



# MISSION

A QUARTERLY REPORT ON THE STATE OF MISSIONS / JUL-SEP 1983

ADULT EDITION





# THE *Seventh-day Adventist Church*

Office of the President

Headquarters  
800 Thomson Road  
Singapore 1129  
Republic of Singapore

Dear Sabbath School Members Everywhere:

The membership explosion of this church is creating new needs, and opportunities for giving, like we've never seen before! Everywhere we travel, we hear or see a fresh challenge to build up the work. New schools, more permanent buildings, larger facilities--critical needs abound.

The heaven-inspired sharing concept has brought, through the thirteenth Sabbath giving program, blessings to every corner of the church's program. Our work in the Far Eastern Division has been blessed richly over many years through the sacrificial giving of our brothers and sisters around the globe. We in turn try to do our share for you.

The third quarter of 1983 is our turn to receive again. Our projects follow:

1. South China Island Union--A rapidly increasing demand for Seventh-day Adventist literature calls for an expansion of our meager publishing facilities in Taiwan, now occupying temporary quarters. A portion of this quarter's offering will provide sufficient additional funds so a new plant can get under way. This will serve overseas Chinese-speaking people in many lands.
2. East Indonesia Union--Timor Academy was recently put under pressure to improve its primitive classroom facilities. We will do this with a part of your gifts.
3. Japan Union--Okinawa Junior Academy has for years worked toward upgrading their school. We now want to let you give them a special lift in the completion of their administration building. Though simple, it must be sufficiently strong to stand up under typhoon/hurricane gales which frequently batter this area.
4. Guam-Micronesia Mission--One of our fastest-growing schools in the Far East now has more than 500 students in the elementary and secondary grades. In the Marshall Islands our schools have become the "opening wedge" among people who desperately want an education. On Majuro we need buildings that can properly accommodate the students already enrolled. Your gifts will accomplish this.

We will join with you in giving and praying that God's cause will prosper because each of us is giving as God has prospered us.

Your brother in Christ,

W. T. Clark  
President  
FAR EASTERN DIVISION

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Cover picture: The tribal  
people of northern  
Taiwan may be reached  
through gospel literature.

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# MISSION

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- 5** Otis Edwards, secretary of the Far Eastern Division, outlines the Special Projects and describes their particular needs.
- 7** A lively first-person account of mission service through the eyes of three student missionaries, **The School That SMs Built** should be given by four people in an informal manner. It can also easily be presented by one.
- 11** The question-and-answer format of the July 23 report, **This House Needs a House**, lends itself to audience participation. Two people might present the report as a dialogue, or one person could do it alone, prefacing the questions with "Here is a question for you," and the answers with "Now the answer."
- 15** Don't miss the August 6 report, **It Only Took a Spark**. Some sparks might ignite in the hearts of your Sabbath School members.
- 27** **The Search**, by Randy Horning, provides that extra appeal for a special Thirteenth Sabbath love offering.



## MINUTE SAVERS

**FACTS AND FIGURES** have been included in the reports each week. Additional information about the Far Eastern countries mentioned in the reports may be found in *World Book Encyclopedia* and *The World Almanac and Book of Facts*. Be sure to look for Timor under Indonesia, since the island became Indonesia's twenty-seventh province in 1976. Majuro is one of the Marshall Islands administered by the United States.

**Idea:** Ask a young person to locate facts about Taiwan for the July 30 or September 17 report and present his findings to the Sabbath School.

**Remember:** Facts of a geographical nature are more interesting when presented with reference to a large map (mission maps are available from your Adventist Book Center).

**SPECIAL PROJECTS** are shown on the mission map (page 32) and explained in the president's letter on page 2. Should you require a more detailed description see the report for July 2.

**FOREIGN NAMES** frighten some mission reporters. Encourage people to practice the correct names, going by the pronunciation guides.

**Idea:** Where the names cause great difficulty the reporter may substitute a name or use only the first part of the name.

**Remember:** Using correct names makes the reports more believable.

**CHOOSING A REPORT** is usually no problem. People present the reports according to the dates given. But in churches that use Mission Spotlight or Global Assignment tapes (available from your Adventist Book Center), you may choose to substitute a missed report for a later less interesting one.

**Remember:** The superintendent supervises the substitution of reports, to avoid any duplicate reporting.

**COORDINATE INVESTMENT AND MISSIONS** for a Saturday night special event. Run an evening film travelogue of the Far East to raise money for investment. Invite returned missionaries, student missionaries, world travelers, or people with Far Eastern ethnic backgrounds to participate in a special evening.

**Idea:** Choose committees to plan food, films, slide presentations, and displays. Give your church some real Far Eastern flavor for an evening of fun and fellowship.

**Remember:** Ask non-Adventist people in the community to help you if you need some extra talent. Be sure to send us a report with pictures for the Sabbath School Worker.

**THE JUNIOR MISSION REPORT**, although intended for various children's divisions, contains an interesting continued story that could be condensed into two parts for the adult Sabbath School.

July 2

# A Sound Investment

**Otis Edwards**

Secretary, Far Eastern Division

In a world of wildly fluctuating currencies, recession, depression, and double-digit inflation, one investment remains safe—the investment in God's work.

Two years ago you, the members of the worldwide Seventh-day Adventist Church, invested a record \$330,000 in the spreading of the gospel in the Far Eastern Division through the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. As a result of that investment nearly one hundred village chapels stand today on various islands of the Philippine archipelago. Many new congregations raised up *after* the chapels were built. And today the gospel light shines in previously unentered areas, because you unselfishly chose to invest your money for God.

You also invested in a large auditorium on the campus of the new Central Philippine Union College. Until recently only two colleges—one in the north and one in the south—served the nearly 270,000 church members in the three unions of the Philippines. Many would-be students were turned away. But now the young people of the Central Philippine Union have their own fledgling college. When it first opened its doors for classes in June, 1982, more than 200 students enrolled, and many more are expected as facilities expand.

Because the Seventh-day Adventist Church has long recognized that

Christian education is one of its most important investments, a third of the \$330,000 received from the offering went to another young college—this one located on the idyllic tropical island of Sulawesi, Indonesia. Nestled amid groves of tall, graceful palm trees at the base of a 7,000 foot (2,130 meter) extinct volcano, Mount Clabat College had experienced a tremendous increase in enrollment, which strained every facility, particularly the dormitories, and necessitated the construction of three additional classrooms. Your investment provided a spacious new girls' dormitory.

Not the least of the benefits realized when you invest with the Lord is the warmhearted thankfulness of those helped. Today your brothers and sisters of the Far Eastern Division say, "Thank you for your helping hand."

This quarter the Far Eastern Division again invites you to invest in the worldwide mission of spreading the gospel. Nearly 500 million people of that division need to hear of our soon-coming Saviour. The Special Projects portion of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering taken on September 24 will go to help four projects. Because the church in the Far East is a youthful church, the emphasis once again is educational. As the centuries-old traditions of many Far Eastern cultures crumble, millions of



young people search for a belief that endures. God's message reaches them best through Christian education. So your offerings will help three academies—one each in Okinawa, Timor, and the Marshall Islands.

Twenty-eight years ago the Okinawa Adventist Junior Academy opened with nineteen students meeting in a church building. Today, located in a lovely natural setting on a little plateau amid pine forests, the school plant contrasts sadly with the surroundings. Dilapidated Quonset huts of World War II vintage and secondhand prefabricated buildings with rusted iron frameworks were not built to withstand the typhoons that frequently assault the island. With your help the school plans to build an attractive, representative new classroom building that not only will offer protection from tropical storms but also will attract more students from the community to enroll in a Christian school and learn of a loving heavenly Father.

Small, struggling Nusa Tenggara (NEW-sa teng-GARR-ah) Academy on the island of Timor is without doubt one of our neediest schools. Operating under primitive conditions, the students and staff battle water shortages and leaky roofs. In the dormitories, students sleep wall to wall in two large rooms with wooden platforms along the walls. Here the fortunate spread their mats—the rest spread theirs on the dirt floor. Your gift this Thirteenth Sabbath will help build new dormitories and classrooms for this school that, in spite of its meager facilities, has the highest educational standard of any school on the island and numbers the children of several government officials among its students.

The youngest academy in the Far East was built on Majuro Island in 1978 by student missionaries, under the direction of their teacher, and has been staffed ever since by student missionaries and other volunteers. The 1981-1982 school year saw more than four hundred students enrolled in grades one through twelve. The elementary school and academy share the same classrooms, on a staggered schedule, but the academy dreams of a separate classroom-administration building that would allow them to accommodate more students and hold classes during regular school hours.

The fourth project is connected with another aspect of mission that is dear to the hearts of Adventists everywhere—the publishing work. The Signs of the Times Publishing Association in Taipei, Taiwan, which produces Adventist literature for the Chinese-speaking one-fourth of the world's population, fell heir to the publishing work begun in mainland China in 1905 by Dr. Harry Miller. Following Taiwanese separation from mainland China it became a publishing house in name only for many years—all its printing being done by outside presses. But today its expanding operation utilizes all the small rooms of the old union office. The house desperately needs a proper building in which to operate its new press and the other equipment it hopes soon to obtain.

This quarter as we invest our money let us "lay not up for . . . [ourselves] treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, . . . but [let us] lay up for . . . [ourselves] treasures in heaven, . . . for where . . . [our] treasure is, there will . . . [our] heart be also" (Matt. 6:19-21).

July 9

# The School That SMs Built

**Carrol McBroom Grady**

Office secretary, Far Eastern Division

*(Suggestion: Ask three college- or academy-age young people to tell the three experiences that follow your introduction.)*

**Reporter:** A tiny coral atoll washed by long breakers rolling across the vast Pacific Ocean; an ancient volcano rising from the ocean floor, the rim of its crater breaking the surface here and there to encircle a quiet lagoon; a slim finger of land not more than 30 miles (48 km) long and scarcely half a mile (.8 km) wide at its widest point—this is Majuro, one of the Marshall Islands of the Western Pacific.

Here in 1978 a construction class from Pacific Union College in the United States—six student missionaries and their teacher—built a small chapel and classroom at their own expense. Expanding rapidly from this small beginning, the Erva Barber Memorial Seventh-day Adventist Elementary School and the Marshall Islands Mission Academy grew to more than four hundred students in 1981. They share a nine-classroom two-story structure and a gymnasium that doubles as a church. Student missionaries comprise the faculty and, with other volunteers, have provided the backbone and guiding light for these unique schools since their inception. In their own words, three dedicated young people share some of their experiences.

**Jan:** I'd like to tell you about an

answered prayer. In 1979 a freak combination of extremely high tides and strong winds caused extensive destruction and chaos on Majuro. Brutal waves battered the tiny island for three days, nearly sweeping it away and leaving 8,000 people homeless.

I came to Majuro the following August. Evidence of the waves remained shockingly visible, and tent cities looked like refugee camps. But as I settled into the routine of working and living in a new culture the initial shock began to fade. I became engrossed in the somewhat overwhelming task of teaching thirty-two second-graders.

One especially frustrating week in November the children fidgeted restlessly, and even the weather was uncooperative. Winds and heavy rains continued almost every day, until one afternoon a storm broke and torrential rain poured down, terrifying the children. They jumped up and, running to the window, pointed toward the angry seas. "The ocean is coming!" they cried. Suddenly I understood. Exactly one year before, their little lives had been shattered. Their misbehavior reflected their fear. As my eyes swept the disrupted classroom they met a large pair of brown eyes, pleading and fearful. As our eyes locked, Austen raised his hands in worship and said, "Pray, Meese Gardner."



Quickly I herded the others back to their seats and asked, "How many are afraid?" Most hands shot up. "How many want to pray?" More hands. Quietly we knelt and prayed that God would keep us safe and remove our fears. The children responded with their own amens and slowly lifted their heads.

Looking out the windows, we saw, to our astonishment, that the rain had almost stopped and the sun was peeping through the clouds. The children sat speechless, their faces radiant. I'm sure my boys and girls will long remember that prayer and God's demonstration of His love and power.

**Kirk:** It's just another school day. My barefoot fourth-graders finish up their math papers. I glance down at my lesson plan to remind myself what to do for English. Oh, yes—the "I like" game. This should be fun!

In a few minutes the room is full of raised hands. "What do you like, Susan?"

"I like to play ball."

"Good, and what do you like, Walter?"

"I like Jesus."

I stop and look at Walter, sitting there and smiling really big. "I like Jesus too," I say. I smile.

Walter likes Jesus! I am a big success. God has made my year in this classroom worthwhile. Walter likes Jesus.

**Marty:** It was one of those days. I felt as if I had a cage full of wild monkeys instead of a class of teenagers. I could not keep my eighth-graders quiet—let alone in their chairs! In fact, I could hardly keep some in the classroom. Things were getting out of hand when I noticed one of my chief troublemakers slip out the

door. I called to him to come back, but he seemed not to hear. Hurrying after him, I grabbed his arm, returned him to the classroom, and sat him down. He promptly slipped out another door. Catching up with him on the sidewalk, I practically carried him back to his desk.

After school I escorted Benny to the principal's office. Praying silently for wisdom, I reviewed his escapades. Mr. Reynolds told Benny how much we cared for and wanted to help him. He reminded Benny that this was not the first time he had been in trouble and told him that next time he would be suspended, which might make him ineligible for the driver education class we hoped to offer.

Then I spoke up. "Benny, you are a good kid. I really love you and want to help you. Why do you keep on disobeying? I know you want to do what's right. When you have a problem, remember to pray, and God will help you."

Benny sat silently as we talked, only raising his eyes from the floor when we mentioned the driver education program. After we sent him home I felt bad. I had failed in my responsibility to show him a kind, loving God.

That evening as I sat grading papers, Benny knocked at my door and apologized for his behavior. He said that he really wanted to change and asked me to pray for him. Since then, Benny has decided to be baptized. This experience made my year of teaching eighth-graders on Majuro worth all the difficulties.

**Reporter:** Jan, Kirk, and Marty gave a year of their lives to help children on Majuro learn about Jesus. September 24 is your opportunity to help make their work more effective.



A portion of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help build another classroom block so that the elementary

school and academy will not share the same rooms. Thank you for your systematic support of world missions.

July 16

## The Secret

**B. L. Malingkas as told to Carrol McBroom Grady**

President, East Indonesia Union Mission; office secretary, Singapore

Twenty-year-old Iwan (EE-wan) took the eye-catching handbill from his neighbor and closed the front door. Knowing that the neighbor was a Seventh-day Adventist, Iwan (EE-wan) knew exactly what to do with the flyer. He would throw it in the trash. But already the title of the first lecture caught his attention: "The End of the World—How to Prepare for It." Masking his interest, Iwan (EE-wan) handed the colorful handbill to his mother.

"I think those Adventists are behind this!" he said in disgust. His mother examined the leaflet for a moment before crumpling it up and tossing it aside. "Yes," she agreed, "we don't want to have anything to do with them!"

Mrs. Mano (MAW-no) and her son attended a Protestant church on Timor, part of the predominantly non-Christian country of Indonesia. They despised their nearest neighbors for having joined the insignificant Sabbathkeeping mission. But the next day at the post office, Iwan (EE-wan) saw a poster advertising the lectures, and curiosity overcame his cautious reserve. Although he despised Adventists, he wanted to hear what

they said about the end of the world.

The morning following the first lecture, Iwan's (EE-wan's) mother met another of their neighbors at the post office. "We attended an interesting lecture last night!" the woman exclaimed. "It was on the end of the world and how we should prepare for it." Iwan's (EE-wan's) mother pricked up her ears, for she also felt secretly curious about the lectures. Mrs. Mano wished she could accompany the woman to the second lecture, but she feared the influence this might have upon her son. Later in the morning, when Iwan (EE-wan) announced his intention to spend the rest of his school vacation visiting friends in Manado (mah-NAW-do), his mother quickly agreed and helped him pack. Now she could freely visit the lectures without worrying about her son.

Mrs. Mano (MAW-no) enjoyed the lectures more than she had expected. Day after day she hoped that her son would not return early from his vacation because she wanted to attend the meetings. And each evening the words of truth stirred her heart until, by the time she discovered for certain that the lectures were sponsored by Adventists, she no longer felt deeply

prejudiced against them. The large crowds of townspeople who filled the town hall to capacity every evening, obviously enjoying the messages, further reassured her.

By the close of the meetings, Mrs. Mano (MAW-no) accepted the new truths she had learned, and on the last Sabbath, along with many others, she stepped into the waters of baptism. Thus she committed herself to a new life in Jesus as a Seventh-day Adventist. But how would she explain her change of heart to Iwan (EE-wan) when he came home?

A few days later Iwan returned. "You must have enjoyed your vacation," his mother commented. "You stayed a long time."

"Oh, yes!" Iwan replied enthusiastically and then fell strangely quiet. He shared no further details of his visit.

The first Sabbath morning after his return, Mrs. Mano (MAW-no) arose early and dressed for church in her prettiest sarong. She wondered what Iwan (EE-wan) would say when he noticed that she was not dressed to shop in the market. She decided to leave for church before he noticed.

But as Mrs. Mano (MAW-no) stepped from her bedroom she found Iwan (EE-wan) all dressed up in his best clothes and carrying a Bible.

"Why, Iwan!" she exclaimed. "Where are you going, dressed up like that?"

But Iwan, astonished at the sight of his mother, did not answer her question. Instead he exclaimed, "Why,

Mother! What are you doing, dressed up like that?"

Then, amid laughter and tears of joy, Iwan told how he had seen posters advertizing the same lecture series in Manado (mah-NAW-do). LaVerne and Bill Tucker of The Quiet Hour radio program conducted the lectures in both cities. Iwan (EE-wan) decided to satisfy his curiosity and see what the lectures were all about. But curiosity soon changed to conviction as he returned night after night. And at the end of the series he too was baptized. Now they rejoiced with 421 others in their newfound faith.

Today Iwan is one of the 763 literature evangelists helping to spread the gospel story throughout the villages, towns, and cities of Indonesia. He points out that, while one Indonesian in every two thousand is an Adventist, in the Nusa Tenggara (NEW-sah teng-GAR-ra) Mission one in every one thousand is Adventist.

Part of this quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Special Projects Offering will help build a classroom-administration complex for the academy on the island of Timor, where Iwan and his mother live.

They thank you for planning now to support generously this school where young workers train to evangelize Indonesia's 150 million people. Please pray for us "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace" (Ps. 144:12).



# This House Needs a House

**Carrol McBroom Grady**

Office secretary, Far Eastern Division

**Question:** Who was the gold miner who made and lost a fortune before becoming a pioneer lay missionary? Who learned of the Adventist message while herding sheep in California and after his baptism spent a term at Healdsburg College before setting out on his mission to seamen? Who worked his way to Honolulu, where he sold Adventist literature, thus preparing the way for the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to Hawaii?

**Answer:** The man who in his 70s went to Hong Kong and set up a seamen's mission, selling books and distributing tracts that helped win seven men, six of whom were British seamen.

**Question:** Yes, but what was the name of this man, who for fourteen years sold books around Hong Kong harbor?

**Answer:** Abram La Rue, "a man of tireless energy, with a rare gift in meeting people" and introducing them to the love of God. The man who had his Chinese friend translate two Adventist tracts into Chinese—a first for Adventist publishing work.

**Question:** [Direct this question to the congregation.] So who was the father of literature evangelism in the Far East? [Wait for a response.]

**Answer:** Yes, Abram La Rue.

**Question:** A few years ago the *Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia*

described a certain publishing association as "a publishing organization without a printing plant." Can you give the name of the association or the name of the chief language group it serves? [Wait for a response.]

**Answer:** It serves the Chinese people. Today the Signs of the Times Publishing Association is a publishing plant without a house—in publishing terms, a house without a house. Prior to 1977, however, it was a house without even a press!

**Question:** Actually, this house is heir to the publishing work first started on mainland China in 1905 by a well-known China missionary. He came to be known as the China Doctor. Do you know his name? [Encourage audience response.]

**Answer:** Harry Miller, of course. The house was moved to Shanghai in 1908 and grew into a large operation. The Chinese *Signs of the Times* built up a circulation of 100,000. But in 1949 the publishing house packed up and moved to Hong Kong with only forty-eight hour's notice. For two years the equipment, except for the large presses, sat in Hong Kong. When mainland China failed to soften its restrictions on religious publications, the equipment was shipped to other publishing houses throughout the Far East and Southern Asia.

**Question:** But publication of the *Chinese Signs of the Times* continued.

In which country was it printed for the next twenty years?

**Answer:** In Singapore.

**Question:** In 1956, E. L. Longway, veteran China missionary, reestablished the Signs of the Times Publishing House. That was when the house operated without a press. All printing jobs were done by other companies, and many Chinese materials were still printed in Singapore. Name, if you can, the island on which E. L. Longway established the publishing house. [*Encourage audience response.*]

**Answer:** Taiwan. In 1969 the house published the Chinese *Signs of the Times*. The subscription list was 6,000. Today the circulation has grown to 14,000. Twenty-one percent of the subscribers live outside Taiwan and Hong Kong. The house also publishes other tracts and books.

**Question:** When in 1977 the publishing house purchased a small Taiwanese offset press and set it up in the former union office in Taipei, how long did it take to run an issue of the *Signs of the Times*? (Remember, the circulation was 6,000.)

**Answer:** It took twenty-four hours. Eventually a small Multilith press was added, and in 1981 a new Heidelberg SORD replaced the old offset press. Now the house prints all of its publications in five eight-hour days.

**Question:** With all of this encouraging progress, why is the Signs of the Times Publishing Association recommended as one of the Special Projects for this quarter?

**Answer:** Because, in spite of its progress, the publishing house still operates under severe handicaps. The

rooms and ceilings of an office building cramp and restrict the printing operation and provide no space for storage. We need to build a new plant and purchase equipment for cutting, folding, binding, and plate-making—all of which are presently done elsewhere.

**Question:** How would expansion help the publishing work for Chinese-speaking peoples?

**Answer:** It would allow us to increase greatly the circulation of the *Signs* and keep up with the growing demands of the small but active force of literature evangelists and summer student colporteurs. Last summer 250 students sold more than 170,000 magazines and 20,000 books in a 10-week period.

**Question:** This press is the only one dedicated solely to publishing our message for the Chinese people. What percentage of the world's population might it serve if its literature could be circulated in mainland China?

**Answer:** Twenty-five percent. Think of it: This press has the potential of reaching one fourth of the world's population. In 1981 the nineteen workers in the house printed a special evangelistic tract and distributed it in a city south of Taipei. Those who responded to the tract received a special edition of the *Signs* carrying an offer for free Bibles. Evangelistic meetings followed and, as a result, a new church was organized.

**Question:** Can you imagine a program like that spreading to the cities of the mainland? Please pray for the work of God among the Chinese peoples as you support the mission of the church with your systematic offerings.



July 30

## Mrs. Chi

### Randy Horning

Publishing director, Southeast Asia Union

Mrs. Chi (CHEE) was reared in Tainan (TIE-NAN), one of the earliest settled towns on Taiwan. In a home steeped in tradition she learned to respect her parents and to reverence the most honored members of the family—her grandparents.

When her family first learned of Christianity they feared that a change of religion would deny their Chinese identity, so closely was the religion of their ancestors entwined in Chinese culture. But the great joy of knowing Jesus proved stronger than the ties of traditional worship, and the family joined the Presbyterian Church.

During their months of courtship, Mr. Chi showed an interest in Christianity, and the future Mrs. Chi fell deeply in love with him. But when their wedding day came, the radiant bride regretted the fact that her husband had not become a Christian. However, she hoped that her witness might influence him to join her church soon. But it was not to be.

Not long after her marriage Mrs. Chi (CHEE) read about some religious meetings being held in her town. The topics sounded interesting, and she yearned to learn more about the Bible. Enthusiastically she told her husband about the meetings and suggested that he accompany her. But to her disappointment he declined, assuring her that he would like to go if he had the time.

So Mrs. Chi went alone. She thrilled to the messages. Never before had she realized that the Bible contained so many wonderful truths. She now saw the beauty and wisdom of God's plan to save humanity. She appreciated the idea of spending one day each week with God, and when she discovered the writings of Ellen White she eagerly read them and enjoyed the insights and inspiration thus gained. Joy filled her heart as she followed her Lord in baptism. How she longed to share her new peace and joy with her husband!

Soon the Chi home was blessed with a precious baby boy. Enjoying the first wonder and joy of fatherhood, Mr. Chi gladly accompanied his wife to church for the baby's dedication. Mrs. Chi's happiness intensified with the arrival of another baby boy a year or two later. Although she was not well educated, Mrs. Chi resolved to train her boys, her precious gifts from God, according to His blueprint. Eagerly she studied the Spirit of Prophecy guidelines for child-training and carefully reared her little ones in the way of the Lord.

As the years passed, her marriage underwent many unpleasant strains. Mr. Chi, who had never accepted Christianity rarely spent time at home with his wife and boys. When he was not working he went out with his friends. The boys grew to dread their father's homecoming after some of his late-night parties.

When the boys reached school age Mrs. Chi faced a new difficulty. In Taiwan school attendance is compulsory on Saturdays. She longed to send the boys to church school. However, since the boys studied diligently and made top grades, their teachers allowed them to keep the Sabbath. Mrs. Chi rejoiced that her boys were growing in the love of Jesus and that her husband loved his family sufficiently to spare them the pain of a divorce.

When Jerry, the older boy, graduated from elementary school, Mrs. Chi spoke to her husband about sending him to the Adventist academy at Shu Gau (shoo gow), but her husband absolutely refused his permission. In their culture education is highly prized, and Mr. Chi saw no reason why his studious sons should not enter the best schools and avail themselves of top educational opportunities. He refused to allow them to attend a little Adventist school not even recognized by the Taiwan Government and whose graduates, therefore, were ineligible to attend any Government college.

But Mrs. Chi courageously stood firm for principle, as she had done through the years. A few days before school opened she secretly packed her son's suitcase and hid it in the church. Later, when her husband was out, she picked it up and sent Jerry to the school by bus. As she had expected, Mr. Chi flew into a rage when he discovered what had happened. But, to his wife's relief, he did not go after his son.

Jerry soon settled into school,

delighted with its country atmosphere and Christian teachers. He enjoyed his classes and soon made many friends. One day, soon after Jerry had arrived, he was crossing the campus when he noticed his father walking down the sidewalk toward him. The boy froze. Happy as he was to see his father again, he did not want to be taken away from the school. But to Jerry's joy his father spoke to him about his schoolwork, offered some fatherly advice, and encouraged him to study hard.

Although Mr. Chi allowed Jerry to stay in school, he did not help him pay the tuition. So every summer, from the ninth grade on, Jerry worked as a student literature evangelist. He successfully placed Christian books in hundreds of homes and paid his own way through school the following year. So well did Jerry do, in fact, that his father allowed the younger brother also to attend the Adventist academy.

Last summer Jerry led the student literature evangelists. His group of young academy students worked with determination and energy. Although they found the summer long and hot and although they sometimes met with disappointments, Jerry, who had learned the value of hard work and trust in God, encouraged them through their rough times.

This year Jerry is studying for the ministry at Taiwan Adventist College. Only eternity will show the far-reaching results of his mother's faithful devotion to God and to her children. May their faithfulness and dedication inspire us in our work for the Lord this week and always.



August 6

# It Only Took a Spark

**Lilya Wagner and Judy Aitken as told to MISSION**

Director of counseling and testing, Union College; field worker for Volunteers International

"Listen, my friends. Has not God chosen those who are poor in the eyes of the world to be rich in faith and to inherit the kingdom he has promised to those who love him?" (James 2:5, N.E.B.).\*

This promise has been fulfilled in a special way for the Cambodian people. When the Pol Pot Khmer (k-MARE) Rouge regime took over Cambodia in 1975, a cordon of silence surrounded the country for more than four years. As early as February, 1977, refugees escaping to Thailand reported government purges, and the exiled premier, Lon Nol, estimated that 2.5 million people had died since the Khmer Rouge takeover.

The extent of human misery in Cambodia became evident in 1979, after the Vietnamese invaded that country. At last Cambodia's surviving educated people found an opportunity to escape the terror and oppression of their government.

Sick, homeless, starved, and destitute, they arrived at the border. Hardly a family had not lost members to the Pol Pot soldiers.

Judy Aitken, an American nurse who volunteered to work in the SAWS<sup>†</sup> hospital in the Khao-I-Dang (COW-ee-DANG) refugee camp on the Thai-Cambodian border in June, 1980, recently said, "At that time we worried only about the health of the people. Between 3 and 4 million Cam-

bodians died either at the hands of the Khmer (k-MARE) Rouge or from starvation. Those who could fled into Thailand when the Vietnamese invaded. But they were already in extremely poor health, and by the time they reached the border most were weak from starvation, and many suffered from terrible war wounds."

A little girl, one of the many orphans brought to the Khao-I-Dang (COW-ee-DANG) camp, was found just inside Cambodia, clinging to a decomposing body on top of a pile of corpses. At first she refused food and would not talk. "We thought she was about 2," Judy said, "but finally we decided that she must have been at least 4. Starvation had stunted her growth. After a Cambodian woman who had lost her own family took in the child, she developed into a pretty girl." Then Judy added quietly, remembering, "There are so many orphans in the camps who need love and attention. They've missed so much."

In a sincere spirit of inquiry, a group of Cambodian interpreters and patients at the SAWS hospital asked Judy, "Why do you worship on Saturday? Please tell us about the Sabbath." So the day before she left Khao-I-Dang (COW-ee-DANG) in June, 1980, Judy and another volunteer sat down with a group of seekers and studied the Bible in the back of the

hospital. The light of the Holy Spirit shone into their hearts, and they readily accepted the truths of the Sabbath, the state of the dead, and the soon return of our Lord.

Phan (FUN), one of the hospital orderlies with whom Judy studied that day, had previously accepted Christianity through a Cambodian Christian preacher. Phan (FUN) had asked Judy for a Bible soon after she arrived and proved himself a sincere Bible student. One week after Judy's study Phan (FUN) wrote, "This is the holy Sabbath day of God. This is the first time that I am keeping the Sabbath."

In August, 1980, Phan was moved to a camp near Bangkok for processing prior to resettlement in the United States. Here, Judy's husband, Jerry, asked him to help translate the Way of Life Voice of Prophecy Bible course from English to Khmer (k-MARE), with the help of his friend Saranak. At first both men protested that their knowledge of English was inadequate for a task so important. However, they agreed to try to translate the first lesson, and then continued, finding the other lessons easier.

Before beginning their work each day, Saranak said, they prayed for the guidance of the Holy Spirit to impress their minds with the correct words. After he finished the lesson he would read it through. "I always feel surprised that it reads so well," he told Judy. "I know I could not have done that by myself. I give thanks to God for His help." The day after the lessons were completed Saranak's name was called and he left for the United States, where he and his wife were baptized.

Phan wondered why his name had

not yet been called. In spite of his disappointment, he decided to start a Bible class and invited eight men to study with him. They studied the newly translated Bible course, and shortly after the last lesson was completed Phan was resettled in Hawaii, where he and his wife were baptized.

Phan's eight students started three new Bible classes. The interest mushroomed, and a church was organized, with a Christian medical doctor by the name of Ouch Son, one of Phan's original eight students, serving as the elder.

"What an immense stack of timber can be set ablaze by the tiniest spark!" (James 3:5, N.E.B.). The little spark of Christ's love in the hearts of Phan and Saranak and others has resulted in a great fire of souls who have learned of God and His truth. There are now nine Seventh-day Adventist refugee churches for the Hmong, Lao (LOW), and Khmer (k-MARE) believers, including one in the Philippines. And more than 1,200 refugees were baptized in Thailand during 1981.

As Tong Sy so aptly wrote from his new home in Virginia: "I miss all of the Christians of Seventh-day Adventist in the camp so much and I will never forget them. I hope that one day we will be in heaven together, sing together, and worship to our God together. 'And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God'" (Rev. 19:1).

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†Seventh-day Adventist World Service, the relief and development agency for the church.



# From Rebel to Christian

## Petrus Natty

District pastor, Timor, Indonesia

The pickup truck crowded with rebel prisoners bounced over the rough dirt road in the darkness. Saul and his father, Samuel, held tightly to the sides of the truck and peered into the night. Although these men both had been faithful members of a leading Protestant church, the promises of free food and clothing from rebel groups had lured them to join the antigovernment forces. Now government soldiers had rounded them up with other rebels and loaded them onto a truck. They had heard of similar night journeys, from which none returned.

Above the engine's roar Samuel spoke loudly enough for his father to hear. "The road dips down farther ahead. The bank beside the road is almost as high as the truck. Let's jump out!"

The two men stretched their arms out over the side of the truck. Suddenly Samuel's groping fingers slapped against dirt and rock.

"Jump!" he commanded, and father and son scrambled up the swaying side of the truck and leaped into the blackness. Over and over they rolled down the hillside, landing stunned and bruised, but otherwise unhurt, in a little gully. For nearly three years they hid in the jungle, eating wild fruit and edible plants. Carefully they avoided all contact with people from the nearby village of Bitung (BEE-

tung). But one day a Seventh-day Adventist villager, gathering firewood in the jungle, discovered them. His heart went out to the two thin, ragged men. Cornelius sympathized with their plight and stayed to talk.

"I was once a rebel," he told them. "I also listened to their promises of food and money. But one day my next-door neighbor offered to study the Bible with me. I liked what I heard. My neighbor particularly impressed on my mind that when I found myself in trouble, I should pray."

Cornelius smiled as he remembered how that advice had saved his life. As he began to relate the experience Samuel and Saul listened attentively.

"Once when government soldiers raided our village they took all of us men and marched us to the bank of the river," Cornelius continued.

Saul and Samuel knew of the turbulent, 100-meter-wide (328 feet) river and pictured its swiftly flowing waters as Cornelius spoke.

"Some of the government soldiers walked across the footbridge, unwinding a long coil of rope behind them. Then one by one they commanded a rebel to hold onto the end of the rope. The soldiers then pulled him through the river. The rushing torrent swept each one away.

"When it was my turn I grasped the rope tightly, though my hands were shaking with fright. Instantly I

remembered my neighbor's words, 'If you find yourself in trouble, pray!' I prayed to God. The rope tightened and I was jerked off my feet and into the rushing water. 'God, help me hold tight to the rope!' I prayed. Rushing water buried my face and I could not breathe. 'God! hold tight the rope,' I prayed over and over again until I safely reached the other side.

"But before I felt too glad about surviving, the soldiers sent me back across the footbridge and dragged me through the river again. Twelve times they dragged me across. Twelve times God held tight the rope. After that the soldiers left me alone, and I found my way home. I love God so much. He held the rope."

Samuel and Saul listened to the story in amazement. Love for Jesus shone from Cornelius's face. They realized that he had found something more valuable than anything promised by the rebels, and they wanted it too.

"Wouldn't you like to speak with Pastor Natty (naw-TEE)?" Cornelius asked. The two men nodded affirmatively, but insisted that the pastor meet them in the jungle. They enjoyed the studies and soon trusted God's protection enough to leave their hiding place and live in the village, where Pastor Natty (naw-TEE) later baptized them.

Eventually Samuel and Saul returned to their home village to the joyful welcome of their families. Eagerly they told about their newfound love for Jesus. Pastor Natty (naw-TEE) came soon afterward and organized a church in their village. In 1980, after a public evangelistic effort, the little band of church members grew to twenty-four.

Because Saul and Samuel had once been rebels, the village leaders accused them of leading a rebel band and jailed them for two weeks. But the two men had learned their lesson well: When in trouble, pray. Threats of turning them over to the government for execution failed to intimidate them. "We are not afraid to die," they said.

A police officer took the two men to the army headquarters with an accusation from the village chief that the two were stirring up rebellion. Since they arrived on Sabbath, the men requested that their case be taken up the next day. On Sunday the officer in charge listened carefully to the accusations and allowed Saul to defend himself. Fearlessly he admitted to having been attracted to the promises of the rebels. He told of their arrest and subsequent escape and conversion, and the difference the love of Jesus made in their lives.

Checking his list of wanted rebels, the officer pointed out the names of the two men. "Formerly I was a rebel," Saul explained, "but now I have accepted Jesus as my Saviour. I am not afraid of death, with Jesus protecting me."

Impressed with his sincerity, the officer typed up a statement saying that Saul had joined the Adventist Church of his own free will. He then allowed the men to leave. As a result of this experience, the Adventist church in that area continues unopposed.

God's courageous followers in Timor, although poor in this world's goods, have a rich faith in God. Thank you for sharing your financial blessings with them on September 4, to help them improve the meager facilities of their academy.



August 20

# Musings of a Missionary

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**Andrea Dalley**

Medical doctor, Australia

With all the decisiveness of 5 summers Andrea determined to become a missionary doctor. While other little girls dreamed about dolls, she saw only cannibal-infested jungles where God and she would practice modern medicine. Having been raised on *Jungle Doctor* books and stories about brave men of God such as David Livingstone and Albert Schweitzer, she knew that only mission service under trying or even horrifying conditions would satisfy her burning love for God. Any other service would seem halfhearted. She could hardly wait to get into medical school and train for her mission to some little-known part of the world.

As all adults know, and children refuse to believe, time flies. Andrea made it to university. But the fantasies of childhood had faded in the broad light of reality. She saw the obvious drawbacks to her heroic schemes. Dreams of graduation gradually replaced her dreams of daring, and surviving one week at a time the traumas and sleeplessness of internship challenged her reserves. *Jungle Doctor* was left to gather dust on the shelf.

Fortunately, however, even in real life, dreams sometimes come true. Suddenly and dramatically God sent the young doctor off to the jungles of Kampuchea (CAM-pu-CHEE-ah). She felt more frightened than excited by

now. Although she served for only three months, she discovered all the drama of which the old stories were made—jungles full of wild animals she would have preferred to see in zoos, nights sleeping on a bench in a tent, and days working in a thatched-roofed, mud-floored hospital with almost no equipment. David Livingstone would have recognized the maladies Andrea treated and the problems she endured—the scant water supply, the monotonous diet, the hordes of vengeful mosquitoes, and a war going on in the backyard.

But the missionaries were correct—the experience was rewarding. God reassured the young doctor that, in spite of her inadequacies, He and she made an invincible team. She could do all things through Christ, who strengthened her.

But all dreams come to an end, and she soon found herself back home and working in a large, modern, well-equipped university hospital. She again enjoyed the comforts of home and friends and family (all of which were much underrated in her childhood fantasies). But somehow a vision of spending her life filling out forms in triplicate and not feeling needed left her in doubt. She regretted that her life was not more useful to God. But the Lord in His infinite wisdom showed her His will through an unusual little girl.

Janet was a 12-year-old patient aspiring to be a hairdresser. One of her great joys was to turn the genial young doctor's hair into a magnificent coil of tangles and rubber bands. As a result of a strange congenital syndrome, Janet faced the world somewhat retarded and incurably ugly—which probably explained her history of state institutions and foster homes. But Janet, despite her boisterous demands for attention that brand such institutionalized children, was a lovable and friendly little soul—though somewhat wearing on the hair!

She had been hospitalized for four months in a vain attempt to improve her facial features. For two months the young doctor had cared for her, haunted by the cries of "No more needles, Doc, please!" Then one perfectly normal day the doctor strolled into the ward, her mind busily occupied over many things. Janet startled her by yelling, "Letter for ya, Doc!" as her misshapen hand waved a blank sheet of paper under the doctor's nose.

"Oh, thanks, Janet," the doctor said absent-mindedly. As her mind slid back into gear she added, "But there's nothing on it."

Quickly she took out her pen and wrote, "Hello, Janet. How are you today?" and folded the paper. She addressed it to Janet and drew a stamp in the upper right corner.

"Now it's a letter for you. See?"

"What's it say, Doc? What's it say?" Janet seldom received letters and was impatient to know what was in it.

As the doctor read the letter aloud, Janet laughed and laughed—mostly at the approximation of the postage stamp, Andrea thought.

Then Janet had an idea, and she reached for some more paper. "I'm

going to write to you," she declared. "How do you spell your name?"

The doctor dictated slowly, and Janet wrote in large block letters reminiscent of a 6-year-old. *Dear* came out as "bear" on paper, and although Janet mumbled the word *doctor*, intending that it would follow "bear," in her excitement she forgot it.

"How do you spell *form*?" she next demanded.

"Do you mean *from*?" Andrea asked. As she spelled the word for her little friend, the doctor made a mental note of Janet's learning disabilities. Some people carry more than their share of burdens, she mused.

Janet, meanwhile, had signed a huge "Janet" after her message and happily added a row of Xes and Os. But she was not finished. Off to the typewriter she scampered and typed out the doctor's name and address on the folded paper. The doctor's name gained a few extra letters, and the retyped message inside was spaced with originality. Then as the *pièce de résistance*, Janet signed her name with a pen.

"There y'are, Doc!" she yelled triumphantly, thrusting the paper into Andrea's hands. "It's a letter for you!" Janet thought she had accomplished a minor miracle, and the doctor thought so too.

Janet's attention span was short, and the letters were soon forgotten. But the doctor keeps her letter where she can easily find it when tempted to wonder about her place in God's work. For she has found her mission.

You and I are missionaries at home and at work. And even as we sleep, those whom we support with our prayers and our offerings spread the love of Jesus in all the world.



August 27

# An Unexpected Change

**Bahasa Soemarna as told to Carrol McBroom Grady**

President, West Indonesia Union; office secretary, Singapore

As Bahasa (bah-HAW-sa) and his sister Ide (EE-day) enrolled at Indonesia Union College the words of their father rang in their ears: "Always remember, my children, to pray and repeat the holy words of the Koran, as I taught you."

Recalling their enthusiastic promises to practice their religion and to study diligently, they agreed that this school with its beautiful mountain campus appeared to provide an ideal setting for both study and prayer.

When the bell rang for the evening meal Bahasa (bah-HAW-sa) and Ide (EE-day) followed the other students to the cafeteria. As they seated themselves at one of the tables, they noticed that the others bowed their heads and closed their eyes before starting to eat.

"Why did you do that?" Bahasa (bah-HAW-sa) asked.

"We thank God for the food before we eat," came the friendly reply.

After supper another bell summoned the students to a large building, where everyone sat down quietly. One of the students walked to the front and led the others in singing. Thoroughly alarmed by now, Bahasa realized that this was a church. He almost jumped to his feet to get his sister and leave, but they were trapped, and Bahasa decided to wait until the meeting ended. Numbly he followed the service, standing and bowing as the others did.

After the meeting Bahasa quickly sought out his sister. "Can it be that our father and mother have sent us to the wrong place?" he asked her. "Why in the world would they send us to a Christian college?"

"Because of those young men who sold the books," Ide (EE-day) reminded him. "Father thought they spoke such beautiful English that he asked where they studied."

"I know!" Bahasa (bah-HAW-sa) interrupted. "But why would they send us to a Christian school? What do you think we should do?"

"Let's leave at once and send word to Father," Ide (EE-day) replied.

At that moment a senior student walking by overheard their conversation. "Don't worry," he reassured them. "I also am a non-Christian. I have been here two years. I assure you that it is possible to study in a Christian school without becoming one of them."

So Bahasa and Ide decided to stay, vowing to each other that they would never change their religion. Every day they prayed toward Mecca and memorized verses from the Koran. And during the traditional month of fasting they ate nothing between sunrise and sunset.

One Friday evening Bahasa walked from the chapel to the dorm with a friend who startled him by predicting, "Bahasa, believe it or not,

but one day you will convert to Christianity."

"Never!" Bahasa vehemently replied. "That day will never come!"

But the Holy Spirit worked on Bahasa's heart through the godly teachers and students until by his third year at the college, Bahasa felt quite at home on the Christian campus. In spite of themselves, he and his sister genuinely liked their teachers and fellow students.

During their third spring Week of Prayer, as the message gripped their hearts, both forgot to concentrate on verses from the Koran during the sermon, and they listened instead. On the last night Pastor Shankel, the guest speaker, told the story of Noah. Bahasa identified with those outside the ark of safety, and when the pastor called for decisions, Bahasa yielded to the pleading of the Spirit and walked to the front.

When his turn came to testify he turned and said, "Brothers and sisters, tonight I accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour—"

His testimony was interrupted by a piercing scream from the girls' side of the chapel. Ide (EE-day) stared at her brother in shocked disbelief. But before Bahasa had completed his testimony, his sister stood beside him.

The following March, Bahasa and Ide publicly confirmed their new faith in Jesus by entering the waters of baptism. Knowing how their parents would react to this event, they had not written requesting permission. But soon after, word of the baptism reached the parents. Hastily they wrote, pleading with their children to remain faithful to Islam. But they were too late.

When Bahasa and Ide returned home for the summer vacation, their parents greeted them warmly and promised to respect their religious convictions. But their father's keen disappointment in knowing that his children no longer accepted Mohammed as the last apostle of God clouded their relationships.

Bahasa and Ide returned to college after vacation knowing that they were now on their own. They both worked long hours earning their tuition. Bahasa graduated with a major in commerce, and after working for some time as a business intern, he was asked one day by the assistant Sabbath School director to translate a song into Sundanese (SUN-dah-nee).

"You should have been a minister," she gently chided him. "We have only one Sundanese minister."

"Mrs. Barber," the young man replied, "ever since I became a Christian I have wanted to return to college to take the ministerial course. When I save the money I will return."

Mrs. Barber spoke to the union committee about Bahasa's dream, and they sponsored him to return for two more years of college. Today Bahasa and his wife, Josefin, serve the church in the West Indonesia Union, where Bahasa is president.

"I am glad the world Sabbath Schools will help the Nusa Tenggara (NEW-sa teng-GARR-ah) Academy this quarter," he says. "Four times I have visited this school, and each time my heart ached for the meager, even primitive facilities the teachers and students must endure. Truly this is a needy school. Thank you for your love and continued commitment to the support of world missions."



September 3

## Linda's Story

**Linda Gawi**

Student, Sonoma College, Papua New Guinea

Hello! I'm Linda. I come from a village far up the mighty Sepik River in Papua New Guinea. The only way to visit my home is by an outboard-motor canoe. Ten hours upriver from Angoram Station a tributary, the Karawari (CAR-ra-WAH-ree) River, enters the Sepik beneath a canopy of overhanging leaves. If you follow the Karawari upstream for two more hours you will see a sandy strip where we tie our canoes. Follow the trail up the bank and through the trees for fifteen minutes and you will come upon our tiny village.

Twenty-four houses, built of sago palms, stand in neat rows surrounding two small stores, a large Adventist church, and an aid post. This is a Seventh-day Adventist village. But unfortunately my father left home to join the police force while the villagers were still following spiritism.

One year while the family spent Father's furlough in the home village, I came into the world—the only child in our family to be born there.

I grew up in Madang on the north-east coast of Papua New Guinea, where Father was stationed and where I attended government schools. Ellen Yen, an Adventist friend of mine in the ninth grade, once told me about a great image that King Nebuchadnezzar saw in a dream. She explained how that each part of the image represented a period in history. "We

are now living in the time shown by the feet of the image," she said. "The end of time is near and we must get ready." But I did not take it seriously.

Every week the ministers of the various churches provided religious instruction at school. Having been brought up Catholic, I was required to attend the class conducted by that church, and because the teachers were required to take attendance, we could not visit the other classes. I often wished that I could attend the Seventh-day Adventist class with Ellen. One day when the nun who conducted our class was away sick I joined the Adventist group. I do not remember the topic, but I thoroughly enjoyed the class discussion.

At the end of the tenth grade Ellen left our school, saying that she would attend Sonoma Adventist College for her last two years of high school.

I completed the eleventh and twelfth grades at the Sogeri National High School near Port Moresby. Quite by accident I discovered that one of my new school friends was an Adventist. By chance I happened to overhear the hockey coach asking her whether she would be available to play in Saturday's game. My friend replied that she did not play on Sabbath. But it took me two years to figure out why.

After our graduation exercises the United Church pastor, who was about to return to Samoa and wanted to

leave us a parting gift, left a pile of *Good News Bibles* on a table and told us to help ourselves. I was not going to take one, but a friend picked up two and handed me one. Noticing that everyone else took one, I kept it. I am so glad that I did.

Following my father's retirement from the police force, my family moved back to his home village, where I was born. After graduation I joined them and waited for word of my acceptance into college. But I had applied for programs requiring entrance qualifications that I did not have. So instead of going to college I worked at the district police inspector's office. That year I lived a worldly life, attending movies, dancing, and gambling.

Ashamed of the direction my life had taken, I began to read my Bible, which I had neglected. I decided to read it from Genesis to Revelation. But not very far into Genesis, I grew bored with the heavy language and flipped through the pages. When a picture caught my attention, I stopped there and read a page or a chapter.

One Sabbath afternoon as I sat with my Bible outside the house, I noticed a group of Adventists walking to church. Suddenly I wanted to know why they worshiped on the seventh day instead of the first, as most Christians do. Immediately I remembered having read about Creation and the Sabbath rest. Why do all Christians not honor this day? I asked myself. I could not ask my father the answer because he was biased toward Sunday worship. I would not ask an Adventist because he would try to

convince me of Sabbath observance. So I asked God to help me find the answer in His Word. He guided me to Nehemiah 13:19-21, where it tells about closing the gates of Jerusalem every Sabbath evening. That convinced me that I should keep the Sabbath, but I did not know what to do next.

As if in answer to my need, my big sister, a registered nurse, transferred back to Angoram. She had recently joined a baptismal class as the result of evangelistic meetings conducted by a group of ministerial students under the leadership of Pastor Peter Roennfeldt (ROH-en-FELT). She took me to church with her, and later, at her baptism, when the pastor called for anybody who wanted to follow Christ and prepare for baptism, I gladly stepped forward.

My decision was not welcomed at home, but I stood firm. This year I am studying at Sonoma Adventist College. My big sister wrote that my eldest brother attended church recently and has not missed a week since. We are praying that the whole family will accept the truth.

At Sonoma I have learned more about keeping the Sabbath. I enjoy Sabbath School and the other services. We all try to save some money to bring for the offering. On September 24 we will bring extra to help the children in the Far East. I praise God that He has called me to join His worldwide family where we pray and help one another. May He keep me faithful so that someday we will meet with Him in that great Sabbath School above.



## "Love Thy Neighbor"

**Shizuko Ikemasu as told to Carrol McBroom Grady**

Pastor's wife, Hokkaido, Japan; office secretary, Far Eastern Division

Hirano (he-rah-no), a sailor, lived on Hokkaido (ho-kye-doh), the northernmost island of Japan. After his marriage to Fumiko (foo-me-ko), Hirano (he-rah-no) left the sea, bought a truck, and began selling fresh fruit and vegetables. His industrious wife continued her job at a market, but when Hirano's (he-rah-no's) business faltered, she rose very early every morning to help her husband load his produce before her own workday began.

When Baby Noriko (no-ree-ko) joined the family, her mother could not stay home with her. Fumiko (foo-me-ko) worked harder than ever to help earn a living for the family. But the rigorous schedule and heavy work proved too much, and eventually her strength failed. Fumiko was hospitalized. The doctors tried various treatments, but she grew steadily weaker. "You should accept your condition," one doctor finally told her. "You will never recover."

Despair swept over her as she thought of the future. How would the family manage financially with all her medical bills but without her income? In desperation Fumiko (foo-me-ko) decided to visit the neighborhood temple and ask the priest to pray to the gods for help. Slowly she dragged her tired body through the streets, stopping frequently to rest. On the temple steps, she purchased a stick of

incense and left it on the altar, to trail a long wisp of spicy smoke. Painfully she climbed the steps to the inner court, threw her coins into the box before the sitting Buddha, and kneeling, bowed her head and fervently prayed for relief.

With all her energy expended on the daily pilgrimage to the temple, Fumiko (foo-me-ko) could no longer manage the care of her family. Hirano (he-rah-no) struggled to keep up his business while caring for things at home, as his beloved wife grew thinner and weaker.

In their search for healing, Fumiko (foo-me-ko) and Hirano (he-rah-no) joined a popular religious group that required them to read Buddhist scriptures five hundred times every morning. But Fumiko slipped closer to death. "How can I die and leave my dear husband and daughter?" she wailed in agony.

One day, as she lay despondently in bed, Fumiko (foo-me-ko) heard a knock at the door. Ayako (eye-yah-ko), an Adventist neighbor, having heard about Fumiko's illness, came to see whether she could help. She listened to Fumiko's whispered recital of unsuccessful treatments and cures and hurried home for her heating pad. While the pad relieved Fumiko's suffering, Ayako (eye-yah-ko) spoke words of comfort and courage that eased Fumiko's mind. Each morning

while administering simple home treatments, Ayako (eye-yah-ko) told of God's love and care. Slowly Fumiko realized that God loved her too, and a ray of hope brightened her life.

After several weeks Fumiko felt well enough to attend church with her Adventist neighbor. She found there a depth and warmth of love and caring that she had not found in her former religious group. She learned to understand the words of the Bible instead of repeating meaningless scriptures. Knowing now that God loved her, she prayed to Him with a joyful heart.

Fumiko (foo-me-ko) tried to tell her husband of the happiness she had found, but he, in his busy struggle to provide for the needs of his family, seemed not to listen. Early one morning Fumiko lay in bed longing to share God's love with Hirano (he-rah-no). As she saw his dear form beside her, an idea was born.

Slipping quietly out of bed, she dressed and let herself out of the house. She hurried to the church, where she knelt and prayed for Hirano (he-rah-no), who had borne lovingly and faithfully the trials brought by her illness. After leaving her burden with the Lord, she felt His peace and joy and hurried home singing hymns softly to herself. Fumiko resolved to rise at three o'clock every morning to pray for her husband.

Confident that God would answer her prayer, Fumiko felt no surprise when three months later Hirano (he-rah-no) agreed to accompany her to a series of evangelistic meetings beginning in the church. As he listened to the message, Hirano understood his wife's eagerness for him to share what she had learned.

At the conclusion of the meetings

Hirano thought about going to church with his wife on Sabbath morning, but wondered how he could manage it. He now worked at delivering coal, and during this, his busiest season, he worked every day except when it rained.

All week Hirano and Fumiko prayed for rain on Sabbath. On Friday night, before going to bed, Hirano stepped outside to look at the night sky. Stars twinkled brightly overhead. Once again he and Fumiko asked the Lord to send rain.

Fumiko awakened to a gray dawn and the sound of water rushing from the eaves. She smiled as she reached over and shook Hirano awake. Opening the screen, they looked out on a wet, stormy morning and thanked God for answering their prayers. For the next three months, every Sabbath morning began with a heavy rain, including the Sabbath Hirano and his daughter were baptized. The following Sabbath, however, cheerful sunshine and soft blue skies greeted them. It was as if God were saying with a smile, "You don't need the rain anymore, now that you know that I will take care of you."

Today Fumiko and Hirano work together once again. But instead of loading a produce truck, they share the wonderful love of Jesus with others as literature evangelists. The kindness of their neighbor bore precious fruit for the kingdom.

As you faithfully support the world mission of the church each week, do not forget the importance of your Christian witness to those around you—your neighbors, your family, your work associates. And may we who take the name of Jesus live to bless others as He did.



September 17

# The Search

**Randy Horning**

Publishing director, Southeast Asia Union

"And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13).

Doggedly, Yu Dan (YOU DAWN) moved one arm forward and then the other. Waves rose and broke endlessly about him. Hours had already passed, and tiredness was setting in, but Yu Dan (YOU DAWN) pressed on through the long, dark night, confident that his years of training as a swimming champion would carry his weary body across the treacherous channel to Hong Kong.

As he struggled for life and freedom, his thoughts raced back to the happy years of his childhood in China that ended abruptly when his father escaped to Hong Kong. In the several years that followed, his desire to find his father grew stronger and stronger until it consumed every waking moment. Carefully he had trained and planned for this night.

He recalled the tearful farewell with his mother; they both knew that the tender moment might be the last they shared together. He also remembered the various checkpoints on his escape route. At each he had held his breath, hoping that nobody would recognize him as a swimming champion and suspect his real motive. At last, on this dark, moonless night, he had slipped into the chill ocean for the final stretch of his journey.

How much farther must I swim? he

wondered. Surely the water must soon give way to rocky shore! Although weak and faint from hunger, Yu Dan (YOU DAWN) kept his legs kicking and his arms reaching forward and pulling back. Every determined stroke carried him slowly closer to his goal. Then suddenly his heart leaped for joy as his foot scraped a rock. He had made it!

As soon as he had rested and eaten, Yu Dan (YOU DAWN) set out on his courageous search. He hardly knew where to begin in the great, crowded city. Month after lonely, disappointing month he walked the streets, asking questions, looking for some small clue to his father's whereabouts, until he felt completely disheartened. More than once he considered returning home to his mother, but still the dream of finding his beloved father urged him on.

At last he decided to continue his search in Taiwan, where he thought his father might possibly have gone. With the little money he had saved in Hong Kong he bought a boat ticket to Taiwan.

Meanwhile, Larry Colburn, secretary of the South China Island Union, hung up the phone in his Hong Kong hotel room, a puzzled look on his face. He often traveled by plane between Hong Kong and Taiwan, but never before had he encountered such difficulty getting a reservation. Nothing

was available for days. Finally he booked a ticket on a ship leaving for Taiwan early the next morning. He could not explain the strange turn of events.

Never having traveled by ship before, Elder Colburn decided to make the best of the experience and stayed on deck enjoying the sights and sounds of the busy harbor as the boat cast off.

Farther along the rail of the same ship Yu Dan (YOU DAWN) stood in a daze, watching all connections with his former life slip into the distance. Will the search for my father ever meet with success? he wondered. Nervously he paced the deck. Catching sight of a tall foreigner looking at him, Yu Dan slipped to the other side of the boat to avoid a tiresome encounter with someone who did not speak his language. But as he stood aimlessly staring out to sea, he was startled to find the foreigner standing beside him and greeting him in perfect Mandarin Chinese.

Something about Elder Colburn's kind face calmed Yu Dan's fear, and he shyly answered. With Elder Colburn's gentle encouragement, Yu Dan (YOU DAWN) shared the story of his life and his long search. A warm glow filled his heart, and he felt as though he had found a real friend—one who might help him. As Elder Colburn assured him of the lasting love of his heavenly Father, hope and happiness awakened in Yu Dan's discouraged heart.

After several weeks of fruitless searching for his father, Yu Dan longed to feel again the warm glow he had experienced when first he had heard of his heavenly Father. Searching out Elder Colburn's office, Yu Dan allowed the secretary to usher him inside. As they talked, Yu Dan's

courage returned until once more he felt ready to face life in Taiwan. He left with a promise of weekly Bible studies with his new friend.

As the months passed and the hope of finding his earthly father faded, Yu Dan drew closer than ever to his heavenly Father. The day of his baptism proved to be the happiest day of his life. Yu Dan settled down to a new way of life and a new lifework—literature evangelism—where he shared with others the joy that he had found.

Today, almost ten years later, Yu Dan continues to serve his heavenly Father and the people of his adopted homeland.

Should you accompany him as he works, you would find him shy and reserved. He holds back from meeting people until the moment when he begins his canvass. Then he becomes a confident professional in manner and speech that match his tastefully conservative dress. His quiet ways and ready smile draw people, awakening in them a desire to read the Christian literature he offers. Yu Dan breaks down the barriers of hostility between Christianity and Buddhism as he shares the satisfying hope that guides his life. Yu Dan's literature ministry has placed Christian books in thousands of homes in Taipei (TIE-PAY), the capital city, and has resulted in many faithfully attending church.

Yu Dan never found his earthly father, and Elder Colburn never again traveled by ship, but God, who in His infinite wisdom brought them together, gained a loving son who has dedicated his life to carrying the printed message of salvation to the people of Taiwan.

You may help to strengthen this



work as you give next week to enlarge the Signs of the Times Publishing Association, the denomination's only full-time Chinese publishing house.

Please remember Yu Dan and his fellow literature evangelists in your prayers and as you support the World Budget.

September 24

## The Missionary

**Carrol McBroom Grady**

Office secretary, Far Eastern Division

He had waited for what seemed like years, but at last his call came. He was appointed for mission service in a foreign land. Long had he agonized over the reports of worsening conditions in that land. Now he could go to them, bringing the wonderful news of the Father's love. He vowed to break the chains of ignorance and sin that enslaved them and change their despair into joy.

His friends gathered around to say their farewells. They rejoiced with him that his long-planned mission would now be accomplished. But they dreaded the fearful dangers to which he would be exposed, the hardships and suffering he must endure. But he comforted them with reminders of the relief his mission would bring to suffering humanity, and their hearts were cheered. At departure time they sent him on his way with singing.

Upon arrival his heart went out to the needy peoples about him. He quickly adjusted to the alien culture, minimizing the differences in his salary and standard of living. How humiliating his circumstances would seem back home! The misery and

degradation of the people nearly broke his heart. He longed to speak to them, to knock on doors and tell them the good news: "God still loves you! In fact, His love is so great that He has, at unbelievable personal cost, provided a way for you to escape from unhappiness and unfulfillment. Rejoice and be glad!" But he knew they were not ready yet to hear him. First, although it might take long years, he must build a relationship of confidence and acceptance.

So he quietly lived among them, enduring their common lot, seeking in every act and word to demonstrate the love of the heavenly Father. Years passed. And then one day he knew it was time to announce his mission, to publicly proclaim the good news of salvation.

At first his preaching created quite a stir, particularly among the working class. But the intellectuals remained aloof and skeptical and eventually worked to undermine his influence. Unfortunately, his popularity with many depended upon the material benefits he provided—the financial security, the medical attention, and

the social acceptance they enjoyed through him. Even the small group of believers, his closest friends, did not really understand, but they dimly perceived the spiritual nature of his message that satisfied the deep longings of their hearts.

Persecution by the ruling class gradually intensified, severely restricting his work until he was forced to accept the possibility that his mission would be cut short. His few converts would be left to carry on. Young in the faith and struggling with doubts and temptations, would they hold fast their faith and continue his work?

One terrible night he was arrested and hastily tried for propagating treasonable ideas. This obviously legal ploy masked the deep hatred of the religious leaders who accused him. But the judge lacked the moral responsibility to oppose them and in just a few hours condemned him to death. Most of his friends had deserted him. One of his first converts, a friendly, likable fellow with leadership potential, followed him to the trial. Anxious to see what would happen, but fearful of being recognized as a believer, he cursed and swore to those standing nearby, and eventually he too left the scene of danger.

To all appearances the long years of patient labor for a doomed people were wasted. All seemed hopelessly lost. As he looked out over the frenzied mob of shouting people, his heart yearned to make them understand his message of peace and love. A fleeting memory of the security he had left in his former home brightened his thoughts for an instant, but soon the horror of his

present situation again forced itself on his consciousness.

He was sentenced and flogged. Then he was led by an armed guard to the place of execution. Soldiers rudely stripped away his clothes and forced him to lie sideways on a heavy timber resting on the ground. Expecting the usual struggle, the soldiers gripped him tightly, and one of them, with harsh, clanging blows, drove a large ten-inch spike through his heels, just ahead of the tendons, sending waves of excruciating pain through his body. With his feet secure, the soldiers wrenched his body around and stretched his arms on the crosspiece, quickly driving another spike through each wrist with practiced efficiency. Then, grunting and sweating, they pushed the cross erect and dropped it with a terrible jolt into the ground.

Horrible as his physical suffering was, an awful separating sense of evil overshadowed it. In agony he cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then, with his dying breath, came an affirmative, "It is finished"! His mission to save a doomed race was accomplished through apparent defeat. Victory over sin and death for all mankind was assured in that moment.

The Missionary, in an ultimate demonstration of the Father's love, gave everything for you and me. Shall we not, in love and gratitude, give Him our heart and life for the final accomplishment of His mission? Let us use our means and our every energy to proclaim His message, remembering that "when we love the world as He has loved it, then for us His mission is accomplished."—E. G. White, *The Desire of Ages*, p. 641.



## The Lunch That Was Shared

Just two tiny fish and a few barley loaves  
Was the sum of his frugal fare;  
A small boy's lunch just didn't seem much  
When five thousand were wanting a share.

But he gave it to Christ in his childlike faith,  
Although there were some who mocked loud—  
"Now stand aside, boy, don't get in the way,  
What help can that be in this crowd?"

But Heaven's arithmetic mystifies men  
When the answer is faith and a prayer.  
To get you must give, and to add you divide,  
And to multiply things you just share.

A mite of a gift when you think of the need—  
Two fish and some coarse barley bread—  
But the faith of the boy, plus the blessing of Christ,  
And those multiplied thousands were fed.

My gift may be small—just the price of a meal—  
But if I give it to Christ with a prayer  
He will graciously bless, that the hungry crowd  
Might be fed with the lunch that was shared.

—John Silver

**THE EASTERN AFRICA DIVISION  
WILL BENEFIT FROM THE  
FOURTH QUARTER, 1983,  
SPECIAL PROJECTS OFFERING ON DECEMBER 24**

**Future projects: First quarter, 1984: South America (chapels and academies  
in Brazil and Chile)**

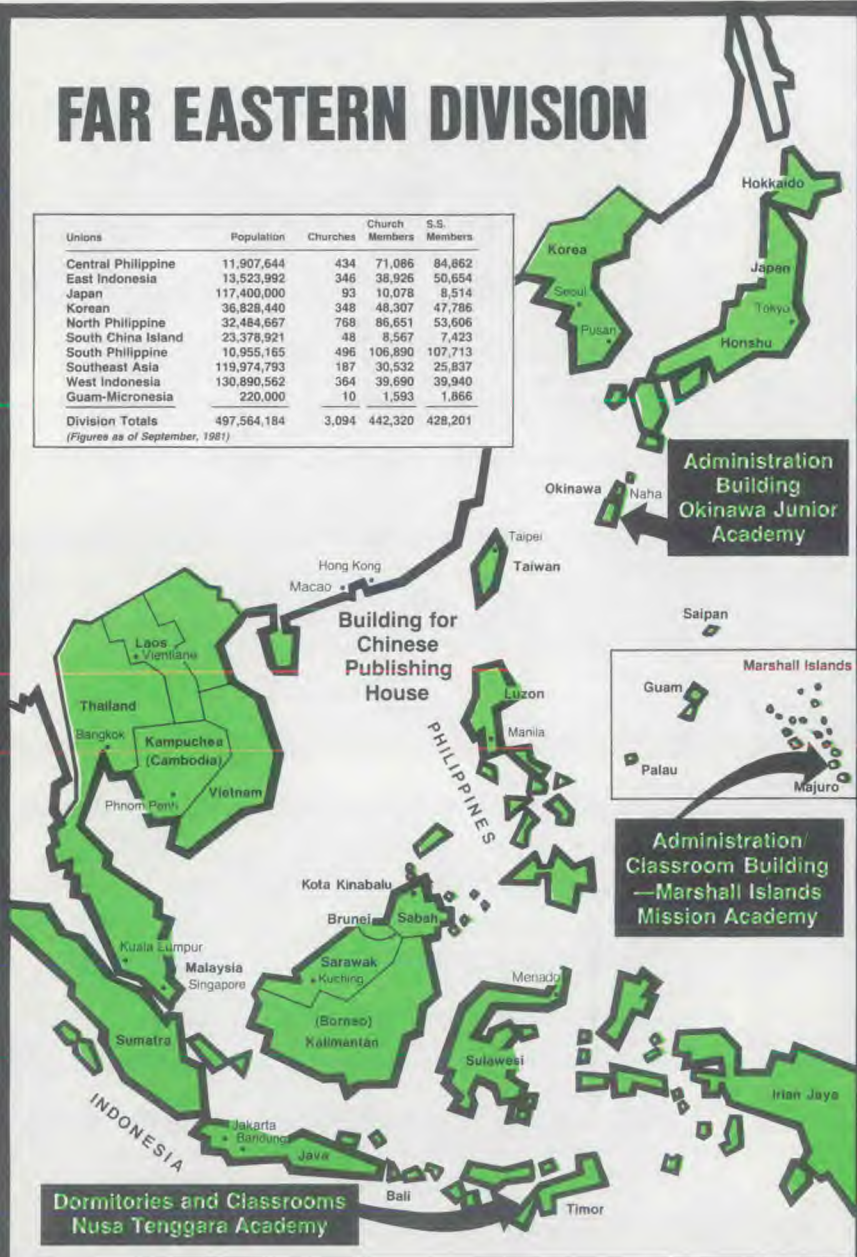
**Second quarter, 1984: Northern Europe (library for Newbold  
College in England and evangelistic center in Holland)**

**Third quarter, 1984: Southern Asia Division (India)**

# FAR EASTERN DIVISION

Unions	Population	Churches	Church Members	S.S. Members
Central Philippine	11,907,644	434	71,086	84,862
East Indonesia	13,523,992	346	38,926	50,654
Japan	117,400,000	93	10,078	8,514
Korean	36,828,440	348	48,307	47,786
North Philippine	32,484,667	768	86,651	53,606
South China Island	23,378,921	48	8,567	7,423
South Philippine	10,955,165	496	106,890	107,713
Southeast Asia	119,974,793	187	30,532	25,837
West Indonesia	130,890,562	364	39,690	39,940
Guam-Micronesia	220,000	10	1,593	1,866
<b>Division Totals</b>	<b>497,564,184</b>	<b>3,094</b>	<b>442,320</b>	<b>428,201</b>

(Figures as of September, 1981)



Administration Building  
Okinawa Junior Academy

Building for Chinese  
Publishing House

Administration/  
Classroom Building  
—Marshall Islands  
Mission Academy

Dormitories and Classrooms  
Nusa Tenggara Academy