I Wonder as I Wander

A journalist celebrates the glories of God’s world.
A Wondrous Mix

Your cover story for the August 26 edition, "A Wondrous Mix," struck me instead as a rather dubious mix. While I enjoyed the descriptions of the Zork family's zeal for life, support for one another and tolerance for each other's musical tastes, the article did seem to promote the idea that every style of music is good in itself. In raising her children, the mother is quoted saying that they learned "participation without any moral attachment to styles of music." Is the Adventist Review promoting the view that all styles of music are amoral?

Since I have not heard performances by members of the Zork family, my comments have no bearing on their music to my knowledge. The question is: Are all styles of music amoral? If so, then only the words can be evaluated to determine good or bad music. However, it is difficult to believe that the music at the gold calf apostasy at Sinai and at Baal-peor led to immorality and idolatry by influence of bad lyrics alone. The style of music must have been a significant part of the problem.

In Selected Messages Ellen White confirms that music styles do make a difference: "These things which have been in the past will be in the future. Satan will make music a snare by the way in which it is conducted" (book 2, p. 38). In spite of all the good features of this article, I am afraid that if we blindly adopt the view suggested we will fall easy prey to Satan's snare.

We all need a clearer understanding.

It would be a big job, but I think it is essential for God's people, with the help of educated musicians, to tackle the big questions bravely: what styles of music strengthen or diminish morally responsible spirituality? What better place to begin than with the Adventist Review?

-Fred Dana, pastor
Atlantic, Iowa

My Battle With Chronic Fatigue

I have questions regarding the article "A Wondrous Mix" (Adventist Review, August 26). I read the article once, then reread parts of it several times trying to understand the editorial rationale for including it as a cover story for an AnchorPoints edition—or, for that matter, any other edition, with the possible exception of Cutting Edge. There is no doubt that the Zorks are a talented family, and that the parents are a caring and influential part of the Adventist higher-education system.

I am sensitive to the need for understanding in matters of taste: however, at a time when prominent Adventists, and even concerned citizens at large, are warning against the negative effects of certain styles of music on morals and resulting behavior, I am alarmed by such statements as, "They have been able to grow up affirmed in musical performance and participation without any moral attachment to styles of music. . . . We're thrilled for them, but they're not throwing anything at us that we don't already recognize and like."

A redeeming feature in this same issue was "Grappling With Mystery," by Mickey Kutzner, professor of physics at Andrews University. A sone who has spent a professional career observing the conclusive evidence of design in the natural world, what a refreshing contrast Kutzner's observations provided.

-Neil Rowland
Lincoln, Nebraska

The article in the August 26 issue of the Review by Joyce Keeler was both...
inspirational and informative. Thank you, Joyce, for sharing your experience with us. You showed faith and courage.

— A. Gordon Zytkoskee
PARADISE, CALIFORNIA

Thank you so much for bringing attention to chronic fatigue syndrome, or chronic fatigue and immune dysfunction syndrome (CFIDS), as I prefer to call it. Being diagnosed with “chronic fatigue” is completely different from being diagnosed with CFS. Everyone gets tired, but with this illness, it is a fatigue that is completely debilitating, unlike anything you have ever experienced before, and that you cannot even imagine until you have had it.

I speak from experience. I have been totally disabled with this illness since 1995, unable to work and much of the time barely able even to care for myself. My husband became afflicted with it early in 1998. We are both also diagnosed with fibromyalgia.

This has brought both of us to a new understanding of what it means to rely fully on our heavenly Father’s love and kindness to supply our needs. This illness is devastating not only physically and cognitively, but also financially. Many people lose not only their income, but their homes, spouses, families, and friends. They are thought to be malingerers and just depressed (which is the diagnosis most physicians try to give people who complain of all these symptoms). It is estimated that the average CFIDS sufferer sees more than 11 doctors before being diagnosed correctly.

According to the Centers for Disease Control, 45 percent of patients will regain 80 percent of their former abilities (considered remission) within five years of onset. Another 10 percent will reach that level 10 years from onset. The remaining 45 percent will recover to perhaps 50 percent, remain the same, or continue to deteriorate more than 10 years from onset. (Statistics were published in the Boston Globe on October 19, 1998, when there was a CFIDS conference in Boston, Massachusetts.)

I did find a few errors in your article. It is now well accepted that this illness has nothing to do with the Epstein-Barr virus, as originally thought. Something about it does make the EPV titer go up, but it is a result of having CFIDS, not the active EPV. Also, I take exception to the statement made by Dr. Allan Handysides when he said that “an increased prevalence of psychiatric illness is associated with some chronic fatigue sufferers.” Isn’t it pretty normal to be depressed at times when almost everything in your life has been taken away or changed by a chronic long-term illness? What if you had to rely on someone else to take you for your doctor’s appointments, pick up prescriptions, buy your groceries, or to go the bank or post office for you because your cognitive processes are so slow that you realize you are unsafe to drive? What if you were too exhausted even to talk on the phone? What if you never knew from day to day or even hour to hour whether you would have the strength to get out of bed and get dressed? Depressing, huh?

There is much more that I could tell you. This illness affects every system in the body. There are many Internet sites that have more information on it. Thank you, and may the Lord continue to bless you as you work for Him.

— Charlotte Brenneise
LUTZ, FLORIDA

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"Behold, I come quickly . . ."

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My Country,
Tis of Thee

For more than 20 years his line has eaten at the edges of my memory, challenging my certainties, questioning my worldview.

"Adventism is an American religion," he said matter-of-factly one afternoon as we sat on our dormitory beds, surveying the status of the church. Knowing George, I waited for the grin that was sure to follow, the laughter in the eyes that told me he was needling an earnest young Yankee now at school in Britain. Previous conversations had featured his rapier wit skewering American media, education, poetry, and sports. I was certain that this latest line was simply more of the same.

But the grin never came, and the eyes never lit with laughter.

"Adventism is very much an expression of your American culture, your optimism," he continued solemnly. "You Americans are always brimming with confidence. We Europeans rarely are. You believe that things can change, that people can change, that 'the work can be finished.' It's hard for us to share your confidence."

I can't remember what came next, whether I offered a feel-good bromide about the gospel going to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, or whether I sat in numbed silence to absorb the weight of his commentary. Given how the line has lingered with me since, I hope I did the latter.

Now truthfully, no one, then or now, installed George as the official commentator on the state of Adventism outside of North America. Tens of thousands—millions, maybe—would reject his apparently pessimistic assessment and all that it portends for the progress of the cause around the world. But I took note of these particulars: George was a third-generation Adventist, the son of an Adventist minister, a product of Adventist education. He had family on both sides of "the Pond," and counted numerous Americans among his college chums. Though famous for his flippancy, he wasn't being witty then, nor overly depressed, nor trite. This was a settled matter in his heart, though he could hardly know how much it would unsettle me.

It has been basic to my picture of my church since somewhere back in Cradle Roll that Adventism is bigger than my country, or my culture, or my clan, even though it grew up in the land where I grew up. The Adventism I embraced is a transnational fellowship of believers who have put gospel truth ahead of the particularities of race, gender, nation, and language that otherwise distinguish us. But I am hearing more these days from those who haven't had my comfortable experience—those who urgently seek to extract the kernel of biblical truth from what they see as a heavy American husk.

One church leader at a recent Newbold College conference put the issue up in lights. He titled his presentation with a provocative question: "Can Adventism Learn to Speak the Language of Europe?" I smiled to note that even he found critics among his Continental hearers: "Don't you mean the languages of Europe?" they asked by which they intended far more than German, Spanish, or Italian. For them (and for him, I'm sure) each region has a cultural context—a language, if you will—that Adventism must learn if it will ever be more than a marginal phenomenon. Unhappy with the unthinking "Americanisms" of the church, they call us to a culture-specific methodology in which the truths of Adventism will be heard differently by a German than by a Swede, in which a Serb will understand nuances unavailable to a Colombian, and vice versa.

All of this underscores the fact that world Adventism is in an era of great change and realignment. Missionaries now leave from Asia to serve benighted regions in the States. Money, votes, and influence move down different routes than they did even a decade ago. The structures shaped in Silver Spring or Loma Linda can no longer claim unquestioning allegiance, nor should they.

Perhaps never before has it been more urgent that we learn to deal gently with each other, that we offer respect to those from whom we differ in language, latitude, and life experience. Upon North American Adventists a special burden rests: to grow beyond any nativist assumptions of privilege based on history and serve our brothers and sisters around the world with the timeless humility and grace to which the gospel calls us.
“But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God” (Luke 18:16).

Does this situation sound familiar to you? My lawn needs mowing, and the stack of laundry rises by the hour. The car needs repairs, and my e-mail is overflowing with scores of messages that demand an urgent response. On the job, the deadlines are piling up at a horrific pace, and do-or-die writing assignments—such as this editorial—are putting me under the gun.

What’s a father to do in the face of such a dilemma? Go play with the children!

A Precious Time

Not very long ago I faced this dilemma when my youngest daughter asked me to take her out on a father-daughter date. It doesn’t take a family life expert to know that this kind of opportunity won’t last forever. So even though my mind weighed heavily on the tasks above, I decided to take her to an indoor theme park targeted to young children.

It wasn’t enough for my daughter just to go and play in the fun activities by herself, or with the new acquaintances she’d met. She coerced me into the games too. I can’t remember the last time that I rode a bumper car. Though I was hesitant at first, I must admit that the activity was fun, and my daughter wasn’t the only one who wanted to go back for more.

However, things changed after I rode the Tarantula Tangle, a contraption with separate, unconnected seats that spun independently of each other as the whole mechanism rotated. That finished me for the day.

Still, it was a joy to see the excitement on my daughter’s face as she went from ride to ride and explored the extensive jungle gym. The very sight of large numbers of children enjoying themselves brought joy to my heart and a satisfaction that precious few activities could afford.

At the end of our visit, when my daughter gave me a hug to thank me, I knew that our time together had been worthwhile for both her and me. It was a time that doesn’t come nearly enough in most families, including my own.

Men are sometimes slow to appreciate the enormous importance of taking time simply to play with their children, or give them an opportunity to do something they like to do. A mother’s nature is innately attuned to these special needs. But it’s so easy for fathers to become occupied with paying bills, keeping the car running, or fixing up the house. At times the obligations of our work can distort our focus and make us lose sight of those vital relationships.

While most of us want to provide food, clothing, shelter, Christian education, spiritual nurture, and a wholesome social environment for our children, it’s very easy to lose sight of the importance of providing time for pleasurable interaction.

Divine Priority

I can only imagine how hectic a schedule Christ must have had. During His active ministry He healed the sick, preached to the masses, performed miracles, traveled extensively, and trained His disciples. Yet even Christ realized the importance of being a friend to children. Overruling His disciples’ efforts to keep children away, Jesus made it a point to take little ones in His arms and bless them.

It’s often said that many of life’s most important lessons are not taught, but caught. It’s not so much that we are overtly teaching our children, but they are learning by the examples we give them. By interacting with them we are winning their hearts and gaining their confidence. Taking an active interest in our children’s fun times and sports often serves to build their respect for parental authority (The Adventist Home, pp. 192, 193).

By giving unselfishly to our children’s needs we are preparing their hearts and minds to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ and to understand His precepts. God commands parents to share His truth with their children, to instill biblical values in their lives and characters.

Moses said, “You shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up” (Deut. 11:19, NKJV).

It’s truly amazing how a little fun time with our children can significantly aid this process.
GIVE & TAKE

MENTORS

Lela Clifton—I could write pages about this precious little (and I do mean little) woman who taught at the Royal Church School west of Cottage Grove, Oregon. When my family moved to this area in 1939, Clifton was the teacher of all eight grades. Most of us in the Silk Creek neighborhood walked more than a mile to school, but even before we left our homes Clifton drove into Cottage Grove to bring us students to our school, and of course took the students back to town later. She also kept students in her home. I don’t know where she found the energy. Her dear husband, Bill, and son, Don, were so patient and helpful.

What a teacher! How we loved her! She later taught at Laurelwood Academy in 1944, I was fortunate to again have her as my special friend. She helped me for many years. She is now 92 years old and living with her son, Don, in North Las Vegas, Nevada.

— Dorothy Hathaway Akerman, Salem, Oregon

GRADE “A” MENTOR: Margaret Lazarus with her mentor, Dr. Jim Jeffery at Crawford Adventist Academy’s 1999 graduation.

The last student hurriedly left the classroom signaling the end of another long day. I quietly began clearing my desk of assorted items when in walked the superintendent of education, Dr. Jim Jeffery. He pulled up a chair, sat down, and asked a simple question: “How was your day?” Jim listened to me talk about the joys and frustrations of my day, and since that day he has never failed to encourage me, to give advice, and to model what it means to be a Christian teacher. I realized then that he has the gift of being able to communicate through and past the unwritten codes of hierarchical structures in the workplace.

As my mentor Jim has challenged me and provided me with opportunities to grow professionally. He takes an interest in my life and in the lives of the people with whom I work, always striving to know each of us personally.

During the summer of 1998 I took one of his technology classes at Canadian University College with about 20 other teachers from across Canada. On the first day, as we were introducing ourselves he was able to relate something personal about each one of us. I was impressed! But I understood. He listens to everyone. He listened to me.

— Margaret Lazarus, a teacher at Crawford Adventist Academy in Toronto, Ontario, at the time this was written

ADVENTIST LIFE

One Sabbath our 2-year-old granddaughter heard the Creation story in Sabbath school. That afternoon at naptime she objected when her parents closed the blinds and turned off the light. Parents prevailed. In a few minutes the amused parents heard a sweet little voice proclaim, “Let there be light!”

— George and Fay Mills, Monroe, North Carolina

QUOTE:

“Hope is a line of credit . . . a flame for the human spirit.”

— Wintley Phipps, during Sabbath worship service at the Potomac Conference 1999 camp meeting

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I WONDER AS I WANDER
A journalist celebrates the glories of God’s world.

BY BILL KNOTT

Magazines do well to notice each other, at least occasionally. One publication that has recently been noticed by the staff of the Adventist Review is Creation Illustrated, a 68-page four-color quarterly focused on the wonders of the natural world. Associate editor Bill Knott talked with editor and publisher Tom Ish at a recent convention.—Editors.

Knott: Tom, every journalist, every storyteller, has a point of view. You’re a journalist—a writer, an editor, even a publisher. What’s the point of view of the magazine you produce?

Ish: Creation Illustrated is organized around the core belief that the Creation theme is of paramount importance just now. A cross the spectrum of people and religions—Christians, New Agers, environmentalists—people are “into” the natural world. They’re looking for tranquillity and renewal. I believe that if they’ll take a closer look at God’s creation, they’ll be led to the full blessing God intended in the Creation week. That includes the truth about His special day of rest, the Sabbath.

Is that how it happened for you?

Well, in a way, yes. I was brought up in a Christian home and kind of fell away from the church. But I began searching for God again, and experimented with a number of different faiths. I tried different churches; I got involved with meditation. Eventually I found a church where I saw people living like they believed—with a refreshing emphasis on good health and living simply. That really touched my heart.

I’m guessing that those people were Seventh-day Adventists.

Yes, they were. I was working for a weekly newspaper in northern California and was a bachelor at the time. Somebody mentioned that I could get fresh homemade bread at a place up in the foothills of the Sierras at a beautiful spot called Weimar Institute. So I went and got some bread and ended up staying for lunch. The food was good, and I was intrigued because I had tried to be a vegetarian on my own. I stayed after lunch for a tour of the campus, and being a journalist not afraid to ask questions, I asked what the name “Seventh-day Adventist” meant. Fortunately, the tour guide didn’t miss a step and laid it all out for me.

Well, I kept coming back for a hot vegetarian meal fairly often. Soon I was fellowshipping with students and faculty, and began singing in the choir. After a while I started
“It’s a faith step to slow down.”

— Tom Ish
attending a Revelation Seminar and was baptized in 1985. Eventually I started working for Weimar as their public relations director because I wanted to serve the Lord and I was tired of reporting on car wrecks and city council meetings as a journalist. At Weimar I met Jennifer, who’s now my wife, and our daughter, Melissa, was born while we were there. Since we were committed to minister as a team, we worked together at Weimar until Melissa came along, and then Jennifer was home full-time.

**How did the two of you decide to get involved in such a risky enterprise as launching a magazine?**

Jennifer’s background is in health education, and mine is in journalism, so we asked ourselves one day, “Why not start a health magazine?” But there’s an awful lot of competition in that field, and many people who start out with good intentions get so embroiled in seeking advertising that they lose their sense of ministry. So we said, “What does everybody need in every walk of life?”

Each edition of Creation Illustrated features “creatures near and dear to us” with spiritual lessons enriching the whole family.
life?” The obvious answer to us was “stress relief”—stress management. Young or old, people need to learn how to manage life stress effectively. Jennifer and I found that we handled the stress in our lives much better when we were immersed in the natural world, absorbing the spiritual blessings in creation that God intended us to have. We saw a magazine or two that took the kind of approach we were hoping to follow—beautiful four-color publications filled with nature photographs, and we said, “Why not something similar, with a more spiritual, biblical base?”

It sounds as if you’ve adopted a fairly low-key approach to presenting spiritual lessons. You’re right. We present spiritual lessons in a very tactful way, I’d say. It was important to us to design this magazine as an outreach tool that would be top quality, very easy to share, and that would cut across denominational lines. So everything in the magazine is Bible-based, and easy to embrace by both Christians as well as those of other faiths.

You used the expression “very tactful.” What’s the concern that shapes your caution there? People get assaulted with strong, confrontive visual stuff all the time. We want people to be glad to pick up this magazine, to give people a happy reason to pick it up. Once they’re drawn into the beauty of the nature scenes, we trust that they’ll be drawn into the text, where they’ll find plenty of God’s Word. We want the magazine to be spiritually uplifting without being preachy. That’s how people get a breath of fresh air, as they stop to smell the roses and are drawn into loving God by the wonders of His works. People who find peace and assurance through His creation are often more open to studying other spiritual and doctrinal issues when the time comes.

One of the articles about Creation Illustrated that I read recently said something about “a noncontroversial focus on creation.” What does that mean?

We believe that there’s a place for the debate between evolutionary theory and creationism, and that the debate is an important one. But if we’re going to be a stress reliever, we can’t be embroiled in controversy. There’s plenty of good science in our articles, as well as plenty of Scripture. But mainly there are spiritual lessons that bring readers peace and assurance that things are by design, there is a plan of salvation, and that people can rest in their faith in God.

Then you’re not trying to prove the truth of creationism?

You hit the nail on the head. Revelation 14 tells us to worship the Creator-God, not to prove that He is the Creator-God. So Creation Illustrated is a very worshipful magazine.
Are there some Christians who say to you, “You’re just ducking the issue”?

No, that’s really never come up. The reaction is so positive, so encouraging, because we’re using what I believe is Christ’s method. Christ wasn’t confrontive or controversial with what He had to share about the natural world, through the things He made. He reached the masses through His handiwork, and we’ve got good counsel to do the same thing.

Where do you start as you begin planning each quarter’s edition?

The magazine is divided into three parts: Creation illustrated in nature, in Scripture, and in living. We believe the Lord gave us that balance, that design, before we ever started. In addition to the beautiful photography, we offer articles that dig a little deeper into the Creation story—into the Scripture—for the reader who wants that. But I’ve also found great stress relief in doing creative things, in hobbies such as watercolor painting. The first element of God’s character that’s revealed in the Bible is His creative power. Since we’re made in His image, we need to develop that creativity in each other. That creativity can also be fostered in the home, in the garden, and in the kitchen. That’s why we include Genesis Cuisine recipes in each edition; it helps people get back to the Eden model God designed.

We’re also trying to achieve a balance in each issue of animal features, outdoor adventures, poetry, looking at God’s creation up close in the Nature section; crafts and games for children in the “Living section”; and a focus on one day of the Creation week in the “Scripture” section.

Do you have any sense of the faith background of your readers?

The demographics are difficult to determine exactly, but I’d venture that there are about 60 percent Adventists, and 30 to 40 percent from other faiths. We’re also getting a lot of attention from the home school movement. We’ve even gotten letters from people who say, “Thank you for being the Christian answer to National Geographic.” Now, believe me, we take that as a supreme compliment! We’ve got a long way to go to live up to that! But Christians are looking for a nature publication that isn’t steeped in evolutionary thinking, and it’s a privilege to provide something that meets the need. I’m convinced that the truth about human origins will be thrust to the forefront even more as we near the end. When that happens, there’ll be a parallel focus on the Sabbath, which is the culmination of the Creation week.

I’m guessing that this whole enterprise has tested your own faith significantly at times.

I didn’t take a salary from this operation for the first two years, and Jennifer didn’t draw a salary for the first five years, even though it was “full-time plus” for both of us. That’s the kind of sacrifice everyone makes in lay ministry, to get something off the ground and proceed in faith. We launched this magazine with encouragement from some ASI (Adventist Laymen’s Services and Industries) members, some individual loans, and Hebrews 11. You could say we launched this on Hebrews 11—faith in the things that are not seen.

And yet the magazine is about the things that are seen!

(Laughing). Exactly! Well put! It’s been a real faith venture, and there have
been times when it's driven us to our knees, because we don't know what's going to happen next. But then God sends a blessing beyond measure, like somebody willing to sponsor 1,000 subscriptions into Christian schools or hospitals. Chaplains' budgets are being slashed, and hospitals are looking for quality material. Or somebody wants from 100 to 600 subscriptions for their employees as Christmas gifts. Boosts like that are extraordinary and not always logical, but God works in ways like that. He deserves all the glory for where we are today.

**How do you know if your effort is paying off? You say you have a viewpoint and a mission. How do you measure success?**

We get a lot of letters from our readers, and while we certainly like the ones that congratulate us for providing a beautiful publication, we're really happy when we read things such as "This is what I've been looking for to send to a non-Adventist friend or an unchurched family member—something they'll keep on the living room table and not discard."

**Some people might be thinking, Well, are there any baptisms from this ministry?**

I believe the body of Christ is made up of different parts. We're the seed planters. Other ministries, our dear friends, are the harvesters. We're planting seeds that otherwise wouldn't be planted. Though I know of a few baptisms that have resulted from our magazine, we aren't focused on counting those, any more than we could count the number of seeds that God has planted through this work. If we can get people to believe in a God who created the universe, and everything around us, then all the other triumphs are easy to accept, including the final victory Christ promises over death. More important, when they understand a Creator-God who wasn't indebted to preexisting material, they understand that they, too, can become a new creation in Christ Jesus. It doesn't matter what their past is. He can create a new heart and doesn't need any preexisting material!

**Adventists haven't always been very good at what you'd call seed-planting ministries. What accounts for the patience of your approach?**

I think Christ is patient. He gave us our example. He healed hundreds and thousands, and He could have very quickly rushed everybody into the Jordan and baptized them. But He planted seeds and lessons that would stand the test of time, that would last through the ages, that could be understood by people of all walks of life. That's why our publication is the way it is. We trust we're using Christ's method, reaching people where they're at.

**Creative people have to take time to refill the well. What are your sources for renewal?**

Our family loves to be out in God's world. We go on hikes, bicycle rides, swimming, and snow skiing. Our daughter, Melissa, was on snow skis by age 4! Being out in the fresh air and sunshine is so restorative, so renewing for all of us. When you get stuck in front of the computer at times, even putting out a nature periodical, you've got to get away and let God's world renew you.

**What do you expect for the future of Creation Illustrated?**

I think we've "beaten the odds," so to speak. Statistically, in the magazine publishing business, there's an 80 percent failure rate in the first year. It's worse than the restaurant business! And we've been at it successfully for six years now. Our circulation is to the point where we're moving steadily upward.

**It couldn't have hurt your circulation to receive two Silver Angel Awards recently. Why was your magazine honored?**

The International Angel Awards organization gave us a 1999 “Excellence in Print Media” Silver Angel for our four 1998 editions, and a second Silver Angel for “Excellence in Photography.” The organization exists to honor entities or organizations that promote high moral and spiritual values, and they must have believed we were good examples of those.

**How do you think your ministry fits into the overall mission of the Seventh-day Adventist Church?**

As Adventists we have to be in the forefront of sharing the Creation message. With the recent Sabbath school lessons, the church has underscored the importance of being soundly rooted in our Creation week beliefs. We have to be willing to share what Scripture says about our origins. It's part of our calling—our opportunity—as Adventists to draw attention to the things that are seen to build faith in the unseen. That's God's purpose in raising up this remnant church. God's counter-attack begins just where the enemy attacked—in the Garden of Eden. And God's people ought to be vigorous in telling the world the truth: the earth is still the Lord's.

Bill Knott is an associate editor of the Adventist Review.

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In order to keep the Sabbath holy, it is not necessary that we inclose ourselves in walls, shut away from the beautiful scenes of nature, and also deprive ourselves of the free, invigorating air of heaven. We should in no case allow burdens and business transactions to divert our minds upon the Sabbath of the Lord which He has sanctified. We should not allow even our minds to dwell upon things of a worldly character. The mind cannot be refreshed, enlivened, and elevated by being confined nearly all the Sabbath hours within walls, listening to long sermons and tedious, formal prayers. The Sabbath of the Lord has been put to a wrong use, if thus celebrated. The object is not attained for which the Sabbath was instituted. The Sabbath was made for man, to be a blessing to him, by calling his mind from secular labor, to contemplate the goodness and glory of God. It is necessary that the people of God assemble to talk of Him, to interchange thoughts and ideas in regard to the truths contained in the Word of God, and to devote a portion of time to appropriate prayer. But these seasons, even upon the Sabbath, should not be made tedious by their length and lack of interest. During a portion of the day, all should have an opportunity to be out of doors.

How can the minds of children become better impressed, and receive a more correct knowledge of God, than in spending a portion of their time out of doors; not in play, but in company with their parents? Surrounded with nature's beautiful scenery, as their minds are associated with God in nature, by their attention being called to the tokens of God's love to man in His creative works, their young minds will be attracted and interested. They will not be in danger of associating the character of God with everything that is stern and severe. But as they view the beautiful things He has created for the happiness of man, they will be led to regard Him as a tender, loving Father. They will see that His prohibitions and injunctions are not made merely to show His power and authority, but that He has the happiness of His children in view. A s the character of God puts on the aspect of love, benevolence, beauty, and attraction, they are drawn to love Him.

You can direct their minds to the lovely birds making the air musical with their happy songs, the spires of grass, and the gloriously tinted flowers in their perfection perfuming the air. A ll these proclaim the love and skill of the heavenly Artist, and show forth the glory of God. Parents, why not make use of the precious lessons God has given us in the book of nature to give our children the correct idea of His character? Those who sacrifice simplicity to fashion, and shut themselves away from the beauties of nature, cannot be spiritually minded. They cannot understand the skill and power of God as revealed in His creative works, therefore their hearts do not quicken and throb with new love and interest, and are not filled with awe and reverence as they see God in nature.

A ll who love God should do what they can to make the Sabbath a delight, holy and honorable. They cannot do this by seeking their own pleasure in sinful, forbidden amusements. They can do much to exalt the Sabbath in their families, and make it the most interesting day of the week. We should devote time to interest our children. We can walk out with them in the open air. A change will have a happy influence upon them. We can sit with them in the groves, and in the bright sunshine, and give their restless minds something to feed upon by conversing with them upon the works of God, and inspire them with love and reverence by calling their attention to the beautiful objects in nature.

The Sabbath should be made so interesting to our families that its weekly return will be hailed with joy. In no better way can parents exalt and honor the Sabbath than to devise means to impart proper instruction to their families, and to interest them in spiritual things, giving them correct views of the character of God, and what He requires of us, in order to perfect Christian characters and to attain to eternal life. Parents, make the Sabbath a
delight, that your children shall look forward to it, and have a welcome in their hearts for it.

This article is excerpted from a longer piece, “How Shall We Keep the Sabbath?” that appeared in the Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald (now the Adventist Review) on May 30, 1871.

Seventh-day Adventists believe that Ellen G. White exercised the biblical gift of prophecy during more than 70 years of public ministry.
t's been asserted that America has become a nation of crybabies—a passel of whining, pining victims blubbery ing out the sordid details of our dysfunctions to any lawyer, therapist, or talk show host willing to listen. It's been argued that we have become a people determined to deny, at all costs, accountability for our choices, actions, and dispositions.

Could a similar assertion be made about the church? Have we, in our anxiety to become a kinder, gentler, less legalistic representation of Christ, unwittingly imbibed the spirit of our crybaby culture and enabled each other to become so many spiritually flaccid wimps?

How often have we cried the blues with lyrics such as:

“I’d really like to break my [smoking, eating, caffeine . . .] addiction, but I’m just so stressed right now, and besides, I have a genetic predisposition.”

“I wish I weren’t so hot-tempered and impatient, but that’s my temperament, and I can’t help it.”

“I’d like to be a more [trusting, loving, dependable . . .] person, but my father was an alcoholic and my mother was controlling and manipulative, and I just can’t seem to get over it.”

Those who don’t know the Lord might well shield themselves from accountability with such trendy rationalizations. As far as they know, there is no one to deliver them from temptation in a godless world.

But what about the church? What have we done with our Saviour? Have we eclipsed the Crucified One, the only one able to “deliver us, and purge away our sins” (Ps. 79:9), with so much humanistic “understanding” and earthbound empathy? Have we exchanged empowering, objective, gospel truth for the sweet, but feeble, warm fuzzies of the subjective?

Even the most earnest personal testimony of spiritual deliverance, colored as it is by the subjective, leaves room for a rueful “Yeah, but—you don’t know what it’s like for me; you don’t know what I’ve been through.” And it’s true. The collective mind of the Christian church can never know what it is to wrestle with my besetting sins, weighed down with the baggage of my past. The church can never know, but the Lord of the church does.

Christ not only became human like us; He became human as us. He is humanity embraced not only His own individuality, but the heredity, the temperament, the life experience of everyone who has ever lived and ever will. In the words of Ellen White, “He took human nature, and bore the infirmities and degeneracy of the race” (The Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary, vol. 5, p. 1081). And He didn’t just bear them suddenly and superficially at the cross, as one might bear a passing inconvenience.

H is was a developing lifelong identification with the struggles and frailties of humanity.

By the time He was 12, “the mystery of His mission was opening to the Saviour,” and He began consciously to carry “the awful weight of responsibility for the salvation of men” (The Desire of Ages, pp. 78, 92). At 30, repenting in our behalf on the banks of the Jordan, Jesus “identified H himself with sinners. . . . As one with us, He must bear the burden of our guilt and woe. The Sinless One must feel the shame of sin” (ibid., p. 111). Even then, still years away from the cross, “the sins of a guilty world were laid upon Christ” (ibid., p. 112).

In H is heart and in H is mind, in H is muscles and bones and nerves, Christ bore “the burden of our guilt and woe”; consciously, daily, continually, He lived our struggle with deeply ingrained, even unconscious, sin—not just for us, but as us. He gazed unblinkingly into our corporate heart of darkness until He became sin itself and was destroyed. We have nothing to bear that He has not already borne.

Understanding and empathy are as dew in a parched and weary land. But let’s not settle for caring when we can have caring and cleansing. Let’s not let an unbelieving “Yeah, but . . .” keep us from our Redeemer. Through the power of prayer and gospel truth, by the living witness of our own soul’s surrender, let’s commend each other to the One whose glory it was to become sin for us, as us, “that we might be made the righteousness of God in him” (2 Cor. 5:21).

Leslie Kay is a wife, mother, and freelance writer who lives in Chloride, Arizona.

Leslie Kay
Seventh-day Adventists in Nairobi, Kenya, are celebrating. The combined efforts of literature evangelists, pastors, and administrators have led to 1,787 baptisms following a family life crusade. In addition to those baptized, more than 2,000 families renewed their wedding vows.

The baptism brought to a conclusion the second stage of outreach activities in 42 centers in the capital of Kenya. It took place at the Moi International Sports Center and was the concluding celebration of the family life seminar evangelistic outreach conducted by Pastor José Campos and lay evangelist Adly Campos.

Mrs. Campos lectured to full stadiums, Uhuru Park and Nyayo, for the first two weeks of the outreach. In addition to the congregational lectures, pastors counseled couples and families at both locations. Adly preached to a packed stadium of more than 120,000 on the baptismal Sabbath. In addition to the 1,787 baptized that day, more than 670 indicated that they too wished to be baptized.

The second phase of the crusade found the Camposes, pastors, administrators, and literature evangelists conducting family life seminars based on the 27 fundamental beliefs of Adventism. This approach is one reason that the outreach was fruitful, according to Adly.

“We weren’t there to change their culture or impose Western culture. We were there to just show family life from a biblical point of view,” Adly says. Her presentations were followed by two weeks of study in more than 40 centers across the city, most occurring in Adventist churches. The material used was developed by Home and Health Education Services, the colporteur publishing ministry of the General Conference. A set of 20 lessons, similar to Bible correspondence lessons, were used in the citywide initiative. These lessons differed from traditional Bible studies in that they focused on the 27 beliefs from the perspective of family, Adly says.

Sponsored by both the General Conference Ministry Association and the Publishing Department, the five-week event began July 27 and ended August 28 with baptisms and renewed relationships. But that’s only part of the story. Months of preparation and months of continuing lectures made this crusade the biggest Nairobi has seen. And the biggest successful crusade uniting “publishing and preaching,” according to General Conference associate publishing director José Campos.

“This is the first time we’ve involved the colporteurs and publishing in this magnitude,” says José. Asked by General Conference Publishing Department director Ron Appenzeller to develop a crusade program that would show how pastors and literature evangelists could work together to sow and reap souls, José and Adly spearheaded the focus on family life.

The 2,000 couples who renewed their vows give evidence of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit with this approach to Bible study and evangelism. “These families learned a new meaning of what the husband-wife relationship is about,” Adly says. “We presented the gospel message in the context of family life. We saw families, spouses, and children dedicating themselves to quality of life. Hundreds, even thousands, pledged to lead better lives. We praise God for what was accomplished in Nairobi. And there is more to come.”
José points to the ongoing impact of the Nairobi meetings. An additional 650 persons were baptized in September and October, many as a result of smaller-scale meetings at family life centers. This initiative will culminate with a final baptism on November 27, dubbed “The Great Finale.” “This effort shows we can reach others through the use of family life concepts,” he says.

But perhaps the most important element to the continued success of the crusade was the involvement and partnership between the laity and the church. “Not only did we reach Nairobi by combining family life with biblical principles; we reached them by combining laity with administration,” José adds.

The work began four months before the Camposes commenced stadium meetings as 217 literature evangelists blanketed the city, selling magabooks, handing out the first lesson of the family life seminar, and enrolling those they visited in lessons. The literature evangelists distributed thousands of copies of Adventist publications throughout Nairobi.

“The literature evangelists prepared the people, seeding them for the crusade,” says Adly. “They are invaluable to the success of the meetings.”

“They [literature evangelists] were deeply involved in everything!” adds José. “They helped with preparing, preaching, music, and marital vows.”

The crusade also brought literature/lay evangelists from local congregations together to observe and participate in the training events. Such topics as the role of women in society, quality of marriage, family violence, child abuse, discipline, and role modeling were presented. Many literature evangelists were also involved in counseling at the stadium, and seven literature evangelists worked along with union and conference administrators and 26 pastors in preaching at the family life seminar locations. Eastern Africa Division publishing director Witson M wamakamba lent a big hand and was present throughout the entire crusade, preaching and translating into Swahili.

“We hope to show to the world church that there is a way to involve publishing in evangelism,” says José. “It was teamwork that helped make [the crusade] successful.” Lectures and lessons will continue through November, focusing on Daniel, Revelation, and health reform; and both José and Adly will journey back to Nairobi for the last few weeks of the crusade. They will also be part of the final baptism and celebration.

The first baptismal ceremony was given nationwide coverage by three different TV stations, according to Samuel Misiani, director of Adventist World Radio in Africa stations. President of Kenya Daniel T. arap Moi, who welcomed the evangelistic team, has been invited to participate in the “grand finale” of this public evangelistic series.

“The Nairobi outreach was a clear evidence that successful evangelism means partnership,” adds Appenzeller. “It’s the persuasion of the spoken word and the convincing presentation of the written word that supply lasting results. We praise the Lord for His leading in Nairobi.”
World Church Leaders Release Year 2000 Statement

The Seventh-day Adventist Church has issued a statement expressing its view on the year 2000. “The year 2000 has no particular prophetic significance,” the statement says. The church rejects “any speculation concerning its religious meaning.” Referring to the second coming of Christ, the statement affirms that Adventists “do not speculate about the precise historical moment when that event will take place.”

Commenting about the statement, Leo Ranzolin, vice president of the world church, said that “if anything is of significance about the future, it is the hope we, as Christians, have in the soon return of Christ. While others worry, we are a people who have and live out our Christian hope.”

“Many people are afraid of the future,” adds Ranzolin. “There is a lot of speculation about the year 2000 and its importance for the world’s history. A signing spiritual dimension to a year’s end and to the turning of yet another new year would be going beyond the value we give to such occasions. As a church we are not assigning anything special to this date. But as individuals who are counting the days of our lives, 2000 seems special. How often can we witness such a ‘round’ calendar number during our lifetime?”

The “Statement About Adventism and the Year 2000” was voted on September 29 by the General Conference Executive Committee meeting at its Annual Council in Silver Spring, Maryland. The committee, which represents the church’s highest governing body, discussed current church issues, as well as agenda matters for the upcoming quinquennial world church session in Toronto in July of 2000.

The Adventist Review will carry a full report of the Annual Council in two weeks.

NASCAR Helps Adventist Community Services

NASCAR drivers lent a helping hand to the disaster relief efforts in North Carolina when the drivers sent their tractor-trailer trucks filled with relief supplies and escorted by police to the Adventist Community Services’ warehouses in Rocky Mount.

A total of 61 trucks arrived September 29, unloading cleanup and building supplies to ease the strain on families whose homes were badly damaged or destroyed by Hurricane Floyd’s flooding. The trip, called Hayride II, Racing for Relief, started in Charlotte, and ended at the ACS warehouses.
Religion in the News

Pew Charitable Trusts Launch $10 Million Religion Project

The Pew Charitable Trusts have launched a $10 million initiative to study the expanding role of religion in American public life.

The “Religious Communities and the American Public Square” initiative has begun with grants of $1.2 million each being awarded to researchers to study the civic contributions of mainline Protestant, African-American, and Jewish congregations in the United States. Future grants will address Catholic, Latino, Muslim, and evangelical Christian involvement in the public life of this country.

“A strong public expression of religious faith and an open, pluralistic public square don’t have to be mutually exclusive,” said Rebecca W. Rimel, president of the Pew Charitable Trusts.

The current grant recipients, who will spend three years on the research, are Princeton University’s Center for the Study of Religion, Morehouse College’s Leadership Center, and Temple University’s Center for Jewish Community Studies. The projects include public forums as well as research.—Religion News Service.

Historical Note

70 Years Ago . . . Israel Will Not Rise Again

Review columnist Calvin Bollman devoted most of his Bible Questions Answered page in the October 31, 1929, issue to combating the dispensationalist theory that Scripture prophesies a return to the land of Israel by the literal descendants of Abraham.

Underscoring the conditional nature of Old Testament prophecies of Israel’s return, Bollman correctly highlighted the New Testament teaching that all who are in Christ have become Abraham’s seed (Gal. 3:29).

Not content to leave well enough alone, however, Bollman gave evidence that he was no prophet. “The Bible teaches nothing of this kind,” he wrote, “nor are world conditions such as to lead us to believe that such a return is humanly possible.” He continued with a rhetorical question: “What chance, then, is there for success in making Palestine again the national Jewish ‘homeland’?

Nineteen years later, after a massive post-World War II influx of Jews, the state of Israel appeared on the world map in May 1948, giving fresh joy to dispensational theologians and causing Adventist commentators to restudy the whole issue.

NEWSBREAK

New University Established in Brazil

The government of Brazil has declared Brasil College as Brazil Adventist University, with campuses in São Paulo and Engenheiro Coelho. The decree, issued by Brazil’s president, ends a seven-year process spearheaded by Homero Luis dos Reis. Next year the university plans to offer 18 majors, reports Marcia Ebinger, Central Brazil Union spokesperson.

What’s Upcoming

Oct. 30 Children’s Sabbath
Nov. 6 Week of Prayer begins
Nov. 20 Ingathering begins
Nov. 30 Bible Emphasis
Dec. 4 Stewardship Day

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BY ARVILLA GILROY

ONE OF THE BLESSINGS OF AN ANSWERED PRAYER is that the answer often blesses others as well as the one who asked it.

Family Ties

World War II was raging in Europe in 1942 when my husband, Perry, was drafted into the Army. When our son Billy was born, it was two and a half months before Perry saw him, and he wouldn't see him again until Billy was 18 months old. So it was easy to see why Perry was so excited the night he phoned from his post at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. He had just been told that Billy and I could join him at Fort Dix, New Jersey, prior to his being sent to Germany. Fort Dix was a departure point, and troops were usually deployed quickly, but for some reason Perry's unit was to remain there for at least two months. The soldiers were told that they could bring their families along if they would find their own housing.

It was wonderful news, and of course we wanted to go. But after I hung up the phone, I began to have second thoughts—what if there was no housing available? I could live anywhere, but I had to consider our 18-month-old son. And what about the gasoline situation? I could get extra gas rationing coupons to drive to New Jersey, but could I get enough to return to Maryland if we found no place to live? And what if I should become ill while there—who would care for my child? I tried to push these thoughts from my mind as I imagined how wonderful it would be to have eight weeks together as a family. There was always the possibility that it might be for the last time.

I needed a definite answer as I asked God to show me in some tangible way whether we should go to Fort Dix. Perry kept calling for my answer. Finally Perry announced that this would be his last call from Tennessee. His unit would be leaving for Fort Dix the following morning. He must know tonight: Should he pick us up or go without us? Without any hesitation, I said, “Pick us up.”

Daring to Dream

That night my prayer was different. I prayed with a new trust that God would show me what to do. Then leaving it with Him, I soon fell into a peaceful sleep. Near morning God sent His answer in a dream. I saw myself standing beside an old two-story house that had a two-room addition under a shed-type roof. Then I saw myself inside. There was a six-inch step from the first room into the second room. Because of the difference in the level of the two floors, no door had been hung. Instead, a blue-flowered drape hung from a rod across the opening. All the while I seemed to hear a gentle voice saying, “Come, I have a place for you.”

When I awoke the next morning, I was filled with a new sense of peace. I hurried to the War Ration Board and asked for enough gas to move to New Jersey. Clutching the coupons, I rushed home to pack whatever our 1940 Ford coupe would hold—mostly baby things.

Perry arrived home in Maryland, and after a short visit with his parents, we drove to Fort Dix. We went directly to the base housing office. Our baby slept in my arms while Perry went inside. In a few minutes he emerged from the office, and the expression on his face told me that they knew of no place for us. But just as the door was closing behind him, he suddenly turned and went back inside. The housing clerk had remembered that someone had been there about 15 minutes earlier wishing to register two rooms for rent. The clerk explained that she had not checked out the listing as required, but that if Perry would check on it himself, he could have the address. She added that the woman seemed very nice and had
remarked that she had never intended to rent the rooms but that she had been strongly impressed to do so this very morning.

Following the directions, we drove about 10 miles into the country to the address on the card.

As we turned into the driveway, a middle-aged woman was just getting out of her car. When we told her why we were there, she seemed visibly stunned. "I can't believe someone would come so quickly," she said. Her name was Mrs. Danley, and she gladly showed us the rooms she had for rent.

The two rooms were part of an addition to an old two-story house—just as I had seen in my dream. Inside, I stepped up a six-inch step from the first room to the second. In the doorway hung a blue-flowered drape. I knew we were where God intended us to be.

The Rest of the Story

Mr. and Mrs. Danley took us into their home and their hearts. I will never forget the day when, with tears streaming down her cheeks, Mrs. Danley told me that they had lost an infant son and that their only surviving child was serving in the South Pacific, where military action was fierce.

Every day they let me know that our child was filling a void in their life. The Danleys put up a swing for our Billy, fenced in a play yard, and made a sandbox for him.

I guess I never really knew how much our child meant to the Danleys until more than 20 years later—long after both of those dear folks had died.

Perry and I were driving north to Maine. As we drove through New Jersey, I felt a deep urge to see that old house once again.

I wasn't sure we could find the place or even if it was still there, but I felt I would recognize the neighborhood. Things had changed. The two rooms had been torn away and the house remodeled. The old oak tree still stood as I remembered it. In my heart it still towered over a chubby little boy in a swing.

Hoping that the present owners wouldn't mind the intrusion, I knocked at the front door. A young woman in her 30s opened the door and listened as I explained why I was there.

"I can't believe this," she said. "I never dreamed that I'd ever meet you. So many times Mrs. Danley spoke of the young mother with a curly-headed baby that God had sent to comfort them during the war."

Then it was my turn to be amazed: I couldn't have imagined that God would answer my prayer in a way that would allow our family to be a blessing to others.

Arvilla Gilroy is a retired schoolteacher and Red Cross instructor who lives in Fairfax, Virginia.
It took Brian a minute to remember he was at Eric and Paul’s house. He had come to spend a week with his cousins. They had a basketball hoop, a pool, and a whole forest out behind their house.

He thought back to the previous evening, when he had said goodbye to Mom and Dad. He had never been gone from home for a whole week, and Mom could tell he was a little nervous. “Be part of the family, and you’ll be just fine,” Mom whispered in his ear as she hugged him goodbye.

“We’ll see you next weekend,” said Dad with a hug.

“How’s it going, sweetie?” Mom’s familiar voice came through the phone.

“OK, I guess.” Brian choked back tears. More than anything he wanted to be home, home where he knew he belonged.

“Are things pretty different there?” Mom asked gently.

“They eat weird food, and they play basketball with different rules, and everyone knows what they’re doing in the pool except me.” Brian’s words tumbled out in one breath.

“Remember what I told you yesterday,” Mom encouraged.

“You’ll fit in easier if you try what everyone else is doing. Play their games, even if they’re new or if they play by different rules. And Aunt Jenny is a great cook. Try what she serves you, and I’m sure you’ll like it, even if it’s new to you.”

By the time they were done talking, Brian felt better. “I’ll try harder to get involved,” he decided. “I’ll even try Aunt Jenny’s food.”

Family Time

On Tuesday (or whatever day you wish) invite your family to worship God with you.

뇌 Ask the adults in your family to tell you about a time when they felt they didn’t belong. What happened?

뇌 Read a Bible story about someone who didn’t want to get involved: Judges 6:11-24. What were his excuses? What convinced him to get involved? Do you know the rest of the story? You can read it in Judges 6:24-40, and in Judges 7.

뇌 With your family’s help, make a list of things you do to help others feel that they belong. Now make another list of other things you could do to help others feel they are a part of God’s family. Which list is longer?

뇌 Have each person in your family think about a time when someone helped them feel that they were a part of God’s family. Share it with the rest of the family.
It’s easy for those who, like me, wander the earth preaching to appear so devout, so religious and pious from the pulpit. All it takes is a few right phrases, a few timely genuflections, a few holy quotes... and voilà! One can appear ready to float off to heaven.

What’s not so easy, however, is to be so holy at home. Time and again I’ve had to tell myself, If I can’t be Christian at the house, particularly with my wife, then all the pious phrases, genuflections, and quotes from the pulpit mean nothing.

The following are a few principles derived (homiletically, not exegetically) from Scripture about being Christian with our spouses—where (unlike the pulpit or any other public forum) it really counts.

1. “In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace” (Eph. 1:7). One of the most crucial elements in any marriage is forgiveness. You must learn to forgive, especially when your spouse doesn’t deserve it. Any one can forgive the deserving; in fact, that’s hardly forgiveness. True forgiveness is forgiving those who don’t warrant it—the way the Lord forgives us through Christ. We must do likewise. Otherwise, our marriage, if it survives (which isn’t likely), will seem like purgatory.

2. The second principle is related to the first. “For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:23). You must accept, out of the gate, that you’re married to a sinner—to a being damaged to some degree emotionally, physically, and spiritually. Get used to it. Accept your spouse’s faults. Pray your way through them. You might have to live with those faults, but you don’t have to obsess over them. If you do, they will eat you alive. A holy and perfect God, through Christ, accepts us as we are; you, who are hardly holy and perfect, must do the same with your spouse.

3. “Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross” (Phil. 2:4-8). The point is simple: don’t always think of yourself first. Try to put your spouse before yourself, just as Christ put us before Himself. As sinful creatures, whenever a situation arises, our natural instinct is to think: Oh, how will this affect me, me, me? It’s as natural as seeking water when thirsty. But through the grace of God you can learn to put your spouse and his or her needs before your own; this principle can greatly help any marriage.

4. The last principle is tied to the third: “For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin” (Heb. 4:15). Just as Christ put Himself in our situation, to best relate to us, we should do the same with our marriage partner. Try to view any given situation or crisis not just from your own perspective but from your spouse’s. See how he or she views the situation, how it has an impact on him or her, and why he or she would feel about it the way he or she does. This principle can go a long way in alleviating tough situations.

Every marriage carries its own set of challenges, and no formula guarantees success. And, of course, I don’t always perfectly apply these concepts in my own marriage (as my wife will readily attest). But by the often painful surrender of self through the vehicle of prayer, I do try. And by the grace of God, I find again and again that they do work.

Anyone can be Christian in public; only a true one can be one at home.

Clifford Goldstein is the editor of the Adult Sabbath School Bible Study Guide.
At Rest

ANDERSON, Carl P.—b. Nov. 16, 1917, Pittsburgh, Pa.; d. May 31, 1999, West Paris, Maine. He served in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia as a pastor and administrator. For 16 years he was president of the Northern New England Conference. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Ruth; one daughter, Elsie May Gang; two grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

ANDERSON, Winton C.—b. Dec. 5, 1923, Sweden; d. June 2, 1999, Altamonte Springs, Fla. He served as a pastor for 38 years in Missouri, Iowa, Chesapeake, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida. He is survived by his wife, Alyce; one son, Michael; one daughter, Arlene Hoover; two brothers, A. L. Bietz and R. R. Bietz; two sisters, Ottilia Walker and Viola Bieber; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

BROWNELL, Kathleen—b. July 28, 1900, Mobile, Ala.; d. Apr. 1, 1999, Apopka, Fla. She served as a Bible instructor for 15 years in Alabama, Texas, and Washington, D.C.

COON, Marjorie—age 75; d. Dec. 24, 1998, Ocala, Fla. She served as a missionary in South Korea and Russia.

DUNTON, Hugh—b. Jan. 7, 1926, Rochester, Kent, England; d. July 6, 1999, Slough, England. He was a World War II veteran. He taught first at the Stanborough School and then in Ghana and Sierra Leone in Africa. Returning to England in 1964, he taught at Newbold College and was headmaster of Stanborough Secondary School from 1966 to 1975. In 1975 he became education and Sabbath school director and associate secretary of the Northern Europe-West Africa Division, and from 1981 to 1985 he was education and Sabbath school director for the British Union. He then became a lecturer at Newbold College and director of Europe's Ellen G. White Centre. He is survived by his wife, Britta; one son, Roland; one daughter, Susan; and three grandchildren.

HARRISON, Amos L.—b. Oct. 8, 1921, Ridgeway, Ill.; d. May 18, 1999, Winter Park, Fla. He served as an accountant in denominational hospitals for 34 years in New England and Florida. He is survived by his wife, Elsie; two daughters, Joyce Kanavel and Shirley Hill; two sisters, Margie Campbell and Pauline Woods; and two grandchildren.

HIGGINS, Hervey Lee—b. Dec. 17, 1900, Methuen, Mass.; d. Nov. 23, 1998, Altamonte Springs, Fla. He served in the Inter-American Division for 16 years and taught in Wisconsin and Michigan. He is survived by his wife, Lenora; one daughter, Rita Andrus; one step-daughter, Tracee Burch; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

HOOPER, Kathryn Coyle—b. Oct. 7, 1923, Gastonia, N.C.; d. May 9, 1998, Plymouth, Fla. She assisted her evangelist husband for more than 30 years. She is survived by her husband, Rainey; one son, Todd; and one granddaughter.

HOOPER, Rainey—b. Feb. 16, 1919, Nashville, Tenn.; d. Apr. 19, 1999, Apopka, Fla. He served as an evangelist and pastor for more than 30 years in the Southern Union. He is survived by one son, Todd; and one granddaughter.

HUFFAKER, George M.—b. Sept. 8, 1921, Ogema, Wis.; d. May 27, 1999, Muncie, Ind. He began his service as a literature evangelist in Michigan and then taught for the Illinois Conference for 23 years. He is survived by his wife, Erma; one son, Gary; two daughters, Rhonda Bolton and Kathleen Dager; and seven grandchildren.
Things that last a long time intrigue us. More so today than even in the sixties, when T.G.I. Friday's and Cracker Barrel with their nineteenth-century decor began. Antiques Roadshow is now one of the most popular television programs. Viewers enjoy seeing how a small table found at a yard sale for $25 is valued at $30,000 because of its age. When Helen and I discovered Naples, Florida, 22 years ago, it had three antique shops. Now it has 70.

Violins, violas, and cellos age well. Antonio Stradivari made more than 1,000 between 1658 and 1737. Nearly 600 still exist. As a fine violin ages, its tones become fuller and more brilliant.*

Trees are among the oldest living things. Bald cypresses live more than 600 years. The Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary near Naples has some that were centenarians when Columbus discovered America. Redwoods live 1,000 years, giant sequoias 2,500 years, and bristlecone pines 3,000 years. No wonder the Bible uses a tree to represent longevity. “For as the days of a tree, so shall be the days of My people, and My elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands” (Isa. 65:22, NKJV).

Some small plants seem to last forever because they multiply by dividing. In a field near Atlantic Union College is the site of the garrison house where Mary Rowlandson lived in 1675 when it was burned by Indians and she was taken captive. Tawny daylilies Colonists brought from Europe still thrive along roadsides throughout the eastern United States.

We like to visit old homes. A favorite of American visitors to England is the cottage in Chalfont St. Giles, where John Milton lived when he completed Paradise Lost in 1667. Helen and I were amazed when we had teacakes at Sally Lunn’s in Bath, England, to learn that food has been served there since 1482.

The ancients made things to last. They erected the pyramids and Great Sphinx in Egypt and the Parthenon in Athens long before Jesus was born. The Romans built the Colosseum during the first century as well as the aqueducts, which still carry water.

Europeans in the Middle Ages also erected buildings to last. Chartres Cathedral was completed between 1194 and 1260. After 700 years the blue of the stained glass is still brilliant.

New England farmers who erected stone walls over a period of 250 years built lasting monuments without intending to. They didn’t know what else to do with the stones cleared from the land. More stones and sweat went into those walls than into the pyramids.

We are impressed by long-lasting marriages and consider a fiftieth anniversary something special.

We are impressed when someone reaches a one hundredth birthday. Americans want to make life last longer. A lot of research goes into longevity. But any life span hoped for is short in comparison to those of the antediluvian patriarchs. Most of them lived 800 or 900 years (Gen. 5).

Imagine an endless straight line running through Naples. Southward it goes over Key West, Cuba, Panama, and out beyond the farthest reaches of the universe, having no end. Northward it goes over Jacksonville; Bristol, Tennessee; Cleveland, Ohio; and out beyond the farthest reaches of the universe, having no end. That line represents eternity.

Now place a small dot on that line. It represents the history of earth. Our life spans are an infinitesimal part of that dot. They are but a puff unless . . . “Yes, God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not be lost but may have eternal life” (John 3:16, Jerusalem). “God has given us eternal life and this life is in his Son” (1 John 5:11, Jerusalem).

Accepting God’s gift is the way to increase longevity, it seems to me.

* Some facts for this article were taken from Frank Kendig and Richard Hutton’s Life Spans: Or, How Long Things Last (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1980).

R. Lynn Sauls is a retired professor of English and journalism who lives in Naples, Florida.
One of the things you notice about living in the West, especially if your home is on the range, is the almost universal presence of fences. Time was when they were not at all part of the scenery. The wide open land was ideal territory for cattle to graze freely wherever they roamed. Their only restriction was the ropes of the cowboy overseers at roundup time.

By the late nineteenth century, with the invention of barbed wire as cheap fencing and the influx of small farmers, the cattle industry fell on hard times. Homesteaders introduced fences to enclose their holdings, limiting the amount of open pastureland. When ranchers tried to prevent the "nesters," often referred to as "sodbusters," from settling permanently, a series of range wars ensued—the "barbed-wire wars"—with the farmers largely gaining the ascendancy.

Eventually the ranchers and farmers settled into peaceful coexistence and the West was fenced in. Miles of barbed-wire fences persist to this day, serving both ranchers and farmers. The conflicts over fences have faded into history, but the homestead mentality remains, even in the towns and villages of the West.

Elsewhere in America, yards and gardens often flow into each other with little reference to exact boundaries. You can have back-fence neighbors without the formality of a fence. If they don’t actually have free passage through your yard, they at least have unobstructed access to the view of your tomato plants and peonies. Not so in the West. Fences mark your "homestead."

"Good fences make good neighbors," says one of the characters in a Robert Frost poem set in New England. There the abundance of stones in the soil insisted—in all frugality—on fences. Westerners, however, do not build their fences to make good neighbors of themselves or of the family next door. No superfluity of either stone or wood demands to be put to use. My theory is that the intent of the fence today is to keep from being intimidated by the wide open western spaces, to make yourself a little larger against endless, treeless range. It is perhaps to carve out a small parcel in the vastness, over which you can have some control. A fenced-in enclosure helps to establish an attainable horizon; it shuts out infinity. At the same time, a fence is a limit to liberty. The words of a pop song of the forties—"Don’t Fence Me In"—implied that the very fences intended to hold open space at bay might also suppress a free spirit.

The ubiquitous fences in the city on the high desert plains where I live are not at all uniformly attractive. Some are indeed handsome, fancied with furbelows, enhanced by brick or sculpture, graced by wrought-iron grill or gate. Others are mere utilitarian chain link or common adobe. Many are downright ugly, comprising odd slats, painted or unpainted. Any weather-beaten or dilapidated board will do to shut out encroaching space and keep the free spirit within from roaming off into nothingness.

The tension between the will to be free and the desire to have boundaries exists in every little fenced-in plot of life. Fences reflect the innate need for order implanted in us by our orderly Lord, a need to have our freedom contained.

The spiritual lesson of fences surrounds me. God lets me, as a free agent, choose to be enclosed in the safety of His boundaries or wander the wide open range of choices for good or evil. He does not coerce me to stay in the garden of goodness. The gate is always ajar. The open opportunities beyond sometimes intimidate me and overcome my judgment of distance. “How far can I go before I am lost?” I ask as I step into the outside world.

I need Him to hedge me about. My free spirit requires His strong fences to keep me safely inside His will, His shalt-nots to shelter me from my own inclination to wander off into a far country.

Lord, fence me in. Reinforce in my daily life those safe boundaries within which I may freely live and move and have my being—until, in Your kingdom, I can be a good neighbor, bounded only by Your law of love.

Jeanne Jordan is a freelance writer who lives in Roswell, New Mexico.