Sounds of Harvest

Thousands Say Yes to God in Africa

The Value of a Soul
Is God for Real?
The Trinity

Regarding Jerry Moon’s “Heresy or Hopeful Sign” (Apr. 22 Anchor-Points Edition). It is the timeless pre-existence of the Trinity that defies my comprehension, not Their oneness. That perfect unity of selfless love on the part of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit is precisely what Christ prayed for us, so that we could be one with Him, as He was one with the Father. Oneness is possible among us and with God, or He would not have prayed for it.

The Trinity is our example of perfection: shared motives so pure that despite personality or intellectual differences we act as one when we teach, minister, study, and pray. Conflicts and discord are unknown because self is totally subordinated to service. When that occurs, God draws even closer, uniting His power with our faith. We are one with Him in purpose because we have learned to love as He does.

—Jean Handwerk
Wilmington, Delaware

In his sidebar, “What Happened to Christ’s Deity When He Died?” Jerry Moon concludes that “Christ’s deity did not die, but suffered something far worse—the rending of the Trinity.” Reasons for this conclusion were cited. These reasons add up to agonies of death, not to death or “something far worse.” Death is the ultimate agony.

Should one not concede that the death of Christ, as were H is conception and birth, “defies human ability to fully explain”? The process of H is death remains enshrouded in mystery and defies human explanation.

—Joshua A. Smith, M.D.
San Antonio, Texas

Sweet Fragrances

I enjoyed Myrna Tetz’s “Sweet Fragrances Cannot Be Hidden” (Apr. 22). My friend Chris Tesaphalis owns the Perfume House here in Portland. It is the world’s leading fragrance entity, and he is the number 26 Nose in the world of perfumers. He says Amouage (sample enclosed) contains frankincense and myrrh ingredients dated back to the time of Jesus and uses the same essential oils that were in the gifts the Wise Men brought to Jesus.

—Mike Jones
Vancouver, Washington

Amouage is billed as “the most valuable perfume in the world.”

Nose in the world of perfumers. He says Amouage (sample enclosed) contains frankincense and myrrh ingredients dated back to the time of Jesus and uses the same essential oils that were in the gifts the Wise Men brought to Jesus.

—Mike Jones
Vancouver, Washington

We don’t claim to have number 26 Noses, but we can attest that the Amouage sample Mike Jones mailed does indeed smell heavenly. —Editors.

Go for Broke!

William Johnsson’s plans (see “Time to Go for Broke,” Apr. 22) for subscribing to the Review surely make sense to us. Please don’t “quietly lay the plan aside.”

If you can utilize no. 1 (“Offer a price no one can refuse”), and no. 2 (“Use the best technique out there—word of mouth”), this wonderful idea will surely succeed. We are behind you and willing to do more to help get this important church paper to many more.

—Rebecca Twomley
Via E-mail

I like William Johnsson’s ideas. Finally somebody with ideas in a place where ideas are not scoffed at! The Review reminds me each week that there are places where ideas become reality and gives me courage to make ideas happen in my church. I want to be part of this.

—Dewitt Boyd
Plato, Missouri

I agree with William G. Johnson’s ideas. I am now 88+ years and partially blind. I can recall reading the Review since I was 15, and since 1943 the Review has been coming to our home. We’ll keep it coming as long as we are able to read.

—Philip A. Pritel
Vancouver, Washington
I’ve been a subscriber for many years and feel our magazine is the glue that holds our ties as Adventists. I find uplifting reading in every issue. Every church member should receive the Review.

—Manuel Tejada
VIA E-MAIL

As a pastor I think about how to increase the Review subscriptions for my members. I promote it as much as possible. Unfortunately, I see two problems: the “conservative” says it’s too liberal; the “liberal” says it’s too conservative. You can’t win!

But if you come up with a reduced rate for first-time subscribers, I’ll be glad to promote it.

—Name Withheld

This two-pronged idea sounds good to me. I would like to see more church members receive and read the Review. But the plan is not totally clear to me. Other than telling others of the Review and its blessing to me, what would I do?

—Stan Ray
KIRKLAND, WASHINGTON

Stay tuned for more details.—The Editor.

S.M.I. Henry
It was wonderful reading about the life and work of Mrs. S.M.I. Henry (see Bill Knott’s “A World to Win,” Apr. 22). We have been fans of Mrs. Henry’s writings for some time now. Not only was she actively involved with the temperance movement, but she was the pioneer in our church in teaching mothers about how to parent their children.

We have recently compiled 35 of her articles from the Review and Herald from 1897 to 1899 on the topic of parenting. They are entitled The Life of the Child and are available through Catalogue Sales here at Weimar Institute (1-530-637-4111, ext. 3605). Thank you again for grounding us in our past and linking it to our present.

—Dr. David and Beverly Sedlacek
WEIMAR INSTITUTE
WEIMAR, CALIFORNIA

Boston Regional Medical Center Closes
Regarding Bill Knott’s “Grieving for the ‘San’” (Apr. 22). As one who was born there, spent the first five years of my life there (with my parents employed there), returned for nurses’ training, courted and married there, my mind grapples with a number of “what-ifs.”

What if the new wing erected in the early 1950s had not been financed in part by government moneys? Would we have kept our original Adventist natural healing focus longer? What if physical therapy with its wonderful facility for hydrotherapy had not been almost totally phased out over the years, thus helping to keep the San distinctive in the use of the natural healing methods God gave to us? What if the medical staff had always been comprised of Adventist physicians dedicated to the distinctive medical work assigned to Adventists as “the right arm of the gospel” instead of allowing more and more non-Adventist physicians (without our vision) to impact and/or dictate the course of things?

What if the School of Nursing had not been moved to the Atlantic Union College campus, thus leaving the student nurses there to work their way while learning? That method kept labor costs down for the San and educational costs down for the students—and it worked. What if? What if?

Maybe with the recent emphasis on preventive, natural, herbal, nutritional, and alternative methods of healing, we would now be the head rather than the tail in these matters, as God intended we should be.

—Martha Ford
GREENWICH, NEW YORK
Dearest Georgie

Recently I was given access to some belle-lettres from long ago. Written in the expectation that no one else would ever see them, they reveal a close and tender relationship and provide a fascinating glimpse into an important chapter in Adventist history.

The writer, who signs himself “Will” or “Your W,” is Elder William A. Spicer, secretary of the General Conference. The recipient, whom he addresses as “Dearest Georgie” or “My Georgie,” is his wife, Georgia, living in Takoma Park, Maryland. “Don’t tell anyone what I have written,” he requests in one letter and underlines “anyone.” Georgia may not have told, but she kept the letters, and they in turn passed to her daughter, who at one point was about to destroy them, but—fortunately for us—had second thoughts.

It’s the spring of 1922. Spicer is traveling by train across the United States to attend the world session of the church in San Francisco. As the date for the conference draws near, expectation and tension increase. The big question is: Will Arthur G. Daniells, who already has served as General Conference president for 21 years, be returned to office?

Spicer finds himself in the thick of the fray. As second-in-command he has traveled the world, seeking out the most isolated mission outposts and carrying gifts for lonely children of workers. He has become one of the denomination’s most beloved leaders, and some eye him as the next president.

Spicer has no desire for the office. Stopping over in Chicago, he writes his wife: “They have me down for the job, some of these talkers. But I promise you I will not be [president], dear Georgia. I only hope I shall not have the embarrassment of having anyone putting in my name.”

What would he really like? “I want to be field sec. [field secretary, which would enable him to do even more traveling] and have a chance to do editorial work.” But even more important is his dearest Georgie. “I love you every minute,” he closes.

In San Francisco Spicer finds himself embroiled in the midst of a protracted struggle over the presidency. Day by day he planned to write with the news that he “was coming out all right not to get heavier burdens,” but the situation kept changing with various “shifts and turns.” The nominating committee of 49 became deadlocked: “For days Daniells had 23 and I 19 votes, and things could not budge. It was terrible.” Then delegates from Europe swung, and “for two or three days I had 26, and A. G. [Daniells] 20.” At this point the nominating committee went to the session and, with only delegates present, presented a majority and a minority report.

Spicer now argued before the assembly why he should not be considered. “I showed that the very talk of me as a candidate had disqualified me. That someone else must take it or people would think I had contended for it. I argued that we select some younger man—outside the circle.”

Spicer went back to his hotel room, convinced that he had won the delegates to his viewpoint. But the following morning, while he was on his knees “thanking God for release,” the chair of the nominating committee telephoned that the vote had fallen unanimously for him.

“I begged all to think of some other way, but after a season of prayer no way seemed open and I could not refuse,” he tells Georgia. “I am sorry for you, dear Georgie. You would not wish it for me. It is so different from the work I longed to do. But I just couldn’t get out of it without selfishness. Don’t worry. It does not call for a superman but just for a consecrated man doing his best, and that I will be, Georgie dear, by God’s help.”

Will was now leader of the world church, but his priorities remained the same. “So dear sweet wife, I am just your husband that loves you and would rather have the kingdom of your heart than any office honors.” Then follows one of the greatest statements ever made by an Adventist leader: “There are no posts of honor but only of service.”

A ready Spicer was planning ahead: “Don’t worry, dear Georgie, four years and I will have my successor ready, you may be sure.” But four years, and they asked him for four more years, and he again said yes.

The reluctant president eventually got his wishes, however. After leaving the presidency, he served as general field secretary until age 75. Then he “retired”—and edited the Review!
A Moving Relationship

Motion: an irregular stirring, shaking, or oscillating movement; the action or process of a body passing from one place or position to another; a process of change—used chiefly in philosophy; an impulse or inclination of the mind, will, or desires; an act or instance of moving the body or any of its parts. *

Probably the most fascinating lesson I learned in my high school science classes is that human beings, like other animals, are always in constant motion. It’s impossible to stay completely motionless. Even as I lie in bed sleeping I inhale fresh air into my lungs and exhale carbon dioxide. My heart beats constantly, pumping blood through a complex network of arteries and capillaries. New body cells are being produced constantly as old ones die off.

Even if we totally ignore the constant motion within the body, living beings are still experiencing constant motion on a much larger scale. Though I’m lying in bed, the earth rotates on its axis once each day, and it orbits the sun each year.

A Daily Race

There’s no doubt about it: we live in a world filled with motion. Our lives revolve around motion. From the time we get up in the morning we’re constantly going somewhere or someplace. During the morning rush hour it seems that my whole community hurries from home to jobs, only to rush back again at the end of the day and start the process again tomorrow.

In many major cities of the world, such as New York or Rio, the motion never stops. You can see the people scurrying—to shops, restaurants, movie theaters, or coffeehouses—around the clock in the proverbial rat race. Unfortunately, as most of us cope with the frenzied motion that blurs our lives, it becomes exceedingly difficult to understand how that physical movement affects the shifting motion in our values and ideals.

For example, did you know that the marriage relationship is in constant motion? Family life specialists tell us that marriage partners are either moving toward each other and nurturing marital intimacy or they are drifting apart. The everyday realities of life often drive wedges between spouses. That’s why it’s essential for husband and wife to work constantly on their relationship through communication and affirmation.

Destructive Tide

For Adam and Eve, the simple action of eating a fruit set in motion a terrible shift in their divine relationship with God, a move that affected all of nature. It launched a destructive tide that has steadily gained momentum until today. A dam and Eve lost their face-to-face connection with God and their dominion over the earth.

“When God made man He made him ruler over the earth and all living creatures. So long as Adam remained loyal to Heaven, all nature was in subjection to him. But when he rebelled against the divine law, the inferior creatures were in rebellion against his rule” (Patriarchs and Prophets, p. 59).

Drooping flowers, falling leaves, a forfeited garden home, and a life of sweat and toil, all bore testimony of the moving rift between God and humanity.

The Master’s Plan

Fortunately, when human beings sinned, God set in motion a master plan of reconciliation to reverse the rift and reclaim His fallen children. He set Abraham in motion, calling him away from his family and homeland to occupy a new land of promise and father a new nation that would give witness to the world of His divine love. He set Israel in motion, freeing them from the bondage of Egypt so He could establish His presence in their midst and they could model God’s ways to the world.

Above all, Christ Himself moved from heaven to earth to reach out to fallen humanity. Through His life, death, and resurrection, Christ opened the door of salvation for us all. Now humanity can reconnect with the Creator and constantly move toward a new and deeper relationship with the Almighty.

JOTS & TITTLES

In this feature readers share church-related advice.

ANIMAL KINGDOM: Our 6-year-old granddaughter, Jackie Clare Byl, just loves animals of all kinds—farm, domestic, jungle, you name it. Recently, while sitting on her grandpa’s lap during church, she drew as many of God’s creatures on the cover of her Little Friend as she could fit. We counted 55 of God’s precious creatures. This might be an activity that other children would enjoy.

— Clare E. Loveridge, Cocoa, Florida

ADVENTIST LIFE

Being a small country church, we have to share our pastor with the neighboring city. Since we get him only once a month, we have potluck on his Sabbath. He has to drive more than an hour, so he keeps his food in a large chest.

One Sabbath he was running late, and all the members could see him struggling up the steps to the kitchen door with his ice chest, Bible, and books. Before we could help, one member yelled to a teenager on the other side of the church: “Go help the pastor in the door. He’s loaded again!”

— Georgia Hilton, M artaville church, M artaville, Louisiana

At last year’s Soquel camp meeting, a hot plate in someone’s trailer was forgotten, leading to a small fire. Firefighters soon arrived and took care of the problem.

During the incident, the woman staying in the trailer was heard to say to her husband: “You take care of the firemen. I must go and save our seats!”

— V. Krussow, Sonora, California

WE NEED YOU

Send Give & Take submissions to . . . Give & Take, Adventist Review, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904; Fax: 301-680-6638; E-mail: 74532.2564@CompuServe.com. Please include phone number. Submissions will not be returned.
YOU’VE GOT TO READ THIS! IT’S inspiring!”

My wife, Lorraine, had just dropped seven freshly printed pages onto my desk. They were an e-mail letter from our friends, the Thorps. The heading read “Greetings From Kumasi, Ghana.” It was all about preparation for ACTS 2000 in Kumasi. I didn’t even know where to find Kumasi on the map, and my knowledge of ACTS 2000 was about as scant.

Less than 30 days later Lorraine and I suddenly found ourselves in Kumasi and in the middle of the adventure of ACTS 2000.

THEIR DAY: More than 1,000 baptismal candidates gathered under a canopy in the open air on a Sabbath morning to prepare for their baptism.
It was a simple phone call. Brad Thorp, director of Adventist Global Communications Network (AGCN), needed a friendly favor. Could we please come to Africa in two weeks and hand-carry 40 digital satellite receivers for new ACTS 2000 downlink sites? Hand-carrying the equipment was the only option if the receivers were to arrive on time for the meetings.

Two weeks, two Ghana visas, and 200 details later we were on KLM Flight 860 from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, bound for West Africa and ACTS 2000.

The Dream

ACTS 2000 is a team effort between AGCN, It Is Written (IIW), and Adventist-Laymen’s Services and Industries (ASI). During the NET ’96 evangelistic series, Mark Finley, IIW speaker/director, began dreaming a new vision. Why not use the technology of satellite evangelism for global coverage and remain sensitive to cultural diversity? Why not base international satellite uplink sites outside North America? Why not rapidly expand the network of satellite communication for evangelism, training, and education in the church? Former General Conference president Robert Folkenberg and leaders of ASI and AGCN caught the vision and presented it to leaders of the world divisions.

The result? Adventist Commission Through Satellite (ACTS) 2000—a 16-month, 10-city evangelistic tour that would broadcast the gospel from major regions of the world to satellite downlink sites in those same regions accompanied by music, artwork, illustrations, and the flavor of the respective regions and cultures: Manila, Kumasi, São Paulo, Bucharest, Santiago, Madras, Los Angeles, Seoul, Sydney, Kingston (Jamaica). Of the 10 cities, Kumasi in Ghana, West Africa, would run the longest (March 6-27) and have the

TAKING A STAND: Close to 600,000 people reportedly attended the ACTS 2000 series on site and by satellite. According to word received from Africa-Indian Ocean president Luka Daniel May 13, nearly 13,000 new members have been added to the church in Ghana alone.

NEW SYMBOL: Like thousands of other churches throughout Africa, Europe, and the Pacific Rim, Adventist churches in Ghana installed satellite dishes to receive the broadcast signals live.
largest potential viewing audience (500,000-plus).

When our plane landed in Ghana we were delayed four hours clearing customs. But we learned later that our delay was trivial compared to the four-week delay imposed on the Adventist Media Center production crew when their equipment was held at the airport until the night before the meetings began! Thanks to the excellent negotiation skills of Pastor Joe Hagan, communication director for West Africa, tons of unfamiliar equipment landed on Ghanaian soil to be used in one of the country’s largest-ever media events.

We joined a group of the ACTS 2000 translators for the four-hour bus ride from Accra to Kumasi. Sitting among us was a friendly young accountant from Kumasi. He commented on sites of interest we passed, explained local customs, Ghanaian history and politics, and asked about our reason for being in Ghana. Before parting, he accepted an invitation to the meetings at the Ghana National Cultural Centre.

What It Took

The Cultural Centre is an outdoor venue with unique challenges. Preparation for ACTS 2000 included building a stage and backdrop, stringing telephone lines, setting up a generator and production studio, purchasing 5,000 chairs, obtaining government permission for satellite transmission, and cooperation with 20 army guards on 24-hour duty.

My wife and I helped during the final two days of setup. We marveled at the teamwork! Kumasi is a city of nearly 1 million. More than 40,000 Seventh-day Adventists live there and worship in 105 churches dotted throughout the city. Many of these churches have been planted within the past five years. The evangelistic enthusiasm of Kumasi Adventists was obvious in their support of ACTS 2000. We saw crews carrying chairs, painting backdrops, arranging platform flags. We heard the ACTS 2000 Choir singing original compositions and the Pathfinder marching bands circling the Cultural Centre practicing for opening night.

We learned of 20 translators arriving from around Africa, 40 professionals staffing the daily health screening, 100 Ghanaian pastors traveling to Kumasi to support the meetings, 500 prayer warriors praying around the clock, 1,000 Kumasi members training and visiting daily at 3:00 p.m., and prayer meetings of 1,000-plus members that last all night long!

We also saw Warren Judd, manager of Adventist Media Productions, and Brad Thorp fervently coordinating their teams and equipment for world-class transmission in a country with almost no technical infrastructure. More than 650 downlink sites in Africa,
Great Challenges—Great Miracles!
Just a brief glimpse

BY MARK A. FINLEY

When our satellite uplink equipment arrived in Accra, Ghana’s capital, customs held delivery for four long days, demanding a $250,000 cash bond to release them. But God miraculously intervened. Through the influence of some high-profile Ghanaian friends, the National Bank of Ghana put up the bond, and our equipment was discharged from customs just in time for our meetings. We are convinced that God was at work!

A few nights it rained fiercely during my sermon. Since I was preaching in the open air without any protection, I got drenched repeatedly—“rebaptized” with the rains from heaven! I was amazed that 5,000 people exposed to the elements would sit there spellbound, listening to the Word of God. When I asked my African hosts why the people did not leave when it rained so hard, they responded, “Pastor, the people couldn’t leave; they saw you getting soaked while you were preaching, so the least they could do was listen.”

One night it rained so hard the canvas covering the satellite uplink equipment filled with 20 inches of water. Six of the Ghanaian soldiers guarding the equipment lifted their AK-47 rifles to drain the canvas. What a scene! Ghanaian soldiers with guns in their hands forcing the water to run off the canvas top away from our satellite equipment so God’s message could be beamed to the sky.

The stories of changed lives were astounding. An African chief visited Jerusalem. When the sun set on Friday, he wondered why the streets were empty. He concluded that if Christianity was founded in Jerusalem and the Jews kept the Sabbath, maybe Christians should too. The influential chief had a nephew who is a Seventh-day Adventist. When he returned to Ghana, he asked his Adventist nephew about the Sabbath. His nephew invited him to our evangelistic meetings. One night as I made the appeal to accept Christ, the chief came forward. On Sabbath, March 27, along with 1,610 precious souls, he was baptized in the pool at Ghana University of Science and Technology.

A sergeant in the Ghanaian army, whose wife is a Seventh-day Adventist, came to the baptism in his military uniform. He begged us to baptize him. When he walked into the water in his military uniform, 25 soldiers from Accra viewing his baptism via satellite made their decision to be in the next baptism.

A non-Adventist preacher would listen intently to each of our meetings and the next morning travel through the village, stopping at strategic spots, to preach against what he’d heard the night before. This continued for three or four nights. Gradually, however, his preaching began to change. He still listened each evening, carefully taking notes. But now he was preaching the same sermons I was preaching. He became so convicted of the truth he was baptized at the end of the series.

TO BE USED OF GOD: Against the green background of nature’s garden, Mark Finley tried each meeting to adapt his sermons to the African culture. Translators such as West African Union Mission president Peter O. Mensah ably aided in the effort.
ues and crippled vital equipment. A tmospheric conditions were unfavorable. Satellite signals were weak. N o satellite transmission occurred for the final test transmission.

S unday morning we sat in on the A C T S 2000 Steering Committee, chaired by Elder Peter O. M ensah, president of the W est A frican U nion M ission. I mentally flashed back to his masterful stage presence the night before as he verbally embraced the audience, “A re you H A P? G ie a warm welcome to our speaker, Dr. M ark Finley!” Elder M ensah had cleared his calendar to attend every A C T S 2000 meeting and do daily visitation with M ark Finley.

W hile the committee discussed lighting and sound, ushering and umbrellas, portable toilets and response cards, the technicians and AG CN crew toiled to ensure a broadcast that night. In Ghana alone more than 125 churches had sacrificed to buy satellite equipment and downlink the series. Equipment costs, after matching funds from a donor outside Ghana, were US$2,000 per church. T hat is roughly the gross salary an average G hanaian member might earn in five to seven years! Y et church after church raised the money! S ome churches had no floor, no roof, no pews, yet they sacrificed to buy satellite equipment for evangelism. A G C N couldn’t let those churches down.

Opening Night, Soccer, and a D ream
S unday night, M arch 7, A C T S 2000 officially opened. M arch 7 was also the final championship soccer game between G hana and N igeria. T he crowds stayed home to watch the game by the thousands. B ut when the game ended (G hana won) the C ultural C entre began to fill. T he 5,000 chairs filled quickly, and people kept coming. B est estimates of the crowds were 8,000 +.

E verything about opening night seemed flawless. T he crowds responded enthusiastically to M ark’s presentation of D aniel 2, even staying to hear it a second time with Twi translation. W e heard of one local pastor who attended with his entire congregation because of a dream last December in which God informed him about an event of international significance in K umasi during which thousands would discover God’s truth. P hone calls poured in from around the transmission area. T he satellite signal was coming in strong and steady everywhere—everywhere except G hana. T he low angle of reception from P A S 4 and atmospheric interference prevented most G hanaian sites from receiving the broadcast. T he A G C N crew still had more work to do.

D uring the next few nights momentum built despite the challenges. C rowds swelled to 14,000 at times. R ain again stopped in mid-downpour just as the meetings began. T he next night crowds of 6,000-7,000 sat in the pouring rain during the entire meeting, and hundreds came forward to accept C hrist.

W ow!
I n mid-momentum and with the G hana satellite signal dilemma still unresolved, my wife and I had to leave for home. W e eagerly watched our e-mail for news. A lmost two weeks after our return Lorraine dropped a 16-page document on my desk: “Y ou’ll have fun reading this!”

Douglas T ilstra pastors the B urnaby and C oquitlam Seventh-day A dventist churches in B ritish C olumbia, C anada.
The Value of a Soul
Learning Christ’s compassion for the lost

BY ELLEN G. WHITE

To every soul whom Christ has rescued from the pit of sin, be he old or young, parent or child, He has committed a trust to work in His name for the saving of the lost. This work had been neglected in Israel, even by the shepherds of the flock. Is it not neglected today among those who profess to be followers of Christ?

How many of the wandering and lost have you, O reader, sought for and brought back to the fold? When you turn away from those who seem unpromising and unattractive, do you realize that you are neglecting souls for whom Jesus is seeking?

Perhaps at the very moment when you have turned from them, they were in the greatest need of your tenderness and compassion. Many who appear hard and reckless are allowed to drift on to ruin, for the want of a helping hand stretched out to save them. Had these erring, neglected ones received the same advantages that others have had, they might have revealed far more nobility of soul, and greater talent for usefulness than do many who have been watched over day and night with gentlest care and overflowing love. Angels pity these wandering ones; angels weep, while human eyes are dry, and human hearts are closed to pity.

O, there is a lack of deep, earnest, soul-touching sympathy and love for the tempted and the erring. We need far more of Christ’s Spirit, and far less of self.

When a human life is in danger, what sacrifices men are ready to make! They stop at no risk, they grudge no effort and no cost that will save the imperiled life. Of how much more value is that life which measures with the life of God! If we are Christians, and not mere pretenders, shall we not be far more earnest and interested to rescue the soul than to save the body?

Who can estimate the value of a soul? Go to Gethsemane, and there watch with Jesus through those long hours of anguish when He sweat as it were great drops of blood; look upon the Saviour uplifted on the cross; hear that despairing cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” Look upon that wounded head, the pierced side, the marred feet. Remember that Christ risked all; “tempted like as we are,” He staked even His own eternal existence upon the issue of the conflict. Heaven itself was imperiled for our redemption. At the foot of the cross, remembering that for one sinner Jesus would have yielded up His life, we may estimate the value of a soul.

If you are in communion with Christ, you will place His estimate upon men; you will feel for others the same anxiety, the same deep love that He has felt for you. Then you will be able to win, not drive, to attract, not repulse, the souls for whom Christ died. You will guard and care for the sheep and lambs of His fold. Not one soul would ever have been brought back to the fold, if Christ had not made a personal effort to save that which was lost; and it is by this personal effort that you can rescue souls. If they stray, you will not, cannot rest in quiet indifference and ease. You will leave the ninety and nine that are within the fold, and will go out to seek the lost. You will work with the same tender care, the same untiring energy that the Master showed. The greater their sin and the deeper their misery, the more earnest and tender and determined will be your efforts for them. Every earthly and selfish interest will be swallowed up in the longing to rescue these souls. You will discern the need of those who are suffering, who have been sinning against God, and who are oppressed by a burden of guilt. Your heart will go out in sympathy for them, and you will reach out a helping hand to lift the poor souls out of the slough of despair in which their feet are sinking. In the arms of your faith and love, you will bear them back to the fold. Your heart will go out in sympathy for them, and you will reach out a helping hand to lift the poor souls out of the slough of despair in which their feet are sinking.

All heaven is ready to cooperate with you in this work. The salvation of the lost is the object of most intense interest to the heavenly hosts, and the angels will aid you in your efforts to reach the hearts of the most careless and the most hardened.

This article is selected from one originally published in the General Conference Bulletin, December 1895. Seventh-day Adventists believe that Ellen G. White exercised the biblical gift of prophecy during more than 70 years of public ministry.
Is God For Real?

How God let me know He was in the same boat with me.

BY CLARINDA WANG

The following is one of some 17 additional articles (beyond the top three winners) accepted in our 1998 AnchorPoints Essay Contest for young writers.—Editors.

SITTING IN CHURCH, I LONGED TO FIND Him.

But church was like watching television wearing dark sunglasses and a Walkman. Nothing was getting through to me. The words were just that—words.

I did not doubt God existed. For as an artist, I couldn’t help noticing God’s artwork everywhere. But reading certain parts of the Bible frightened me. When I would read about the terrifying things God would do to people who refused to listen to Him, I was afraid of having to meet Him someday. And I felt embarrassed to share this awful picture I had of God with anyone.

Did God really care about me? I’m so glad He hung in there until the special words I’d heard sung and read so often finally became meaningful.

I wanted to please God. I also was afraid of being caught on the wrong side at the end. And getting baptized looked like the best solution. However, I was distressed to find I was still imperfect. After high school I tried being the happy Christian I thought I was meant to be. But forcing myself to smile was tiring. Life became a black hole. I even loathed art, once my first love. Giving up looked like such an easy escape.

Jonah’s Whale

I felt as if I were sitting inside Jonah’s “whale” and letting God down. I could see only my failures. Discouraging thoughts swam round and round in my mind. What do You want from me, God? There seemed no hope of rescue in sight. Jonah says it so well for me:

“You hurled me into the deep, into the very heart of the seas, and the currents swirled about me; all your waves and breakers swept over me.”

I had hit rock bottom.

Then I was listening to a song God sent me at the right time, and one thought broke through.

“You’ve heard so many times that God is love, my mind told me, so how can He hate you? I knew then that God knew my thoughts at that very moment.

“But you brought my life up from the pit, O Lord my God.

When my life was ebbing away, I remembered you, Lord, and my prayer rose to you, to your holy temple.”

I’m thankful God showed me my helplessness and need of Him. But I was still in preschool, as it were, learning to trust Him. I had yet to realize it takes time to grow, that I needed to give Him my burdens. Healing wounds take time. Hope, like small stars, began to shine into the darkness. God seemed to be saying, “Clarinda, don’t give up yet. There’s more to come.”

The Struggle Continued

I had applied to study fine arts at one university long after the closing date for applications. Incredibly, however, I was accepted. It was a dream come true! The Christians I met in the cell groups made a deep impression on my mind. They were vibrant and enthusiastic. And I wished I knew the...
secret of their joy. Why did they find God so interesting?

After university things began to look up. A friendship with a special classmate had begun rebuilding. And I began to notice the subtlety of colors everywhere. Sydney never looked so beautiful! I was like a child seeing everything for the first time. But abruptly our friendship ended. I was devastated.

Letting go was so difficult.

Then the thought came to me: Would God punish someone for rejecting Him as a friend?

It was then that I discovered a delightful interpretation of the story of Hosea and Gomer, a story that suggests that God also finds it hard to let go of prodigals. A taped sermon by Graham Maxwell ("Conversations With God") also came to my attention and stuck like glue in my mind.

"God will cry too as His sinful children die at the end," it said. "How can I give you up, how can I let you go? The consuming fire surrounding God is like torture to His lost children because they are out of harmony with Him. But God's presence...is life-giving, energizing, and a joy to His people." That was just so cool to hear! I liked that picture of God.

I held on to it, however, only with my fingertips.

Back to Sea Again

When I was 25 a doctor found a lump in my breast. I was terrified. Though it turned out to be benign, it took me a long time to believe that. I lost a lot of weight and fell into the sea again, drowning in my worries. I needed assurance. Was I ready to meet God? What does God really think of me?

Just at that time a friend lent me Graham Maxwell's Servants or Friends, a book that gave me refreshing insights into God's personality and character. I began to see the beautiful, true picture of God that Jesus had painted in the Bible. "Anyone who has seen me has seen the Father," Jesus said. So the reason Jesus came was to introduce us to Him as Father. I know now what He'll be like to live with forever. While Jesus was on the cross He forgave the ones who tortured Him so cruelly, even though they never asked Him to. It said to me that God has a forgiving heart. I felt a growing sense of peace, relief, and wonder.

God's in the Boat With Us

More answers came to me—while studying my Bible; while listening to Vivaldi's lively Four Seasons, played by a live Suzuki children's orchestra; while meditating on a quiet Steven Curtis Chapman song; while watching a beautiful sky; while engaged in personal conversations; through reading; in the cheerful laughter of children; through my own paintings. Every day in printmaking class as I mixed the thick, oily inks, color nourished me. I finally learned how to draw tones after receiving a surprise postcard from my art teacher exhibiting in New York in 1994. I pondered the tiny drawing for a week. God was really my teacher all along! Now even the simple gray clouds looked like amazing, subtle masterpieces.

My sister was leaving her job at a large newspaper after my etching course ended. I was offered her position, and I felt relieved to find work so soon. Now I had to read the paper every day, something I previously had avoided. The stories I was handling began to trouble me. How could I see God working in the middle of such chaotic developments from around the world? Where was God now? I longed to find a satisfying answer.

In the midst of my new questionings, yet another book came to my rescue. This time it was Harold Kushner's When Bad Things Happen to Good People. It answered many questions. Still I wondered why the Bible often describes God as destroying people. And for this a sermon I heard gave a clue. First Chronicles 10:4 describes Saul as committing suicide. Yet later (in verse 14) it says: "So the Lord put him to death." Job's story and these passages were the keys that unlocked for me the way the Bible expresses God's involvement in our lives. He takes responsibility for what happens to us— similar to the way my family is responsible for our rabbit, Harry, who
likes running away.

In Hannah Hurnard’s book The Winged Life I discovered new meaning to the word “omnipotent.” She says it means God feels and knows what every person goes through—mentally and physically. He carries the sins of the whole world. He constantly has everyone on His mind. He is truly “a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering.”

No one can say God doesn’t care about this suffering planet, because our God became one of us!

The Big Picture

I look for the big picture often. It’s like listening to music I enjoy again and again. God cares for every individual on this planet, nothing will catch Him by surprise! It’s an attitude that keeps me from being swallowed by that whale again. I know I’m loved because God listens to me with deep insight and compassion. He could be doing a million other things—like running the whole universe, yet He takes the time to stop for me.

When I think about the people I’ve met in my life and the encouragement, warmth, and kindness they gave to me, I realize God is the source of their love. And I keep catching all these glimpses of Him in the people I meet, both in and out of church, and I am delighted to discover His lovely sense of humor. James says that “every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights.” Remembering this gives me hope to face every new day.

Perhaps my questions to God during the dark times were impolite, too full of doubt. But I’m glad I asked them. We must continue bringing all our questions to God. The answers may not come the way we planned or expected. We might encounter a “whale” on a rescue mission. But our personal story will be unique, our experience will be special. Like snowflakes, every one of us is unique. We can never be replaced.

There’s only one treasure we can take from this planet to share with the rest of the universe: the life we let God make beautiful in His time.

Someday soon we’ll see God’s kindest face for the very first time. Then with the friends we have introduced to Jesus by revealing Him in our lives, we’ll be forever with the God we’ve come to admire and adore.

“In all their distress he too was distressed, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love . . . he redeemed them; . . . and carried them all the days of old.”

“Who is a God like you, who pardons sin and forgives the transgression? . . . You do not stay angry forever but delight to show mercy. You will again have compassion on us; you will tread our sins underfoot and hurl all our iniquities into the depths of the sea.”

1 Jonah 2:3. All the Scripture references in this article are from the New International Version.
2 Verses 6, 7.
5 John 14:9.
6 Harold Kushner, When Bad Things Happen to Good People (Wheaton, Ill.: Tyndale House Publishers, 1978).
8 Isaiah 53:3.
9 James 1:17.
10 Isaiah 63:9.
11 Micah 7:18, 19.

Clarinda Wang is a freelance artist and writer living in New South Wales, Australia.
Many summers ago, I worked as a prep cook at the Grand Canyon. One warm, lazy afternoon I wandered through the village and was greeted by a strange sight. I saw a young couple huddled together, eyes riveted on a park brochure held in the man's right hand, absorbed in a discussion of the next point of interest. The man's left arm was flung out to his side, muscles tensed, hand grasping the end of a taut, vibrating leash. The leash was snapped to a halter that restrained, not an overzealous dog, but a screaming toddler who clawed wildly at the air and struggled, with every ounce of his fierce little being, to break free and hurtle headfirst through the crowd to his next point of interest.

At the time, I sympathized with the boy. Imagine, I huffed to myself, walking your child on a leash as though he were a dog! I've since been grocery shopping with a slippery toddler or two, and my sympathies have shifted somewhat. But I still feel for the boy—because I, too, know what it's like to chafe at the end of a frustratingly short leash.

My short leash is an invisible physical limitation called asthma. As far back as I can remember, asthma and its attendant allergies have been as integral a part of my identity as blue eyes and blond hair. I was the girl at the slumber party who went home wheezing in the morning because of the cat who'd just had kittens in the closet. The pale, skinny kid in PE who couldn't run anything more strenuous than the 50-yard dash. The wannabe backpacker who fantasized about but never actually went camping because of all that insidious mold-infested, pollen-producing green stuff.

When I became an Adventist Christian, I felt sure the Lord would cut me loose from my short leash. I ate, slept, and prayed the eight natural remedies (see *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 127). I vowed that when I was healed, I would sail to the farthest corners of this inhospitable, allergenic earth. And I never got to carry the gospel to the farthest corners of this inhospitable, allergenic earth.

What can be concluded from this daily, lifelong confrontation with weakness and limitation? Just this: While God desires me to have the best health I can possibly have in this body, He doesn't need to make me well to make me useful. He doesn't need to disregard His own divinely ordained laws of heredity to make me a partaker of His divine nature, and an effective ambassador of His grace.

The marvel of Christianity is its utter lack of dependence upon favorable circumstances; its capacity to thrive in the most forbidding environment, even hampered by weakness and limitation—transforming the believer and the world, not from the outside in, but from the inside out. The glory of Christianity is the omnipotent God subjecting Himself to the limitations imposed by His own laws of heredity, eternally identifying Himself with the frailty and affliction of the children of Adam, surrendering Himself to the outworking of our deep, inward enmity—and coming off more than conqueror.

It's an infuriating mystery to the carnal mind that “God chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise; God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong. He chose the lowly things of this world and the despised things... so that no one may boast before him” (1 Cor. 1:27, 28, NIV).

I might well wish it were otherwise. Wheezing and sneezing, itching and scratching just don't feel very noble and victorious. But my day of deliverance is coming. Until then, I can know that my short leash keeps me near the One who grips it with divine-human empathy. And to demonstrate my faith, I tossed my inhaler into the trash.

The Reader's Digest version (as my husband would call it) of this long, melodramatic tale is this: No longer a sickly, skinny, asthmatic kid, I'm now a skinny, asthmatic, somewhat harder version of my younger self. And I never got to carry the gospel to the farthest corners of this inhospitable, allergenic earth.

Leslie Kay and her family live near the arid and relatively pollen-free community of Chloride, Arizona.
Global Mission places before the world church a goal—Finish 14K—to finish planting 14,000 new congregations for the current decade. According to best estimates the Adventist Church has planted 13,000 new congregations since 1990. The challenge remains to plant 1,000 more new congregations in the remaining 500 days between February 1999 and the General Conference session in July 2000.

Finish 14K is a huge venture in faith. Many of the 1,000 new congregations will be planted among peoples who have had strong resistance to the Christian faith. These are difficult areas.

10/40 and Secular Challenges

Only 9 percent of Adventist members live in the 10/40 window where 60 percent of the world’s population lives in 88 countries. Previously there have been few church planting programs to bring hope to vast populations of Buddhist, Hindu, Muslim, and animist peoples. Some of the most startling church membership statistics come from secular urban centers, where six in 10 people live. Church planting among secular people living in the West is one of the greatest challenges facing the church. Finish 14K is touching these centers with hope.

This isn’t a time for the church to look backward or suspend our gospel work while caring for things that may appear to be of higher priority. Amid the turmoil and tensions that touch every part of the world and that to some may appear to absorb the church, it’s not a time for paralysis.

The Need for Action

Compassion for people means proclaiming hope in Christ. As never before, the church needs to move forward. There are now unprecedented opportunities to proclaim Christ’s name among the great populations of the earth.

Recent church history is encouraging. Since 1990 the number of church members has at least quadrupled in every conference in the former Soviet Union. During this period at least 40,000 more people have been baptized in China than the former Soviet Union.

In the past 12 months the number of members amid the 500 million Hindus of northern India has almost doubled. In Muslim countries, better left unnamed, thousands have joined the church, and hundreds of new congregations now worship. These opportunities have not been created by humans. God is opening the door, calling His people home.

Finish 14K directly addresses the invitation of the gospel commission. The Bible characters in Hebrews 11 were judged faithful not because they performed great acts but because they trusted God. Each day they lived in faith and made renewal and revival their highest priority. Are revival and faith our highest priorities? How will we respond to Finish 14K?

The most important thing we can do for Finish 14K is to pray. I met a young man who had prayed for a woman who had been devil-possessed for 10 years. At her baptism the young man testified, “God answered my prayer.”

A woman in North America prayed...
that she might be God’s witness in a community in which there was no church. “God answered my prayer,” she testified at the baptism of the ninetieth person to whom she had witnessed.

God is still answering prayers. He will answer your prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon people who have no hope.

Thousands of lay members are working as Global Mission pioneers, establishing new groups of believers in unentered areas. Many more would like to join them. The average cost of establishing a new congregation varies from place to place. In the 10/40 window it costs about $10,000. Past experience has taught us that in the 10/40 window Global Mission volunteers can establish a new congregation in about a year. However, two pioneers are needed in a location for five years. Congregations simply disappear if pioneers leave a place after a year, without firmly establishing it.

Ten thousand dollars provides three weeks of training for the pioneers, a $500 monthly stipend for each pioneer for five years, some very simple and humble evangelism material, plus a few other items. We’ve found that at the end of five years these new congregations average about 100 members.

Post-2000 Challenges

In more affluent areas of the world the cost of establishing a new congregation is much greater. However, in these areas, experience shows that members and congregations will generate their own Finish 14K plans and funding. How encouraged I was recently to see the faith and excitement of leading laypeople who want to evangelize New York City. God’s work isn’t dead in affluent areas. The work is moving forward.

Church planting is being reinvented in North America, Europe, the South Pacific, eastern Asia, and other difficult affluent areas. A new church planted in New South Wales, Australia, recently celebrated its first anniversary. On that day 94 people were worshiping. Among them were 15 “reclaimed” former Adventists, and nine unchurched people who have been recently baptized. Not huge numbers by some standards, but very heartening for secular Australia.

We believe we can establish 1,000 new congregations by the 2000 General Conference session. After that, Global Mission will continue its mandate to reach the unreached with hope. Part of this task involves planting 1,040 new churches in the 10/40 window with funds generated by the General Conference Session Offering. The 10/40 window is a particularly challenging area for this to happen.

The Holy Spirit is ready, but it makes me wonder: Am I ready?

Oregon Churches Accommodating Refugees From Kosovo

Stone Tower Seventh-day Adventist Church in Portland, Oregon, will be providing shelter for two Kosovar refugees expected to arrive within weeks.

The Stone Tower church has previously assisted refugees from Asia, Russia, and Vietnam. When Susan Bird, coordinator of Sponsors Organized to Assist Refugees (SOAR), gave a presentation on helping refugees from Kosovo, the church was eager to help.

The Stone Tower church will be responsible for a young man and his 17-year-old wife, who will be among the first refugees to arrive in Portland. Members have also volunteered to provide furnishings, food, personal needs, and most important, transportation to the other refugees that are to come.

“All the refugees that are coming have had an eighth grade education at most,” says Phil Shultz, pastor of the Stone Tower church. “Most of them do not speak English. The American Muslim Family Services will be assisting particularly the Muslim refugees that cannot speak English.

“Our church is multiethnic and can relate to the refugees,” says Schultz. “We have nearly 500 members, including many who have come to this country from other places such as Tonga, the Philippines, South Africa, and the Ukraine and know what it’s like to make a new life. Many of these people have been refugees in the sense they’ve come to America destitute and in need of a helping hand, and they, in turn, want to help now.”—Adventist News Network.

Assistant Editor Andy Nash Leaves Review Staff

After three and a half years working on the Review staff, assistant editor Andy Nash is leaving the magazine to join the faculty of Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Nash has spearheaded the Review’s Cutting Edge Edition, which is targeted for young adults. He has also been active with efforts to minister to GenXers in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area and around the North American Division.

“Aidy has made a major contribution to the Review,” says editor and publisher William G. Johnson. “He’s an
Retro Is Back!

BY REGER SMITH, J.R., CREATIVE SUPERVISOR, REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION ART DEPARTMENT

First there was the Plymouth Prowler, the first factory production of a hot rod. Then came the VW Beetle, the runaway seller that proved you can go back again. And now Chrysler announces the “PT Cruiser,” which grabbed my eye in the latest car magazine with a shape reminiscent of a station wagon from the forties. It’s coming to a dealer near you next fall. I’ve got to have one.

There’s retro in the air, with feature films made of old sitcoms and platform shoes from the seventies, and swing is in from the thirties and forties. Why is everyone looking backward?

Somehow we think that it was better then.

It’s actually a condition that affects us Christians, perhaps more than most. We constantly admonish ourselves to get back to where we were, to have a revival! Some have brought it to a near art form, with idealistic views of a more Christian time when Dad, Mom, and kids lived on a tree-lined street in a small town and watched Leave It to Beaver together on the tube. Christian networks have brought back the Beaver and other fifties shows, some have even tried to re-create the small town in programs such as Aventures in Odyssey, with its monoethnic community in which people still pray in public schools.

Salvation was within our grasp, and somehow we let it get away. If only we could go back!

Adventists are focused on the future, or at least that’s what our name implies. We should be wary of putting our hand to the plow and looking back. To be sure, there are pillars of faith and waymarks and things we should not forget about how the Lord has led us in the past. But all of that is to help us see the future more vividly.

Salvation is not behind us. The future ahead is clear.

NEWS COMMENTARY

excellent writer—creative, fresh, and gifted. He developed and shaped the Give & Take page and contributed excellent articles. Readers of all ages looked forward to his material.”

Nash will be an assistant professor of English in the college’s Humanities Division. He will teach writing, speech, and journalism classes. Nash is married to the former Cindy Griffin. They have a 19-month-old daughter, Ally.

Replacing Nash is Kimberly C. Luste Maran, who is currently managing editor of the Columbia Union Visitor. Maran, a graduate of Columbia Union College, brings a wide range of experience to the staff, including writing, editing, photography, design, and production capabilities. She is married to Gidnei Maran.

New Music Contest Seeks Sabbath School Song

A new music competition seeks to find a brand-new Sabbath school song that will join the old standards, such as “Dare to Be a Daniel.”

Sponsored by the North American Division Stewardship and Sabbath School and General Conference Sabbath School departments, and Sabbath School Leadership magazine, the contest seeks to find new songs that point out the challenges and joys of partnering with God for the soon return of Jesus Christ by financially supporting missions through the Investment program, says Faith Crumbly, Sabbath School Leadership editor.

The grand prize is $250, with a second-place prize of $100, and $50 for the third place. The song should have two verses and a chorus and be suitable for primary through adult Sabbath school members. Typeset scores should be mailed to Sabbath School Leadership, 55 West Oak Ridge Drive, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740. Include a stamped, self-addressed postcard, which will be returned to verify receipt of your composition. Deadline for entries is December 1.

News Notes

✔ The Canadian Deaf Ministry recently launched its new “Theater of God’s Universe” Web site at www.tag-net.org/theater. The new site offers a complete presentation of the story of salvation from beginning to end in 20 sections. There’s also a basic Bible history time-line.

What’s Upcoming

June 26  Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the Southern Asia-Pacific Division
July 3  Vacation Witnessing emphasis
July 17  Home Study International Promotion
Aug. 7  Global Mission Evangelism
Some people have seen angels. I haven’t. But some of the human guardians and messengers God has sent my way—and their angelic ministry—has made a difference in my life.

Papa (that’s what I called my grandfather Sauls) prayed before meals, read his Bible, and was a pillar in the rural Missionary Baptist church. He loved children and was forever finding ways to demonstrate that he loved me.

Maniece (that’s what I called my maternal grandmother), a good Christian Scientist, taught me that “God is love,” that a positive attitude is better than a negative one, that as a person “thinketh in his heart, so is he” (Prov. 23:7).

The happiest period of my rather unsettled childhood was the summer between first and second grade. We lived two miles from the Hollywood, Florida, beach. Overcome by depression that summer, my mother stayed in bed. But she let me go to the beach every day. Sometimes I walked; sometimes I hitchhiked. Sometimes I took a sack lunch; sometimes I gathered pop bottles and used the return deposits to buy junk food.

Then I met Rex. He did not smoke or drink. He could turn a complete flip and land on his feet. He and his buddies had come to Hollywood waiting to be drafted into the armed services prior to World War II. That summer Rex taught me to swim and to eat right (milk instead of soda pop, fruit instead of candy) and used his influence to get me on the Hollywood swimming team as their mascot. When he went into the Air Force, he left a healthier, happier little boy in Hollywood.

A couple years later we moved to a different neighborhood. Mr. Barwick lived two houses away. Early Sunday morning he would drive around, see children playing, and ask if they wanted to go to Sunday school and church. Those of us who were interested crowded into the Barwicks’ family car and went to the First Baptist church. We especially liked to go to BTU (Baptist Training Union) Sunday evening because on the way home Mr. Barwick treated us to ice-cream sundaes. As best I knew how, I wanted to be on God’s side and have so chosen ever since.

A lot of aunts and uncles were angels to me—too many to name. Aunt Mittie Mae was so exuberant in her affirmation that I could read it in her voice, her smile, and the twinkle of her eyes. I loved to be around her.

Once when my mother was in the hospital for an extended stay, my father let me take a bus from Hollywood to Homestead all by myself to see Aunt Mitt, Uncle Byrd, and Cousin Jenny. I first became aware of Seventh-day Adventists on that trip. As we drove by a little stone church, people were coming out. It was Saturday. “Look at those Seventh-day Adventists,” said Uncle Byrd.

T hey keep Saturday for Sunday.”

Back at the Sauls’ home place in Georgia, I attended Sunday school every week at the Freewill Baptist Church just down the road. Ms. Pete Aycock was the young people’s teacher. And she was a good one. She motivated us to memorize the Beatitudes, Psalm 1, Psalm 23, 1 Corinthians 13, and the Ten Commandments. She gave us presents at Christmas time. After I moved away, she corresponded with me until she couldn’t write anymore and had to go into a nursing home.

How helpful Pastor David Henrickson and his wife were to me while I was deciding to become a Seventh-day Adventist. They opened their home to me every weekend and took me 500 miles to see Southern Missionary College (now Southern Adventist University). During my six years at that college I found wonderful guardians in many of my teachers and classmates.

As God sends angels to guard and instruct, so He sends humans. He wants us to be guardians and messengers to the children and youth around us. We can make an eternal difference in their lives.

So it seems to me.

R. Lynn Sauls is a retired college/university professor who lives in Naples, Florida, with his wife, Helen.
How Shall I Know Him?

After Dad died, my two sisters and I brought out his box of old photo albums and important papers to gather and verify information for his obituary. There was, however, another great need, and that was to touch the remaining tangibles and review the history of the life that had meant so much to us.

As we looked at photos of him as a child, as a medical school graduate, and as a young father with the first of his growing family, questions came to my mind that had surfaced a few times in the past: What will he look like in heaven?

Surely he wouldn’t appear as we had last seen him, wincing in pain, but being incredibly brave. My younger sister had ordered an enlargement of his most recent photo for the church directory taken at age 83. Mom was no longer able to advise his choice of fashion. It showed. After age 80, he felt, people should be allowed more choices in their appearance. Dad loved his plaid shirts and the neckties that “highlighted” them. He even enjoyed being unconventional in his dress for church. On his eighty-fourth birthday he announced he would never shave again—and he didn’t. Would the earthly father who came up from his ashen grave greet us on the heavenward journey with a bushy beard or a more colorful garment of light? Or would I know him first by the sound of his voice or the gentle humor in his eyes?

And what about me? What face will I wear in heaven? The wiggly towhead of the early family photos; the middle-aged mom; or a white-haired somebody I’ve yet to become? How will we find each other again? How will I know my family? How will I know my friends?

I fell asleep that night thinking about heaven and reunions; about promises of resurrection and life eternal on an earth made new. The God who created us would know most assuredly how to re-create us. Drowsy thoughts recalled word snatches from a favorite book: “As Jesus arose from the dead, so those who sleep in Him are to rise again. We shall know our friends, even as the disciples knew Jesus. In the glorified body their identity will be perfectly preserved. In the face radiant with the light shining from the face of Jesus, we shall recognize the lineaments of those we love” (The Desire of Ages, p. 804).

In 1 Corinthians 13:12 I find comfort for my lifelong problem of failing to recognize people, although they haven’t changed much. “For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known.” Even the people I’ve known the longest or loved the most, I’ve seen with vision clouded by my forgetfulness, my needs, my twisted perceptions, misunderstandings, expectations, and fears. God will take away the foggy lenses of my mind and memory and restore my vision with the clear magnifying lenses of His love.

Indeed, what a blessed hope—this hope of living again in the visible presence of Jesus and with those we love. It is more than a hope; it is an assurance. I heard that assurance in my father’s last words to us: “I’ll see you in the morning.” I sensed even then that he meant morning—the resurrection morning.

I Shall Know Him

What face of his shall greet me on that day
I cannot know
Nor yet which visage of my own
shall meet his view
But gone will be all lines of pain and stress
which creased his jaw and filled his eyes
with strange forgetfulness.
What re-created likeness God shall choose
to link us to the ones that we have known
I cannot tell—nor is there need—
For God, in wisdom of His own,
might choose our hour that pleased Him most
And give to our enlightened eyes
the power to see and recognize.

—Lois Pecce