Return to the Land of Smiles

Six years after serving as student missionaries, Jeff Emde, Roger Hunter, and Andy Nash revisit Thailand with fond memories—and a few questions.
Spared the Scissors
Occasionally I'll cut out an article or editorial that I find particularly meaningful. I didn't do that to any article in the May 21 Cutting Edge Edition. I saved the whole issue.

Cover to cover, it was right on!

—Douglas Kingsfield
Bavaria, Germany

Honor Thy Father and Mother
Fortunately, I have not had the same experience with my parents as Eileen Greenwalt had with hers (see “Honor Thy Father and Mother,” May 21). My “silent generation” parents have been very supportive of me, a baby boomer, in my spiritual walk.

Yet I very much relate to this article, particularly this sentence: “No one dares to tell the story of the anguish of the children who live in an invisible exile imposed by the traditions of their elders.” This has often been my experience within the local church. And yes, it is painful.

—Tacy Schmoling
Saint Clair, Michigan

This article really bothered me. Even though the writer’s father was a difficult, opinionated, and critical man, that does not make his actions a picture of the Adventist Church. The author asks, “Are we going to define Adventism in ways that encourage the pursuit of God’s truth in every area of life (psychology, sociology, archaeology, the sciences, the arts), or are we going to judge everything as ‘foolishness’ or ‘secular’ that challenges our concepts?”

In all of the churches that I’ve been a part of in some 80 years, I have not seen a general picture of such extreme magnitude, either from a parent or congregation. It is good that the author was able to sort out her feelings and come to some kind of closure in regard to her parents, but this was an unfair assessment of the Christians I’ve associated with in the Adventist Church.

—Nora Machlan Woolley
Birmingham, Alabama

Eileen Greenwalt is an extremely intelligent, kind, and loving mother. Her article demonstrated an honor for God that she wisely shares toward her parents. I am 72 years old, and I am proud of her.

—James Cunnington
Camas, Washington

Go easy, boomer, on dear old dad. It looks like he was just checking the oil (your spirit) through the years. His questions to you were the “dipstick.” No doubt you were the apple of his eye.

The swan in the story could have been a male, and Dad that feather. Let it carry his good intentions. In honor give him the benefit of the doubt.

—Edith V. Meikle
Los Gatos, California

A Parent’s Love
Throughout my many years of reading the Review, I have mentally written many letters to the editor. For the first time I am compelled to translate my thoughts to written words by Eileen Greenwalt’s powerful article. I am motivated to respond by both her extraordinary writing skill and her courage to express her feelings and opinions so openly without using a pseudonym. While I cannot truly relate to the experience she describes, I know how commonplace they are!

Common indeed! One had only to read in the same issue Allan Martin’s prattling, pat response to a young person seeking to demonstrate and receive love while not embracing her parents’ theological passions (see “A Parent’s Love: The Passion and the Peril,” May 21). Martin made some broad assumptions, for the questioner did not scorn God’s gift of salvation, nor indicate a lack of interest in spending eternity in heaven. Like Eileen Greenwalt, the person freely admitted that he or she was not in lockstep with the parents. How could it be that Martin had no words of counsel for this person? What constraints of tradition dictated such a cold response: “How do you get them to love you without wanting to spend eternity with you? I really don’t know.”

I have a son who chooses to attend a church of a different faith with his wife. I love him dearly and acknowledge the Christian witness he and his wife have in their present church home. I am comfortable with accepting his warm words of love and
encouragement at birthdays, Mother's Days, and similar celebrations. Since when did Christian love cease to be unconditional?

Martin’s response provided a classic example of the pain and distress Greenwalt experienced from the rebuffs and disapproval her parents made in good conscience.

—Charlene J. Scott
PALISADE, COLORADO

I appreciated Allan Martin’s reply in “A Parent’s Love: The Passion and the Peril” (May 21). In not claiming to have the answer to the question regarding parental concern over whether their children will go to heaven, he showed much wisdom. There is no way committed parents experiencing the gift of salvation through Christ can not want their children to have that same experience and be in heaven with them.

—Lois K. Carscallen
POTLATCH, IDAHO

Seinfeld
David Smith (“The Missing Ingredient on Seinfeld,” May 21) and Kermit Netteburg (“The ‘Seinfelding’ of Adventist Preaching,” May 21) make the shocking assumption that most Adventist Review readers are Seinfeld fans. Heaven help us if that really is true.

Smith assesses the meaninglessness of the program and draws some appropriate moral lessons, albeit with a twinge of nostalgia. Netteburg is straightforward: “We’ll miss Jerry, George, Elaine, and Kramer. They’ve become our imaginary friends.” Really? The church may be in bad shape, but have the majority of us sunk so low as to savor the fellowship of these fools and philanderers? If the program promos are a fair sampling of its nonsense and vulgarity, the show comes light-years short of the pure, lovely, and virtuous enjoined in Philippians 4:8.

I regret that the Review gave space to what constitutes tacit approval of viewing such programs.

—Lee Roy Holmes
COVILLE, WASHINGTON

My daily newspaper in reporting on the final episode of Seinfeld wrote that the cast faced a parade of past misdeeds and were put on trial for vilifying “good Samaritans” and not helping a carjacking victim. Smith’s article says (about the program in general), “Sure, it’s funny stuff.” My definition is “sick, sick, sick.” I can’t understand why any Adventist—or any intelligent being—would watch such drivel. My church paper has deeply insulted my Lord and my church by printing such an article.

—Carroll Brauer, pastor
STRASBURG, VIRGINIA

It’s important to focus on the main point of any message. Immediately after “Sure, it’s funny stuff,” the article reads: “People laugh because they’re laughing at themselves and their own warts and worries. But when God isn’t in the equation, life is basically a meaningless collection of episodes.” —Editors.

Rewarding Apathy

In the past few weeks I’ve been struggling with the same subject (rewarding apathy) in my church and with myself. It is way past time for our leaders and members to get out of the office chairs and church pews and share the happiness we have as Seventh-day Adventists and Christ’s soon return.

—Anderson K. Barbosa
POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA

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—Anderson K. Barbosa
POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA
"Behold, I come quickly . . ."

Our mission is to uplift Jesus Christ through stories of His matchless love, news of His present workings, help for knowing Him better, and hope in His soon return.
Capping a week of intense and at times tense discussions, Adventist and Lutheran representatives voted a document of joint understanding on May 15, 1998. For all involved the time together proved to be not merely hard work but a movable feast of divine serendipities.*

With good reason, the topic of widest difference, eschatology, was left for the final round in the four-year process. Discussion focused on the distinctives of Adventist prophetic understanding—the books of Daniel and Revelation, the heavenly sanctuary, and the pre-Advent judgment. Leaving no sensitive stone unturned, Adventists also presented their views of the teachings most offensive to the Lutherans—Babylon and the mark of the beast.

So far apart were the respective views that by midweek the conversation seemed headed for an impasse. However, the Lord apparently had something better in mind, and by the close of the conference the representatives were ready to vote the report unanimously.

For me, the work in Cartigny, Switzerland, was marked by high drama and high privilege. Although exhausting, it was ringed with good things:

**Breakthrough:** In the first of its recommendations the report calls on Lutherans worldwide to regard Adventists as a “free church” and a world Christian communion. This change carries enormous significance: it removes the stigma of sect or cult under which Adventists have often suffered.

**Hope:** What a message Adventists have for the world! One of the Lutheran representatives, a gentle professor of theology from Madagascar, Marietta Razivelo, said it well at the close: “I have learned that Adventists truly believe in sola scriptura, and that they believe in it more than Lutherans because, like Martin Luther, they proclaim the Second Coming.”

**Spirituality:** We started each day with worship in an eighteenth-century church adjoining the center. Sabbath we drove across the border to France and worshiped at our college at Collonges. It was Communion and for the Lutherans their first experience to observe a foot-washing ceremony. They were deeply moved; the Canadian professor who washed my feet shed tears as he prayed.

**Scholarship:** The papers from the Adventist side were presented by Hans Heinz (eschatology), Jon Paulien (Revelation), and Bill Shea (Daniel). They did us proud. Most modern scholars assign the book of Daniel to the second century B.C., thus making its “prophecies” written after the event. But Shea, invited to give arguments for the sixth-century B.C. date, responded with a tour de force. Speaking rapidly and without notes, he gave a 30-minute presentation encyclopedic in its array of evidence from history, archaeology, linguistics, and chronology.

**Song:** Late one evening a couple of us went for a walk under the full moon. Making our way through the woods to the valley of the Rhone, we heard the sound of cowbells in the meadows, then a distant cuckoo calling across fields of barley and rape. Suddenly, a new sound—the lilting, ever-changing song of the nightingale. Then another nightingale joined, and another, and another, and more, until we were engulfed in a heavenly symphony.

**Vindication:** For many years Bert B. Beach, cochair of the conversations, has personally nurtured contacts with leaders of other churches. At times misunderstood, sometimes vilified by those who, in spite of Ellen White’s counsels, consider any such conversation to be sleeping with the enemy, Beach has become the church’s leading statesman.

**Vitality:** The energy and vibrancy of Adventism stood out in Cartigny, as it has throughout the four years. We are a people with a clear, distinct message and mission. Therefore, while we gladly sit down with other Christians to share and listen, we cannot join the ecumenical movement.

*See the June 25 Adventist Review for the full report voted May 15.
Unless you’ve been hibernating for the past 12-18 months, you must’ve noticed the widespread emphasis on spiritual things—especially here in North America. Life magazine has run feature stories about angels, the Holy Spirit, heaven, and children’s letters to God. Popular newstand magazines like Newsweek, Esquire, U.S. News and World Report, Time, Sports Illustrated, Self, and Men’s Health have contained major articles about prayer, spirituality, the Ten Commandments, the seven deadly sins, marital fidelity, prophecy, etc.

Last year, while flying to a camp meeting appointment, I picked up United Airline’s in-flight magazine, Hemispheres, and read an essay by a woman of Jewish descent who wrote about how she had “discovered” the spiritual benefits of keeping the Sabbath—from Friday sundown to Saturday sundown.

Non-Christian religions like Islam, Buddhism, Scientology, and Hinduism are making inroads among former Christians, influencing people in all socioeconomic and ethnic categories. Popular television programs deal more with the supernatural, and secular recording artists perform songs with religious themes and speak openly about their faith.

Meanwhile, in a society in which schoolchildren use guns, knives, and bombs to terrorize other students and their teachers; in which newborn babies are discarded like refuse; and in which professional athletes, politicians, and media personalities flout standards of moral behavior, it’s no wonder that social commentators are calling for a return to a basic understanding about what constitutes right and wrong. And the consensus among many is that only a demonstration of real spirituality will solve society’s problems.

Now, whether such an emphasis on spiritual things will ultimately solve anything, the fact remains that there seems to be a widespread hunger for spiritual things. The question is: Do Seventh-day Adventists have something to offer those who are looking for true spirituality? Give them a book or pamphlet to read. Technology has provided audio and video presentations to facilitate this dissemination of information, which targets the head but doesn’t always affect the heart.

Second, we must acknowledge that individuals on a quest for spirituality are searching for a relationship with God. People who join the church aren’t looking for a few lifestyle changes and a new social network so much as they are searching for a relationship with a divine Being who will help them answer life’s great questions: Where did I come from? Why am I here? Where am I going?

Finally, today’s seekers rightly resist having someone else do their thinking for them. Spirituality is a personal thing, between a person and his or her God. So those on a quest for spirituality are less likely to accept something just because we say so. They’re looking for a difference in their quality of life they can experience personally; for a connection with the divine that will heal their loneliness, mend their relationships with others, and give purpose and meaning to their lives.

The search for spirituality notwithstanding, there’s a lot of baloney out there. Not everything you see in print is worth the paper it’s written on. Not every interview you hear broadcast on radio or TV is credible.

But there are encouraging trends among Christians of all denominations, marked by a renewed interest in the spiritual disciplines: prayer, Bible study, Christian meditation, charitable giving, and community service. A authentic spirituality sticks to the basics—those elements that have served Christians over many generations—and ignore the fads that mislead the unstable and deceive the gullible.

The best advertisement for real spirituality is a fellowship of believers who are redeemed by the Father, filled with the love of Jesus, and empowered by the Holy Spirit to demonstrate God’s character and model true spirituality throughout the world—starting in our own neighborhoods.
BROWNIE DOES THAILAND

When Diana Quale, a kindergarten teacher at Forest Lake Elementary Education Center (FLEEC), near Orlando, Florida, heard that Jeff Emde—husband of FLEEC administrative assistant Victoria Emde—was flying from Orlando to Thailand (see the cover story beginning on page 14), she wondered whether Jeff would mind some company—a backpack-wearing stuffed bear named Brownie.

“Huh?” said Jeff.

Mrs. Quale then explained that Brownie’s travels made for interesting presentations in geography class. So if it wouldn’t be too much trouble, maybe Jeff could snap a couple dozen photos of Brownie in Thailand.

Why not? figured Jeff. It had been a long time—several months, anyway—since he had carried a stuffed animal around.

Without further ado, here’s what Brownie did on his recent trip—as seen through the lens of Jeff’s Minolta:

- Presented his passport
- Sat in a muggy train
- Went to church
- Reclined
- Rode in a motorcycle taxi
- Ate lots of watermelon
- Bought more film
- Had an interfaith dialogue
- Went shopping

ATTENTION, REVIEW READERS . . .

Submissions to our Give & Take page aren’t limited to Adventist Life anecdotes and Adventist Quotes.

If you have a brief, engaging photo essay (like this one) or a contest idea or a knockout church activity or a church-related drawing or watercolor or whatever, feel free to send it in. Submissions won’t be acknowledged or returned, but we promise serious consideration.

Send contributions to Give & Take, Adventist Review, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904.
Making Time for God

Whether you’re an attorney, a homemaker, a physician, or a surfer, you can do it. Here’s how.

BY DAVID A. PENDLETON

PETER MARSHALL, POWERFUL well-known preacher of the 1940s, is perhaps best remembered for his service as chaplain to the United States Senate. Through his expository sermons and by his example he encouraged and influenced many Americans to hold fast to their faith and to use each day as an opportunity to serve humanity and draw closer to God.

I never met him. I never heard him speak. But his influence on me has been undeniable and unshakable. Like most other Americans—and as a legislator—I’m terribly busy. Appointments, speeches, interviews, votes, professional and personal obligations—these fill the pages of my daily planner and crowd out many other activities that otherwise would find a place in my weekly schedule. Yet through personal experience—and the example of Peter Marshall—I have learned to make a daily appointment with one Person: Jesus Christ.

I Actually Block Out Time

I was reading a transcribed sermon of Peter Marshall’s one day, when it dawned on me that all of the strength and power to accomplish all that cried out for my time came from one Source: God. And in fact there is really only one purpose in life, one reason for being—and that is to serve God.

Accordingly, I began to make appointments with God. I did not just intend to pray or read or worship. I actually blocked out time in my daily planner for the Creator of the universe.

At first I felt uncomfortable with this. Should I not dedicate the entire morning, the entire day, the entire week or month or year, to God? How odd to write in the letters “G-O-D” next to the 6:00 a.m. line in my planner!

However, I quickly overcame my queasiness regarding such a practice, because it was soon apparent to me that a less-disciplined approach resulted in my spending very little time with God, if any. Before I started scheduling time for God, most mornings would begin with a perfunctory prayer, followed by the reading of a verse or two. Prayers before meals occurred periodically through the day, and at evening we had a 20-minute family worship.

Now I scheduled in a full half hour (or hour) for worship, prayer, and meditation in the morning. I actually had time to read long passages of Scripture, time to drink deeply from the well of living water. I had time to read the Bible, classic works by Charles Spurgeon and C. S. Lewis, and of course, the inspirational writings of Ellen G. White. I had time to pray without rushing through an abbreviated list of requests. I could just visit with God, spend time sharing my joys and sorrows, spend time listening to the voice of God. In the
evenings family worship proceeded in a relaxed fashion. We could play Bible games and memorize Scripture together. This was not only quality family time; it was an investment in eternity.

Tips for the Overburdened

I am so thankful that God impressed upon me this unconventional way to make time for Him—actually writing in His name in my schedule. I would like to share a few tips with those who might also find themselves overly occupied with the concerns of this world.

1. Make a daily appointment with God.

Do not be afraid to block out generous portions of time for God. If you make personal devotion time a priority, everything else will fall into place. God will help you to complete the to-do lists you have for the day.

At first I was concerned that blocking out an hour showed that the other hours were purely secular. I quickly learned that starting and ending the day with God resulted in a day in which God's presence permeated all activities in between, regardless of how secular or monotonous the task or endeavor.

Make a daily appointment with God. Put it on your kitchen calendar or daily planner. Just as you hate to miss appointments, you'll develop the discipline for meeting your appointments with God, and experience a sense of joy. You'll grow in knowledge, wisdom, and love. You'll grow in Christ Jesus.

"Blessed is the man who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked or stand in the way of sinners or sit in the seat of mockers. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and on his law he meditates day and night" (Ps. 1:1, 2).*

2. Read some Scripture every day, no matter what.

Your appointments with God should involve listening to Him speak. Reading His Word is such an opportunity. Perhaps you need encouragement. It's there in the Bible. Perhaps you need courage. It's there to be found. Perhaps you need admonishment. It's there.

Or perhaps you have always wanted to read the Bible through cover to cover. There is no better way to do that than by reading a few chapters each day. Jesus said, "'O ne does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4, NRSV).

3. Pray at the beginning and ending of each day, and before beginning and after completing significant tasks.

Prayer is not something to get out of the way so that we can commence the business of the day. Rather prayer is the business of the day. Whichever you are an attorney, physician, business owner, homemaker, or surfer, what you do for a living and the ultimate purpose for your life should never be confused. While labor is honorable and important, just simply paying the bills is not the goal of life. Instead, the goal should be to be with God.

Titles, degrees, and accomplishments are nice to have. There is nothing wrong with such things. Seventh-day Adventists have achieved tremendous success inside and outside the church. God does not ask us to lead mediocre lives. But He does call us to lead lives dedicated to Him and centered on Him. And there is no way to live such lives without prayer.

I've found that nurturing spontaneous prayer is something even—and perhaps especially—the busy professional can do. We should "pray continually," Paul said in 1 Thessalonians 5:17.

4. Include family worship in your daily planner.

Managing one's own calendar is a challenging task. But coordinating a family worship is next to impossible these days. It can be done, however, if you make personal devotion time a priority, regardless of how secular or monotonous the task or endeavor.

So what do lists you have for the day. God will help you to complete the to-do lists you have for the day.

A temptation will be to give up.

But perhaps this is all the more reason why we should develop the tradition of family worship. That better way to get to know each other than when we are gathered around the family Bible, singing songs and practicing our memory verses. A wise person once said that the family that prays together stays together. How true!

5. Never give up.

Winston Churchill's advice to young prep school lads is applicable to the busy Christian: "Never give in, never give in, never, never, never, never." There will be days when you miss your appointment with God. There will be days when the car breaks down, the dog runs away, the kids get sick and need to be taken to the doctor. The only certainty in life is that life is uncertain.

This should not give rise to defeatism. The temptation will be to give up, to throw up one's hands in frustration, as though yet another diet has been attempted and failed. Begin again the next day. The God we seek to know is a God of love and forgiveness. Let's commit ourselves to the words of the man who was described as a man after God's own heart: "Look to the Lord and his strength; seek his face all the day" (1 Chron. 16:11).

I wish Peter Marshall had been the chaplain to the Hawaii state legislature. How I would have loved to hear him preach! Our deliberative body would surely have been blessed.

But at least I've learned an invaluable lesson from him. Even the busy professional can make that time. Perhaps those who are busy have all the more reason to make that time.

* Unless otherwise indicated, all Scripture references in this article are from the New International Version.

David A. Pendleton, a graduate of La Sierra University and the University of Southern California Law School, is a member of the Hawaii state legislature.
Why Adventist Hospitals Count

Imagining the Shape of Things to Come

BY DE LONA LANG BELL

M A G I N E H O W Y O U ’ D F E E L I F W H I L E B R O W S I N G through the list of the “Best Companies in America to Work For,” you find the Adventist health-care system listed near the top.

Or perhaps you find—amid the barrage of stories about how corporate America has disappointed the public by acts of corporate greed—a story about how Adventist hospitals are leading their communities in engineering social change that results in reducing teen pregnancies.

Maybe you attend a professional seminar and find an Adventist leading the corporate roundtable discussions on creating socially responsive businesses, or defining ethics in health care, or designing organizational cultures using Christian principles.

Or perhaps you make a visit to your local bookstore and learn that replacing the best-seller *The Seven Habits of Highly Successful People* is a book on creating virtue in organizations, written by an Adventist, based on the Christian principles found in the Bible and presented in culturally relevant language.

Unlikely?
Not at all. In fact, it was radical thinking and a desire to make the gospel practical that brought into being one of the world’s largest private educational and health-care systems— the one established by the founders of the Adventist Church.

Their legacy is impressive, but have we been equally radical in our thinking?

The fact is: in a world that is driven more by profit than by service in all areas of business, frustrated millions are searching for organizations they can trust, organizations that are at least as concerned with the welfare of the public as with corporate profits. Our culture’s growing understanding of the ties between physical illness and social, spiritual, and emotional problems has made our communities long for a health-care system that can respond to them in better ways than traditional health care has responded.

Businesses around the world are flocking to the latest management seminars, seeking to find a magic method for motivating employees or improving service. Most are blind to the power in the gospel to create workplaces that bring out the best in people.

This is the culture to which those who work in our health-care organizations are called. It is a different environment than the one out of which our health-care system emerged, and it demands that we seek relevant ways of responding.

What are Adventist hospitals bringing to this changing business arena?

Much, if we continue to remember where we’ve come from and where we’re going.

In a world hungry for business integrity and a return to public service, Adventist health care stands positioned to respond in a powerful way.

Christianity, rightly understood and nobly lived, provides a framework for business that is others-centered, and this in turn is the best antidote to corporate greed. Our health-care system grew out of an others-centered desire to help our communities, and if we nourish that impulse, it can grow in ways that transform our troubled communities into places of hope, peace, and healing.

How can we preserve and build upon this rich tradition while also making it more and more relevant to a rapidly changing culture? Here are some simple suggestions:

1. We must recognize that our health-care workers need to experience grace and inner healing for themselves if they are to help others find it. Reaching our potential for healing and being others-centered will require that all who work in Adventist health care have had a life-changing encounter with the Great Physician themselves, patterning their lives and work behaviors after the model of the One who defines others-centeredness.

To do this, our churches must support our health-care workers’ spiritual growth and mission in new ways. We must make it a high priority across the face of Adventism to train, inspire, hire, and nurture health-care workers who are enthusiastic about our mission and who view their work as a sacred calling.

2. We must keep our eyes on the goal: the work of healing is first and foremost the work of Christ. Ellen White reminds us that Jesus spent more time healing than preaching. No one said it more beautifully than Teresa of Ávila: “Christ has no body on earth now but yours; no hands but yours; no feet but yours; yours are the eyes through which Christ’s compassion is to look out on the world; yours are the feet with which He is to go about doing good; yours are the hands with which He is to bless folk now.”

Jesus told us how we could find Him on this earth: look for the hungry and feed them, or for the thirsty and give them drink. We find Him by looking for the homeless and giving them a place to sleep, or for the naked and giving them clothes. He is found among the sick and those in prison, and in His name we visit them.
Jesus still walks among us in the exam rooms of our medical clinics, in the surgery suites of our hospitals, and on the streets of our communities. No Adventist organization has the ability to reach into every corner of a community like an Adventist health-care facility can. More people will walk through the halls of our hospitals and clinics than will ever set foot in our churches, schools, evangelistic meetings, or conference offices. Opportunities to generously extend healing and acceptance to visitors and patients are limited only by our vision and energy.

3. We must continue to learn how healing occurs and to understand what people are longing for. Fifty years ago the railroad industry lost a golden opportunity when it viewed its business as being “railroads” instead of transportation. People today are looking for more than medications and procedures; they’re longing for wholeness and healing. Health-care workers who clearly understand what people need and want will be able to offer care within that context. This focus on human need will call us to listen better, understand more, and be willing to look beyond traditional paradigms as we define the business we are really in and define healing in new ways. Some organization will respond to the public’s growing discontent with health care as we know it today. Who better than Adventists—who pioneered advances in prevention and health a century ago?

4. As church members, we must dream with our health-care system about what it might become. Our Adventist health-care workers are longing to make their ministry more powerful, more effective, but they cannot do it alone. The possibilities are endless. Imagine churches partnering with local clinics or hospitals to provide help to patients who are in need—mowing lawns and getting groceries for patients unable to leave their home after a hospitalization, or making home visits to new mothers to provide encouragement. How might the church provide better health education to the world if our educational and health-care systems once again partnered to lead the cause?

5. We must understand and value our past. The ideals that Adventist hospitals have embraced from their inception continue to shape our efforts in hundreds of facilities around the globe. In light of that rich, progressive heritage, I often ask myself why my generation isn’t talking about building new health-care organizations or schools or missions—as our church founders did. They were visionaries—men and women focused on the future. They faced impossible odds—and won—and today we are blessed by the fruits of their energy and faith. That spirit can flourish in Adventism as we choose to study and grasp the lessons of our history.

6. Finally, we must preserve ownership. Ownership, in the end, is what preserves philosophy, and philosophy is what drives behavior. At its deepest level, health-care ministry is a mission. The core ideals that shape how we view our communities, our neighbors, and our future are inextricably linked to what we know and believe about God. These beliefs shape our organizations in a way that we must acknowledge and embrace. And while cooperation with other organizations is desirable, mergers can threaten our core ideology.

Somewhere a headline is waiting to be written. Let’s dream, talk, and build toward a day when our communities recognize Adventist health-care organizations as the place of choice to work, the best corporate citizens—a health-care system that really understands what it means to offer healing, hope, and peace to a world so desperately hungry for those very gifts.

DeLona Lang Bell writes from Walla Walla, Washington.
Unfinished Business

We went back to show them we cared—and to see whether our year together had made any difference.

BY ANDY NASH

My last images of them were blurred. Two layers of tears—mine, theirs—killed any chance of clarity.

What an incredibly cruel trick, I remember thinking the evening of July 1, 1992, as our open-air train gathered momentum for the 18-hour journey toward Bangkok International Airport. You get hurled into people's lives for one year—just long enough to really care, just long enough to really laugh. Then you get ripped away, with no assurance of ever seeing them again.

O h, sure, we promised to write, to call, to come back one day. They nodded politely, knowingly. Same old story. Student missionaries go home and resume their former lives. They write a lot at first, even call at Christmas. But then the communication slows, ceases.

And they never come back . . .

T'S THE MORNING OF APRIL 9, 1998, AND we're on our way back.

My former colleagues—Jeff Emde, from Florida, and Roger Hunter, from Britain—and I have carved from our calendars five short days in Hat Yai (pronounced Haad Yai), a medium-sized dot on the map just above Malaysia.

In my idealism I booked a train with open-air, rather than air-conditioned, compartments. Nice one, Andy. I've been thinking the entire 19-hour trip. So have Jeff and Roger.

It's hot here—the height of Thailand's summer—and the equator's getting closer all the time. We didn't sleep the whole night and now we just sit and stare blankly at the rice fields and wonder out loud how much will have changed in six years.

A day in Bangkok hinted at surface changes. Beepers and cell phones are big now. Everyone's got one. In every way except religion, the West keeps creeping in. For every Buddhist temple you'll find a Titanic poster.

But it isn't cultural trends we're here to monitor. It's the people.

The people in general—the Thai mother and baby boy rushing out of their home, a pile of boards, to wave our train through.

A few people, in particular—the teenage and twenty-something students who for one year dominated our lives.

One of them, Ju, met us with nervous exuberance in Bangkok and now rides south along with us. And as our train chugs into Hat Yai, two more, Yok and Lek, leap up from their wooden benches, screaming. Suddenly, we're filled with adrenaline, wide awake.

The welcome party is small—and when we realize why, we're flattered. It was Yok, Ju, and Lek whom we'd contacted about our return trip, and being covetous of our time, they hadn't told the rest. They wanted Thursday alone with us; they'd help us find the other students later.

And over the weekend we do find them: at the markets, in the shops, around streetside dinner tables. Eyes bugging out, they can't believe we've come back to see them.
Roughly 350 students passed through our classroom doors during our year here. On this trip we find about 35, a tenth. We’ve come with gifts—caps, T-shirts, photos of our families: “This is my wife; this is my baby, this is my baby keeping us up at night . . .”

But we’ve also come with questions—questions that they can answer best. With the comfortable distance that time brings, our former students can now speak much more freely, more seriously, than they ever could before. They can now tell us:

What drew them to our language school? What did they think of the young foreign teachers rotating in year after year? Of Bible class? Of God? Were the stories real to them—or mere fairy tales? What kept most of them from becoming Christian? Do they ever still think about it? Do they ever still think about Him?

Here’s what six of them had to say.

Ju: Still Thinking

An international business student in Bangkok, Ju says she first came to the Hat Yai language school primarily to “have fun” practicing conversational English with the farangs (an affectionate Thai word meaning “foreigners”). After a while, though, she began sticking around for Bible class, then vespers, then the spontaneous sing-alongs after vespers. To this day she remembers the words to “Pass It On,” “This World Is Not My Home,” and “No Other Guide” better than we do.

Though Ju hasn’t accepted Christianity, she says she and her friends “still talk about it late at night sometimes.” Becoming a Christian while your elders are still alive is “very difficult,” she says.

Lek: One Day at a Time

One of the funniest guys in Hat Yai, Lek had a contagious laugh that used to ring...
throughout the language school. Lately, though, Lek hasn’t had much to laugh about. A few years ago his father died. A few months ago he lost his job—as have so many other Thais during the current recession.

Yet all his bad fortune doesn’t diminish Lek’s view of Buddhism or have him seriously considering Christianity. “I think every religion makes people good. If you do good, you’ll go to heaven,” he says. “I don’t know the future. I just do the best I can today.”

Yok: Looking for Consistency

Now a marketing officer with Southland Rubber Company, Yok was the “heartbeat” of the language school when we were there. Help with a ves-pers skit? We knew Yok would play the part. Spreading the word about the first-fleball game? Yok would handle it. A phone call in Thai gibberish? It was Yok who interceded with groanings

Student Missionary Do’s and Don’ts

BY JEFF EMDE

They say hindsight is 20/20. After contemplating my own mistakes and successes as a student missionary in Thailand, I offer this list of do’s and don’ts to future student missionaries preparing to embark upon one of the most exciting and rewarding experiences of their lives.

DO:

■ attempt to learn the language and customs. People are much more receptive to what you have to offer when they feel that you have a genuine interest in them and their culture. Allow the local people to help you adjust. Although you might feel that you have been sent to help them, nine times out of 10 it works in reverse.

■ make every effort to spend social time with the local people outside of your work environment. As a conversational English teacher, I learned and shared so much more sitting at a table loaded with rice and noodle dishes and surrounded by laughing and smiling Thai faces than I ever could have in the classroom. Group activities are always preferable.

■ use the local Adventist church to define your behavior (unless it would force you to compromise your own standards). For example, just because movie theater attendance might not be a big deal back home doesn’t mean it won’t be everywhere else. Don’t allow your behavior to undermine the work of past—or future—student missionaries or the local church. Consistency is crucial.

■ keep good contact with the friends you’ve made even after you return. One of the chief arguments against student missions is the lack of continuity in the program. The best way to combat this problem is to maintain a link and nurture the relationships. Sending occasional letters, remembering birthdays, and, if possible, returning for a visit can make all the difference.

DON’T:

■ date the local people. Not only can this promote a number of problems for you and the person you’re dating, but it can hurt your relationships with others you are there to serve. Yes, I am aware of success stories, but these are the exceptions, not the rule.

■ count on many baptisms. In a country such as Thailand, where mai pen rai (“never mind”) is a way of life, baptisms don’t come easily. You are there to sow the seeds, not always to reap the harvest.

■ be overly aggressive in witnessing the first few weeks. Give yourself time to develop a rapport with the local people. For a good part of our year, my colleagues and I attempted to build trust with our Buddhist friends, showing them how much fun a Christian walk can be. Then we changed gears and shared the importance of accepting Jesus as their Saviour and Redeemer. Don’t wait too long to intensify your approach, though. You will forever regret a missed opportunity.

■ use your mission experience as an attempt to find yourself or God, although both are likely to occur. Survival as a student missionary can be trying enough with the hectic schedules and unexpected responsibilities. Unless you are well grounded in your Christian faith and fairly comfortable with your own identity, the whole experience may prove to be overwhelming.

For more information on the student missionary program, contact your nearest Adventist college/university or conference youth director. For more information on the program in Thailand, fax Catherine Bryan at 66023819085.

Jeff Emde is a physical therapist in Orlando, Florida.
Hanging On by a Thread
The English language program in Thailand

BY ANDY NASH

Describing the financial situation as “less than broke,” Catherine Bryan, new director for Thailand’s four language schools, says these factors have contributed:

1. Schools’ tithing practices. Until recently the schools in Bangkok, Hat Yai, and Muak Lek hadn’t been returning tithe on their income. Conversely, says Bryan, the new Ubon School started with nothing two years ago, paid tithe on gross income from day one, and now has a hundred students. “God’s blessing them,” says Bryan.

2. Instability of teachers. With too many student missionaries arriving in August and leaving well short of the following August, Bryan is asking for two-year commitments—and dangling round-trip airfares to those who fulfill them.

3. Thailand’s economy. With the baht’s collapse, thousands of parents are out of work, making it more difficult to send their teenagers to the language school up the street.

Financial ups and downs are nothing new to the Thailand schools. Years ago director Pat Gustin—now employed at the Institute of World Mission at Andrews University—helped rescue the language schools from massive debt and rebuilt the program.

Teachers Needed
Meanwhile, Bryan says she continues to seek student missionaries who:

a. Aren’t in it for the money. Though student missionaries to Thailand can live quite comfortably on their 9,000 baht (roughly $225) a month salary, those with heavy debt loads back home will probably need additional help making their payments.

b. Can resist the lure of relationships. Over the years a steady stream of male student missionaries to Thailand have fallen for and/or married Thai women. Very rarely does this help the student missionary program. “We encourage group friendships,” says Bryan.

c. Are committed Christian workers. While Thailand offers some of the best holiday vacations—scuba diving off Phuket, riding elephants in Chiang Mai—in the world, the teaching load itself is “not a holiday,” says Bryan. Apart from a 40-hour work week, student missionaries also plan religious programs and “English club” outings with their students.
we couldn't utter. No one embraced our Christian language school like Yok did.
Yet six years later no one seems more reluctant to embrace Christianity than Yok does. A participant at the school year after year, she seems most troubled by the lack of consistency between student missionaries who have come to work there. “Some teachers don’t do anything for this school because of their own personal reasons,” says Yok. “Teachers should put in writing what they want to do for the language school and for Christianity before coming here.”

Greg: Struggling With Christianity
Baptized in 1985 after studying the Bible with several teams of student missionaries, Greg is wrestling with his faith. “I struggle with being a Christian sometimes,” he says, “because I feel that Christians don’t love each other.” Greg says he hasn’t attended church regularly in a while and feels bad that no one has contacted him.

Greg and his wife (a Buddhist) are expecting a baby later this year. “We’re letting our kids decide their religion on their own,” he says.

Oood: Quietly Accepting Christ
Though Oood attended my Bible class sporadically and spoke English well, he never said much. Outside of class he seemed most concerned about having fun—a cross between cool guy and clown. I was intimidated by Oood, and I dismissed his presence. There was no way he was seriously thinking about God.

“You never paid any attention to me,” Oood, now an attorney, told me on this trip. I sat in stunned silence as he related how God had done “so many wonderful things” for him, how he had been recently baptized, how he witnesses to his Buddhist colleagues at work . . .

It was sobering to learn how badly I’d misjudged him.

Noi: Shining Brightly
The last few months of our term in Thailand, a bright-eyed teenager began coming to our Bible classes—and never stopped. Noi had been reading Christian books since age 12, when some Catholic friends began sending them. Day by day—before our very eyes—Noi’s faith in Jesus Christ grew, and we were delighted to watch it bloom on a cloudy Sabbath afternoon 20 feet off

A Tale of Two Lands

*England and Thailand aren’t anything alike—or are they?*

BY ROGER HUNTER

Stepping out of the Bangkok airport this past April was as shocking to my senses as was the first time I stepped out six years ago. The blazing heat and humidity, the deafening roar of environmentally unfriendly traffic, the rush of cab drivers for your fare, and the smell of fumes and hot tarmac were the same, reminding me forcefully that Thailand differed from my current home, England (and native Scotland), in many, many ways.

The Differences

Scenery. Thailand’s open-air stalls produce mouthwatering odors and promise delicious tropical fruits at prices that would make Europeans weep with envy. The scenery is exotic with coconut palms, rice paddies, oxen, and towering rocky outcrops, giving the land a unique beauty.

People. You will travel all over Europe and probably never find a people as friendly as the Thais.

Once, as a student missionary, I had a puncture in my motorcycle tire. While I waited for the repair person to arrive, a family living in extreme poverty invited me into their shelter, where they offered a bottle of water and a bowl of rice.

Religion. With Christianity and Buddhism the respective state religions, England is graced with abbeys and cathedrals, whereas Thailand is decorated with stunning Buddhist temples. (One evening this contrast physically shook me as I came across a huge reclining Buddha illuminated by ghostly moonlight and the powerful smell of incense.) And whereas Christianity sees itself as the one true religion, Buddhism says everything is correct in its own way. The
Thailand’s east coast.

We were equally delighted to find those same bright eyes six years later. “The best thing about Christianity is loving each other,” says Noi, who’s since moved to the Thai isle of Phuket and hooked up with other Adventists there. “It’s a different kind of love than in Buddhism. Buddhism teaches that if you do good things, you get good things; if you do bad things, you get bad things. It makes your heart fear. In Christianity you love people—even your enemies—because God loves you. No one is perfect, but God still loves you.”

We’ve learned much from the reunion, the interviews with our former students. Two lessons, in particular, stand out:

First, they watch closely—much more closely than most student missionaries realize. Words, even eloquent words, mean zilch if they’re not supported by eloquent behavior. To use Noi’s term, Christian love must be seen as a “different” kind of love than Buddhist love. Otherwise, why would anyone want it?

Second, we didn’t emphasize grace enough. Most of our students, when asked to name a major difference between Buddhism and Christianity, couldn’t think of one. “Every religion is good,” they kept saying. Not one Thai, even the Christian Thais, understood heaven to be a place for Christians only. Good people from all religions would be there, they insisted. It’s a question we continually struggle with.

Goodbye Again

This time the images aren’t so blurred. The mood is upbeat, cheerful as we haul our gifts—wooden elephants, Thailand key chains, silk pajamas for my baby girl, dried noodles for our trip—onto our air-conditioned train car and wave goodbye. Yes, we promise, next time we’ll bring our families along. “Bring your sister, too—very beautiful!” shouts Lek. Everyone laughs. For once, the humor is universal. For once we’re actually leaving the Land of Smiles with everyone smiling.

Twenty minutes up the track, however, Ju’s pager begins to beep. She unhooks it from her belt and translates the Thai characters. Our friends have sent us a two-part message: “We’re crying at the train station. Don’t forget to eat your noodles.”

Andy Nash is an Adventist Review assistant editor.
Sherree Schwartz loves to play tennis. She's been ranked number one among teenagers in Nebraska three years running. Sportswriters and tennis coaches all agree a professional career is within reach, if she just wouldn't default so many matches.

The reason Sherree defaults so many of her games is simple: she refuses to compete on Sabbath. When it comes to choosing between tennis championships and honoring God's special day, Sherree says there's no competition.

"There was a point when I was close to reaching the nationals for my age group if I did play on Saturday, but that was never an option," this soft-spoken recent graduate of College View Academy in Lincoln says. "I knew going into most tournaments that I would have to default my matches scheduled on Sabbath. I just concentrated on being the best I could be when I did play."

Advantage Sherree

Born in 1979 to parents Terry and Dina Schwartz, Sherree began playing tennis at age 5. While other kids were playing with bicycles or dolls, she was busy developing her two-handed backhand and dynamite southpaw serve.

Thanks to her grandfather, Marlyn Schwartz, who has owned the Lincoln Racquet Club (LRC) for 22 years, her tennis game blossomed. Sherree was schooled in another important aspect of life from her grandfather—the importance of honoring God's Sabbath. Even though business could be booming on Friday evenings and Saturdays, Marlyn closes during those hours. Competitors thought the LRC would never survive.

Today the Lincoln Racquet Club is one of the biggest and most prosperous health and exercise centers in the Lincoln area. Marlyn, who serves as a board member of Adventist-Layman's Services and Industries (ASI) and has worked on a number of Maranatha Volunteers building projects, credits the success of LRC to his partnership with God and honoring the Sabbath.

Sherree also credits her success as a singles player to Jesus Christ, who has always been her doubles partner in the game of life.

Though Sherree has competed in tournaments throughout the Midwest—Oklahoma City, St. Louis, Kansas City—and has won the Nebraska singles title three times, she is most proud of receiving the Missouri Valley Sportsmanship Award.

"It was a big honor to receive that award. I mainly received it because of fair play, displaying courtesy, and showing my opponent another side of me besides just the competitor in me," she beams. "The judges took into consideration the Sabbath issue, because in many tournaments I had to default matches scheduled on Sabbath and they knew, although it was a tough decision, I kept a positive attitude about it."

New Mentor

Ironically, it was a non-Adventist who came to Sherree's assistance, allowing her to compete in as many tournaments as possible. Doug Smith, who once served as director of junior development for the United States Tennis Association, noticed something special in her.

"Doug Smith took me under his wing and said he was going to try and work something out for me during tournament play. He was really a blessing to me. I would not have been able to play in tournaments without him."

In a letter from Smith to Sherree about the sportsmanship award, he noted, "Each winner of this award rates high in a number of categories. We look for overt acts of particularly positive conduct. In short, attitude speaks volumes. And, Sherree, in your age division we feel yours was the best."

Covering All the Bases

A well-rounded young person, Sherree carried a 4.0 grade point aver-
African Evangelism Goes High-tech

With upward of 300,000 watching the final satellite broadcast of Pentecost ’98 on May 30 at more than 470 downlink sites throughout the continent, gospel outreach saw a new high-tech day in Africa.

The five-week daily broadcast from Vista University in Soweto, hosted by lay evangelist Fitz Henry, of Jamaica, demonstrated the possibilities of such a satellite delivery system, according to program director Brad Thorp.

Thorp, who heads up the Adventist Global Communication Network, admits the success of the program far exceeded expectations. “To have the numbers build up week after week is truly inspiring,” says Thorp. “And for the program to reach 300,000 people with the Bible’s good news is an overwhelming concept. For me personally, it’s a dream come true.”

Brainchild of Robert S. Folkenberg, president of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, the plan for Pentecost ’98 was conceived during a visit to Soweto in 1997. “I am so delighted that this dream became reality so quickly,” says Folkenberg. “Now if anyone has any doubts about satellite evangelism, just look at what’s happening here. It’s amazing!”

Evangelist Fitz Henry is totally convinced. “Satellite evangelism is the way forward. We see the Holy Spirit being poured out here and all over Africa,” he says.

Local Adventist Church leaders are equally enthusiastic. “Pentecost ’98 is the biggest program we have ever attempted here in South Africa,” reports Velile S. Wakaba, Southern Africa Union president. “I have never seen anything that makes the church work like this program. The church is alive! This new technology will help in communicating the gospel with the larger community.”

Paul Mawela, president of the Adventist Church in the area that includes Soweto, reflects his changed perspective. “I used to look at the townships and wonder how we would be able to reach all those people,” says Mawela. “Now I can see how! We are...”
Lord, Save Us From Ourselves

BY GARY KRAUSE, COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR FOR GLOBAL MISSION

Three young White men recently spent an unthinkable Saturday night in Texas driving, drinking, and murdering a disabled Black man.

What darkness of the soul allowed them to chain James Byrd, Jr.’s feet to a pickup and drag him for more than a mile to his death? What beer-fortified evil could bring human beings to do such a thing? What could have brought these young men to such darkness in their lives?

Aged 23, 23, and 31, these young men sported the marks of the White supremacist on their tattooed skin and objects they carried. What was tattooed on their hearts?

This is another grizzly reminder that any pop psychology or New Age babble that ignores the concept of sin is not just adulterated garbage—it’s dangerous. The Bible, as always, gives us the truth: “The human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. Who really knows how bad it is?” (Jer. 17:9, NLT).

No doubt each of these young men had troubled backgrounds. No doubt alcohol played its usual sinister role. Each probably has a life story that would make us weep. But one or all of them made the fateful choice to murder an innocent man on a dark night in June.

Let’s face the truth: human beings are capable of unbridled commandment-breaking, hideous wickedness, gross perversion. Our varieties of sin may not be as shocking as the Texas murder, but each of us is capable of evil.

The last thing we need is another New Age book, cassette, lecture, or video on discovering the god within and unleashing our innate goodness. The last thing we need is another slick millionaire self-help guru telling us how wonderful we are.

We need a Saviour from outside ourselves who can lead us from the darkness into His wonderful light.

NEWS COMMENTARY

NEWSBREAK

reaching people right where they are. For example, among the Tsonga tribe we have had very little impact. Now we have one satellite downlink in a church member’s garage, and 100 Tsonga people are gathering there. This is a real breakthrough.”

Chris Botha, president of the Transvaal Conference, welcomed the opportunity to work together and share in gospel outreach. “Pentecost ’98 is just the beginning of a true Pentecost revival,” says Botha. “We wondered about people’s reaction because we didn’t know what to expect. We certainly didn’t realize it would have such an impact. But those who were critical have now become positive.

“We working together on this project has brought many benefits. The gospel truly builds bridges.”

The full results of Pentecost ’98 will not be known for some time. However, according to preliminary reports thousands have already been baptized in some 41 countries, reports Thrup.—Aventist News Network.

Update on Sudan Tragedy

Sudan pastor John Pel, who has been missing since late May when a group of 12 young persons and pastors were ambushed by armed men in southern Sudan, is now believed to have been killed, reports Roland Fidelia.

Middle East Union communication director. The group was returning from evangelistic meetings they conducted in Malakal in Sudan’s upper Nile region.

That brings the total of Adventist fatalities in war-torn Sudan to three. Joseph Malesh was shot and killed as the rest of the group fled into the bush. A young Ethiopian member was also shot dead as he ran for safety.

The survivors, now in Khartoum, report success in their evangelistic meetings with 11 accessions. “They are prepared to go out again.”

More Baptisms in Zimbabwe

About 300 persons were baptized on June 6 as a result of follow-up efforts from the Global Vision evangelistic meetings in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, that ended March 28. Total baptisms now stand at 1,200. The follow-up Bible studies were sponsored by 50 congregations.

Sponsored by North Pacific Union Conference and the Quiet Hour broadcast ministry, the meetings were conducted by NPUC president Jere Patzer. The project also initiated the construction of a new church building, which will be completed this month.
Did You Know?

New TV Network Targets Families

A new television network is scheduled to debut in September with family-oriented programming that excludes gratuitous sex and violence. Pax NET is the creation of Lowell Paxson, a committed Christian who made his mark by launching the Home Shopping Network.

Pax NET, Paxson told the Washington Post, will feature “programming that any member of the family can watch without being offended. Our promise is no gratuitous sex, no violence, no obscene language.”

He also said that his faith led him to his latest venture. “I think the Lord has played a wonderful part in the creation of this network,” he said. “I saw His hand in the numerous events that took place in this business venture, as it relates to amassing the television stations . . . so when it came to programming [I thought], how could I put on programming He might not like to see?”

Pax NET will feature reruns and original programming. Some of the popular series will include Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman, Dave’s World, Christy, and Father Dowling Mysteries.—Religion News Network.

For Your Good Health

Hefty Children

Overweight children are more likely to have continued weight gain in adulthood and be at risk for cardiovascular disease. But for children at least 5 years old, a diet in which at least 55 percent of calories comes from carbohydrates reduces the likelihood that body fat accumulation will occur. Cereals, vegetables, legumes, and fruits are good food choices.—The Lancet.

Get a Little Sun

Nearly 60 percent of several hundred adults admitted to a Boston hospital had low levels of vitamin D, a nutrient that’s vital for healthy bones. But don’t start taking supplements yet. Most milk is fortified with vitamin D, and your body produces vitamin D when exposed to sunlight. Going outside two or three times a week from April to October with your face, hands, and arms uncovered and without sunscreen for about 10 minutes should allow your body to produce enough vitamin D to last through the winter. —New England Journal of Medicine and HealthNews.

“*For Your Good Health* is compiled by Larry Becker, editor of Vibrant Life, the church’s health outreach journal. To subscribe, call 1-800-765-6955.
A S I T U R N A W A Y F R O M T H A N K I N G T H E
pastor for his sermon, a small warm hand
closes around my arm. I find myself looking
down into the eager face of my favorite little
church lady. I stoop to give her a hug.

“Where’s your friend today?” Pearl asks coyly.
I sigh inwardly. Here we go again, and answer, “I’m not
sure why he’s not here.”

She twists her head around, tilting an ear upward the bet-
ter to catch my reply. “What was that, dear?”

“I don’t know why he isn’t here,” I try again, louder.
“Well, that’s a shame. He’s such a lovely man,” Pearl
muses, confusingly.

I wonder, Will she change her mind about his loveliness since
he’s missed a Sabbath?

“I do like him such a lot,” she continues.
Here it comes.

“You and he make such a lovely couple.” There. She said it.
Loudly. People begin to look our way and eavesdrop on
our conversation.

“We’re not a couple, Pearl,” I state firmly. And loudly. It
seems as though I now have the attention of half the people
in the lobby. “We’re colleagues and friends. That’s all.”

“Well, I never. What a shame. Are you sure, honey?”
She’s clearly hurt by the news.

“Yes, I’m sure. He’s interested in my church, and I’m try-
ing to help him learn more about it.” Although I’ve told her
some of this before, it never seems to sink in.

“That’s so sad. And he’s just the person I’d have chosen
for you.” She shakes her head. “Last week he said such nice
things about your piano playing.”

Nevertheless, there are very good reasons we’re just
friends,” I cannot state this firmly enough. Glancing around,
I’m relieved to see that nearly everyone has returned to their
own conversations.

“Well, give it a little time,” Pearl consoles me, patting my
arm gently. “It could still work out.” Before I can come up
with a reply, my tiny inquisitor has wandered off.

I stare after her, amazed at having learned that a man
qualifies as the perfect spouse merely by saying something
nice about me. After many years of being single in the
Adventist Church, I’m still baffled by the omniscience of
some of my fellow members. Pearl is only slightly acquainted
with me and has met my colleague only twice, and yet she
can uncategorically state we are meant to be. Wow, if I had
Pearl’s gift, I could have identified Mr. Right ages ago and saved
us all a lot of grief.

I inch toward the door, exchanging greetings with friends
as I go. I’m stopped by a tall, stately woman I barely know.

“There you are, my dear. I’ve been looking for you,” she
drawls.

“Oh. Is there something I can help you with?” I ask, puzzled.
**How to Treat Single People**

**BY JOANNA LYNNE**

I’d like you to...  
- introduce me to new friends, but don’t pressure me.  
- understand that I have platonic friendships with men.  
- stop imagining that I consider every man I talk to, sit next to, hug, or look at as a potential boyfriend.  
- remember that I can bring a man who is just a friend to church. Don’t look coyly and simper at us. That makes everyone uncomfortable and cuts down on the chance that I’ll invite other friends to church.  
- understand that marriage isn’t necessarily the best choice for everyone. Respect my choice.  
- realize I’m not incomplete. I’m just single. There’s nothing “wrong” with me.  
- invite me to lunch. I may not come in a pair, but I am very interesting anyway.  
- keep in mind that any relationship between me and someone you introduce me to is not yours. If the relationship ends, don’t hold it against me if my heart doesn’t follow your plans.  
- remember that we all clean up for church. Two people who seem perfectly compatible in the sanctuary may have nothing in common besides church.  
- know that you don’t have to worry about me. I’m not after your husband.

“I wanted to tell you that once I get past tax season and my kids are back at school and I get the spare room cleaned up, I intend to have you for dinner.”

“How nice. I’ll look forward to that,” I reply, mostly to her back, as she’s moved lazily off and is now conversing with someone else. I’m quite amused by the way she’s phrased her invitation. Do you suppose I’ll be the entrée or merely a side dish?

Just as I decide if I’m lucky I could qualify as dessert, my good friend Tina shows up. “Hey, could you and Tom come to lunch next Sabbath?” I ask. “I need to use you again.”

“I think so. Who is it this time?”

Tina and Tom are my longsuffering coconspirators.

“I invited the Ramierz family to lunch. If you can’t come, I’ll be in big trouble. I can’t entertain five people I don’t know and get a half decent meal on the table alone,” I explain. “The last time I tried, I burned the entrée, the rice was crunchy, and my guests were sitting in the living room staring blankly at each other while I rushed around the kitchen. Have you ever tried to explain crunchy rice?”

Tina laughs. “Sure, we’ll come.” She tells me that Kevin, one of our handful of university students, is going to be graduating in a couple weeks.

“I thought he was only a junior—” I’m interrupted by a stout woman who is clearly in the grip of a strong emotion. “You better come with me quick,” she announces, grabbing my arm and heading me toward the other side of the lobby. I look helplessly back at Tina, who shrugs.

“How’s he going on, Mrs. Martin?” I gasp, amazed by our headlong rush.

“Here’s this delightful young lawyer who just moved to town,” Mrs. Martin huffs. “I want you to meet him. He needs a nice wife. Straighten up, dear, and look pretty.”

“But Mrs. Martin,” I falter, “couldn’t you just...”

“I have him waiting over here to meet you. Why, Steve, here she is. This is the lovely young woman I was telling you about.”

We’ve come to a screeching halt in front of a tall young man who is remarkable for the look of entrapment on his face. I smile and politely greet him. We struggle through a few sentences of small talk, acutely aware of Mrs. Martin’s eager perusal.

“Well, it was nice to meet you,” I trail off. Steve willingly says goodbye. I find Mrs. Martin at my elbow.

“Well? Isn’t he nice?” she prompts. “I’m sure he is, Mrs. Martin. Thank you for introducing us.” As I walk away, I hear Mrs. Martin telling a friend what a lovely couple Steve and I make. Next they’ll be ordering napkins for our reception, I think. How can I tell if he’s a nice person based on a conversation short enough to be disqualified as a paragraph?

“I don’t mind matchmakers. In fact, I appreciate meeting new people. I do mind being put into impossible situations and then having the eager matchmaker become angry when the man and I don’t fall desperately in love at first glance. Now Steve and I will always feel uncomfortable when we see each other.

I spot Kevin leaning against a wall. We attend the same Sabbath school class. I feel I need to say something.

“I hear you’re graduating in a couple weeks,” I say. “I wanted to say congratulations.” Kevin nods.

“What are you plans now?”

He leans closer, gazing sincerely into my face. “Jan, I think it’s God’s plan for you to be single at this point.”

“Oh.” I don’t know what to say.

“Thank you for sharing that with me.”

“What does my being single have to do with his plans? I wonder as I watch him walk away. Either that was one of the greatest of all non sequiturs, or maybe Kevin thought I had ulterior motives in talking with him. Oh dear.

The lobby is nearly empty. I gather my scattered wits and follow the last few people out. Elder Douglass locks the door behind me.

“How are you today?” he asks.

“I thought I was fine, but now I’m not sure. I think I need a nap,” I reply.

“See you next week.”

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Joanna Lynne is a pseudonym.
imagine that you are making your bed. (I hope it is not too difficult for you to imagine such a thing.) How many sheets and blankets are on your bed?

In order to answer that question, did you “picture” your bed in your mind? While you were imagining, could you “see” yourself pulling up the blankets and straightening the comforter and fluffing the pillows?

When you think about something so that you can see it in your brain with your imagination, we say that you are seeing with your mind’s eye.

You use part of your brain when you see something. You use another part of your brain when you do something.

A nd in between those two parts of your brain is the part you use as your mind’s eye. You use this part of your brain to make certain kinds of plans.

Let’s say you see your neighbor and wave to him. What just happened? You used one part of your brain to see your neighbor. You used another part of your brain to wave. But in the split second between “seeing” and “waving,” your mind’s eye practiced waving. You rehearsed what you were going to do. You decided that waving your hand after seeing your neighbor was a good thing to do.

This is a very important part of your brain. It can help you in many different ways.

While you are playing basketball, just before you actually throw the ball, imagine throwing it and making the shot. Your mind’s eye can help you focus and do your best.

You can practice the piano in your mind no matter where you are. Close your eyes and see the keys and your fingers. “H ear” the music as you imagine yourself playing. I guess then you will be using your “mind’s ear” as well.

God said, “I will put my teachings in their minds. A nd I will write them on their hearts. I will be their God, and they will be my people” (Jeremiah 31:33, ICB).

We can ask God to put His teachings in our minds. When we invite Jesus into our hearts, it is as if we are inviting Him into our mind’s eye. There He can help us make good choices and do our best. There Jesus can help us obey the greatest commandment: “Love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul and mind” (Matthew 22:37, ICB).
Kevin’s Secret Room

BY LESLIE KAY

THERE ONCE WAS A SMALL BOY NAMED Kevin who lived in a house with a secret room. No one was allowed in the room—not even his best friends. The door was always locked, and a sign across it warned: KEVIN’S SECRET ROOM KEEP OUT!

Kevin didn’t use the secret room to play in; he used it to throw things into. Embarrassing things, such as tripping in public; hurtful things, such as being called “stupid”; shameful things, such as secret acts of meanness or disobedience. And when he was finished throwing them in, Kevin slammed the door quickly and tightly, so the shameful, hurtful things couldn’t fall back out.

Kevin had an older Brother named Michael, who loved him very much. Day after day Michael stood patiently at the door to the secret room and pleaded with Kevin, “If you let Me come into your room, I’ll live with you and keep it clean for you.”

But because Kevin was still young and strong and the clutter did not seem that great, he always replied, “I don’t need Your help. My room isn’t that bad!”

Kevin grew from childhood to adolescence. One day while he was busily dumping cartloads of anxiety into his secret room, its seething contents burst through their boundary, knocking the door off its hinges as they boiled and bubbled into the hall. Kevin held his nose and closed his eyes tightly as he quickly grabbed the hall door and nailed it shut.

Michael asked sympathetically, “Kevin, would you like Me to clean this up for you?”

But Kevin snapped, “Mind Your own business, Michael! I can take care of my own house.” And since Kevin could no longer use the hall to get to his bedroom, he began sleeping on the couch in the living room.

Years passed, and Kevin became a man. He set his jaw squarely and faced life like a man. But his soul ached with frustration and disappointment. And not knowing how to be free of such things, he shoved them into the hallway through the cracks between the door and the wall.

Until one day he shoved in one particle too many, and narrowly missed being flattened by the door as it suddenly exploded from its place and sailed through a living room window. The house began to groan and tremble violently. Kevin fled for his life, pursued by a smoldering stream of sorrow, pride, and guilt that boiled into every room and battered his house to its core.

Finally, from a safe distance, Kevin turned to regard his ruined home. He saw Michael, as always, standing at the door. Kevin looked accusingly at Him. “You know, I’ve noticed that a lot of bad things seem to happen when You’re hanging around—which is all the time. I’m beginning to think You’re the cause of all my problems.”

But Michael only wept as He regarded Kevin and his ravaged home with tender pity.

Somehow the sight of his Brother’s tears softened Kevin’s heart, and a blindness seemed to lift from his eyes. He began to see that Michael had always returned kindness for cruelty. He had never become angry or disgusted with him. He had never left him. Michael was truly his best Friend.

Kevin’s heart broke. He fell upon Michael and wept on His shoulder—and he didn’t care who saw. He told Michael he was sorry. But Michael had already forgiven him.

Then, with Kevin’s permission, Michael painted a new sign that read:

MICHAEL AND KEVIN’S PLACE ALL ARE WELCOME!

And Michael put His arm around Kevin and led him through the door. Together they slogged through the mess. Together they examined each painful article, talked it over, and laid it to rest.

And that’s how you’ll find them to this day—together.

The Adventist Review is looking for writers who can communicate spiritual truths in fresh, creative parables and metaphors. Manuscripts of 700 words or less can be sent to: Parables of the Kingdom, c/o Adventist Review, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904. Unaccepted manuscripts cannot be returned.

Leslie Kay is a wife and homemaker who writes from Chloride, Arizona.
I was a Christian Scientist in my last year of high school. Carlisle was a new neighbor who had recently graduated from Atlantic Union College. He was selling Bibles and a book called *The Desire of Ages* to pay his way at the seminary come fall. I enjoyed talking with him in the evenings. He always listened attentively.

“How could there be evil in the universe?” I questioned. “God is light. When you switch on the light, where does the darkness go? Sin and death are but an illusion.”

“Yes,” said Carlisle, “when you switch on the light, the darkness seems to end, but it seems to me that you have to account for the shadows.”

Carlisle reminded me of what I had learned about Benjamin Franklin in English and history classes.

Franklin discovered electricity, invented bifocals, founded the first American subscription library, and taught Americans how to be healthy, wealthy, and wise through the 10,000 maxims of his *Poor Richard’s Almanacs*.

But Franklin’s greatest legacy was given in 1787, when he was 81 years old. The Constitutional Convention was in session in Philadelphia. He listened as the delegates from the 13 states debated what seemed to be irreconcilable differences. Finally, the time came for him to speak. “Gentlemen, it appears to me...”, he began. Too weak to give his speech, he had delegate James Wilson read it for him. It called for compromise between the large states and the small ones. His motion for adoption by unanimous consent was carried.

*His Autobiography* tells how he developed the habit of expressing himself in “terms of modest diffidence,” never using “the words ‘certainly,’ ‘undoubtedly,’ or any others that give the air of positiveness.”

“This habit, I believe,” wrote Franklin, “has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting.”

That was the way Carlisle approached me all summer. Then came a change the night before Carlisle was to catch a Greyhound bus that would take him to the seminary.

“Lynn, turn to John 14,” he said, and he read: “In my father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.’ Lynn, why don’t you accept the Bible for what it says? Why do you spiritualize the meaning away?”

He had me turn to texts about the resurrection, about Jesus showing His scarred hands and side to the disciples, about Jesus letting Thomas touch those scars, about Jesus preparing a meal for His disciples and dining with them early one morning at the Sea of Galilee.

Carlisle finished by having me turn to the story of Jesus’ ascension in Acts 1: He read the angels’ words to the disciples: “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven” (verse 11).

“This was a real Jesus, who suffered a real crucifixion and died a real death,” Carlisle continued. “A real body was raised. He could be seen, touched, heard, spoken to. This real Jesus shall come again in the same manner they saw Him go into heaven. Why don’t you accept the Bible for what it says? Why do you spiritualize the meaning away?”

The Ben Franklin attitude was gone. No “It seems to me...” There was certainty in Carlisle’s words.

Carlisle went away to the seminary probably thinking that I was a hopeless case. But what he said that night burned into my mind and heart. Several months later, on New Year’s Eve when I was home alone, conviction came over me. I knelt before a very real God and heard His still small voice. I would not spiritualize the meaning away.

By spring I was attending an Adventist church, preparing for baptism, and planning to attend Southern Missionary College (now Southern Adventist University). Thank you, Carlisle Meacham.

There is a place for certainty. But if at first there had been no “It seems to me,” the certainty would never have gotten through.

So it seems to me.

R. Lynn Sauls has taught English and journalism in Adventist colleges and universities for many years. He writes from Naples, Florida.
Dr. Bruce Hyde is a NEWSTART physician at Weimar Institute in California. A 1986 graduate of Loma Linda University Medical School, he took his family practice residency at Florida Hospital. He was a major in the Air Force and then worked at Reading Rehabilitation Hospital in Pennsylvania before going to Weimar. He is 37 years old and married to Carol, and they have seven children. On a recent visit to California editorial assistant Ella Rydzewski talked with him.

**How did you become interested in the “Weimar way”?**

I used the materials and philosophy of Weimar before they knew I was around. While I was in the military Carol and I had cooking classes in our home and helped local families. We have done that wherever we’ve lived. After I left the military, Carol suggested I look for a job at Weimar, but I said, “If God wants us at Weimar, He will work it out.”

**What was your experience with patients and preventive medicine?**

I observed that people don’t get better with medicines that treat symptoms. The medicines just maintain them. I put one boy on antibiotics four times for an ear infection with no improvement. It dawned on me that I was not helping and maybe harming him. The first step for ear infection is proper lifestyle. If children get off refined sugar and dairy products, it’s unlikely they will have ear infections.

In Florida we attended a cooking class sponsored by Weimar Institute. The food was tasty, and the principles made sense. I followed four people from those sessions. Their severe diseases just went away—coronary artery disease, asthma and allergies, immune problems, and pneumonia.

**Did you use what you learned with patients?**

I made it my purpose to educate. We must meet people where they are. Some want the antibiotic, and I’m not against giving it to them. Some natural remedies, such as hydrotherapy, require skill. If they are done incorrectly, there could be a bad effect.

**What changes are you seeing in medicine today?**

Vegetarianism is now very acceptable. I see natural remedies escalating to a point that startles conventional medicine. When I went to medical school, alternative forms of medical practice were taboo. Now some medical schools teach courses in them. Some say Weimar is alternative medicine, but it isn’t. The first step is proper lifestyle. Alternative medicine goes from there into various modalities. Conventional medicine goes into drugs and surgery, and there is a place for them—we can’t do it all. But our commitment is to that first step.

**Let’s talk about the future of medicine in the Seventh-day Adventist Church.**

The trend is to deemphasize hospital-based medicine. The Spirit of Prophecy model is to have small centers doing lifestyle-oriented treatment and education. This implies rational therapy such as hydrotherapy, diet, exercise, rest, sunlight. We have a few excellent centers, but unfortunately they are not church-supported.

**What about insurance? Some companies cover such programs.**

Mutual of Omaha was the first. Many carriers cover Dr. Dean Ornish’s program. Our religious emphasis prevents most insurance companies from paying for our programs. We do have a few carriers, such as Christian Care Medisure.

**Can people stay on this type of program?**

The motivated stay with it—they want to get well. Some come because a relative sent them—they are not motivated. There are variations in between. People need to see health as a moral question, study for themselves, and gain an experience. Some will not come to lectures; others are on the edge of their seats. You can tell who will stay with the program.

People can have a new lease on life. God will show us the path of life if we say, Lord, I’m not going to trust my own feelings, and I believe that You know what’s best. I’m going to study and be open and find that which results in joy. That which is harmful gives short-lived satisfaction. But God’s plan gives pleasures forevermore.
The Recipe of Faith

When I was 12 years old I had the notion that I was a culinary genius. One night I decided to make chili from scratch. With dry beans. Being the gourmet chef I imagined myself to be, I had in mind not just your ordinary chili. Oh, no. This was to be a meal of epic proportions—perfect in every way. I carefully followed the recipe. Brown the onions and garlic, add the veggieburger, kidney beans, tomatoes, chili powder, a little salt, and some green pepper. This was going to be the best chili on the face of the planet! My family was going to enjoy tonight’s dinner experience. I couldn’t wait.

Too bad I didn’t realize you can’t add dry beans to your chili without soaking them first. The recipe said nothing about that. I guess I was supposed to figure it out on my own. I’m sure you can guess what happened to my grand cooking venture. It was terrible. Chili is not supposed to be crunchy. My family didn’t even pretend that it was edible. Not even the dog could be cajoled into eating any, and this was an animal known to consume steel wool on occasion. Needless to say, I did not make Martha Stewart proud.

I looked forlornly into the big pot, filled not only with food, but with all of my youthful expectations and dreams, and I was crushed. I had followed the recipe so carefully, and it turned out terrible. My grand dreams of culinary accomplishment were completely shattered. What happened? Why didn’t it turn out the way I had planned? I did everything that recipe said I should, and it didn’t work. It was so unfair.

Life can be a lot like that for many of us. We build our lives around a “recipe” for good living that sounds tasty. With grand expectations we read and follow the instructions meticulously, envisioning the way it will all work out. We believe in our hearts of hearts that if we eat right, exercise, pray, help others, tithe our 10 percent, clean our rooms, do our homework, and read our Bible, life will taste great. All will be well, because that’s the way the recipe reads, and the picture on that glossy page can’t be a lie.

But sometimes instead of world-class chili, we end up with crunchy, charred goop that not even the dog will eat. Talk about heartburn. I know that I have felt confusion and anger more than once because my life’s recipe didn’t turn out the way I had planned it: My parents got divorced. I didn’t get accepted into the graduate program I had had my heart set on. My boyfriend broke up with me. My friends stabbed me in the back. My car broke down. I couldn’t find a job. I couldn’t get my life together. The food on my plate tasted terrible, and I couldn’t figure out why. I had labored so carefully and followed the “recipe” down to the last detail. Why hadn’t things turned out the way I had hoped?

As I thought about what had happened to my chili and my life, I wondered: What if there is no recipe? What if I didn’t have all the ingredients that my recipe called for? What if there is no recipe?

There is no plan that promises a good life if followed to the last detail. How do I know this? Because good people die, bad people go free when they shouldn’t, parents divorce, people disappoint us, and life is hard. It is so disorganized, so crazy, and so unpredictable. The more we try to control the ingredients, the less appealing the food becomes.

Fortunately, we have a Master Chef who happens to know what to do with any ingredient under the sun, and He can help us mix it together without ever glancing at a recipe. And He has this great secret spice that puts Lawry’s to shame when it comes to seasoning our lives with that vital flavor that pulls it all together. The spice He supplies can make even the most meager ingredients blend together in a delectable, life-giving spread.

Whatever the mess we’ve made following our own recipe, there is still hope. We can rely on the Master Chef.

When this was written, Rebecca Chabot was an administrative assistant for the Department of Physical Therapy at Andrews University.

Illustration by Terry Crews