



mission Teen

**Southern Asia-Pacific Division
Fourth Quarter 2005**



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On the cover: Two children have found a home in an Adventist orphanage in Siem Reap, Cambodia.





making missions meaningful

Leader's Planner

Southern Asia-Pacific Division

The Challenge

The countries of the Southern Asia-Pacific Division featured this quarter pose huge challenges for spreading the gospel of Christ. In three of these countries Christianity is a small minority religion, and often it is difficult to spread the gospel without arousing public animosity. But local believers are finding or creating ways to share their faith in spite of the challenges that their culture or their government imposes.

The Opportunities

This quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help:

- Establish at least two outreach and nurture centers in Bangladesh's capital, Dhaka, where there are only 336 Adventists in a population of 8.4 million.
- Construct a school for 750 students in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, in the heart of the 10/40 window.
- Help build the facilities of Guam Adventist Academy which was destroyed by typhoons.
- Construct 10 chapels in Sri Lanka, where congregations have no house of worship.

GraceLink Connection

Mission reports relating to the Sabbath School GraceLink dynamics can be found on the following pages:

Grace	5, 9, 11, 25
Service	7, 19, 21, 29
Community	13, 15, 17, 23

The Southern Asia-Pacific Division includes the countries of Bangladesh, Brunei, Cambodia, Indonesia, Laos, Malaysia, Myanmar, Philippines, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Timor Leste, Vietnam, and island territories of Guam and Wake, Northern Marianas, Micronesia, the Marshall Islands, and the Republic of Palau.

This quarter's focus will be on Bangladesh, Cambodia, Guam, and Sri Lanka.

Bangladesh

Bangladesh, one of the world's poorest countries, suffers from overpopulation and frequent flooding and cyclones that destroy crops and claim thousands of lives. More than 50 percent of the population lives in poverty, and the literacy rate is about 38 percent.

Bangladesh is predominantly Muslim (86 percent) and Hindu (12 percent), but the country's constitution still guarantees a degree of religious freedom. Christians of all denominations account for less than 1 percent of the population.

Thanks to quality schools, orphanages, and other outreach efforts, the Adventist Church is growing stronger. However, most of that growth comes in the rural regions of the nation. Dhaka, the capital city, swarms with more than 10 million people. But Adventists have only one church in the entire metropolitan region. Efforts to start new groups

are working, but it is almost impossible to rent a place for worship services. And without a permanent place to meet, those who come to learn often find no room. Currently at least two small groups meet in hard-to-find apartments, where they must worship quietly for fear of angering neighbors who do not share their faith.

Part of this quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help provide permanent worship facilities for at least two congregations, facilities that will encourage social interaction as well as religious training. As the Church grows in Dhaka, it can spread the gospel of Christ to other areas of the city and around the nation.

Cambodia

Cambodia's recent history has created fertile soil for Christianity. For centuries Buddhism has been Cambodia's national religion, but the Khmer Rouge's genocide a quarter century ago uprooted a culture. Almost 2 million Khmer people were killed during the genocide, often for little more reason than that they were educated or prosperous. Thousands more fled to refugee camps on the border of Cambodia and Thailand, and there many were introduced to the Savior through personal evangelism.

A handful of Adventist believers shared their faith in God while in the refugee camps, and their





numbers multiplied. When Cambodians returned to their homeland in the 1980s, they began sharing their faith once more. Today the church is growing strong and increasing in number, with roughly 5,000 believers.

Christians in Cambodia still face strong challenges to spreading the gospel. However, one open door is education. The Adventist Church in Cambodia began operating a 12-grade school in the capital city, Phnom Penh, 10 years ago. It met in a large house, and the early boarding students pushed desks out of the way to make room for their sleeping mats at night. Today boarding students enjoy a new dormitory built on the grounds of what will one day be a full-service Adventist boarding school for grades one through 12. Plans allow for an enrollment of more than 700 students, many from non-Adventist and even non-Christian homes. The school already has proven to be a strong evangelistic tool, and with the new campus it will draw many from the wealthier sector of society. Part of this quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help provide classrooms for this school.

Guam

Guam is a tiny island, a US possession, in the Pacific Ocean. Military operations and government offices on the island provide employment for almost half the population of Guam. Guam is a strongly Christian island, with a predominantly Catholic population as a result of more than 300 years of Spanish colonial rule. The Adventist Church is one of the larger denominations on the island.

The Adventist Church operates a medical and dental clinic and a 12-grade school, both of which are strong evangelistic tools on the island. However, two super-typhoons in 2002 almost destroyed Guam Adventist

Academy. The school is struggling to rebuild stronger and more stable than ever. Part of this quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help complete the school's gymnasium, a required and vital facility of the school, since it rains six months each year.

Sri Lanka

Sri Lanka is struggling to its feet following years of civil war and the devastating tsunami in December of last year. Officially a Buddhist nation, Sri Lanka has a strong Hindu population and a significant number of Muslims as well. Fewer than 8 percent of the population is Christian. The Adventist Church, which recently celebrated 100 years of ministry in Sri Lanka, has just over 3,000 members.

Part of the reason for the church's slow growth in this nation is a lack of church buildings for worshipers. Those of other faiths find it difficult to respect a God whose followers have no place to worship. Part of this quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will give Sri Lankan

Adventists a boost by building 10 chapels for existing congregations of believers.

The Thirteenth Sabbath Program

Read the program early in the quarter, and assign the parts to people who will work to make the presentation a success.

Special note: *This is a 14-week quarter. However, space permits only 13 mission reports. Visit our website at www.adventistmission.org for an additional mission report and other resource material.*

Future Thirteenth Sabbath Projects

First quarter will feature the Southern Africa-Indian Ocean Division. Special projects there will help expand two seminaries in Malawi and Mozambique to include additional necessary courses of study.

Second quarter 2005 will feature the South American Division. The countries featured are Argentina and Brazil.

Resources *(continued on page 31)*

For more information on the countries featured this quarter, check the travel and children's sections of a local library or look up the individual countries in a good-quality encyclopedia or CD-ROM encyclopedia, such as *Encarta*.

Recipes from Southern Asia-Pacific appear on pages 6, 8, and 10 of *Children's Mission*. Celebrate the cultures of these countries with an international potluck. Invite the children's divisions to sing the songs they are learning this quarter.

Embassies and tourist commissions can sometimes provide information on their country. In the United States, write to the following:

The Embassy of Bangladesh, 3510 International Drive NW, Washington, DC 20008, 202-244-0183, <http://www.bangladoot.org/tourism.asp>.

The Embassy of Cambodia, 4530 16th Street NW, Washington DC 20011, 202-726-7742, <http://www.embassy.org/cambodia/tourism/index.html>.

The Embassy of Sri Lanka, 2148 Wyoming Avenue NW, Washington DC 20008, 202-483-4025, http://www.slembassyusa.org/travel_index.html or <http://www.srilankatourism.org/factfile.htm>.

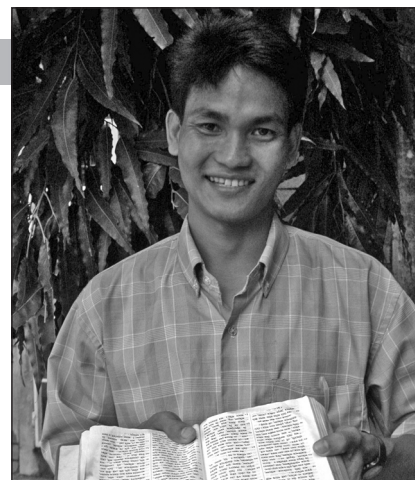




Bangladesh

GraceLink Connection: Grace.

The same river that gave him the Bible saw him seal his commitment to God.



Doneshor

A Gift From the

Doneshor Tripura

Doneshor [DAWN-eh-shor] sat in the lush grass beneath a tree and sighed. He was glad to be back home again, watching his father's water buffalo once more. He had been away at school, and now he just wanted to relax in the sunshine.

As the day grew hotter, Doneshor decided to go for a swim in the nearby river. He waded into the cool water, looking for a place deep enough to swim.

Gift From the River

As Doneshor stood in the waist-deep water, he saw something floating toward him. He waited until the object bobbed closer to him, then he reached down and picked it out of the water. It was a book—a Bible. He had never seen a Bible before, but instinctively he knew that this was a holy book. He waded ashore and carefully laid the wet book in the sun to dry.

Doneshor's family worships idols. Every day his family prayed to the gods they worshiped,

offering gifts of rice and incense on the altar in their home. They observed the special feast days of the gods and visited the temples to pray. Doneshor's parents had taught him to respect all things holy, so Doneshor treated with care the book he had found in the river.

The book was not dry when evening came, so Doneshor took it home. The next morning he carried it back to the field and laid it open in the sun. After three days the Bible was dry enough for him to read it. He opened to the first pages and began reading, "In the beginning God created. . . ."

Doneshor was fascinated by the account of Creation and the first man and woman. He remembered reading about the first humans in the *Gita* [GEE-tah], his family's holy book. An idea struck him, and he began comparing the Gita with the Bible.

One day he read the prayer that Jesus taught His disciples. He thought, *Up to now, all my prayers have been selfish. I have done nothing but ask and ask,*

wanting something for myself or my family. Now I understand that Christians pray for others; they embrace the world.

Discovering God

As Doneshor continued to read, he discovered a God who invites people to accept his love and gift of salvation. This God is patient, and He loves to forgive. Doneshor thought how his entire lifetime had been an effort to earn the favor of the gods by giving them expensive gifts and by making long and tiring pilgrimages to please the gods.

Doneshor studied the Gita more than he ever had before. He felt a fervent desire to know the truth. He decided to mark with a red pencil everything he found in the Bible and in the Gita that was good and helpful. But soon he realized that he was marking nearly everything in the Bible, but only a few verses in the Gita.

That day Doneshor decided he would be a Christian, though he had no idea how or when that would happen. He knew no





Christian with whom he could talk about the things that were on his heart.

“I’m a Christian”

Doneshor returned to school and had little time to read, but his desire to know God never left him. When he returned home one summer, he met a school friend in the marketplace.

“I’ve become a Christian,” his friend told him.

Eagerly Doneshor told his friend about the Bible he had found in the river. Then he said, “Tell me how I can become a Christian.”

His friend’s face lit up with happiness, and he hugged Doneshor. Then he told him that in a city about 30 miles [45 km] away, there was a house of worship where Doneshor could learn how to become a Christian. His friend gave him directions to the church.

Early Saturday morning Doneshor boarded a bus to the town where the church was located. He found the house of worship and went in. Everyone sat with their eyes closed.

Doneshor did not realize they were praying. He studied their faces. *They look like normal people*, he thought. When they opened their eyes, they were surprised to see Doneshor standing near the door. They welcomed him and invited him to join them.

Doneshor could not afford the bus fare to attend the church every week, but he went as often as he could. He felt great joy in what he was learning and began telling his friends about Jesus. Some of his friends wanted to know more about the Christian God and asked to visit the church too. But since none of them had enough money to go to the church every week, the group of boys agreed to take turns going, sharing the expense of the bus fare. Then those who had gone could teach the others what they had learned.

First Fruits for Christ

For a year Doneshor and his friends took turns attending church. Then Doneshor told the pastor that he wanted to be baptized and declare publicly

his desire to follow Jesus. The pastor was happy to arrange the baptism, but he apologized that the little church had no baptismal font. “We will have to baptize you in the Chengi River,” the pastor said apologetically.

“That’s wonderful!” Doneshor said, his eyes shining. “That is the river that brought me the Bible; now it will seal my covenant with God!”

Doneshor and 24 others were baptized in the river where his quest for God had begun. Among those other 24 were seven friends who Doneshor had invited to Christ. They are the first Christians among the Tripura [tree-POOR-ah] people of Bangladesh.

Doneshor wanted to know much more about God and the Bible. The pastor saw his eagerness and told Doneshor about Bangladesh Adventist Seminary and College. Doneshor enrolled and is studying religion.

Doneshor plans to return to his village during his summer vacation, and with his Christian friends, teach the people what they have learned. They plan to build a simple bamboo house of worship, the first Christian chapel in the entire area. “I want God to use me to reach my own people with the beautiful news about Jesus,” Doneshor says.

Doneshor Tripura is a student at Bangladesh Adventist Seminary and College in Bangladesh.

let's talk

? How did Doneshor learn about Jesus? [He found a Bible floating in the river, dried it, and read it.] What are the chances that he would go swimming at just the right moment to find the Bible floating by? Do you think this was simply a coincidence? Explain your response.

? The nearest Adventist church was 30 miles [45 km] away in another town. How did Doneshor learn about the church? Who did Doneshor tell about God? What happened when he told them? [The friends took turns attending the church and teaching the others what they had learned that Sabbath. As a result seven of Doneshor’s friends were baptized with him.] Have you shared your faith with someone you know who is not a Christian? What was their response?

PRAY pray

Pray that Doneshor and his friends will have the courage to share their faith with their families and friends. Pray that those who hear their message will accept Jesus into their lives.





Bangladesh

GraceLink Connection: Service.

He crouched under the window, listening, unseen. Then a hand touched his shoulder.

“What are you doing?” the man asked.



Dipok and Dilip

Dilip's Desire

Dilip Kumar Roy

Dilip [DIHL-ihp] squatted outside the window where he could listen to the beautiful singing without being seen. He dared not go inside, for someone might recognize him. He just wanted to listen to the music. A smile played around the corners of his mouth as he swayed gently to the music's rhythm and words.

Dilip and his family live in Bangladesh. They worshipped their own gods, but they never sang to them, never sang about them. Their gods were vengeful and angry, and demanded offerings of fruit and rice and incense before the family dared to ask anything of them.

Dilip knew that the people singing inside the building were Christians. He knew some people who had become Christians, and he had seen how difficult other villagers had made their lives. Sometimes their neighbors—and even their family members—refused to allow them to take water from the village well. Some even forced them to leave the villages. Dilip did not want to

cause his family any problems, so he did not go inside the church to listen. He was content to squat outside and listen.

The next week Dilip wandered down the path that led out of his village, past bright green rice paddies, to the edge of the next village, where the little Christian church stood. The joyful singing drew him toward the church like a magnet. He carefully approached the mud building and crouched down under a window to listen.

Week after week, whenever Dilip passed the little church and heard music or saw people entering, he sneaked around to a window and sat outside to listen. But he did not go in.

Caught!

One day as Dilip sat outside the window, eyes closed, a shadow darkened the sunlight. His eyes flew open. A man stood above him, looking at him. Dilip's instincts told him to run, but he could not move.

“What are you doing here?” the

man asked. The tone of the man's voice was not accusing, but gentle.

“Listening—I was just listening,” Dilip said. “I did not mean any harm,” he added quickly.

“Come inside,” the man said kindly. “You can sit down on a bench. You will be more comfortable there.”

Dilip followed the man into the church. Members smiled at him, and some shook his hand as he entered. No one seemed angry that he had been listening outside the window. Dilip sat down on the plank seat and listened. He stayed for the whole service.

After that day, whenever Dilip heard singing coming from the little church, he did not sneak around to the hidden side of the building, but walked to the door and stepped inside. But one day someone who knew Dilip's family saw him going into the church and told his parents.

His father did not say anything to Dilip, but the following Saturday morning Father told Dilip to go and cut firewood for the cooking fire. Dilip set off





toward the place where the family cuts firewood, but he did not stop there. Instead, he continued down the path to the Adventist church. When he arrived, he set down his ax and took a seat on the rough boards that served as pews.

Facing His Father

When Dilip returned home, his father was waiting for him. “Why did you disobey me?” he asked. “I told you to go and cut firewood, but you went to the Christian church instead.”

Instead of giving an excuse for not cutting the firewood, Dilip said, “Father, I want to become a Christian and worship in the little church in the next village.” This was a brave thing for a 14-year-old boy to say to his father.

Dilip’s father did not answer him. Later that day he asked Dilip’s mother to go to the church and find out what the church had been teaching their son. Dilip’s mother wanted to make sure that Dilip was spending his time in church, not skipping his work to play soccer. So she went directly to the church pastor.

“Has Dilip been coming to

your church?” she asked. The pastor nodded and said that the boy had been there many times. “Why are you trying to change our boy’s religion?” she asked.

“We do not force people to come here,” the pastor answered gently. “We accept anyone who wants to worship God. It is their personal choice.” Then the pastor patiently explained what the church teaches, including obedience to parents and to God.

Dilip’s mother told her husband what the pastor had said. “Dilip has been attending the Adventist church,” she told him. “And I think this is a good church. I wish he would worship our gods with us, but he has chosen a good church.” She tried to explain to Dilip’s father what the pastor had told her, but she could not answer all his questions. So she returned to the church to ask the pastor to come and talk to Dilip’s father. The pastor visited the family several times.

At last, Dilip’s father decided that he would not forbid his son to become a Christian. Dilip worked hard for his parents during the week so he did

not have any chores to do on Sabbath and could worship in the Adventist church.

Dilip’s Decision

When the church held a series of evangelistic meetings, Dilip invited his family to attend. They refused his invitation, but Dilip’s younger brother, Dipok, was curious about this new religion and asked to go. Dipok and Dilip attended the meetings faithfully. At the close of the series, both boys decided to follow Jesus in baptism. Their parents allowed their sons to be baptized.

Dilip was in high school, and the school fees, even for a public school, stretched the family’s meager earnings. They could not afford to send Dipok to school beyond the third grade. When the church pastor learned about Dipok’s situation, he visited the family and offered to help Dipok attend the Adventist boarding school a day’s journey away. The parents gladly agreed, for they knew their younger son wanted to continue his education. When Dipok arrived at his new school, he was thrilled at how beautiful and clean it was. He wrote home and told his family about the school.

Dilip wished that he could have attended the Adventist school, but he had almost finished high school, and it was too late to change. But he is happy for his brother, who is at the top of his class.

Dilip wants to become a teacher. He hopes to invite many young boys who, like himself, might be sitting outside the church listening to come inside and join him to worship God.

Dilip Kumar Roy is 17 years old. He lives in northern Bangladesh. .

Let's talk

- ? What drew Dilip to the Adventist church? Why did he sit outside the church instead of going inside?
- ? What was Dilip’s father’s reaction to learning that Dilip was attending a Christian church? What made him change his mind
 - about permitting Dilip to attending the church?
- ? With whom did Dilip share his interest in Christianity? What happened because of it? *[Dipok, Dilip’s younger brother, went with him to evangelistic meetings and asked to be baptized with his brother.]* Do you have brothers or sisters with whom you can share God’s love? How can you be a good example to them?





Bangladesh

GraceLink Connection: Grace.

She was not supposed to climb the guava tree, but she disobeyed. Through the pain of disobedience, she learned about a loving Savior.



Leela

Painful Disobedience

Charlotte Ishkanian

[Ask a teen girl to present this first-person testimony.]

My name is Leela*, and I live in Bangladesh. I learned about God's grace and forgiveness one day when I disobeyed.

My family is poor. I wanted to go to school, but our village had no school. So I helped my parents plant rice. Then a neighbor told us that the government would open a school nearby. I was so excited! I asked my parents to let me go to school, and they agreed. At last I could learn to read and write!

I was older than many of the other children, so I skipped from first to third to fifth grade. My teachers urged my parents to send me to a boarding school where I could get a better education, but they could not afford it.

A New Opportunity

A few weeks later a Mrs. Banerjee* [BAN-er-GEE] visited us. My parents knew her family and welcomed her. Mrs. Banerjee asked my parents to allow me to

come and live with her family. She promised to pay my school fees and provide room and board. My heart skipped a beat as Mrs. Banerjee looked at me and smiled.

My parents said I could go. I was so excited! At last I could study in a *good* school.

The Banerjees treated me as a daughter. I enrolled in the nearby school, had my own room, ate my meals with the family, helped with chores, and watched the children when the parents were teaching. Every morning and evening the family gathered for worship. My family worships many gods, but the Banerjees worship only one God. I liked the songs they taught me and the stories they told me about God.

On Saturday, I went to church with the Banerjees. At first it seemed strange, but as I learned more about Jesus, I felt more comfortable. This Jesus seemed much nicer than the gods I had known. I asked Mrs. Banerjee lots of questions about what I heard in Sabbath School and church,

and she patiently answered them. The Banerjees made me feel as if I was part of their family.

Painful Disobedience

Mr. Banerjee warned us never to climb the guava tree in the yard. One afternoon while the parents were teaching at school, Matthew, the oldest son, and I wanted some guavas. We were supposed to be resting, but we decided to climb the tree and pick a guava to eat. Up we scrambled into the branches.

Suddenly we heard the sound of Mr. Banerjee's motorcycle. I was afraid that we would get into trouble if he caught us in the guava tree. I jumped to the ground. A sharp pain tore through my foot. I had landed on a piece of wood with a rusty nail sticking out of it. The nail had pierced deep into my foot.

The roar of the motorcycle grew louder. Matthew saw what had happened and pulled the wood to remove the nail from my foot. Although it hurt terribly, I was too scared to cry.





We ran into the house and hurried to our rooms. We stayed very quiet, for we were supposed to be resting. Mr. Banerjee came in, picked up something, and left again. When he was gone, Matthew helped me wash my foot with soap and water. I did not want to put a bandage on it because I was afraid the Banerjees would ask questions.

My foot hurt terribly, but I tried to ignore the pain as I prepared dinner and hung some clothes out to dry.

That evening after dinner, I went to my room. My foot was swollen and throbbed painfully. I worried that it would get infected and I would have to tell the Banerjees what had happened. Then I remembered my Sabbath School teacher saying, "When you have a problem, tell Jesus. He will listen to your prayers."

So I prayed, "Jesus, I am not a Christian. I am sorry for what I've done. If You love me as my Sabbath School teacher says, please make my foot better."

That night I slept soundly, and the next morning the pain and swelling were completely gone!

I could not even see where the nail had entered my foot. I told Mrs. Banerjee what I had done and asked for her forgiveness. I also asked her for a Bible, and she gave me one. I still read that Bible today. From that day on I believed in Jesus. He is the true God!

A Decision

Not long after this, I learned about baptism at school. I asked Mr. Banerjee if I could be baptized, but he told me that my family would not be happy if I rejected their religion, and I should think carefully before I made such a big decision. So I waited.

When I was in the eighth grade, my school was holding a Week of Prayer. I thought, *this is my opportunity to take my stand for Jesus and be baptized.* I talked to the pastor and told him I wanted to be baptized. He told me I must ask my parents' permission first.

During vacation I went home and asked my parents if I could become a Christian. They refused. On the Sabbath of the baptism, my parents came to my school.

They wanted to be sure I did not get baptized. The pastor wisely counseled me to wait.

Again and again I tried to be baptized, but my parents always stopped me. Once, they even kept me home from school for two weeks because they were afraid I would go back and be baptized. I begged to go back to school, and finally they let me go.

At last I was old enough to decide for myself which religion to follow. I asked the pastor to baptize me. And he did. I was so happy. Now I want to help the rest of my family to learn about God. I want them to become part of the same family not only on earth, but later in heaven.

** All names in this story have been changed. Leela is studying to be an elementary school teacher.*

let's talk

- ? How did Leela hurt her foot? Why do you think God answered Leela's prayer, even when she had disobeyed the Roys? What did Leela learn from her painful experience?
- ? Leela had to overcome many obstacles in order to attend school, stay in school, and become a Christian. What obstacles have you overcome in your life so far? Have you learned any lessons you can share with the class about overcoming obstacles? How has prayer helped you overcome?

PRAY pray PRAY

Pray that Leela's family will give up their idols and accept Jesus as their Savior. Pray that God will lead many children like Leela to the Adventist schools in Bangladesh, where they can learn to trust Jesus.





Bangladesh

GraceLink Connection: Grace.

She stood amid the wreckage of the bus she had been riding. Then she remembered the strong arms that held onto her, saving her from death.



Suma

Strong Arms of God

Suma Khyang

[Ask a teenage girl to present this first-person report.]

I am Suma [SOO-mah]. I live in the highlands of southern Bangladesh, where my parents raise rice, vegetables, and cotton.

When I was 6 years old, an Adventist pastor taught our people about Jesus. My parents chose to follow Jesus, but I did not want to become a Christian. My father often told me how much Jesus loves me, but I stubbornly clung to my idols.

Boarding School

Many of my friends attended the Adventist boarding school two hours from my home. They talked so much about this school that I decided to study there, too.

I did not like it that we had to work three hours a day and attend daily religion classes, daily worships, and weekly Bible studies. In spite of what my teachers taught us about God, I was determined to remain a Buddhist. Even though I did not like all the religion, I *loved* the

Sabbath because we did not have to work that day.

When the school had a Week of Prayer, I found myself drawn to Jesus and to the love He offers us. When the speaker asked who would like to follow Jesus, I raised my hand. My heart was softening toward God.

The Adventist school goes only to the eighth grade. After that students can live in the dormitories and attend the public school nearby. We still have morning and evening worships and we still have to work every day at the school. I began to listen to the devil as he sowed seeds of discontent in my heart. *You could live at home and still attend this school. Why stay at the boarding school where they make you work and attend worship?*

Going Home

I began listening to the devil's whispers. Yes, I could go home and take a bus to school every day. It would take me two hours to arrive at school from my home, and two hours to go home again,

but I would not have to abide by the school's rules, and I could still remain a Buddhist.

The next afternoon when my classmates walked back to the dormitory, I walked to the bus stop and took the bus home. My parents were surprised to see me that evening. They wanted me to return to the school, but I insisted on staying at home, so they agreed.

I began making the daily trek from home to school and back. But I soon tired of riding four hours a day and walking another hour to get to school and home. And when I arrived home, my parents expected me to help them with their work.

After one month, I was exhausted from all the travel. I decided to return to the school and live in the dormitory, even if I had to apologize to the dean and begin working three hours a day again. The next morning I told my parents that I would not come home that night; I was moving back into the dormitory. Then I boarded the bus to school.





Deadly Ride

I sat down in the front row of the bus, near the driver. A half hour into the ride, I noticed that the driver was struggling to control the bus. We were descending a long hill, and he was pumping the brake furiously. "Ahhh!" he shouted, and I realized that the brakes had failed. The bus swerved from side to side, then it flipped over, landing on its roof.

I must have been knocked unconscious for a moment or two, because I do not remember the crash. When I regained consciousness, I looked around. The bus windows had broken, and glass lay everywhere. Blood covered my clothes and my arms. But I could find no injuries on my body.

People lay around me in strange and twisted positions. Some groaned, and others lay silent and motionless. I crawled out the bus through the broken front window and struggled to my feet. I saw more people lying in the field. I knew some people were dead. I felt my head and

arms and walked around to be sure I was OK.

Angel Arms

People ran to help us. I stared at the chaos around me. So many people were injured; so many were dead. *How could I survive this terrible accident with no injuries?* I wondered. Then I remembered, when the bus began to roll over, someone held on to me. Strong arms wrapped around me to keep me from being thrown out. I remembered that the arms were clothed in white.

Those arms were too strong to be human, I thought. Slowly it dawned on me that the strong arms that had cradled me were an angel's. *God saved me today,* I thought. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I realized that God had just saved my life.

"Are you OK? Where are you hurt?" people asked me. I told them that I was OK. "How can it be?" they asked. "It is impossible that anyone survived without injuries."

Another bus came and carried the injured and the dead back to

where I had boarded the bus. But I could not bear to get on the bus. I walked the six miles [10 km] back home. As I approached the bus station, I found my parents crying. They had heard about the accident and had hurried to the place where the victims had been taken. But they could not find me. They searched the hospital and did not find me. When we met, they hugged me and cried, "We thought you were dead! How did you survive?"

I told them how the strong arms had cradled me and protected me from harm. My father whispered, "Angels protected you today; God has saved you. Jesus loves you so much!"

I nodded, completely aware that God had saved me from certain death. The next day I walked to the bus stop and caught a bus to the school. This time I would stay at school, work where I am told, and complete my education. When I arrived at school that day, I asked the pastor to help me prepare for baptism.

Your mission offerings helped send the evangelist to my village and helped build the school where I met Jesus. Thank you.

Suma Khyang is 16 years old and is waiting for the results of her secondary school exams. She would like to become an English teacher.

let's talk

? Why did Suma decide to return home from the Adventist boarding school? [She did not like the worships and the required three hours of work a day.] Have you ever resisted surrendering your will to God? What happened?

? Suma was sitting in the front of the bus on the day of the crash. This should have been the most dangerous seat in an accident, yet she was not hurt. How did she escape injury? [Suma describes strong arms holding her into her seat while the bus rolled over. She found no one who matched the description in the area of the accident.] Suma is sure an angel of God saved her that day. Do you agree? Why do you believe as you do? Have you ever experienced divine protection or help? Share your experience with the class.

PRAY pray PRAY

Pray for young people who are struggle to decide between worshipping the living God and the idols that family and friends worship. Pray that Suma will share her story with others who have not yet made their decision to follow Christ.





Cambodia

GraceLink Connection: Community.

Pao wondered if he would ever be able to study to become a teacher. Then a friend visited his brother-in-law and turned Pao's dreams to reality.



Pao

A Dream Come True

Pao Sat

Pao Sat dreamed of school as he sowed rice seeds; he dreamed as he transplanted the rice shoots to the rice paddy; he planned as he weeded the rice crop. Days flowed into seasons, and still Pao Sat had made no progress toward his dream of a college education.

Hard Work, Little Reward

For generations Pao's parents and grandparents had been rice farmers in rural Cambodia. Pao studied in a small school and completed high school. He dreamed of being a teacher. Pao's parents supported his dream of getting an education. They wanted him to have a better life than their own. But they were poor farmers; they could not afford to send their son to college.

So Pao set out to find work. He found a job, but no matter how hard he worked, he received only \$40 a month. He sent most of his paycheck home to help his parents. After he bought a little food, there was nothing left for him to save.

Pao knew that he would have to pay about \$500 in college tuition if he wanted to enroll. Then there were books and fees and living expenses. He had to find a better-paying job.

He searched for something better, but he found nothing. So he returned home to work on his parents' rice paddy. He was discouraged. Would he ever be able to go to college? Earn a degree? Become a teacher? Or would he spend the rest of his life working in the rice paddies as his father and grandfathers before him?

The Visitor

One day a visitor came to Pao Sat's house. Dara Hang had come to visit Hoy, who was married to Pao's sister. Hoy and Dara Hang had met while living in a refugee camp during Pol Pot's reign. They had become like brothers. Both men had become Christians while staying in the refugee camp. Pao listened to Dara Hang. He was well-spoken and seemed to know many people. He got up the

courage to approach this kind-looking man.

"Do you know where I can find some work?" Pao asked Dara Hang. "I want to go to college and become a teacher, but I must earn money for my college tuition."

"I might have an idea for you," Dara Hang replied. "Have you ever thought about selling books?"

"Selling books?" Pao asked, confused. "Where would I get books to sell?"

"Well, my church has a literature evangelism program," Dara Hang said. "But first let me start by telling you about God."

Pao had heard about God and His Son Jesus from his brother-in-law, Hoy. But he had never really thought much about this God. Dara Hang told Pao about his years growing up in the refugee camp with little hope for the future.

"But God helped me," Dara Hang said. "I met Jesus and my life changed. He could change your life, too, if you are willing to let Him."





Pao wanted to learn more. He asked Dara Hang lots of questions and soon began to believe that God really did love him, a poor Cambodian teenager who wanted to go to college.

But before Pao could ask all the questions he wanted to, Dara Hang had to return to his own home.

Pursuing the Goal

After Dara Hang left, Pao continued to work in the rice fields, but things seemed different. Pao had caught a glimmer of real hope that his life could be different. He spent hours thinking about what Dara Hang had shared.

Pao wanted to learn more and could not wait until Dara Hang returned to visit. So Pao packed a bag and set off to Dara Hang's village. His parents encouraged him to go if it would help make Pao's dreams of an education come true.

When Pao arrived, Dara Hang greeted him enthusiastically. He found a place for Pao to stay in a nearby house with several other

young men who were studying the Bible together and being trained as literature evangelists.

By sharing the rent (\$5 each per month) and the food costs, the men were able to live cheaply. But best of all, Pao became part of their constant conversations about Jesus, God's plan of salvation, and the Christian life. Pao learned to pray, and his life seemed so much richer than it had been before.

After seven months, Pao surrendered his heart to Jesus and made a firm commitment to Him. Two months later, he was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Prayer and Persistence

Dara Hang taught Pao how to sell literature. It was not easy, and Pao struggled to sell enough books to meet his financial needs. Many people said they were not interested in the books. Others did not have any money to buy them. Sometimes people were rude. But other times Pao made contact with someone who hungered for truth and a better life. Pao's heart soared when he

was able to reach these people and tell them of God's love.

Pao learned that prayer made a big difference in his ability to talk to people and sell books. He learned to depend on prayer to sustain him.

A year after Pao's baptism, he was called to become a Global Mission pioneer. In the first year of his work he introduced 22 people to Jesus. He has studied the Bible with them in preparation for their baptism.

Pao visits his family often. They can see how God has given him hope and that his faith is strong. Pao's dream of becoming a teacher is closer to fulfillment now, for he has been invited to study at Mission College in Thailand. First he must pass an English test. Soon Pao will be on his way to making his dream come true.

Pao Sat is a student now at Mission College in Thailand.

Let's talk

PRAY pray

? What was Pao Sat's dream? How did he try to make this dream a reality? *[He worked hard to earn money, but it was not enough to support his family and save for school.]* How did an encounter with his brother-in-law's friend change Pao's plans? *[Dara Hang told him he could sell literature to earn his school fees. This challenge opened Pao's heart to the gospel of Christ.]*

? What are some goals that you have listed for your life. What are you doing to reach those goals? Why is it important to set goals now, long before you are out of school? Write your goals down. They may change through the years, but writing them will help you achieve them.

Pray that Pao Sat will find and follow God's will for his life. Pray for Dara Hang as he leads young people to Christ. Pray that Pao Sat will be given the focus and concentration to do well in his studies and become a good teacher.

Pray that more Cambodian children will be given the opportunity for the education that they deserve and desire. Pray that we will not take our education for granted and always remember where our blessings come from.





Cambodia

GraceLink Connection: Community.

*The men standing in the road did not move.
They waved their guns and ordered Father to
stop the motorcycle.*



Vicheara

Kidnapped at Gunpoint

Vicheara Nary

[Ask a girl and a boy (or man) to present this first-person report.]

Vicheara: It was a beautiful morning. The morning was still cool as my cousin and I squeezed onto the back of my father's motorcycle to ride to my cousin's family farm. I was from Phnom Penh [p'nawm pen], the capital, and I loved visiting the countryside.

We spent the morning planting fruit trees. Then we watered the little trees and climbed back onto the motorcycle to ride to my cousin's house for lunch. I was tired from the morning's work and the midday sun beat hot on our backs.

Suddenly I heard someone yelling. I looked around and saw two men standing in the road in front of us. They waved guns and shouted for us to stop. My father slowed down, but the men did not move out of the road. So Father stopped the motorcycle.

"Get off the bike and walk into the grass!" the men shouted to Father. I was scared. My cousin

and I slid off the bike, then my father got off. But he refused to move.

"No," my father said calmly. "I will not leave the children alone. They cannot drive the motorcycle, and I must not leave them."

Without a word one of the men raised his gun and pulled the trigger. A bullet grazed the side of my father's leg.

My cousin started crying. He thought they would kill my father.

"Run!" my father yelled at us. We just started running as fast as we could. I turned to see if the men with guns were chasing us and saw my father disappearing into the tall grass, leaving the two men standing near the motorcycle.

We ran as far as we could before we had to rest. With every step we prayed for my father. I don't know how far we ran, but at last we neared a village. We saw a man herding cows in a field and called to him. We were so out of breath we could hardly talk, but we managed to speak. "Please, help us!" I panted. "My father

has been kidnapped by some bad men, and I don't know what to do!"

The man looked down at the ax he was holding. He started down the road then stopped.

"I would like to help you," he said, "but what can I do? I am only a poor farmer and I have only this ax. They have guns."

We thanked the man and ran into the village to find a police officer. I told the police everything I could remember about the men who had taken my father. I described the men and the place where we had been stopped. Then there was nothing to do but wait—and pray. "Dear God, please bring my father back safely," I begged. "Please don't let anything bad happen to him."

I called my mother, and she hurried to the police station to wait with us. Many other relatives came too, and we all prayed together.

The hours ticked by. *Surely the police have found my father by now,* I thought. *I hope nothing terrible has happened to*





him. *Why is it taking so long?* I wondered.

I was imagining my father walking into the room when he actually walked in! He was with two police officers.

Everyone started talking at once. We were so happy to see Father safe that now all we could think of was finding out where he had been and what had happened. Here is the story Father told:

Father: After the children ran away, the men pointed their guns at me and told me to leave the motorcycle standing by the side of the road. They ordered me to climb up the hillside on the side of the road.

We took several different paths up the hill, then we arrived at a small shelter. I could tell that the men had been living there. I saw ashes of a cooking fire outside. We sat down and the men began to ask me questions.

"We saw you working on the big plantation today," the men said. "Are you the owner of the

plantation?"

"No, I do not own a plantation," I laughed. "I am a teacher."

"What were you doing on the plantation if you are not the owner?" the men scowled.

"My daughter and nephew and I were not even on the plantation," I continued. "My cousin owns a small field next to the plantation, and we were helping him to plant some trees."

Over and over the men asked me the same questions. They could not seem to believe that I did not own the plantation.

"You are trying to trick us," they said. "We know you are a rich man."

"I am a teacher," I said again patiently. "I teach the sixth grade in a school in Phnom Penh." I saw that the conversation was going nowhere. I pulled off my wristwatch and held it out toward the men. Then I reached into my pocket and pulled out the money I had. It was only about US\$3.50. "This is everything I have," I told

the men. "Take it."

One man reached out for the money and watch. Then he said something surprising. "If I get a good job somewhere, I will return these to you."

I thanked him, but I told him he could keep them.

When the men said I could go, I hurried back down the pathway to the bottom of the hill. I found some police officers examining my motorcycle. I was so glad to see them. I told them what had happened, and they told me you children were safe."

Vicheara: Apparently the kidnappers decided to leave the area, but they had no transportation of their own, so they came to the village to find a taxi. They were spotted by someone who had seen their description and reported them to the police. The police arrested them.

God took care of us that day. And we prayed and thanked Him for reuniting us once more. Now I am even more sure of God's love and protection than I have ever been.

Vicheara Nary is 15 years old and lives in Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

Let's talk

? Why were Vicheara, the girl in today's story, and her father and cousin in the countryside the day they were stopped by the men with guns? What did the men want? As Vicheara and her cousin ran away, what did they do? *[They prayed for her father.]* Would it have been better to stop running and kneel down to pray? Why do you think as you do? *[God hears our prayers wherever we are and whatever we are doing. In their situation, they did the right thing.]*

? God answered their prayers and brought Father back to them. Does God always answer our prayers the way we want? Name some times when God has chosen to answer a prayer in a way you did not expect. Was it for the best?

PRAY pray
PRAY

Pray for those who live in dangerous areas of the world. Ask God to give them faith and courage in difficult times.





Cambodia

GraceLink Connection: Community.

Vanny's prayer seemed impossible, so she did not tell her parents. Then her father asked her, "Do you want to go to school?"



Vanny

Vanny's Secret Desire

Vanny Leng

[Ask a girl to present this first-person report.]

I was born in a refugee camp in Thailand. We lived in a one-room hut that my father built from bamboo. Mother cooked over a fire in the ground outside the hut under a thatched roof. The people who ran the refugee camp gave us food to cook.

My parents fled Cambodia during a time of terror and death in their homeland. More than 1.7 million Cambodians were killed, and many more were tortured or, like my parents, fled the country. My mother and father lived in the refugee camp in Thailand before I was born, so I knew no other life.

My father decided to learn English, hoping that someday the family would receive permission to live in an English-speaking country. He enrolled in an English course that was taught by Adventist Christians in the camp.

As my father learned English, he also learned about God. He taught my mother what he was learning, and they became Adventist Christians. From infancy

I went with my parents to the little church in the camp. I loved the music and the songs I learned about God's great love, but it was many years before I gave my heart to God.

A New Home

Sometimes my friends came to tell us goodbye. Their parents had received visas to start life over in another country. We wished it were us going to a new land. But God had other plans for our family.

When I was 10 years old, my parents told us that we were leaving the camp. We were not going to a faraway land, however. We were going back to Cambodia. The cruel government that had killed so many Cambodians was gone, and the new government promised changes. My parents wanted to return home.

We were excited to leave the camp, but Cambodia was not home to us. It seemed like a foreign country.

We received a piece of land near where my mother had grown

up. There we planted a rice paddy and some vegetables. My father built us a simple house to live in. The Adventist Church asked him to become a lay Bible worker. His salary was too little to provide for our family's basic needs, so my mother planted extra vegetables to sell in the marketplace.

Praying for School

I finished the sixth grade in the government school, but no secondary school had been opened in our area. I would have to attend a boarding school far from home. That would cost a lot of money, and my family could not afford it. So I had to quit school. Although I prayed for the opportunity to study, I gave up my dream and helped my mother grow and sell vegetables. I cooked for the family while my mother sold the vegetables in the marketplace.

For two years I stayed home and worked. I had pushed my dream of studying into a dark corner where I would not have to see it, for I had no reason to hope that it would ever come true. I





never told my parents about my desire to study, for it would only make them sad that they could not afford to send me to school.

I knew that my father was praying every day that God would help his children get the education they needed. I prayed that prayer too. But I saw no way it would happen.

Then one day, everything changed. The mission president offered my father work in a different area where he would earn more money. My father accepted the job. One day he asked me if I would like to study at the Cambodia Adventist School in Phnom Penh, which had just added high school classes.

My face lit up with hope. I was so excited to be able to study again. I took my dreams out of the dark corner of my life and dusted them off.

My mother took me to Phnom Penh to enroll in the school. I had never been in a large city before, and everything seemed strange. The school was just a large, two-story house with a high wall around it.

The “dormitory” was a classroom where 30 or more students studied every day. After classes ended, the boarding students pushed the desks against the walls to make room on the floor for sleeping mats and

blankets. Then in the morning, we rolled up our blankets and sleeping mats and stashed them in a corner. We swept the floor and moved the desks back into place in time for school to begin. The teachers helped us prepare our meals, and on weekends we cooked for ourselves. We ate rice, rice porridge and sometimes a little piece of fish.

It was crowded in the dormitory, but I did not mind. I was going to school! I studied hard and improved the little English I knew. I made lots of friends, and I sang in the school choir.

I studied at Cambodia Adventist School for seventh and eighth grades. Then my father told me that the orphanage where he worked had opened a school. He invited me to come home to study. I was glad to be with my family again. I missed the choir at the mission school, so I started a choir for the orphan children while I completed two more grades of school. The school at the orphanage went only to grade 10, so I returned to Phnom Penh and the Adventist school.

I found many changes at the mission school. The boys had been moved to a separate house, making more room for the girls. And we no longer slept on mats on the floor, but had

simple wooden beds and straw mattresses.

Even more changes occurred during my first year back. The school had bought land and built a new dormitory and cafeteria, so this year we have a brand new dormitory. It is wonderful! I live with 20 other girls in a big bright room that has lots of windows. It is quiet and clean.

Part of your Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this quarter will help build the classroom block for the Adventist school in Phnom Penh. Soon the old house-school will be just a memory, and everyone will live and study in a new school. Someday the school will be able to accommodate 750 students, most of whom are not Adventist. It will become a powerful outreach to all of Cambodia. I’m so happy that I have been part of this wonderful project. You can be part of it, too, by giving a large offering on Thirteenth Sabbath.

Vanny Leng recently graduated from Cambodia Adventist School. She hopes to study at Mission College in Thailand this year.

let's talk

PRAY pray
PRAY

- ? Why did Vanny, the girl in today's story, think she would never get to complete her education? How would you feel if you knew you could
- not attend school? Name two things that you appreciate about your school.

Pray that the young people attending Cambodia Adventist School will choose to follow Jesus Christ. Pray that you will be a positive influence on the students and teachers in your school as well.





Cambodia

GraceLink Connection: Service.

Thida's desire to learn English overcame her caution about Christians.



Thida

Meeting God in a Classroom

Thida Sambat

[Ask a teen girl to present this first-person report.]

I wanted to study English. I lived with my aunt and my grandfather in Phnom Penh [p'nawm pen], Cambodia. They helped me with school fees, books, and food, but there was no money for extras. My school classes were all taught in Khmer, and the school did not offer English classes, so anyone who wanted to learn English had to go to outside classes.

One day I heard about a free English class held every evening in a place near my house. I was so excited. Now I could start learning English.

I started attending the free English class taught by Mr. San. I brought a notebook and pen and listened carefully. For the first 45 minutes of the class, Mr. San taught us English vocabulary and grammar. Then we put our notebooks down, and he started speaking to us in Khmer, telling us a story about God.

I was not very interested in hearing Mr. San's story. My family

was Buddhist, and I had no interest in Christianity. But Mr. San was the teacher, and out of respect for him, I listened quietly. I did not want to do anything to jeopardize my chance to learn English.

For several weeks I studied English with Mr. San, Monday to Friday. Every day we learned English words and sentences, then we listened to stories about God. On Fridays the lessons were Bible studies, so I usually skipped class that day.

I had told my grandfather that I was studying English, but when I told him that Mr. San was a Christian, my grandfather was not happy. "Don't let those Christians fool you with their stories and songs," grandfather said. "You are a Buddhist; following Buddha is the true way."

"Oh, I am not fooled by his stories," I said. "I only listen out of respect."

The Secret

As the days passed, however, I found myself listening more closely to Mr. San's stories. Sometimes Mr. San taught us

songs, both in Khmer and English. I liked singing, so I joined in. I started attending the Friday night Bible classes too. I knew my grandfather would be unhappy with me if he learned I was listening to Christian teachings, so I did not tell him.

But I could not keep the secret forever. My grandfather and aunt noticed that my interest in Christianity was growing. They noticed changes in my attitude and obedience at home. Finally they told me to stop attending Mr. San's English classes. I had to quit.

I looked for another English class to attend, but everyone else charged fees. One day a year later I told my grandfather I had found another English class and would start attending every night. Really, I went back to Mr. San's classes.

The Secret Found Out

About five months went by. My English and my understanding of God were both improving. I studied every night.

One night Mr. San told us about living healthful lives. He told us about some foods that





were not good for us. I decided to stop eating pork. It was not long before my aunt and grandfather noticed I was not eating pork.

"What is happening?"

Grandfather asked. "Your aunt makes perfectly good food. Why do you not eat it?"

"Pork makes me feel sick," I stuttered.

"Have you gotten some crazy Christian idea into your head?" Grandfather asked.

I had learned that Christians tell the truth, so I confessed my secret. "I lied to you," I started. "I told you that I had found a new English class, but I returned to Mr. San's class, because I could not find another free English class. But now I believe that Jesus is the true God, and I want to become a Christian."

Grandfather was furious. "What are you thinking?" he demanded. "I told you that Buddhism is the only way, the true way. Now, because you have made this choice, I will give you another choice to make. You can continue to worship the Christian God and move out of this house immediately, or you may forget this nonsense and stay here with your family."

Grandfather's choice did not leave me many options. I thought for a few minutes, then I said, "I love you and Auntie, but I cannot live without God in my life."

"Why don't you just stop studying with Mr. San?" my aunt suggested. "Find a new English teacher. Then you can forget these foolish Christian ideas."

My aunt pleaded with my grandfather to allow me to stay in the house. "She is still so young," my aunt said. "She has nowhere else to go."

Finally my grandfather agreed that I could stay. And I continued to study the Bible and English with Mr. San. When I learned about the Sabbath day, I stopped attending school classes on Sabbath and went to the church to worship God instead.

Spreading the Good News

One Sabbath afternoon the pastor gave church members invitations for people to study the Bible. We were supposed to share them with friends, colleagues, and anyone we met. I received 30 cards, but within a few days I needed more. I went to every house in my neighborhood offering people a card. Every day

after school I invited people to study the Bible.

If people were not interested in studying the Bible, I invited them to other classes our church offers, such as English classes, Khmer literacy classes, and health classes. Many people wanted to attend these classes, especially the poorest people who had not been able to attend school. Many of the poor children did not attend any school because their parents could not afford to pay the school fees. The parents wanted their children to learn basic skills, so they were happy to send them to the church classes to learn to read and write.

After a while the church asked me to teach some English classes. I was able to teach many of the people I had invited, and I used the same methods I had learned from Mr. San. I taught vocabulary and grammar first, then I taught some lessons from the Bible.

Although my life is not easy, my faith in God grows stronger every day. My aunt and grandfather still do not understand my faith in God. I pray that they will learn from my life if not from my words. Buddhism is not the only way; Jesus is.

Thida Sambat lives in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, where she is a high school student.

Let's talk

- ? How did Thida, the girl in today's story, learn about Christianity?
- What did her grandfather tell her when he learned that her teacher, Mr. San, was a Christian? [He warned her to beware of Christian teachings, because Buddhism, their family religion, is the only way.] Why did Thida lie to her grandfather? Was it the right thing to do? Why did she eventually tell her grandfather and aunt the truth? Was it wrong for Thida to lie to her grandfather about the English class she was attending? What would you have done?

PRAY pray PRAY

Pray that Thida's grandfather and aunt will give their hearts to God. Pray that family members of class members will also surrender to God.





Cambodia

GraceLink Connection: Service.

Missionaries do a lot more than preach and teach. Meet a teenage missionary who embraces his parents' calling.



Caleb

A Missionary in So Many Ways

Caleb Maddocks

[Ask a teen boy to present this first-person report.]

My name is Caleb Maddocks, and I am 16 years old. Although I am an Australian, I have not lived in Australia for any length of time. I was born in Fiji [*locate Fiji, a small group of islands in the South Pacific, on a map*]. When I was 4 years old, we moved to Cambodia, where we have lived ever since. I feel more Cambodian than Australian. I've studied in a Cambodian school, and I speak fluent Khmer, Cambodia's official language.

When we first went to Cambodia, my father worked with the Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA). The agency was helping people get settled in the country after the Pol Pot regime that killed more than a million people and sent thousands more into refugee camps along the Thailand border. But one good thing came out of all the terrible things that happened during that time. Many people living in the

refugee camps learned about Jesus and accepted Him as their Lord. When they returned to Cambodia, they brought their new faith with them.

When we arrived in Cambodia we found only one small group of Adventist believers meeting in the capital city. But other groups began springing up all over the country. My father saw the need to train the leaders of these small groups, but there was no one to train them. We prayed about it, and my parents decided to move out in faith to start a ministry to offer these church leaders the training they needed to plant new churches. Dad quit working for ADRA, and we bought a large rice paddy outside the city of Siem Reap [*seem reep*] to start a training center. In the last six years my parents have trained about 250 Cambodian lay workers to plant and lead new churches throughout the country.

Our mission and our ministry has grown and branched out. Now my parents operate an orphanage for 81 children, a

school with 135 students, and a small medical clinic. My mother has some medical training and has taught herself tropical medicine. She also has helped deliver more than 30 babies!

Part of the Team

My parents are really busy caring for the school, the orphanage, and the clinic. So I help wherever I can. Because I speak and write Khmer, I keep the records on our orphans and our school up to date, translate Christian songs into Khmer, and type any other documents my parents need.

I became interested in the computer several years ago, and I've gotten pretty good at several programs. I'm creating Khmer sound tracks for some Bible videos we have. The people really enjoy watching these in their own language. On Sabbaths I teach the teen Sabbath school class at church. I have to translate the lessons into Khmer because we do not have these materials here in Cambodia.





There's lots of other work to do around our house, the school, or the orphanage. Few people outside of cities own a car because the roads are not good. So I run family errands on my dad's motorcycle.

We do not have electricity here, so we use truck batteries to power our computer and any other equipment that we need to use. I load the batteries onto the motorcycle and take them into town to be recharged. On the way back home I pick up a 100-kilo (220-pound) bag of rice. We eat *lots* of rice!

We live on a rice paddy, and the land that is not used for buildings is planted with rice and vegetables. Growing rice is a tiring job. We plant the rice seeds; then a month later, when they have sprouted, we carefully transplant them to the rice paddies. When the rice is ready to harvest, we cut it by hand using our sharp sickles. We dry it completely then rub our feet over the rice stalks to break off the seeds. We mill it as we need it.

Focused on Jesus

I like waking up early every morning to watch the sun rise over the palm trees. It's quiet then, and I can spend those first minutes of the day with God. I read my Bible and look for a thought that will keep me focused on Jesus all day long. After our family worship, we eat a hearty breakfast of rice with palm sugar, sesame seeds, bananas, papayas, and mangoes when they are in season.

After breakfast I take care of my animals. I feed and water our dog and two cats, cut some fresh grass for my guinea pigs, provide food and water for my Cambodian parrots and doves. I've even had a monkey as a pet. I enjoy spending time with the animals. They are so beautiful and remind me of God's wonderful love.

I studied at the Cambodian school until sixth grade, and then I started studying at home. My parents want me to finish my high school in Australia, and that means studying an Australian

curriculum. Studying at home is a lot different from studying in a class. But I like the fact that I can finish my homework and spend the rest of the day working on one of our big projects.

By the time you read this, I will be studying in a high school in Australia. It's exciting to think about going to Australia, but I will still think of Cambodia as my home, because that is where my family lives.

I have lived in different countries and had many experiences that other kids my age don't get to experience. Living in the bush has taught me a lot about the real world, the world that needs to know God's love. I would like to study to become a minister. I want to share God's love with those who have never heard. I would also like to learn to be a pilot, if it is God's will, and I want to learn more about multimedia production. I think that God has given me an awesome opportunity to see first-hand the needs in other countries, and I want to use all my skills to share His love wherever He sends me.

Caleb Maddocks is currently a high school student in Bunbury, Australia.

let's talk

- ? How is Caleb's life in Cambodia similar to your life? How is it different? What does Caleb do when he is not studying his lessons?
- [He helps his parents in their mission outreach by keeping records, translating into Khmer, and using his computer skills to prepare video materials for the people of Cambodia. He works in his family's rice paddy and rides his father's motorcycle to get supplies and delivers the truck batteries to be charged. This sounds like great fun, but it requires maturity to complete these jobs safely.]

- ? Caleb's family are missionaries, but they are not preachers. How do they share God's love with those around them? What talents does Caleb use to share God's love with the people of Cambodia? What are some talents that you use—or could use—to help people around you?

PRAY pray **PRAY**

Pray for Caleb as he studies in Australia, that God will bless his efforts to share his faith with others. Pray for his family who remain in Cambodia.





Sri Lanka

GraceLink Connection: Community.

When she was 10, Upul's mother became ill and Upul had to take over Mother's duties.



Upul

A Happy Ending

Upul Wimalasiri

[Ask a teen girl to present this first-person report.]

When I was 10 years old, my mother became very sick. I was certain she had been poisoned, but there was no way to prove it.

There are five children in my family. I have two older sisters and a younger brother and sister. One of my older sisters was married and lived away from home. The man she married hated our family and often threatened my mother. I thought maybe he had done something to harm her. After my mother became sick, we did not see my sister very often.

My other older sister left our Sri Lankan village to work in a country far away. That left me as the oldest child at home. After my mother became sick, the household tasks fell on me. I cooked and cleaned, washed the clothes, took care of my mother, and sometimes watched the small shop where my family sold soap, matches, and other household items.

No Time for Studies

Because I was so busy taking care of my family, I often missed school. When I was able to go to class, the teacher scolded me for being absent so much. After school, I had to hurry home to make supper and sweep the house.

My mother did not get better. Instead she became sicker. Three years after she became sick, my mother died.

We were all very sad. Mother had been good to us, and even though she had been sick and could not care for us, it was hard to lose her. We did not know how to contact my older sister who lived abroad to tell her that Mother had died.

With Mother gone, I felt the burden of caring for the family even more deeply. I had relied on her to give me advice, to praise my efforts or to do some of the work when she felt well enough. I felt so alone. I had the burden and the work of a mother, but I was just 13.

I had to quit school so I could

do all that needed to be done at home. While my younger brother and sister went to school, I stayed home to cook and clean and tend the garden and buy the family's food. I missed school. I began to wish that my father would marry again so we would have someone to take care of us. My brother and sister agreed. We all began asking our father to find a new wife. We prayed that God would send us a good stepmother.

A New Stepmother

One day we learned that a matchmaker had found a new wife for our father. We were all very happy. Our new stepmother was a good woman and was very kind to my brother and sister and me. We did not care that she worshiped idols while our family attended a Christian church some Sundays. We were just happy that she was good to us. And I was especially glad that I could go back to school. I had missed a whole year and had to work hard to catch up.

My father drank a lot, but





alcohol often made him sick. He had cut down his heavy drinking several years before. But now, for some reason, he began drinking heavily again. Normally he was a good and kind father, but when he was drunk, he could get mean. He started coming home drunk and being nasty to our stepmother. He yelled at her for the smallest mistake. I hated to see him that way, and I hated to see him abuse our stepmother, but I did not dare to step in and argue with him. If I ever tried, he would turn on me. My brother and sister and I prayed that our father would stop drinking.

Help from Above

One day a friend came to visit. He brought another man with him. Our friend introduced this man as a Seventh-day Adventist pastor. The men talked for awhile, and I heard my dad tell these two visitors about my sister who had left Sri Lanka. "I am very concerned about her," my father said. "I have not heard anything from her for more than two years. I do

not know how to find her. I just wish I knew that she is OK."

"We can pray for your daughter," the pastor said. "I do not know how to find her, but God does. We can ask Him to keep your daughter safe."

So the pastor prayed with my father. They prayed that my missing sister would contact the family and that God would be with her so far from home.

Exactly three days later, my sister contacted us by telephone. She said she was happy and well and working as a maid overseas. We were all happy to hear that she was OK, and my father was especially overjoyed.

When the Adventist pastor came to visit again, he invited us to study the Bible with him. My father immediately agreed, for he was convinced that the Adventist pastor had a special connection to a powerful God.

Our whole family, even my stepmother, studied the Bible with the pastor. We studied together every week for six months. The pastor invited us to worship God

in his church. At first it seemed strange to get dressed up for church on Saturday, but we got used to it. We have been attending the Adventist church ever since. I decided to join the church through baptism, and my father and stepmother gave their permission. I was the first one in my family to be baptized. I pray that my father and stepmother will soon join the church. They attend, but Father still has a drinking problem.

Happy Once Again

I like that Adventists go to the Bible for answers to their questions. They do not follow tradition or do what others do.

When friends at school tease me about changing my church, I tell them to bring a Bible to school and I will show them why I changed churches. They have learned to respect my beliefs. Some of my friends and classmates have attended church or camp meeting with me, and they are learning more about what I believe and why.

I want to be a witness to my family and everyone around me to show what God has done in my life. He has made me feel happy and fulfilled and I know He can do that for others, too.

Upul Wimalasiri is 15 years old and lives in central Sri Lanka.

Let's talk

? Upul (ooh-pool) said that God answered her prayers. What did she and her brother and sister pray for? How did God answer their prayers? What prayer is Upul still waiting to have answered?

? What sad event happened in Upul's family when she was 13? How did this event change her life? *[Her mother died after a long illness, leaving Upul to care for the family by herself.]* Have you ever had to do something you felt you were not old enough or adequately prepared to do? Share your response with the class.

? How is Upul a witness to the people around her? How can you witness to the people around you?

PRAY pray **PRAY**

Pray that Upul's father and stepmother and her siblings will give their lives to Jesus. Pray that Upul will continue to share her faith with her friends at school.





Sri Lanka

GraceLink Connection: Grace.

Bullets flew at the van, and Father stepped on the gas to escape. But the bullets kept coming.



Iresha

Close Call With Death

Iresha Harshani

[Ask a teen girl to present this first-person report.]

I am Iresha [ee-REH-shah] from northern Sri Lanka. My family came to know about Jesus through a very frightening experience. It was hard to imagine at the time, but something wonderful came from a brush with death.

When I was little our country was torn by fighting. We never knew when we might be attacked by soldiers.

Attacked on the Road

My father is a trader. He buys dried chilies from farmers and sells them in the market. One day he was driving his van loaded with chiles to the market. My uncle and some other men rode with him. They had to drive through a dangerous area where many vehicles had been ambushed and their drivers killed or kidnapped. My father did not know that the road they were driving on had been closed because of recent attacks.

Suddenly they heard gunshots.

Bullets hit the side of the van. My father drove faster, thinking that he could escape the bullets. But the bullets kept striking the van. When some bullets came into the van through the roof, my father realized that the attackers were not hiding in the jungle, but were in a helicopter above them!

When my father realized he could not outrun his attackers, he slammed on the brakes, and the van screeched to a stop. Everyone in the van had been injured, but they managed to crawl out of the van and hide under it for protection. The shooting continued until the ground around the van caught fire. Then the helicopter left. Apparently the soldiers were satisfied that everyone in the van was dead.

My father was struck by bullets in both of his legs. One bullet pierced through his kneecap. My uncle was wounded, but he could walk. He helped the other men hide in the ditch beside the road, then he walked to a security checkpoint to report the attack and to get help.

Some soldiers returned with

my uncle to help my father and the other men. They took them to a nearby hospital. My father's van and its load of chilies were damaged beyond repair. The soldiers who rescued my father counted more than 100 bullet holes in the van. They told my father he was very lucky to be alive.

My father and the other injured men were treated for their injuries and then given beds in the same ward.

Facing Amputation

My father's leg did not heal, and the doctors feared that gangrene might set in. If it did, they would amputate his leg. My father did not want the doctors to cut off his leg.

Everyone who came to visit my father and his friends said how lucky they were to have survived. But one man who came to visit said something different. He was an Adventist pastor, and he had come to see one of the other injured men, a relative of his. He did not tell the men that they were lucky. Instead, he thanked his God





in heaven for saving their lives. He prayed for his relative, then he prayed with each of the other men who had been injured in the attack.

My father had heard of the Christian God, but he had never heard anyone pray before. He was surprised that it sounded just like talking to a friend. My father told the Adventist pastor what the doctor had said about his leg.

"You should pray," the pastor urged. "God can heal your leg if it is His will and if you trust Him."

My father did not know the Christian God, but he was willing to try anything. So he prayed the best he could, asking God to heal him and take away the pain.

A few days later, the doctors told my father that his leg was healing remarkably well, and they would not amputate. My father was certain that the Christian God had healed his leg.

Learning to Trust God

One of the first things my father did when he was released from the hospital was to contact that Adventist pastor and invite him to come to our house. "I have lots of questions about your God," my father said. The pastor was glad to come. Father invited

my uncle and aunt and cousins to listen to the pastor, too. We all listened to the pastor's stories about how much God loves us. The pastor read from a black book that he called the Bible.

Our two families began studying the Bible with the pastor every week. My father and my aunt and uncle decided to become Adventist Christians. They were baptized together. But my mother said that she wanted to remain in our former religion.

Although I was still very young, my father took me to Sabbath School and church every Sabbath so that I could learn about God. My mother did not like it when my father started going to the Christian church, but she did not forbid Father to take me to church. Although my mother does not pray to an idol in our home, and she seldom goes to the temple, she does not want to become a Christian. All of her relatives worship idols, and she does not want to be different from them.

Mother nagged my father to stay home from church, and after awhile, my father stopped attending church. But I continued going with my aunt.

God Is There Again

A few months ago, my father had a serious accident. He was digging a 20-foot well and was in the bottom of the pit when a large brick block fell from the edge of the well and hit my father on the head and neck. He fell forward and hit his forehead on another stone and was knocked unconscious. When he woke up, he managed to drag himself out of the well and get to a doctor. The doctor examined him and found he had a small fracture on his skull, and a small cut on his forehead. He said my father was very lucky to have survived the two blows to his head.

"It is a miracle that I was not killed or seriously injured," Father told us later. "I believe God saved me from this accident, and I must honor and worship Him." So my father went back to church and my mother has never tried to stop him again.

I hope that someday my mother will see the power of God at work in her life and join us in worshipping the true, the living God, who saved my father not once, but twice.

Iresha Harshani is 15 years old and in the ninth grade. She lives in northern Sri Lanka.

Let's talk

? How did Iresha's father learn about God? What two things did Iresha's father see as the hand of God in his life? Share with the class a time when you have seen the hand of God working in your life.

? How can Iresha be a testimony of God's power and love to her mother?

PRAY pray
PRAY

Pray that Iresha will be a testimony to her mother; pray that her mother will give her heart to the only true and living God.





Guam-Micronesia Mission

GraceLink Connection: Service.

Student missionaries to the Pacific islands describe their adventures in faith.



Student Missionaries

Adventures in Faith

Melissa Erbenich

[Ask two to four young people to present these first-person testimonies.]

Narrator: Every year hundreds of Adventist college students take a year off to serve God in countries around the world. A large portion of student missionaries teach school on the islands of the Pacific. During their year abroad they experience faith in new and vibrant ways. Today four student missionaries share testimonies from their experiences.

The Storm

Jennifer Goss

One Friday afternoon as my roommate and I walked across our school campus, a fellow missionary teacher told us that a typhoon would hit our island that night. He warned us to prepare for the storm.

I had no idea what to expect or how to prepare for this storm. My roommate and I felt a nervous excitement and wanted to stay up to see what would happen. But

exhaustion overtook us, and we fell asleep.

Around midnight we awoke to heavy pounding at the door. It was a friend who shouted over the howling wind that the apartment may not be a safe place during the storm. She told us to grab a few things and come with her.

We struggled against the wind as we made our way to a nearby house that was built of concrete to withstand such storms. We entered to find many of our neighbors asleep on the floor. We found places to lie down and soon fell asleep. Occasionally we heard the clatter of metal sheeting as it crashed into something outside.

On Sabbath morning we awoke to sunshine and a warm breeze. We ventured outside and saw destruction everywhere. Broken furniture and pieces of metal roofing lay scattered on the ground.

At the school we found my classroom roof lying on top of a

neighbor's house. Desks, chairs, papers, and books lay in sodden piles wherever the winds had tossed them. Everything was destroyed. We dismissed school early for Christmas while we cleaned up what was left of our school.

God did not send the typhoon, and it was not His will that our school suffered so much damage. But I am thankful that He provided us a safe shelter from the storm and courage to face the challenges that lie ahead.

Hike of Faith

Carol Corbin

Sometimes Guam, where I teach, is called, "Little America." In many ways it is a lot like America. But slowly I learned that it is different as well.

On my first Sabbath in Guam, I went on a hike with some other missionaries. I should have known this was not an easy hike when they warned me to wear old clothes. We stepped out of the car at the trail head and immediately





plunged into shoulder-high sword grass that scraped my arms and legs. When we approached a steep hill, someone shouted, “If you start slipping, do *not* grab the grass. It will cut you.”

I started sliding down the slippery slope, and with nothing to hold onto, I slid to the bottom of the hill. We climbed over logs and under tree roots before we reached the river. No trail edged the river, and the only way downstream was *in* the river. We waded toward a waterfall with no way to go around. We had to go over the waterfall while hanging onto a rope.

We waded downstream until we reached the main waterfall. It was beautiful, but I was too exhausted to enjoy it. I sat and watched the others splash in the pool.

Then I realized that this was culture shock. I was in a different climate, a different culture. I realized that God had brought me here to experience a new kind of “walk” with Him. In my teaching assignment I see God testing me, stretching my abilities, showing me new skills. God is taking me on a “hike of faith” on a trail I don’t know through trials I have never experienced before. I’ve fallen, but He helps me up. And I’ve learned that walking with God can be fun!

The Emergency Room Visit

Clark Bassham

I have seen God’s love in so many ways on the island of Majuro, where I’ve been teaching. I see it in the amazing colors of the sunset, the elegant palm trees that bend gracefully to touch the ocean. I hear it in the sound of ocean waves gently lapping at the shore. But most important, I’ve experienced God’s love through the wonderful people who live here.

I wanted to learn to surf while I was on the island, but surfing near a coral reef poses serious dangers for the untrained, and soon my feet were pretty badly cut from hitting the sharp coral. I cleaned the cuts, but they did not heal. Eventually, the cuts turned to painful boils, and I could hardly walk.

I went to the hospital, where I was given a number and told to wait. To my dismay, the nurse called the numbers in Marshallese, and I could not understand her. How would I know when my number was called? I felt panicky, helpless as I envisioned my chance for help slipping from my grasp.

Then a woman sat down next to me. I did not notice her at first, but when the nurse called another number, this woman quietly whispered the number to me in English. Even when she was talking with others in the waiting room, she stopped to repeat the number in English. At last my number was called, and I got the treatment I needed. It was not just her willingness to translate for me, but the love she conveyed that made the experience so special.

Every day God’s love shines out to us in many ways. We need to take the time to reflect on it and pass it on to others.

Random Decision

Lisa Peters

In November 2004, my family made plans to meet for Christmas in Thailand, where my grandparents live. Dad e-mailed me to ask, “Should we go to the beach or the mountains?” Since I’m living on an island, I chose to visit the mountains. It was a simple decision, made without a lot of thought. I had no idea that this decision would be a life-or-death one.

When I arrived in Thailand

for Christmas, my father and I spent time with my grandparents, then we drove to the mountains. During our stay in Thailand, the giant tsunami hit the coast of several countries in the South Pacific. Thousands died in Thailand alone. If we had decided to stay on the beach instead of going to the mountains, we might have been part of those statistics.

I don’t know whether God directed in my decision to visit the mountains, but I do know that He is with me wherever I go, and that I can trust Him with whatever comes my way in life.

Melissa Erbenich, from Walla Walla College, was a student missionary serving as an editor in the Guam-Micronesia Mission office. Jennifer Goss, Andrews University, taught fourth grade on Ebeye, in the Marshall Islands. Carol Corbin, Andrews University, taught at Guam Adventist Academy. Clark Bassham, from Walla Walla College, taught fifth grade at Delap SDA School in Majuro. Lisa Peters, from Southern Adventist University, also taught in Majuro.

PRAY pray
PRAY

Pray for the student missionaries serving in countries around the world who face challenges to their faith every day.



Program

“A Challenge for These Times”

Congregational Song “Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming”
The SDA Hymnal, No. 358

Welcome

Scripture See below

Prayer

Program “A Challenge for These Times”

Offering Ask kindergarten and primary children to sing one or more of the songs they have learned this quarter as the offering is taken.

Closing Song “Give of Your Best to the Master”
The SDA Hymnal, No. 572

**And how can they believe in the one of whom they have not heard?
And how can they hear without someone preaching to them?
And how can they preach unless they are sent?**

Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you.

And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age.

*(From Isa. 6:8, 9, NIV; Rom. 10:13-15, NIV; Matt. 28:19, 20, NIV)**

Participants: Narrator and four reporters (or let two reporters read two reports each).

[Choose participants who will practice their parts and present them clearly. While participants do not have to memorize their parts, they should be familiar enough with the content that they can present the material with confidence.]

* * *

Scripture: *Alternate reading between two presenters.*

I heard the voice of the Lord saying,
“Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?”

And I said, “Here am I. Send me!”

He said, “Go and tell this people...
Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.”

How, then, can they call on the one they have not believed in?

Narrator: The Southern Asia-Pacific Division faces many and varied challenges as it seeks to bring the gospel of Christ to 13 countries and thousands of islands across the Pacific. This is the region that, just a year ago this week, suffered great losses when an earthquake-spawned tsunami killed more than 150,000 people and left millions of others without homes or means of earning a living.

Presenter 1: Bangladesh stands at the crossroads of Asia. The capital city of Dhaka is a noisy, busy city. Bicycle rickshaws jostle with huge buses for a place on the streets that teem with people. More than 3 million people live here. Most are Muslim or Hindu.

In a quieter corner of the city, the Bangladesh Union Mission complex serves the millions of people of this poor nation. Within its walls stands the only Adventist church in the city. One church serves a city of more than 3 million.

A few small groups, begun by Global Mission pioneers, meet in rented apartments hidden throughout the city. To find one you would need a guide, for no signs point to their presence.



One apartment, up three flights of stairs and down a hall, is identified by the letters “SDA” penciled on the dirt-smudged wall. Believers must sing quietly or their non-Christian neighbors will demand that they stop holding meetings.

The work in Dhaka needs several proper and permanent buildings in which to hold seminars, classes, and community meetings, where the people who know nothing of Jesus can come and learn in a non-threatening and nurturing environment.

Part of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering today will help provide two outreach centers in the heart of Dhaka, from which the message can flow to the millions who have yet to hear the name of Jesus.

Presenter 2: Cambodia has risen from the ashes of a devastating genocide. Just a few years ago the only Seventh-day Adventist Cambodians lived outside of Cambodia. Today a vibrant and thriving young church is growing in the cities and countryside as survivors of Pol Pot’s regime seek to make sense of the destruction in their country.

In the heart of Phnom Penh, capital of Cambodia, stands a large house that vibrates with young voices on weekdays. This is the only Adventist school in the country. More than 300 students cram into its classrooms and halls. The environment is crowded and lacks many facilities, but the dedicated staff of teachers and administrators share God’s love with His children as they learn positive lifestyles along with their ABCs.

The school has purchased a large tract of land on the edge of the city. Construction has begun on a school that, in time, will serve more than 700 children and youth. Already a dormitory block provides housing for the

older children, and builders have drawn plans for classrooms and the administrative block. Part of today’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will give this desperately needed school a big boost toward its goal of serving the educational needs of hundreds of children and youth in grades one through 12.

The youth are the hope of Cambodia, and this Adventist school will direct many of them to the feet of Jesus.

Presenter 3: Sri Lanka is a teardrop shaped island nation lying off the southeast coast of India. Adventists have worked on the island for more than 100 years, but resistance to the gospel of Jesus is strong on the island. Still, hundreds respond to Christ’s call every year.

Many groups of believers have no church in which to worship. They rent a room or meet in a home or a simple bamboo chapel. Worshiping in temporary facilities and sub-standard temporary houses of worship does little to draw the religious majorities living in Sri Lanka to the message of salvation. Experience has shown that a simple but adequate house of worship will draw many more to the Adventist message than can be reached through rented facilities or a house-church.

Today’s offering will help 10 congregations in Sri Lanka expand their outreach by providing simple chapels in which to worship and hold outreach classes.

Presenter 4: One of the major outreach avenues on the island of Guam is its Adventist academy. Hundreds of students, many not from Adventist homes, have studied here and met the Lord because of its dedicated teachers and staff members. The school struggles to maintain its high quality of education because its physical plant needs extensive

renovation.

In 2002 two super-typhoons (hurricanes) hit Guam, tearing the roof off the school and inflicting structural damage to parts of its facilities. The school is struggling back with typhoon-proof structures that will withstand the strongest winds nature can throw at it.

With a rainy season that can last six months, the school desperately needs to rebuild its gymnasium, which was virtually destroyed in the typhoons. The building will be enlarged to allow for multiple-purpose uses. Its steel structure will be reinforced to handle the storms that plague the region. Part of our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help complete the renovation to this school and make it once again a light-house for youth and adults on the island of Guam.

Narrator: This quarter we have a huge mandate: four projects in four different countries. All of them deserve our faithful support and fervent prayers. This region, which suffered so much in the past year, needs to know the world church stands behind them, willing to open our hearts and hold up their hands.

Today’s opportunity is tomorrow’s reality. Let’s dig deep today and give a generous offering for the millions who need to meet the Savior in the Southern Asia-Pacific Division.

[Offering]





You Do Make a Difference!

The last Thirteenth Sabbath Offering to Southern-Asia Pacific Division helped to provide an evangelistic center in the heart of Yangon, Myanmar (formerly Rangoon, Burma). This largely Buddhist country is only about 8 percent Christian. The evangelistic center will provide an entering wedge for the community, offering seminars, health lectures, classes, and other outreach events to the Yangon community. Some 25,000 Adventist Christians live in Myanmar.

Resources *(continued from page 4)*

Guam Visitors Bureau, 401 Pale San Vitores Road, Tamuning, Guam 96913, 671-646-5278, www.visitguam.org.

Media

Resources can be downloaded from www.adventistmission.org.

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Southern Asia-Pacific Division



Division Office	Churches	Companies	Members	Population
Bangladesh	1	—	31	—
Central Philippine	98	250	22,715	141,340,000
East Indonesia	1,081	509	100,255	16,732,200
Myanmar	609	278	88,423	22,487,088
North Philippine	201	111	24,142	50,101,000
South Philippine	1,2851	439	223,100	46,013,550
Southeast Asia	1,739	960	427,496	20,915,250
West Indonesia	286	289	67,832	194,272,000
Attached Fields	625	267	103,377	196,258,912
	54	35	7,004	20,820,000
Totals (1/16/05)	5,959	3,138	1,064,375	708,940,000

Projects

- 1 Establish two outreach and nurture centers in Bangladesh's capital, Dhaka, where there are only 336 Adventists in a population of 8.4 million.
- 2 Construct a school for 750 students in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, in the heart of the 10/40 Window.
- 3 Help rebuild the facilities of Guam Adventist Academy which was destroyed by typhoons.
- 4 Construct 10 chapels in Sri Lanka, where newly established congregations have no place to worship.