the Jensen family used a bonus from the Ford Motor Company to move to Modesto, California, where they bought a small plot of land and tried to grow grapes. They worked diligently, but a combination of drought, gophers, and a weak

economy devastated them. Financially ruined, they moved back to Canada.

Attempts to farm wheat proved successful until the Great Depression and Dust Bowl hit in 1929 and the 1930s. The family lost everything and had to walk away, destitute and heavily in debt.

At age 20, Ejler became a literature evangelist to raise money for college. He was given an old bicycle with wooden wheels and a territory of hundreds of miles. He later described this time as the loneliest of his life, going from house to house in the country, seeing unfamiliar faces every day, and asking for a bed to sleep on.

Ejler attended Canadian Junior College from 1936 to 1939 and then transferred to California-based Pacific Union College (PUC), where he graduated in 1942 with a double major in Bible and history. At PUC, he met and fell in love with Iona Clark. They married in 1942.



## A Plane Accident in Alaska

The young couple lived the first two years of their marriage in Nevada and Utah, where Jensen worked as an evangelist and pastor. Then in 1944, Jensen accepted a call to work as head of the Alaska Mission, a territory that covered thousands of miles from the Aleutian Islands to the southern panhandle.

At times it took days to reach remote parts of the territory with Ejler catching rides on fishing boats, on old Coast Guard lifeboats, or with bush pilots delivering supplies and mail with amphibious aircraft. One night, while flying with a bush pilot, a storm

forced a landing on a small inlet. Ice developed on the wings and propeller, and the plane began to sink. Ejler and the pilot jumped out and waded to shore. Disoriented, wet, and freezing, Ejler began to pray fervently.

Suddenly, out of the blowing snow, a figure appeared. An old Eskimo, dressed in solid white, waved at the lost pair to follow him. He led them through the storm to a small settlement, where villagers gave them shelter until the storm passed.

When Ejler asked the villagers for the rescuer's name in order to thank him, they replied that no such person lived in the area. "Dad was certain that his guardian angel had appeared to save him that day," Linda says.

## The Rest of the Story

In 1960, after a decade on Okinawa, Ejler was appointed director of the Tokyo Sanitarium and Hospital (now Tokyo Adventist Hospital) and the pastor of a church on the same property. Six years later, Ejler and Iona moved to Malaysia, where Ejler worked as business manager of the Penang Sanitarium (now Penang Adventist Hospital) and as the pastor of the English-speaking church.

Then, with both of their daughters in college, the Jensens decided to return to the United States in 1969, where Ejler worked four years as an assistant credit manager at St. Helena Hospital in Deer Park, California, and then pastored a church in Miranda, California.

Ejler and Iona retired in 1975 and enjoyed a long and fulfilling retirement together. Iona passed away in 2005. Ejler remained active until the last year of his life, tuning cars for his neighbors, gardening, and working on small building projects.

"He was happy even after he grew too weak to get out of bed," says Linda. "He spent his last months reading the Bible, listening to gospel music, and welcoming visitors."

"Sitting by my father's bedside as he was passing was truly an honor as I reflected on the many lives that he touched throughout his hundred and two years," adds Ejler's younger daughter, Yvonne Truby. "I not only felt my loss and the loss for our family but the loss of all whose lives have been so blessed by his commitment to serving the Lord."

Ejler peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on August 27, 2014.

Photos courtesy of Linda Jensen.

**Andrew McChesney** became

the news editor for *Adventist Review* at the Seventh-day Adventist Church world headquarters in 2014. Formerly, he worked as a journalist in Moscow for 17 years, including the past 7 as the editor-in-chief of Russia's only English-language daily.



- 7 Ejler, Iona, Linda, and Yvonne on a freighter to the United States for their first furlough.
- 8 One of several plane crashes Ejler survived in Alaska.
- 9 Ejler, left, with a neighbor child.
- 10 Ejler, right, playing guitar with friends in college.
- 11 Ejler meeting his first great grandson, Julian Canales. They took one look at each other and both burst out laughing.
- 12 In 1994, Ejler and his daughters were invited to Okinawa for the 40th anniversary of the opening of the Adventist Hospital. They were greeted at the airport by a large contingent of church members carrying a banner welcoming Papa Jensen and daughters.



# My Little Lost Sheep

**G**od, why can't they get it? What more can I do to help my students understand how much You love them?" I laid my head on my office desk in frustration, pondering my seemingly impossible challenge.

For several months, I had been teaching a group of adult Bible students in an English language school in Seoul, South Korea. They came from a variety of religious backgrounds, but most of them were not Christians.

Recently, I had focused on Jesus' life and parables in an effort to reach their hearts with God's love. We had just explored the story of the prodigal son, but somehow they viewed the father as the one at fault. In an effort to redirect their minds, I followed up

with the parables of the lost sheep and lost coin.

"Even so, there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents," I shared enthusiastically, bringing the lesson to a close. *Surely they will understand now*, I thought.

Then one student shyly raised her hand.

"Yes?"

"Did the sheep or the coin repent?"

A few students chuckled. I was at a loss. I had tried everything.

"Let's talk about this more tomorrow," I sighed, trying to hide my disappointment. I dismissed class and began preparing for my elementary school students who would arrive in a few hours.

Throughout the day nothing could shake my mind from the task that awaited me, so when a break came in my schedule,

I hurried to my office. I had just sat down to contemplate the best approach to take for the next day's class, when suddenly the door opened and then slammed shut.

"Sam is missing!" one of my co-teachers cried angrily.

"What?" I turned, shaken from my focus.

"All because Rachel sent him outside to find a *rock*! Can you believe it? How is he going to find a *rock* in Seoul? And it's so cold! He doesn't even have his coat!"

I couldn't wrap my mind around what was happening until the door opened again, and Rachel hastily entered the room, followed by the director of the language school.

"Rachel, why did you send Sam outside?" I asked. Even though Seoul is a safe place, it was a cold day in March; we had been getting glimpses of spring, but winter was still maintaining its chilly grasp. Coats, boots,





- 1 Christen on a walk near the language school.
- 2 Christen at one of South Korea's green tea fields.
- 3 Christen with Sam and his family at a friend's wedding.
- 4 Christen, second from left, at a church lunch with friends. The language school director is standing in the center of the back row with his hand on Sam's shoulder. Sam's mother is on the far left.
- 5 Sam, left.

hats, and several layers of clothes were all necessary to stay warm.

"He did something wrong, so I sent him outside to find a stone for punishment," responded the usually patient Rachel. "Is that so hard to do?"

*In this concrete jungle, it might be,* I thought, silently questioning her abnormal discipline method as I glanced at the clock.

I had 40 minutes before my next class. Grabbing my coat and phone, I left the school unnoticed amidst the commotion.

"God, please help me find this child," I prayed, setting out into the unknown.

Seoul has innumerable side streets that lead every which way imaginable. Common sense would have told me that as a foreigner it would be impossible to find Sam without getting lost myself, yet strangely I felt at peace.

Stopping in front of the main street by my school, I gazed and pondered. *Sam is a good kid, I thought. He wouldn't have taken the subway or gone into any of the shops. Something's wrong. He must be lost.*

Turning away from the main road, I walked up and down a couple of old, quiet alleyways.

About ten minutes later, something unusual captured my attention. While glancing down one street, I noticed a little head of curly hair pop up behind a car parked on the road and then quickly disappear. Sam had recently gotten a perm, and the child's height seemed about right.

Dashing down the road, I approached the car and then slowly peeked behind it.

Relieved, I spoke kindly and casually, "Sam! Hey, buddy, what are you doing out here? Are you lost?"

"Yes," he sniffed.

"Let's go back to school," I said, putting my hand on his cold shoulder, which was covered by only a T-shirt.

Sam, normally talkative, walked beside me in silence. I figured that

he was either guilty of wronging Rachel or he had become very frightened about being lost.

We were almost back to the school when I saw the director approaching us. Shocked, yet thrilled, he ran over, picked up Sam, and twirled him around. After lovingly speaking to him in Korean, he asked me, "How did you find him?"

"I just prayed," I responded.

The next day the director joined my adult Bible class to share Sam's story. I hadn't known that Sam had been outside for a whole hour or that the secretary had already extensively searched for him.

I realized that finding Sam was truly a miracle. Now I had the answer I had been praying for. When the director finished, I addressed the students.

"I searched for Sam because I care about him. And I can't express to you the happiness that I felt when I found him. Let's look at these three parables again. They all end with a similar statement—that "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents." The point is God's joy—the *happiness* that He has in His heart when He finds His lost children, because He *loves* them." All was silent. There were no more questions.

My students had gotten so caught up in repentance that they had missed the underlying theme—the message of God's love. But at last, they got it... and I did too.

**Christen Cool** graduated from Southern Adventist University with an English degree in 2010 and has been living and teaching in South Korea since 2012. She loves traveling, hiking, and spending time with adult students who have become her dear friends. She is from Hendersonville, North Carolina.



If you're interested in being a volunteer, please visit [www.AdventistVolunteers.org](http://www.AdventistVolunteers.org).



## DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

**Cassava Croquettes***(Makes about 20 croquettes)*

The first evidence of cassava, or yucca, cultivation was found at an ancient Mayan site in El Salvador. Eventually, Portuguese traders from Brazil introduced cassava to the continent of Africa. Today, cassava is the third largest source of carbohydrates in the tropics after rice and maize. If cassava is new to you, this is an easy way to try this versatile root vegetable. *This recipe is from Belkis Prestol.*

**INGREDIENTS**

1 pound fresh cassava or yucca (about one medium-sized cassava)

1 egg, slightly beaten  
 ½ teaspoon anise seed, crushed  
 ¾ teaspoon salt  
 Oil

**PREPARATION**

1. Cut off the ends of the cassava, and peel with a vegetable peeler or knife. Slice into half-inch rounds. Cut each round into four pieces.
2. Using a food processor, grate the cassava pieces with the shredding disk. Next, remove the disk, and use the chopping blade until the cassava is finely chopped.

3. Place the cassava into a medium bowl. Stir in the egg, anise, and salt.
4. Add oil to a frying pan to a depth of one-half inch. Carefully drop tablespoon-sized croquettes into hot oil over medium heat. When they are browned on one side, turn them over and continue frying until both sides are browned.
5. Lift croquettes and drain in a colander lined with paper towels. Serve hot.



## GERMANY

**Baked Apples With Walnut Filling***(Serves 4–8)*

What could be sweeter than the fragrance of baked apples just out of the oven? Endless variations are possible, so don't be afraid to adapt the ingredients and come up with your own version. This nutty filling adds a traditional yet upscale taste and texture.

**INGREDIENTS**

4 medium apples, cored and halved (peeled or unpeeled)  
 ¼ cup walnuts, chopped  
 ¼ cup raisins, soaked in fruit juice (any kind)  
 4 teaspoons jam or jelly (any kind)

2 teaspoons honey  
 ¼ teaspoon cinnamon  
 1 tablespoon butter or olive oil

**PREPARATION**

1. Preheat the oven to 375°F. Wipe oil or shortening in a large baking dish.
2. Soak the raisins in fruit juice for 15 minutes, and then drain.
3. Place the cored and halved apples in a large baking dish, cut side facing up.
4. In a small bowl, mix together the walnuts, raisins, jam or jelly, honey, and cinnamon.
5. Place a small mound of the nut mixture in the center of each apple.
6. Top each apple with slivers of butter or drizzle lightly with olive oil.



7. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes, or until soft.
8. Serve warm from the oven or reheated if the recipe is made in advance.
9. If desired, top with ice cream or warm vanilla pudding.

Nancy Kyte  
 Office of Adventist Mission





## CHILDREN'S STORY

# Odie

When people think “spring break,” most envision the beaches of Mexico and Florida. My senior year of high school, I thought “mission trip.” I joined a group going to Honduras for a week to build One-Day schools.

On our last day of work, I noticed a small boy standing at the top of a hill watching us. I gave him a smile and a wave, and without hesitation he sprinted over to me and began speaking rapidly in Spanish.

I had taken Spanish in high school, so I gave it my best shot. “Hola. ¿Como te llama?” *Hi. What’s your name?* I looked into his big brown eyes, hoping I hadn’t slaughtered his language.

A smile spread across his face, and he bent over to write in the red dirt.

I crouched down to read his name. “Odie,” I smiled back. “Me llamo Mandy.”

Without warning, Odie launched himself into my arms and hugged me tight. Then he jumped down and started running away. *That was quick*, I thought. Suddenly he ran toward me, tagged my arm, and darted away again. *Oh, he wants to play tag.*

I looked over my shoulder. My team was still working hard in the blistering sun. I had only one option in this situation. I chased Odie around the work site. His bare feet pounded into the dirt as he shrieked with laughter. The distance between us closed. I scooped him up in my arms and spun around in circles.

“Mandy, what are you doing? Who is this?” I set Odie down as our site leader, Tom, walked over to survey the situation. Odie took shelter behind me. *Uh-oh. This can’t be good.*

“Well, this is Odie. He wanted to play tag, so I decided to chase him for a while.”

Tom looked down and smiled. “OK. Just be careful and make sure you stay out of the way.”

“Thanks, Tom!” I turned and grinned at Odie. He seemed to catch the hint that we could play. His face lit up and he jumped into my arms again.

We spent the next four hours chasing each other over the Honduran desert. No one tried to stop or scold us. The world was ours to enjoy.

All too soon Tom announced that it was time to pack up. Everyone cheered. After a week of hard work, we had accomplished more than anyone had expected.

“The schools look great, and we know they are going to be put to good use,” Tom said. “Now you all deserve a shower and a good meal.”

I whooped and hollered along with everyone else. Then my heart dropped. *Odie*. How was I supposed to tell him I was leaving? I picked him up and gave him a hug, struggling to contain my emotions.

“Hey, Graci. Will you take a picture of Odie and me?” I asked, motioning to a fellow mission worker. I needed some way to remember this kid who had made every minute of my trip worth it.

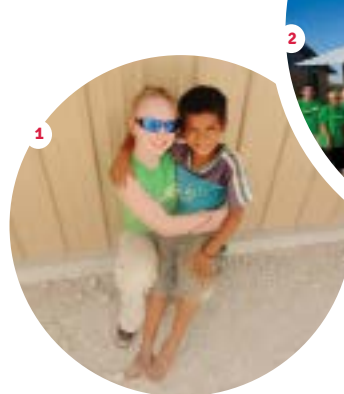
“Smile,” Graci said. “One, two, three.” *Click*. I lost it. Tears chased each other down my cheeks. Odie looked at me, confused.

“It’s time for me to go, Odie,” I said gently.

He looked sad for a moment, and then his face lit up again. “¿Mañana?” *Tomorrow?*

I shook my head. “No. No mañana, Odie.”

Odie’s eyes filled with tears. He understood that we would never



see each other again. His arms wrapped around my neck as we cried together. Four hours had created a bond that I did not know could exist.

I gave Odie one last squeeze and climbed onto the bus. As it rumbled away, I stole a glance out the window. Odie’s little legs were turning beneath him, chasing the bus as tears stained his face. I understood in that moment that I would never be the same. Odie had changed my life.

I learned that it didn’t matter that we came from two different worlds and spoke different languages. Odie showed me how to span cultural differences with a smile and a game of tag. He also showed me the importance of taking time to play.

I know I may never see Odie again on this earth, but my prayer is that we’ll meet again in heaven. Then we can play the most epic game of universe tag!

Photos courtesy of Terry Schwartz.

**Mandy Mekelburg** lives in Nebraska, United States, where she is pursuing a communications degree at Union College. She enjoys sports, reading, and being with her friends.



- 1 Mandy and Odie.
- 2 The team that came to Honduras.
- 3 Mandy, second from left, and her team put together all the windows for the schools.
- 4 The One-Day schools.



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