



# MISSION

A QUARTERLY REPORT OF WORLD MISSIONS / OCT-DEC 1982

ADULT  
EDITION



AFRICA



INDIAN OCEAN DIVISION

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

Dear Sabbath School Member:

The Special Project Offering of the present quarter is designated for the development of the Adventist University of Central Africa. This institution, located on approximately 200 acres of rich volcanic soil lies near Gisenyi, Rwanda and about 5 miles from the Zaire border. Within an area of several hundred square miles surrounding the college there are estimated to be 160,000 baptized Seventh-day Adventists.

Some may conceivably question the need of another Adventist University. For those who do, permit me to give the following explanation: Of the 34 countries and islands comprising the Africa-Indian Ocean Division 26 employ French as their official language. Consequently this Division has the largest French-speaking membership in the Denomination. However, startling as it may be, there is not one Francophone college offering a four-year degree program in the entire Division. Is there a need? YES. And it is urgent even critical!

As conditions now exist our youth are unable to prepare themselves adequately for future leadership roles in the Lord's work. The long term stability, growth, and spiritual vitality of our members depend heavily on well-prepared national pastors, teachers and administrators.

The Scriptures in Romans 10:14 ask: "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?" How shall they hear without a preacher? The question could be paraphrased: "How shall the message be proclaimed in the Francophone areas of Africa without a school to train workers?" The response depends on us.

With great expectation, hundreds of youth and 230,000 Francophone members are seeking your support in the Special Project Offering for this quarter.

What joy it will be to hear multitudes exclaim: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things." This will happen because of your interest, prayers and support.

Most cordially yours,

R. J. Kloosterhuis  
President

RJK/sm

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Cover picture: "They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so" (Acts 17:11).

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# MISSION

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## FACTS AND FIGURES

[Sources of information: *The World Almanac and Book of Facts, 1981; World Book Encyclopedia.*]

### AFRICA-INDIAN OCEAN DIVISION

This fairly recent division was formed in 1980 and is comprised of the French-speaking nations of Africa from Cape Verde, off Mauritania in the west, to Rwanda, in central Africa, and includes Madagascar and the other Indian Ocean islands off southeastern Africa. While church membership is rapidly expanding in countries such as Nigeria, Zaire, Rwanda, and Burundi, the church is almost nonexistent in the large countries of Mali, Niger, and Chad.

It would be impossible to understand the history or the cultures of Africa apart from a consideration of their unique environment. This is the most tropical of all continents—its northern and southern extremes being the same distance from the equator, and 81 percent of its land mass lying within the tropical zone. Lush grasslands cover 40 percent of the continent and deserts another 40 percent, while less than 20 percent is rain forest. See a current encyclopedia for more on Africa.

### IVORY COAST (area—124,503 square miles). Capital: Abidjan

This country, slightly larger than New Mexico in the U.S., is on the south coast of West Africa, between Liberia and Ghana. The headquarters of the Africa-Indian Ocean Division is here in Abidjan. The per capita income (1978) is US\$906. The life expectancy at birth is 41.9 for males and 45.1 for females. The population (1979) is 7,761,000, 22 percent of whom are literate. The Ivory Coast was a French protectorate from 1842 and gained independence in 1960. It is the most prosperous of tropical African nations.

### RWANDA (area: 10,169 square miles). Capital: Kigali

This country is the size of Maryland in the U.S. and has a population (1979) of 4,955,000. It is bordered by Uganda to the North, Zaire to the west, and Burundi to the south. Grassy uplands and hills cover most of the country, with a chain of volcanoes in the northwest. The Nile River has its source in the headwaters of the Kagera River southwest of Kigali, the capital. The per capita income (1977) is US\$172. Rwanda was for centuries dominated by the tall Tutsi people, until 1959, when civil war broke out. It is presently one of the most densely populated countries in Africa.

### BURUNDI (area: 10,739 square miles). Capital: Bujumbura

Situated directly south of Rwanda, Burundi is one of the poorest and most densely populated countries in Africa, with 396.68 persons per square mile. Life expectancy at birth is 40 for males and 43 for females. The country boasts only three physicians per 100,000 of population, and 18 percent literacy. The per capita income (1979) is US\$70.

### ZAIRE (area: 905,063 square miles). Capital: Kinshasa

This country, one fourth the size of the United States, was formerly Belgian Congo, whose capital city, Leopoldville, is now Kinshasa. Sixty percent of the population of 28 million (1979) is Christian, and 30 percent is literate. There are two physicians for every 100,000 people.

October 2

# Ripples of Service\*

Walton J. Brown

Former director, General Conference Education Department

In the early days of the Seventh-day Adventist Church the members concentrated their efforts and resources on the evangelization of those close to home, around the New England area. The impact of their labor spread like ripples into the central United States as the pioneers heeded the gospel commission to begin in Jerusalem and move to Judea. The growing nucleus of Adventist believers soon turned their attention further afield, to "Samaria," which for them was far-off California.

When in 1858 Michael Belina Czechowski (che-KOV-skee), a converted Polish priest, wrote to Ellen White via the *Review and Herald* of his desire to return to Poland to carry the message to his own people, the sturdy young church in America could have been excused for thinking that the Great Commission was about to be fulfilled. Expatriates from foreign fields returning to their homelands would carry the truth to the "utmost parts of the world."

But soon it became apparent that more workers were needed overseas than returning nationals could supply, and cross-cultural evangelization began in earnest. The idea of foreign missions soon became part of Adventist thinking, and bases were rapidly established in Europe, Australia, South Africa, South America, the West Indies, and the exotic lands of the East.

To these first missionaries, who left their homelands by ever-increasing numbers, the church owes an enormous debt of gratitude for sacrifices made, for foundations built, and for lives laid down in the cause of the Master.

But the word of the Lord through Ellen G. White warned the church that His work should be carried on by a more efficient method: "There are schools to be established in foreign countries."—*Fundamentals of Christian Education*, p. 531. She spoke of the importance of "educating such as are found in the missionary field themselves, and who with proper training can become workers."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 392.

And so worker-training schools opened: in South Africa in 1892, in Argentina in 1899, in Germany in 1899, in England in 1902, and in other lands in quick succession. These often began on a secondary level. Thus the first nationals to be trained were all too often three-year secondary graduates with a year or two of specialized ministerial training. The first-generation missionaries used these trained nationals in minor-decision-making roles, retaining the major administrative responsibilities among themselves.

But farseeing pioneers, accepting the counsel of the Lord, increased the level of preparation offered by the

schools to the junior college level, as in Latin-American areas in the 1920s. Gradually some of the colleges were raised to senior college status, until in more recent times institutions in the Philippines, Mexico, and India now offer some graduate work.

The results of this plan became evident within a short time. Young people finished these more advanced courses and, after gaining several years of experience in the field, demonstrated leadership capacities. The first-generation missionaries recognized their capabilities and placed heavier burdens on their shoulders—such as making them presidents of local fields, departmental secretaries in unions, and heads of minor institutions. As the nationals gained further experience, greater responsibilities in decision making at the higher administrative level often could have been theirs, but it was difficult for the pioneers to recognize that their training had borne fruit. How could they turn over major leadership positions to their former students?

With the coming of second-generation missionaries, however, things began to change. These sons and daughters of the pioneers, raised in mission lands, had been educated side by side with national children, and learned to speak Spanish, Swahili, or Chinese almost as well as English, German, or French. They appreciated and respected the abilities of their schoolmates. After returning to their homelands to complete college and to marry, they often returned to the adopted land of their childhood with an understanding of the native culture that their dedicated parents took decades to absorb. Furthermore, this

new generation was happy to see nationals assume major leadership responsibilities.

And so administrative leadership on the union and division levels has largely transferred from the hands of foreign missionaries to national workers. Gradually positions formerly occupied by Americans, Europeans, or Australians were filled by Latin-Americans, Indians, or South Sea Islanders. The great demand for missionaries continued, but in the 1950s and 1960s specialized personnel were more sought after—doctors, nurses, technicians, men and women skilled in the practical arts, and well-trained teachers and evangelists. These skilled people were invited to help train the national workers.

Around the world major leadership positions are now filled by those indigenous to the fields, those who know their people and speak the language. Thus was fulfilled the counsel given through Ellen White. Today nationals are presidents of seven of the eleven world divisions. Perhaps we may now look forward to some interchange of ideas and leadership at all levels among the divisions.

Truly the pioneers have done well. The schools they established have prepared leaders for their Lord. But the far-reaching ripples of Seventh-day Adventist mission have barely washed the shores of some cultures. Your mission dollars are urgently needed to build the first college for French-speaking African Adventists. Yours is the opportunity to invest now in French-speaking African Adventist leaders for tomorrow.

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\* This article is the first of two presenting an overview of the needs of the church in French-speaking Africa.

October 9

# Adventist Education and French Africa\*

**Walton J. Brown**

Former director, General Conference Education Department

The cover of a recent evangelical magazine shows American prelates quietly fishing from the side of a boat while on the other side nationals steal aboard and take over the ship. The sensational headlines charge: "World Missions: Changing Crews, The Major Denominations Are Jumping Ship." The cover article explains how six of the top Protestant denominations have cut their overseas missionary force by 46 to 79 percent since 1962. This is hardly surprising, since these six together lost more than three and a half million members in North America over the same period.

Seventh-day Adventists have reduced their North American-based foreign missionaries by nearly 40 percent over the last decade, but for a different reason. As already mentioned in the previous article, the development of advanced-training schools has proved a marvelous investment in terms of leadership for the growing church. Our schools have prepared able men and women of vision from whom leaders have been selected to fill the needs of a growing church.

This has been the pattern in the southern part of Africa—Helderberg College, near Cape Town in South Africa, and Solusi College, in Zim-

babwe, for black Africans, have prepared an ample supply of leaders.

This however, has not been so in the northern and central areas of that continent. Junior colleges were maintained in Uganda and in Ethiopia, but because of political problems both were forced to reduce their teaching level. Therefore young people from those areas had to attend Middle East College in Lebanon or other schools for senior college work. It was often difficult to leave their home countries, so hundreds of young people attended non-Seventh-day Adventist schools or none at all. To solve this problem for English-speaking Africans the University College of Eastern Africa opened its doors in Kenya in 1980. The Sabbath School membership contributed to this project on the first Thirteenth Sabbath of 1981.

Unfortunately the situation in the French-speaking areas of Africa, stretching from Senegal to the west through Central Africa to the island nation of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, has been more difficult. Most of the schools in this area, such as Gitwe (GIT-way) in Rwanda, Soamanandrany (so-a-mun-un-DRARE-rin-y) in Madagascar, and Phoenix in Mauritius were providing worker-training based on a junior-secondary-

level education. Students who desired to obtain advanced training had to go to Collonges in France or to Haiti.

The capability of black Africans to lead out in responsible administrative positions was demonstrated here and there by the few men who grew into leadership naturally. But the ranks of such men were thin, and when one individual was called from one position to occupy a greater responsibility he left a vacancy that was difficult to fill.

In the early 1970s the division leadership recognized the situation and moved to remedy the matter. The first step taken was the upgrading of some of the junior secondary schools to full high school status. Then in 1975 it was voted to elevate the junior college at Nanga-Eboko, in Cameroon, to senior college status. But few students were able to meet the standards for college entrance. Most had completed only a junior secondary preparation plus worker training, and before being able to enter college would have to study another three years to sit for the baccalaureate examination. Furthermore Nanga-Eboko was situated to the extreme west of the French-speaking area. The distance, the transportation problems, and the cost made it extremely difficult for young people from Central Africa to attend, and attend they did not.

Considering that almost 200,000 French-speaking members lived in Central Africa compared with 20,000 members in the western African countries, the church leadership realized that something must be done to train these people closer to home.

So a search began for a suitable site on which to establish a college for the French-speaking youth of Central

Africa. The Lord led to a 240-acre property at Mudende (moo-DEN-dy), in the extreme northwest of Rwanda and only fifteen miles from the Zaire border. The government of Rwanda signed a fifty-year convention with the Seventh-day Adventist Church in 1979 granting free use of this property.

That same month a group of church leaders met at Mudende and drew up a master plan for the development of this new school, to be known as the Adventist University of Central Africa. As the committee roamed over the land its members could look to the southwest and see beautiful Lake Kivu (KEE-voo). Turning the other way they viewed the towering volcanoes of Karisimbi and Nyiragonga (nee-ear-a-GONG-ga).

Plans for the school include three- and five-year college programs for teacher and ministerial training. The Rwandese Government promises official recognition—a first for Adventist education in Africa. The master plan provides for 600 dormitory students plus small living quarters for another forty married-student families.

Could the entire plant have been built in 1979 the cost would have been 6 million dollars. Any delay in construction would naturally inflate that figure. Because the money was not available in 1979 the committee decided to reduce the plan to two phases to be completed in 1991. Even this step demanded much faith, for the initial cost would be \$2,515,000 plus inflation. The work is proceeding and buildings are already under construction.

The Africa-Indian Ocean Division confidently awaits the Special Projects Offering on Christmas Day. Your



Christmas gift to the French-speaking youth of Africa is anticipated to cover 13 percent of the total project. May the Lord impress you to give from gratitude and love as you consider the

boundless blessings Heaven daily bestows on each of us.

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\* This is the second in a two-part series explaining the special needs of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in French-speaking Africa.

October 16

## Saved to Preach

**Guy S. Valleray**

Secretary, Africa-Indian Ocean Division

Eighteen-year old Mathias (ma-TEE-us) lived in the Ivory Coast with his father, who was a devout Seventh-day Adventist. But because Mathias had not yet accepted the truth for himself he attended school on Sabbath. As there was no Adventist school in his district he attended a large mission school operated by a well-known order of priests.

In 1976 Mathias attended an Adventist camp meeting in a city about 250 kilometers (155 miles) from his home. While there he enjoyed the sermons and felt drawn to his Saviour as never before. But upon returning home with his father he resumed attending school on Sabbath.

When the school year drew to a close Mathias was not recommended for promotion to a higher class. How disappointed he was to face the prospect of repeating that grade!

A few days after school was out Mathias fell ill. He was taken to the village clinic, but he grew worse and became delirious. His anxious father contacted the church members and invited them to pray for his son.

Mathias later remembered that he heard the earnest prayers offered by the church members, although at the time he showed no awareness of the members gathered about his bed. That night the fever left and he fell into a sweet sleep. God had responded miraculously in his favor.

When the new school year began Mathias wrestled with the problem of Sabbath attendance at school. He was afraid not to attend school lest he again fall behind in his studies and fail to be promoted.

But one Sabbath morning he attended church rather than school. The sermon that day touched his heart deeply and he decided to follow his Saviour in the path of obedience.

When the school principal learned that Mathias was absent on Sabbath because he had gone to church, he called him into his office. "I don't mind your being religious," the principal began, "but what is essential for you just now is to study. You must pass your examinations so that you can earn good money."

The mathematics teacher also

called Mathias in to see him after class. "Mathias, before anything else you need to pass your examinations and then religion can follow," he argued persuasively, adding sternly: "If you miss any of my classes on Saturday you will receive zero in mathematics." Mathias responded by explaining to his teacher the importance of the Sabbath of God and why it was impossible for him to transgress it.

The following Sabbath Mathias again attended church. The next Monday morning, the mathematics professor said to him: "Just look at these grades! You have two zeros in math!"

Once again the principal called him to the office and said: "You think you are a revolutionary who can decide for himself which days he will attend school! You must obey your professor and come to class on Saturday."

Mathias humbly replied by explaining his duty to obey God rather than man. I have decided to stop breaking God's Sabbath," he concluded.

"What's the Sabbath?" the principal asked. Eagerly Mathias seized this opportunity to witness.

Finally the principal admitted that he understood why the young man felt as he did about the Sabbath. "However," he pointed out, "the Ministry of Education has made no provision for these absences. If you continue to miss class you will continue to receive zeros in mathematics, and there's nothing we can do to help you."

Mathias continued to attend church on Sabbath, and on February 23, 1980, he was baptized. "Since my baptism," Mathias said, "only one thing has mattered, and that is to live a Chris-

tian life according to God's will."

The mathematics teacher kept his word. The zeros he gave each Sabbath affected Mathias' average grade for the year and again he was not promoted. Undaunted, Mathias chose to follow Jesus and keep His commandments, even though it meant that he must leave school for a time.

"Jesus has saved me from sin," he said. "I will serve Him all my life." Soon Mathias knew that Jesus was calling him to teach and preach His Word. To prepare for this work became his goal. He knew he must study at an Adventist school, where he could have Sabbaths off. The only such school in his country was at Bouake (boo-wah-KAY). To get there, Mathias decided to sell religious books like his brother and save his money for tuition.

One day Mathias met three young men leaving a cinema. He spoke to them about the Saviour and the Sabbath that he himself had broken before accepting its sacredness. In parting Mathias suggested that they look up the definitions of Saturday and Sunday in the dictionary.

The next day the boys expressed their determination to follow the teaching of God's Word. Two of them continued to study the Bible with Mathias and accompanied him to church. They were eventually baptized. A third returned to his village, where he struggles to observe the Sabbath in spite of strong objections from his people.

Mathias continues to witness as a literature evangelist. He hopes to attend college and learn to preach the gospel more effectively. There are thousands of young people scattered throughout the vast Africa-Indian Ocean Division who, like Mathias,

want to study in order to serve their Master.

In order to offer to these French-speaking youth such an opportunity, the directors of God's work have decided to build an institution of higher learning in that division: the

Adventist University of Central Africa. They look to Sabbath School members around the world for help in establishing this university so that young people like Mathias may train for the place God has for them in His work.

October 23

## Friday Night Miracle

**G. R. Bazziel**

Business manager, Simla Adventist Hospital, India

One cool Friday evening in the Himalayan resort town of Simla, Brother Bazziel (baz-leel) and his doctor wife, Yvonne, set out for Friday evening vespers in good time. Both were glad that a heavy work week was behind them. The Sabbath hours promised rest and spiritual relaxation.

Just as they reached the hospital gate on their way to the chapel, two men ran up. "Please come in and look at a child who has just come in," they said. "It looks really serious."

Expecting to be only a few minutes the doctor suggested that her husband come in too; then they could continue on to the meeting together. There was still five minutes before vespers would begin. But when the couple reached the bed of the little newcomer all thought of meetings was forgotten.

What a sight met their eyes as they pulled back the covers! There lay a 13-day-old baby with a tummy bloated like a balloon. The skin was so tightly stretched that it shone; they could almost see their reflection in it. The baby had been ill for five days. Her

parents had walked with her for three days over rugged terrain to reach a road where they could catch a bus to Simla. Landslides and other obstructions had cost them another forty-eight hours of precious time as they tried to get their dying child to the hospital. The baby was now semiconscious and obviously very toxic—altogether a poor risk.

"We shall need an X-ray of this child's abdomen at once," said Yvonne as she finished her examination. A technician was called out of the chapel, and in fifteen minutes Yvonne scanned the wet films and confirmed the diagnosis: bowel obstruction.

For a moment they took stock of the situation. The hospital was temporarily out of oxygen. Neither did it have surgical instruments small enough for such a mite. "Would you please talk to the parents, explain the situation, and suggest they take the child to the Post-Graduate Institute at Chandigarh (chun-dy-gar)," Yvonne told her husband.

But the desperate parents were adamant. The bigger, better facility

was too far away. With tears welling up in his eyes, the father said, "Sahib (saheeb), please let the baby stay here and die. It took us five days to get here. Kindly grant us this one wish; then we will return home with the dead body of our child."

Brother Bazliel felt a lump in his own throat. "What now?" he whispered to his wife. There was a moment of silence. "We are going to operate," the doctor replied.

The surgical staff was summoned. The junior doctor reluctantly agreed to give open-drop ether anesthesia. His hesitance was understandable; there were no small-sized endotracheal tubes, no muscle relaxants, and worst of all, no oxygen.

"Let's pray at the bedside before bringing the baby into the surgery," Yvonne suggested. "That way the parents and uncle will be included."

The mother sat cross-legged on the bed with the small mite in her lap, tears streaming down her cheeks as she looked into the face of her little one, from whom life was surely ebbing away. The other two relatives stood reverently as we bowed our heads and pleaded with the Master Physician to do the seemingly impossible and grant this child normal health again. Even the four members of the surgical staff were unusually moved by the prayer. The odds against the little patient were enormous.

The baby was taken to surgery, and again, after setting up a cut-down intravenous drip, we bowed our heads. Yvonne pleaded with God for the gift of His skill and the surgical procedure began.

As the doctor cut through the last layer of the abdominal wall, the intestines burst forth. The small

intestine, black and gangrenous, was two thirds rotted away, as was the small bowel.

"What do we do now?" somebody mumbled into his mask. Once again there followed a few moments of silence, then Yvonne's confident voice "I'm going to resect all of this rotten intestine."

"What?" came the anesthetist's astonished voice. "You plan to do that and then expect the child to live?" Nobody else spoke as Yvonne turned to the astonished young doctor and said, "Subodh (soo-BODE), have you forgotten that we asked Someone to help us before we started this procedure?"

In total silence the team worked on. The affected intestine was removed. The healthy ends were joined. As the last suture was tied Brother Bazliel glanced at the clock. For three hours and twenty minutes they had operated. Knowing that they had done all they could, the surgery staff again bowed in prayer. They thanked God for His help, happy to be taking a live baby off that operating table.

"It's only a matter of hours before this child will pass away," the weary business manager thought.

Twenty-four hours passed, then forty-eight; the baby was holding her own. She was taking her mother's milk regularly and doing well.

Sixteen days later the hospital staff gathered at the gate to wave goodbye to the happy parents.

"How we shall keep this little one from having diarrhea and how it can be fed when it can no longer live on breast milk alone is what worries me," Doctor Yvonne confided a few days later. Soon SOS letters were winging their way to the Department of Pediat-

rics at Loma Linda University in southern California. The problem was explained. Promptly by return mail answers and suggestions returned.

Today, in her wallet, Yvonne carries a snapshot of her "prize baby," a

healthy, impish-looking little 2-year-old girl—evidence of a Friday night miracle.

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Reprinted from *Signs of the Times*, September, 1981. Our regular Sabbath School offerings help support the medical work in Simla, India.

October 30

## Zeroing in on Zaire

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**Noelene Johnsson**  
Editor, MISSION quarterly

Do you ever ask yourself: What is it really like in Africa? That was the question uppermost in the mind of this MISSION reporter when interviewing Bob Prouty, a young American on furlough after one term in Zaire.

**MISSION:** What *is* it like in Zaire, Bob?

**Prouty:** I really cannot describe it to someone who has not been away from his own country. Zaire is a wonderful country. In Kivu Province, where the Lukanga (lu-KONG-ga) Adventist Secondary School is located, we are very close to the equator. Behind the mission property rise the Mutumba Mountains, which are the divide for the mighty Nile and Zaire rivers. After we had settled into the school routine it seemed as though we had always been a part of that scene. We enjoy living there. The people are warm and accepting of us. I have discovered the brotherhood of believers in a wonderful way in Zaire.

**MISSION:** What do you like most about your work there?

**Prouty:** In a sense the things I don't

like contribute to what I do like most. I am troubled by the great needs in Zaire—the need for pastors and churches. But these very needs provide challenges, and I like challenges. In the homeland one sometimes asks, What can I do for the Lord? truly wondering what to do. But in Zaire there is much obvious need. I found great satisfaction helping there.

**MISSION:** You mentioned the need for pastors. Would you care to elaborate on that?

**Prouty:** Higher education in Zaire is in French. A student must have a very high standard of French in secondary school, naturally, to handle the college classes. Thus the college entrance requirements are quite demanding in Zaire. But often some of the final examinations in high school fall on the Sabbath. To miss one examination means that the student cannot gain college entrance, or the baccalaureate, as it is called. The sad thing is that even Adventist colleges overseas will not accept a student from Zaire unless he has his baccalaureate.

To do so by sitting for the Sabbath examinations would disqualify a student for leadership in the church, anyway. While Lukanga does offer ministerial training beyond secondary school level, the leadership of the church needs college-trained young people.

People join the church in large numbers so that existing pastors keep busy caring only for the new interests and baptisms. We need pastors to strengthen and nurture the new converts—pastors well educated themselves so that they may explain deeper doctrinal truth than they are able to at present.

**MISSION:** There is, then, a real need for pastors. Do you have literature to fill this gap?

**Prouty:** Therein lies another problem. Most people, being less educated, prefer to read religious materials in their own languages. Where we are, there is only one doctrinal book translated in the vernacular and that was printed nearly forty years ago and is difficult to obtain. So people in our area are not very likely to read themselves into the message.

**MISSION:** Do the lay people support their church after they are baptized?

**Prouty:** Both the North and East Zaire conferences are very nearly self-supporting. Lay people support the church in many ways. Tatasi (ta-TAH-see), a successful businessman near Lukanga, supports a team of full-time masons who go around building churches. Local congregations might spend six months preparing the bricks; Tatasi supplies the cement and timber. In the last two years he has built ten churches in this way. Some of the teachers at Lukanga

give from their own limited salaries to help a struggling congregation buy the roofing materials. This is part of the joy of working in Zaire. There is always so much to do.

**MISSION:** With so many people economically disadvantaged in the country there must be a temptation to steal—especially from a school like Lukanga that perhaps has a lot of equipment, by local standards.

**Prouty:** We had an interesting experience at Lukanga some time ago. We were well into a building program. Bags of cement were stacked in the open for want of some place to keep them. Then lack of funds halted the work. The principal was saddened to notice that the bags of cement were gradually disappearing. Considering that a bag was worth a week's wages, it was not surprising that people could not resist the temptation. Six months later the funds came and we were ready to resume construction. But the cement was all gone. No more was available at any price. One day the principal was surprised to see the men building—laying bricks. "Where did the cement come from?" he asked. One of our faithful teachers, realizing the temptation the cement afforded, had kept it safe in his own small house.

**MISSION:** I can see why you feel so strongly about the brotherhood of believers in Zaire. Have Adventists worked with the pygmies of the Ituri Forest of Upper Zaire Province?

**Prouty:** One of our students has worked among the pygmies during his summers. These people do not measure time, so the setting aside of every seventh day made no sense to them. But God is working on their hearts and recently there have been some baptisms. During the 1980-1981

school year a young man, son of a pygmy chief, attended Lukanga.

**MISSION:** Few of us are called to labor for God in countries like Zaire,

but we may each do our part in praying for the work there and in giving for the badly needed University of Central Africa on December 25.

November 6

## An SM Experience

**Beth Streeter**

Former student missionary from Andrews University to Indonesia

**Hidden Voice:** WANTED: Male or Female; 12 months, West Indonesia; teaching English conversation skills and Bible lessons in group classes made up of teen-age and adult learners. Also, speaking for and otherwise participating in evangelistic meetings, weekly youth programs, Sabbath School, and church services. Orientation and teaching materials provided. Those responding should be native speakers of English with no speech impediments. Housing and board provided.

**MISSION:** Beth, how did you feel at first about that invitation to be a student missionary?

**Beth:** I read the call over and over again, trying to squeeze out all the information. Traveling to the other side of the world sounded exciting and scary. People told me about Indonesia and what being overseas was like, but there were many questions in my mind. Somehow, though, I knew God was leading me into this experience.

**MISSION:** Tell us something about your first impressions as an SM.

**Beth:** I remember 8:30 Monday

morning when the students of my very first English class wandered into the room. Standing there before those twenty questioning faces I was almost overcome by nervousness. "Good morning. My name is Beth and I will be your Level 5 teacher. I have been in Indonesia only one week. . . ." Somehow the words just flowed out, the butterflies disappeared, and the next ninety minutes fairly flew.

I had always been afraid of speaking before a group, but with the Lord's help I made it through that class and the many others that followed. I even enjoyed them. Isaiah's promise "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength" (Isa. 40:29) meant much to me during those first few weeks.

**MISSION:** Beth, tell us about your teaching load.

**Beth:** Every week I taught sixteen 90-minute classes. Two of these were Bible classes; the rest English. I spent far more time preparing for those two Bible lessons than I did for the other fourteen English lessons combined. I soon learned how little I really knew

about the Bible and was appalled at my narrow perspective on life.

It was Pek who opened my eyes with his relentless questions: Who is Jesus? How do you know there is a God? Why is there so much suffering? Why am I brown and you white, and how can God be fair? Those questions drove me to my knees and to the Bible. I must be sure of what I believed. And just as in my English classes, the Lord helped me answer his many questions.

**MISSION:** What did you do weekends, Beth?

**Beth:** Friday evenings and Sabbaths were very special to me and my SM friends as we sang and shared the Lord with a group of our students. A lot of preparation went into the meetings, and the joy of letting Christ speak through us was beyond compare. We thrilled to witness a small baptism before the year was out. I remember Pitlin especially. She was not my student but I rejoiced at her baptism. She badly wanted to attend an Adventist college, and, thanks to some generous members in Canada, Pitlin's dream came true. She now attends college in Indonesia.

Weekends were not all work. Many an early Sunday morning found SM's piling into a rented minibus full of students buzzing with excitement. Our students, including exuberant Amram, delighted to show us the beauties of their homeland. Only two hours' drive away from the city we were winding into the mountains, enchanted by the lush green of tea plantations covering the hillsides. Amram delighted to show us around, all the while shooting rolls of film recording the sights of his wonderful land, and at the end generously giving us the rolls to remember him by.

**MISSION:** Looking back, Beth, what would you say was the most valuable part of the SM experience?

**Beth:** You know, I went to Indonesia with the idea of teaching the people there but came back having learned far more than I taught. So I would have to say that the learning experience was the most valuable aspect of my year as a student missionary.

I learned what it was like not to understand what was being said because the people spoke too fast; what it was like to be without family, friends, and familiar surroundings. I learned that though the people spoiled me with kindness I still missed home. The people of Indonesia opened my mind to new ways of thinking and looking at the world.

Being an SM also involved learning to live with others from my own country. Staying on the same compound, eating, working, and relaxing together created some interesting situations. I discovered that we all are human no matter what country we live in. From time to time we felt tensions between us. At times my own attitudes and reactions shamed me. I had not known that I could be like that. One morning while reading *The Ministry of Healing* I discovered that "in His providence . . . [God] brings . . . (persons) into different positions and varied circumstances that they may discover in their character the defects which have been concealed from their own knowledge. He gives them opportunity to correct these defects and to fit themselves for His service."—Page 471.

**MISSION:** What did your fellow student missionaries think about that idea, Beth?

**Beth:** When I shared this thought



with them we were drawn closer together. We tried to think less about ourselves and look to Christ, allowing Him to use us in His service. All of this personal growth made the SM experience doubly worthwhile.

**MISSION:** Beth, the way you described the SM experience, as you call it, don't you think we might taste a little of it right here as we ask the Lord to help us share with others what great things God has done for us?

November 13

## A Song in the Night

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**J. J. Bouit**

Communication director, West Africa Union Mission

The little company moved slowly toward the cluster of huts faintly outlined against the starlit midnight sky. The faint echo of a dog's barking and the monotonous chorus of crickets were the only sounds breaking the stillness of the warm tropical night. Suddenly a loud chorus of voices rang clearly through the darkness. Pierre Adingra and his little company of fellow believers were again proclaiming the gospel message by song and word. Silently the group moved from one cluster of huts to the next, preaching and singing to an unseen audience, which, though surely awakened, gave no indication of hearing the message. Their mission completed, the small group of men disappeared soundlessly into the night.

In this manner, night after night, Pierre Adingra attempted to share the faith he had found recently while in Ghana. This cocoa farmer and his little group of friends thus carried out the gospel commission, gaining an audience at midnight that would have

been denied them during the day. As a result of their faithful work small groups of believers were established in this area long before the first two missionary families arrived in 1946.

These scattered groups, separated by long walks through the jungle, kept alive the little ray of truth they had received and remained faithful even during the difficult war years when they suffered much for their faith. During that time they were unable to contact the established Seventh-day Adventist mission in Ghana.

The same faithful spirit is found today in men like brother Christophe Bogui (bo-KEE), who, since his baptism in 1974, gave up all annual holidays for six years in order to have the Sabbaths free. His faithfulness has been rewarded, and today Brother Bogui is the rolling-stock inspector for an entire railroad system and enjoys his annual holidays, too.

The same spirit animates Brother Konan Kra, the dedicated pastor of the Abidjan church. Born and raised in a

fervent Moslem family, and being deeply devoted to this religion, he was confronted with Christ when entering the Adventist secondary school in Bouake (boo-wah-KAY).

Sitting one Sabbath morning under a big mango tree; he was so touched by the story of the crucified and resurrected Christ that he decided then and there to follow his Saviour whatever the cost. Three years of deep struggle followed his decision. Not until the moment of his baptism did he cease mumbling verses from the Koran that had been an inseparable part of his life. His family abandoned him at first, yet his heart rejoiced because he had found the Pearl of Great Price. In 1978 Pastor Kra was privileged to baptize his mother.

A host of men and women throughout the continent of Africa wait to receive the blessings of the gospel. Never has the time been better for proclaiming the freedom of Jesus than today. As traditional beliefs disintegrate under the impact of modernization and urbanization, the individual African, who is deeply religious by nature, becomes especially receptive to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

In many parts of Africa today church growth is explosive. In one single effort in Kumasi, Ghana, during 1980, 735 members joined the church. Can you imagine an increase of 700 members in your church? Where would you seat them? How many more Sabbath School teachers would your superintendent need to recruit? No doubt the pastor would welcome the increase in prayer meeting attendance, though!

The great problem in French-speaking Africa, just now, is finding enough educated workers to nurture and educate church members after they have joined the church. This dynamic and changing society needs basic health education. In some places adult literacy classes are needed to help members read and study the word for themselves.

The establishment of a university in Rwanda, to serve the French-speaking fields, is a giant step toward solving this problem. The new division established on African soil asks for your prayers and financial support this quarter for the preaching of the gospel among the nations and peoples of this vast continent.

## Yesterday and Today

Think not of yesterday!

Thou canst not live one hour of it again.  
Tomorrow thou canst not know,  
What it will bring of joy or pain.

Live but today!

'Tis God's own gift to thee,  
So use it, that through time and years  
'Twill live—a fragrant memory.

Mrs. E. Culley.

November 20

# God Will Provide

**Robert Dick**

Teacher, Lukanga Adventist Seminary, Zaire

Mr. and Mrs. Vitry and their twelve children lived on the delightful island of Mauritius, 1,000 miles off the east coast of southern Africa. Seen from the air, Mauritius looks like a green scarf with white fringes that fade away into the pearly blue waters of the Indian Ocean.

Mr. Vitry was quite happy with his job at the sugar cane factory, though he earned just enough to make ends meet. For a while life went along rather uneventfully for the family, until the day a blind man riding a tandem bicycle steered by a young guide appeared on the scene. Mrs. Vitry discovered that Mr. Noel, the blind man, was a literature evangelist. Out of sheer curiosity she bought a paper from him and read it.

About a month later Mr. Noel and his guide showed up again. This time, upon catching sight of them, Mrs. Vitry quickly ran to the house and hid herself. Soon the two were at the door, knocking. Mrs. Vitry sent one of her daughters to greet the visitors with the message that regretfully Mother was not at home. For some strange reason the blind colporteur would not leave. (Years later Mrs. Vitry learned the reason for his persistence. The guide had seen Mrs. Vitry dash into the house and had told the literature evangelist.) Finally, desperate to be rid of the pair on her doorstep, Mrs. Vitry gave one of the children the

money to buy another copy of that unwelcome Seventh-day Adventist paper.

Never was a blind man's patience more rewarded. As a result of reading this paper the whole family asked to join the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Denise, one of the younger daughters, had been plagued for years with a severe case of inflammatory dysentery that the doctors had been unable to cure. Faced with the possibility that this incurable disease might afflict their daughter for the rest of her life, Mr. and Mrs. Vitry sought healing from the Lord on her behalf. The day that the family was baptized Denise was permanently healed.

Brother and Mrs. Vitry enjoyed the blessings of the Lord, but they also soon discovered what it means to take up one's cross and follow Jesus and to claim the Bible's precious promises.

The shepherd of the flock to which the Vitry family had formerly belonged was unhappy at what he considered sheep stealing. Lest he lose any more to the Adventists the priest decided to demonstrate to his parishioners the gravity of the Vitrys' mistake. All must see that the fate of a heretic was poverty, exclusion from society, and punishment for their grievous error. He instructed his parishioners to gather around the Vitrys' house one afternoon.

The priest came directly from the sugar factory, where he successfully had intimidated the manager into firing Mr. Vitry from his job. Addressing the crowd around the Vitry home, he explained how this family now was lost and would suffer great calamities as a result. In the name of God he cursed the home. The crowd, thoroughly sobered by the spectacle, quietly dispersed.

With Mr. Vitry out of work, the priest's frightful predictions began to come true. The family soon ran out of food and, try as they could, were unable to make ends meet.

The first time the family was out of food the older daughters were unsure as to whether they should set the table. "Go ahead and set it," their mother advised. "God will supply our needs." And He did. A thoughtful church member stopped by with a basket of produce. The Vitrys rejoiced and praised the Lord as they gathered around the dinner table.

For a while they had sufficient to eat. Then once again they ran out of food. Again Mrs. Vitry had the table set in faith, and before long the postman came with a letter. Eagerly they tore open the envelope. Their faith was rewarded again. Inside they found a note from another thoughtful church member and, along with the note, some money. Off to the store they dashed to buy the sorely needed supplies.

What a lovely time they had that day as they recounted God's goodness to them.

Mrs. Vitry's faith was tested one more time. Again it was almost mealtime and the children were hungry. Without being asked they set the table for lunch. Little Haydee needed at least one square meal a day, the troubled mother thought as she watched her little daughter search the cupboard for food.

"The table is set, Mamma, but there is nothing left to eat," Haydee called, as if that were something new. Mrs. Vitry burst into tears. She could not find the right words to comfort her hungry little daughter.

There followed a long moment of silence broken at last by little Haydee's sweet voice singing the words of a well-known hymn, "l'Éternel pourvoira" (lay-terr-NELL-poor-v-WAH-rah—"The Lord Will Provide"). The answer to Mrs. Vitry's soul hunger came from the mouth of a babe. Wiping her tears, the mother smiled and reminded her children of the Lord's providence in the past. "The Lord *will* provide," she concluded.

And He did, in a wonderful way. Not only did He feed them again, but He also enabled Mr. Vitry to find work in another sugar refinery where he had Sabbaths off.

He is faithful that promised, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Ps. 34:10).

"We must learn to give up our own luxuries to supply the comforts of others; our comforts to supply their necessities; and even our necessities to supply their extremities."

—John Howard, noted philanthropist

November 27

## New York E-VAN-gelism

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Juanita Kretschmar

**Narrator:** Greetings from New York City, where "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. 15:3). The Lord was surely busy in New York this summer, as was the team of Seventh-day Adventists in the "Van Family."

**Walter:** The busyness was well worth it one day recently when we made a trip to lower Manhattan just to visit a man who had stopped using heroin and tobacco two years ago. He was holding to his decision but was obviously having a difficult time. "Have you asked God to help?" we asked.

"Why would God want to help me?" the dejected man demanded. He had turned his back on God ten years before. Hungrily the man listened as I told him of God's love and care. He wanted to talk to God but did not know how. Before leaving I wrote out a prayer for him and left him my phone number in case he needed encouragement.

**Juanita:** I don't know how many times our van personnel give out their private phone numbers and sometimes even their home addresses to perfect strangers on the streets of New York! Can you imagine how that kind of trust surprises people who are schooled to trust nobody? Crime and violence rob people of this basic human quality.

**Gail:** I get defensive about all the

unkind things said about my city. I have lived here all my life and have never seen any guns or muggings—until recently when policemen surrounded our building and succeeded in apprehending an armed criminal hiding in the woods behind. Then the next day I went out on the van to Greenwich Village. We parked the van on a quiet street and sat waiting for people to come in for hypertension screenings or to talk about their problems. A man was telling us his life story when suddenly outside the van there was a squeal of brakes. A policeman with drawn gun in hand advanced on a suspect. Later the trembling officer came in to have his blood pressure checked. He accepted our offer of Bible lessons.

**Juanita:** Marilyn was working on screenings one day when a lady hurried over to the van from her car. "I have been looking everywhere for you," she said excitedly. "Pastor Richards said on the Voice of Prophecy that if anyone wanted to stop smoking they should find a Seventh-day Adventist church, and I saw the name on the side of your van. I would like to come to your church." Marilyn gave her the address of our nearby Bayside company and rejoiced to see her the following Sabbath.

**Walter:** Lidia was wondering why she was needed on the van one Sunday. She soon found out. Walking

outside the van in her uniform with the SDA Community Services emblem on her jacket, she was surprised when a Cuban man ran up to her. He was desperate, he said, and friends had told him that the Adventists were the only ones who could help. He and his wife had been in New York for four days without food, money, or a job. Lidia was able to find a Spanish sister who brought food and help for the sick wife. The man received clothes and was helped to find a job. Lidia was the only person on the van that day who spoke Spanish—the only language that poor man knew.

**Juanita:** Dr. Gardner, Betty, and I had a fascinating interview at the famous Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute last week, at the request of a leading medical researcher. Associate research physicians were called in as they presented to us their projected study of the "Seventh-day Adventist diet," using vegetarian church members as a control group who would be matched with high-risk, confirmed cancer cases. As he put it, "We are out to prove scientifically the validity of what you people have been teaching all along." In their own minds the evidence is already in, and they expect to see individuals who are at high risk of developing cancer of the colon reverse that risk with an Adventist life style. Any observations we made about additional facets of life style or diet commonly known (but unfortunately not always followed) by Seventh-day Adventists was immediately noted and accepted with an attitude of "We'll need to include that, too, as we go along." What a privilege—and responsibility—is ours to live up to the light given us.

**Walter:** One wonderful benefit of

working in "e-VAN-gelism" is that we see the work of the Holy Spirit on lives around us. Wherever we go to visit, the Holy Spirit seems to be there ahead of us. We see it in the conviction of many who follow the "Powerful Promises" Bible lessons—especially after completing the Sabbath study.

One lady, a former church member, requested a visit. At first she seemed defensive and then hostile. We invited her to join us in a season of prayer for God's Spirit. God took control and the change in the room could be felt. We sang some of the hymns we all love. Then it was only a matter of determining which was the nearest church for her to join.

**Gail:** Our persistent team located another man at the local laundromat. We accompanied him to his home, where he expressed his doubts about a sure salvation. He longed to lead others to Christ but first needed full assurance of forgiveness himself. We prayed and talked without making an impression. Again we prayed and talked some more about freedom of choice and Christ's victory for us. A third time we prayed for the Holy Spirit. Then came confession of sin, relief as forgiveness was accepted, and realization that Christ had purchased a place for him in His kingdom. "Now I can teach others," the happy man exclaimed. "I have found Him myself!"

**Juanita:** Time does not allow us to tell of much of the work of the Holy Spirit in the van work. In previous years we enrolled 15,000 in an entire year for the Scripture study guides. But in the month of July (1981) alone, 5,000 people enrolled. New York, filled with crime and despair though it may be, is hungry for the Living Word. How is it where you live?

December 4

# Saved Through Adversity

**Maurice Zehnacker and Claude Villeneuve**

President and education secretary, West Central African Union Mission

After war ended in N'djamena (N-jah-MEN-na), the capital of Chad, the mission president, Albert Bodenmann, returned to his place of labor full of courage in spite of the difficulties. But he did miss his wife and children, who were left behind because of the unrest. He found his house empty and without doors and windows. Everything had been carried off during the first battle for the city.

However, Brother Bodenmann did not allow these difficulties to interfere with his work. He placed his family in the Lord's keeping and set about rebuilding the work in Chad. His last contact with the union leaders was in February, 1980, during a conference committee in northern Cameroon. After this period of planning and seeking the Lord's guidance for this troubled area, Brother Bodenmann eagerly set about furthering the Great Commission.

But hardly had he been back a month when war broke out again. Communications with the outside world were cut. Brother Bodenmann decided to stay on, putting his trust in the Lord and resting on the promises of the Scriptures.

For nine months this stalwart missionary continued his work, cheerful in spite of meager funds and separation from his family, and kept safe by the providence of God—the mission

compound was right near the center of the fighting.

Since drinking water for the village during this time was available only from the well on the mission compound, soldiers came every day for water. Many also found the water of life, as the mission personnel kept a good supply of religious literature near the well. The good news thus spread among the soldiers, most of whom were Moslems.

Shells fell daily around the mission. All the houses of this area were hit; some were destroyed. But the Lord kept His protective arms over our people, fulfilling the words of the psalmist: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee" (Ps. 91:7). Perhaps Brother Bodenmann sensed the fervent prayers for his safety ascending daily to heaven, for he was not afraid.

Finally on December 19, 1980, the writer and Brother Bodenmann were able to meet in a small village of northern Cameroon, on the Chad border. It was a beautiful day for both men, reminding them that "the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear" (Isa. 59:1).

Praise God for men of faith such as Brother Bodenmann who labor unstintingly for His cause. Even though Brother Bodenmann has been

responsible for the North Cameroon Mission since January of 1981, he still supervises the work in Chad.

Joseph Moute is a young layman in Cameroon who was saved by his suitcase. At the time his friend called to borrow a suitcase, Joseph worked as an assistant pharmacist in Yaounde (ya-oon-DAY). As a practicing Catholic Christian he liked to help others. So he gladly lent his suitcase to his insistent friend and thought no more about it.

Sometime later, in October, 1975, a local police officer summoned Joseph to the central police station. "Do you recognize this suitcase?" the officer asked. Of course Joseph recognized it. "It's mine," he said. But he was stunned by the response of the officer, who proceeded to arrest him for complicity in receiving and concealing stolen goods.

Joseph protested his innocence, but when confronted, the borrower "friend" implicated Joseph in the crime. The cross-questioning became confused, and, unable to come to a conclusion, the police superintendent decided to submit the matter to the court. While the case was prepared for trial Joseph was held in prison for eighteen months.

Already troubled by poor health and now denied his medication, Joseph was left sick and dishonored, expecting to die miserably in jail.

But one day a group of young people came to his cell. Joseph appreciated their message and soon bought a Bible

from the jail chaplain and joined the Adventist study group each week. As he studied he was drawn closer to his Saviour. Even his outlook on life changed.

A lent suitcase, an arrest, a discovery, and now a new life. He remembered the words of the prison chaplain: "Whom God loves He also punishes." Joseph had puzzled over that statement, but now he understood. Had he not been jailed he would not have known his Lord.

From then on Joseph did not consider himself in jail—he was in a seminary learning Bible truth; in a sanitarium for the healing of his soul.

Upon his release in April, 1977, after the "not guilty" verdict was delivered, Joseph wanted to complete one formality—the burning of a box full of fetish objects given to him by various healers. This was his public witness to the power of God in his life. Two years after his conversion and six months after being released from jail, Joseph was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church. In July, 1980, his wife also joined the church. Today they both actively witness to the grace and goodness of their Saviour.

Let us count our many blessings today and value our freedoms. And as we gladly offer God our love gifts let us breathe a prayer for our African brothers and sisters that they may soon have a college to train pastors and teachers for the French-speaking African church.



December 11

# A Taste of Childhood\*

**Gina Olberg**

Staff nurse, Mwami Adventist Hospital Zambia, Africa

I remember Isaac. I remember the feeling of horror I felt the first time I saw him with his thin, light-colored hair, swollen eyelids, bloated belly, and cracked skin. How could such a shockingly severe case of kwashiorkor† (kwa-she-OR-ker) be found in a 9-year-old? I wondered. Medical books reserve it for children under five.

Isaac regarded me with apathy as we performed the routine procedures. When we took him to his bed he pulled the blankets over his head in an effort to withdraw. The only times he willingly appeared was for his milk feedings, which he consumed eagerly. Sometimes we would find him sitting up in bed, facing the wall.

"Isaac, you are stronger now. What you need is something to do!" He looked at me blankly, uncaring. I brought him a coloring book and a box of crayons, showing him how different crayons made different colors on the paper, and encouraging him to stay within the lines of the pictures as he colored. He looked at me solemnly, showing no sign that he understood. But next morning he handed me the coloring book. Did I detect a faint smile of pride on that otherwise serious face?

Every picture was colored perfectly. The first was executed carefully in one color, but a few pages later the colors varied. Though there were some pink dogs and green horses, all were neatly

done without any straying outside the lines. Because the book had been completely used I brought him a fatter coloring book the next day. He finished that one in three days, but I had run out of coloring books. We began to use scraps of paper. I taught him to print his name and to add one plus one.

Due to his high-protein diet, Isaac began to improve. He gradually left his room to watch other children play. Because he had no mother of his own he faithfully attended the nutrition lectures with the mothers of other malnourished children. Sometimes the student nurses would tease him gently, calling him Mr. Kwash. He always responded indignantly that kwashiorkor was a disease; he, Isaac, was a person.

One day I showed him a picture of Jesus with some children gathered around Him. "Do you know this Man?" I asked. Isaac shook his head. "Well, Isaac," I said, "Jesus knows you and He loves you very much."

Camp meeting time came. Esther, one of our student missionaries, stopped by pediatrics each day to take the older children who were well enough to attend. Isaac enjoyed camp meetings. He made windmills from old X-rays and sang and listened to stories of Jesus. A strong attachment developed between Isaac and Esther. He spent many happy hours following her as she worked around her house or in

the hospital laboratory. For Isaac, she was the mother figure he needed.

After many weeks Isaac's father came. He was a nervous man, obviously burdened by life. Isaac sat quietly beside him, displaying neither pleasure nor displeasure. I brought a piece of paper and a pencil for Isaac to show his father how he could print his name. Isaac printed it all out neatly, running his first and last names together. "But—but that's not right," his father said anxiously. "There is supposed to be a space between his names." Isaac slumped perceptibly. "He is just learning," I defended. After noting his son's improved health, the father promised to return the following week on his day off from work.

That week the doctor pronounced Isaac almost ready for discharge. Alarmed, I thought of several reasons why he was not quite ready, and the discharge was postponed.

Isaac continued to spend many hours with Esther. In the rural atmosphere of Mwami he blossomed into a happy child, running and playing like any 9-year-old would.

Isaac cried the day he was discharged, saying he did not want to go home. I begged his father to get him into school because he was a smart boy. The last time I saw Isaac he was walking dejectedly beside his father, back to a life where 9-year-olds fend for themselves—a life without a mother's comfort and care. Somehow urban poverty seems more devastating than the rural variety of traditional villages surrounding Mwami, I thought. That day I went home and cried too.

It has been a year now—a year filled with caring for many other sick chil-

dren. They come and go. Some go healthier; some leave silently on their last journey, their rigid bodies tied securely onto their mother's back.

But I still remember Isaac. I look for him sometimes when I am in Chipata. I search the faces of the school boys in their dusty school uniforms, pushing and laughing as young boys do. But I have never seen him. I hope the reason is that I cannot recognize him anymore—that his hair has become thick and black, his legs sturdy and muscular. But sometimes I fear that perhaps I cannot find him because he is not there. Has he succumbed to some disease that his body, just recovered from kwashiorkor, could not resist? I wish I knew.

I still remember the day of his discharge with sadness and regret. Was it wrong to allow such strong attachments to develop? Was it wrong to give him personal attention and a few days of carefree happiness in his otherwise dreary life? Should I have allowed him to remain detached and independent so that he might become toughened for his lonely life ahead? Surely to have just a taste of what childhood was meant to be is better than not to have known it at all! But it made the parting so hard.

How many Isaacs are in this world—in Africa, India, America? How many children starved physically, or emotionally, or both? Please come, Lord Jesus, and claim Your children. We are so homesick for You.

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\*Our regular weekly Sabbath School offerings are used to support mission institutions such as Mwami Hospital.

†Kwashiorkor is a disease caused by a severe protein deficiency.

December 18

# God Opened the Work

**M. Basaninyenzi, as told to Duane McKay**

President, Upper Zaire Field; secretary, Zaire Union

In the northern part of Zaire there was a large area that the Seventh-day Adventist Church had not yet penetrated with the third angel's message. The Zaire Union Committee had a special burden for this area and made definite plans to begin new work along the great Zaire River basin, second in size only to the giant Amazon basin in South America.

In the meantime the Lord put into effect His own plans for opening this work.

A few years ago a young couple were married in Portugal. They were happy together and had energy and dreams for the future. But they never thought that they would some day live on the great African continent. Maria was a good homemaker and a good cook, but, more than that, she was a dedicated Seventh-day Adventist. She had determined always to follow the Master's plans for her.

One day Maria's husband came home with some exciting news: he had been offered a position in Zaire, Africa, in association with a businessman near the Zaire River. The next few months were spent in packing the things they would take to Zaire and in studying the French language, for which they both had a flair.

In 1977 they arrived in Akete (a-KET-tay), a small town in northern Zaire near the border with the Central African Republic. A comfortable com-

pany house was waiting for them and Maria soon unpacked and settled in. Then began her search for the nearest Seventh-day Adventist church. Few people there had heard of a church by that name, and she was disappointed to learn that her church was not even represented in that part of Zaire. To make matters worse, she did not have an address for any of our mission offices or institutions.

Maria took this problem to the Lord, asking Him to open the way for her to witness for Him. Providentially an Adventist friend in Europe, thinking that Maria might not know where to locate a church or office, sent her a Seventh-day Adventist directory for French-speaking countries. In it Maria happily found the address of the Zaire Union office in Lubumbashi (loo-bum-BAH-she) and better yet, the address of the Upper Zaire Field headquarters at Kisangani (kee-sun-GAH-nee), the nearest large city to her home.

Maria immediately wrote the field president, Pastor Basaninyenzi, asking him for a French Bible and Sabbath School quarterly, since her own was in Portuguese. She closed the letter by expressing her interest in witnessing for Christ to others in the town of Akete.

Pastor Basaninyenzi was delighted to hear that in this vast unentered area there was an Adventist ready to

work for her Master. He immediately mailed Maria a Bible and lesson quarterly and encouraged her in her soul-winning activities.

A few months later Maria accompanied her husband on a business trip to Kisangani. She took along all the tithe and mission offerings that she had faithfully laid aside. Pastor Basaninyenzi was thrilled to meet Maria and once more encouraged her to witness for the Lord.

It was another year before Maria again visited the mission headquarters in Kisangani. As before, she turned in the accumulated tithe and mission offering that she had faithfully kept.

Now Maria had some good news to report. Every Sabbath a little group met in her home for Sabbath School. Maria invited the pastor to visit this new group of believers.

Several weeks passed before the pastor was able to make the long trip by Land Rover to Akete. Maria and her husband welcomed him and enjoyed a pleasant Friday evening visit with him. Next morning the pastor was overjoyed to find twenty-four Sabbath School members meeting in Maria's living room. Maria had taught them well, for nineteen requested baptism.

Early the following week the pastor went to the local authorities to ask permission to open a Seventh-day Adventist church in town. When asked if they were familiar with the Seventh-day Adventist church, the senior official readily replied: "Of course I know Seventh-day Adventists. They are good people. They had a mission by Talla in eastern Zaire where I grew up. There is also a

European Seventh-day Adventist here in town. Yes, you may have permission to open a church in my area of jurisdiction."

When Maria heard this good news she thanked God for answering her prayers. Thinking ahead she realized that her task was now twofold. Somehow a church must be built as a spiritual home for the new members, and more interests must be found so that the little church would be filled. The task, of course, was much too difficult for one person to handle, but Maria knew that she was not alone. God opened the work in Akete. He knew its special needs and would see His plan through to completion.

The church members in Zaire also are glad that God is opening a way to educate French-speaking Adventist youth in Central Africa, for this is a plan too big for them to accomplish alone. But the hand of God has already been seen in this enterprise. The government of Rwanda signed a fifty-year lease ceding 250 acres of fertile land as the site of the proposed university at Mudende (moo-DEN-dy) at no cost.

July 14, 1980, under the supervision of Derwood Palmer, construction began with work on roads, water lines, fences, staff housing, a church building, and theology department. Work continues steadily and a faculty is gathering. Already the farm is under cultivation and students are applying for admission.

Sabbath School members around the world may share in this great faith venture by praying this quarter for the college and by planning for the Special Projects Offering on December 25.

December 25

# Ndikumana Finds Freedom

**T. K. Struntz**

Publishing department director, Central African Union

Ndikumana (n-dee-koo-MAH-na) sat in deep thought as the glow of the candle flickered across the pages of the open Bible. Outside, the moon shone on the rolling hills that formed the country of Burundi in central Africa. Unmindful of his four million fellow countrymen tucked away in their cozy thatch-roofed homes dotting the hill-sides, Ndikumana relived the day, not so long before, when an evangelist arrived to hold meetings in the village. Ndikumana, as chief of the village, had dutifully attended the first service to determine the nature and value of the message. He had liked what he heard and had attended every meeting that followed.

The chief smiled to himself as he remembered how the Bible presentations stimulated his mind with questions, so that he could hardly wait until the next morning to ask the evangelist about them. The Sabbath, baptism, and the Biblical doctrine of the state of the dead intensely interested him. But it was not enough for Ndikumana to see the pastor turn to the texts in his Bible. The chief was impatient to find the texts for himself. And so he had borrowed a Bible and sat studying by candlelight well into the night. Little did he realize the full value of his study that night under the stars.

The next day, Ndikumana went to

the home of the leader of the church to which he belonged. After the customary greetings the chief came right to the point. Respectfully he asked, "Father, if we believe that the Bible is the Word of God, why don't we follow it?"

The priest drew a deep breath and, looking deep into Ndikumana's eyes, asked, "Have you been attending the Seventh-day Adventist meetings?"

When the chief admitted that he had, the priest nodded knowingly. "Ah, then I know how you have come to ask such a heretical question," he said angrily. "If you do not stop attending those Adventist meetings you will be in trouble and you will lose your position as chief."

Ndikumana's answer carried the ring of conviction: "Father, to lose my position means nothing, but to have Christ living in my heart is the greatest experience I want in life."

The two men parted—the one praising God for His new life in Christ, the other scheming to silence this new witness to Bible truth. A few days later the angry priest went to the authorities with serious accusations of antigovernment activity against Ndikumana. Was not the Sabbath a threat to the Saturday work program required of every citizen? This group thought to change laws and was gathering quite a following that threat-

ened government authority, he charged.

Ndikumana was arrested but was allowed to take the borrowed Bible to prison with him. After two days he was informed that the next morning he would be tried in court. That night all the new believers in the area prayed that God would use Ndikumana to reveal the truths of the Bible to the governor.

The trial proceeded in the usual manner, the governor directing his questions personally to Ndikumana: "Why are you rebelling against the laws of the country? Who is influencing you in this rebellion?"

As promised, the Holy Spirit provided the answers, and Ndikumana replied, "Honorable Governor, the accusation that I have rebelled against the laws of this country is not true. I am only trying to live according to the teachings of the Bible. Sir, do you not also believe in the Holy Scriptures?"

The official nodded solemnly. He did indeed believe. Ndikumana asked permission to read the truth from the Bible. The governor again nodded his approval. As Ndikumana turned from one text to another, beautifully presenting the Sabbath truth, the governor was convinced in his heart.

Turning to Ndikumana, he asked: "Would you be willing to do your volunteer work for the country on some other day of the week?"

"Oh, yes," came the prompt reply. "I am willing to work for my country every Tuesday morning as the other Adventists have been allowed to do."

Official permission was granted for Ndikumana to discharge his work obligations on Tuesday, and the chief returned triumphantly to share the good news with the evangelistic team and new believers. "My prayers have been answered. God is so good!" he exclaimed thankfully.

At the conclusion of the series of meetings Ndikumana, his family, and thirty-three others were baptized, and another 167 people joined the baptismal class. Thus the Lord has blessed the preaching of His message for this hour in French-speaking Africa. No doubt, those of you who live in areas of the world where the work has been long established rejoice to hear of the rapid church growth in Zaire, Burundi, and other African countries. But please consider the situation that exists there more closely.

Ndikumana and the new church group in his village were welcomed into the body of Christ under a tree. There was no existing church where the members could move over to make room for the newcomers. The new group is busily planning a new church of their own.

Similarly 300,000 church members in these French-speaking African nations of the Africa-Indian Ocean Division have no college to prepare their youth for service in the church. Can you imagine what it would have meant if your Adventist College had not been established long before you needed it? Please give liberally to help your brothers and sisters in Africa achieve what you perhaps take for granted.

## Love Gifts

All Heaven was poured out in one tiny gift—  
A baby so helpless and frail;  
The lost to reclaim from the clutches of death  
Love paid the price to avail.

A love gift, a ransom of infinite price  
Opens Heav'n's access to men,  
Compelling surrender of self in response,  
Awakening new love for Him.

Nought can repay such a wonderful gift—  
He owns earth's treasures so rare—  
Yet surely His bountiful blessings and love  
Impel us with others to share.

—Noelene Johnsson

## The Water of Life

The gospel of Christ is the water of life,  
And this water of life is free;  
But it costs for the plumbing and all of the pipes  
To bring it to you and to me.

—Adlai Albert Esteb

**THE AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION  
WILL BENEFIT FROM THE  
FIRST QUARTER, 1983,  
SPECIAL PROJECTS OFFERING ON MARCH 26**

**Future Projects: Second Quarter, 1983: Trans-Africa  
Division; Third Quarter, 1983: Far Eastern Division;  
Fourth Quarter, 1983: Eastern Africa Division**

# AFRICA-INDIAN OCEAN DIVISION

