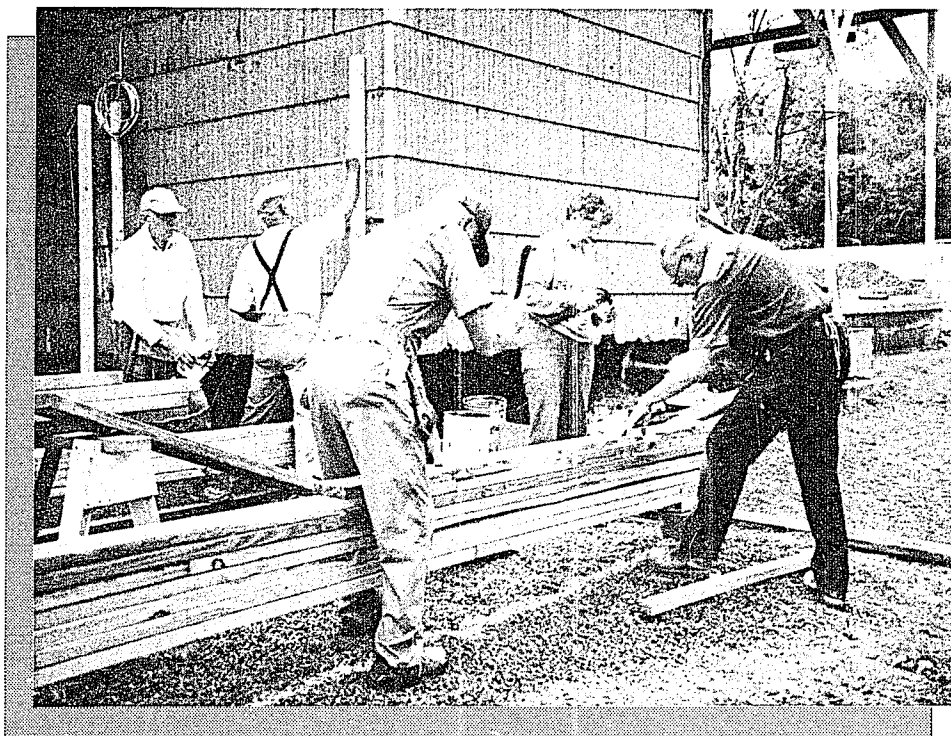


The **S**abbath
*News for and about
Seventh Day Baptists* **R**ecorder April 1995



*“We were not idle when we
were with you...” (2 Thess. 3:7b)*

Honoring the
SENIOR SAINTS

Upcoming Events

- | | |
|---|---|
| April 20-21
General Council meetings
Denver, CO | June 12-29
Summer Institute
(Sabbath Theology)
SDB Center
Janesville, WI |
| April 30
Historical Society Annual
Meeting, Janesville, WI | June 16-25
Summer Christian
Service Corps
Training
Camp Paul Hummel
Boulder, CO |
| May 1
Coordinating
Leadership Team
Dodge Center, MN | |
| May 2-6
Pastors' Conference
Dodge Center, MN | August 2-6
Pre-Con camps, WV |
| May 20
Sabbath Emphasis Day | August 6-12
General Conference
Buckhannon, WV |

A Cordial Invitation...



...Come to West Virginia
for General Conference in 1995.
(See details on page 21)

Story of the Three Little P's

Once upon a time, there lived Three Little P's. These Little P's were very, very competitive. They would always try to outdo each other, to see who could go the highest.

The Three Little P's were a major part of the big, bad world of business—especially in publishing. One P's desire to go higher would make another P try to go higher, too. They were very competitive.

Pity the big, bad publisher. Because the Three P's tried to go higher, the publisher would have to pay lots and lots of money for the Three P's. They were very competitive.

One year, the Three Little P's decided to gang up on the big, bad publisher and try to go as high as they could. Poor, poor publisher! He might have to stop his business.

Dear friend, could you please, please help this publisher pay for the Three Little P's? (We're really not that bad—or big.) The Three Little P's are very competitive. Their names are "Paper," "Printing," and "Postage."

Or else, The End?

Please send your generous gift to:
The Sabbath Recorder
PO Box 1678
Janesville WI 53547-1678

Sabbath Emphasis Day 1995

**"Living by
Conviction...
not by
Convenience"**

(Isa. 58:13-14)

Suggested
celebration date:
May 20

(Pastors, you will receive
your celebration packets
soon—filled with
worship helps
and bulletin covers.)

The Sabbath Recorder



April 1995
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Whole No. 6,795

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Who are Seventh Day Baptists?

If you've never read *The Sabbath Recorder* before, you might be wondering who Seventh Day Baptists are. Like other Baptists, we believe in:

- the saving love of Jesus Christ.
- the Bible as the inspired word of God and a record of God's will for man. The Bible is our authority both for our faith and our daily conduct.
- freedom of thought under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
- the congregational form of church government. Every member of the church has the right to participate in the decision making process of the church.

The seventh day

God commanded that the seventh day (Saturday) be kept holy. Jesus agreed by keeping it as a day of worship. We observe the seventh day of the week (Saturday) as God's Holy Day as an act of loving obedience—not as a means of salvation. Salvation is the free gift of God through Jesus Christ.

It is the joy of the Sabbath that makes Seventh Day Baptists just a little bit different. If you would like more information, write: Seventh Day Baptist Center, 3120 Kennedy Road, PO Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547-1678. Phone (608) 752-5055; FAX (608) 752-7711

Senior Saints seek to serve

by Gordon Kilts

Answering the call

I first became aware of Senior Saints when an article appeared in *Lead-Line*. They were looking for volunteers to work on a project at Camp Joy, W.Va., in May 1990.

Retired for a couple of years, I was looking for some way to serve the Lord. Since I had helped build the Schenectady, N.Y., SDB Church in the '50s, and built most of my own home in the late '60s, I felt I might be of some help on this project.

After working at Camp Joy, I began to look forward to the next project. I worked on one at Adams Center (building a handicap ramp), and another project at Camp Joy in the fall of 1991.

Beverly joins the fun

My enthusiasm spread to my wife, Beverly. She joined the Senior Saints in 1992 to help paint the inside of the denominational building in Janesville, Wis.

Since then, we have both participated in these projects:

- Camp Harley Sutton, Alfred Station, N.Y.
- Camp Wakonda, Milton, Wis.
- Camp Holston, Battle Creek, Mich.

- Adams Center, N.Y.
 - Boulder, Colo., parsonage
- We have also been keeping scrapbooks of the various projects. These have been shared at General

Conferences practicing special trades all of their lives. Others have had little or no experience at such work. Some are involved in the cooking, cleaning up, or going for supplies

We feel that everyone involved is blessed through the interaction between the local hosts and the Senior Saints team.

Conference and with others as we have traveled around.

Project personnel

People from all parts of the country come together on these assignments. Some have motor homes or trailers to stay in, and usually a site is provided at the project for electrical hook-up. Others stay in the camp dorms (if that's where our project is), or in local homes.

Some folks are highly skilled af-

ter practicing special trades all of their lives. Others have had little or no experience at such work. Some are involved in the cooking, cleaning up, or going for supplies

and food. There always seems to be enough work for anyone willing to participate. Each project gets a whole different mix of people, depending on the location, specific work, and length of the job. While some participants show up at many projects, others may participate at only one or two. On larger projects, some may work the entire time, and others only a few days.

(Right) Gordon Kilts, Milburn Jones, and Lyle Sutton hammer new paneling at Camp Harley Sutton while Beth Jones lends a helping hand.

(Below) A familiar sight at a Senior Saints project.



The work of each person is appreciated, and everybody seems to enjoy the experience.

Behind the scenes

Projects may last from a few days to a few months. And while most projects involve construction, one task in Adams Center was mostly tearing down a room that had been added to the church some time ago.

On some projects, the facilities may not be the most modern. At Camp Harley Sutton, for example, we were putting in new rest rooms.

We were treated to the old out-house for about five weeks! We certainly were glad to get invited to the locals' homes to get warm showers.

However, it's not all hard work. There is a Bible study each day, which enriches our spiritual lives. We always seem to have plenty of good food. The people in the work area have been most generous in supplying cookies, baked goods, and other food.

We feel that everyone involved in the project, in whatever way, is blessed through the interaction between the local hosts and the Senior Saints team.

The work schedule

The daily schedule has changed some over the years. On the first project, we had Bible study in the morning and another one in the evening, plus homework to do on the studies.

Since then, the Bible study has been changed to right after lunch. This gives us a little physical rest at midday, and a chance to get more work done in the morning when people are freshest.

A day off in the middle of the week was inserted in the weekly schedule. This provides a day to get caught up on laundry, a chance to do some sightseeing, and time to heal some aching muscles.

A typical schedule might include breakfast at 8:00 a.m., with work beginning around 8:30. A 15-minute break, with cookies and coffee, is scheduled about 10:00. The noon meal lasts about an hour, followed by an hour Bible study.

Another 15-minute break is scheduled mid-afternoon, with supper about 5:00. A devotional reading takes place after supper.

When clean-up is completed, you will find people reading, talking, or

possibly playing Norwegian rummy or Mexican dominoes. Some nights we may be too tired to do much of anything but rest.

Rocky Mountain high

The Boulder parsonage project was interesting in many aspects. It was by far our largest and longest project. It started the first part of June and was still not completed when the last of the Senior Saints left the first weekend of September.

Other than the Boulder people, there was a complete change of workers from beginning to end. The length of the project enabled us to get to know the local church members much better than we could on short projects.

For the first time, this project also included Summer Christian Service Corp (SCSC) workers. Although they were learning many of the tasks, they were extremely enthusiastic and helpful. The mixture of youth and those "with a few more years" proved to be successful and beneficial to all.

Fringe benefits

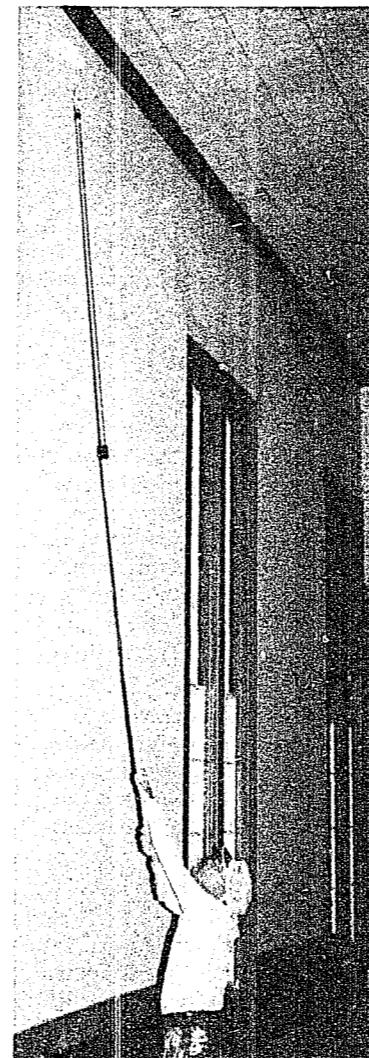
The work experience on these projects is somewhat different than you might receive in the secular world.

Everyone is ready and willing to help each other, to share their tools, and to share ideas and experiences. People kid and joke and enjoy their work. They work hard and enjoy the fellowship.

Senior Saints provides an opportunity to accomplish some needed projects, to enjoy some good Christian fellowship, and to get to know other Senior Saints as well as many in the local area.

You get to enjoy good food. You study the Bible and enrich your spiritual life. You get a chance to see some interesting parts of the country.

Give it a try. You'll like it! **SR**



A long way from home! Gordon Kilts applies a new coat of paint at the Albion, Wis., church.

Mousehole observations

by Champer Camp Mouse

Let me introduce myself. I'm Champer Camp Mouse, resident at Camp Joy. Our camp is nestled in the wild, wonderful hills of Berea, West Virginia.

Recently, a Camp Joy board member (I believe her name is Marie Zwiebel) was here measuring something she thought she'd whip up for the campers. I overheard her grumbling that she now had another job to do—write an account of Senior Saint activities at CJ (Camp Joy) for *The Sabbath Recorder*.

Well, I figured she'd never get it done, so I decided to do it.

In all my years of observing from the mousehole and other hidey-holes around CJ, I've seen some sights that would

curl your hair. But there have been none so astounding as those old folks who call themselves the Senior Saints!

I always thought old gray-haired people were just supposed to sit around in lounge chairs under the shade, drink iced tea, and talk about the good ol' days when they went to camp and really roughed it. Well, scratch that when you talk about the Senior Saints.

Twice, a crew of them converged on CJ from all over the United States. Those folks rolled up the road scattering dust with their trucks, campers, and trailers.

Unlike the kid campers who always lay claim to their "space" first, the silver-haired ones were intent on assessing the jobs to be done and unloading their tools.

Yep! They came equipped for work.

In the spring of 1990, they tackled the task of turning the lodge basement into a boys' dorm. Prior to their arrival, that spot was next to heaven in a mouse's eyes! Such a dark, gloomy, damp place. My family had all the room in the world. It wasn't long, though, before we vacated in a hurry.

The Saints installed windows, built partitions for sleeping cubicles, and built bunks into the

I noticed they brought some young help. Heard someone say he was Andrew Kube from a place called Australia. He called himself a dedicated service worker, whatever that was.

Anyhow, all that racket started up, and my family and I had to move again. When living conditions had been made impossible in the basement, we moved up to the lounge and set up housekeeping in an old sofa. This second Senior

The Saints installed windows, built partitions for sleeping cubicles, and built bunks into the walls. Those old folks made such a racket we couldn't stand it!

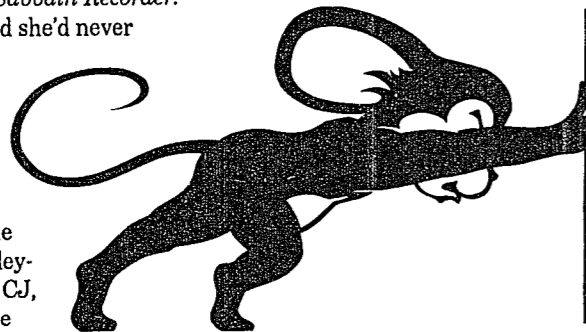
walls. Those old folks made such a racket we couldn't stand it!

The whine of saws, wham-wham of hammers, and screech of pry bars echoed clear across to Pine Grove Cemetery on the opposite hill. The noise made my teeth hurt and my tail quiver!

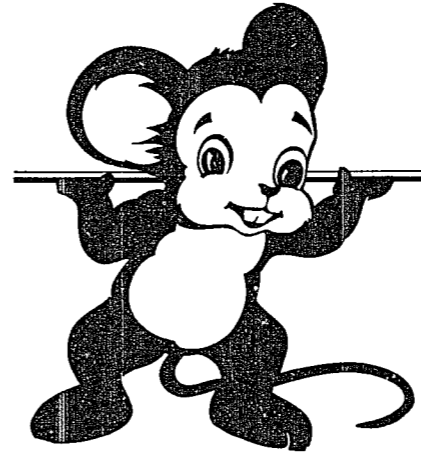
I noticed when things didn't go just right, they didn't get mad and throw things or yell at each other. They *laughed* at their mistakes. What a crew!

It was real peaceful when they left, but I must admit I missed their jokes and listening in on their Bible studies. I learned a lot while they were here.

During the fall of 1991, I heard the sound of a convoy roaring up Otter Slide, and there they were again—this time to renovate the girls' dorm and lounge area.



I must admit I missed their jokes and listening in on their Bible studies. I learned a lot while they were here.



make additions to the kitchen porch. I can hardly wait. Wonder what old friends will show up, and if some

new ones will be enticed to visit CJ. Those old folks have really made an impression on me! Do you know of a "Senior Mouse Saint" group I can join when I grow old? *SR*



Senior Saints at Bible study (l. to r.): Gordon Kilts, Loyal and Genny Pederson, Chuck Graffius (teacher), Calvin and Meleta Babcock, and Andy Kube.

Senior Saints a special family

The personal benefits

by Chet and Noreen Miller

The benefits of being a Senior Saint are many and varied: the personal relationships, the spiritual guidance, the travel, and more!

We have found the participants to be wonderful people. Many of them have become very dear to us and will remain lifelong friends. We feel we comprise a special family.

Following a long day of work, many evenings we sing hymns, play games, or just visit. On our days off, there are always places to go, and things to see and do in the area.

Not only do we enjoy our own group of workers, but also the local people at each project. A number of them have helped with the actual labor. They have graciously provided a place for our RVs, invited us into their homes for meals,

and made us feel welcome in their churches.

One of the highlights of each workday is Pastor Chuck's hour-long Bible study. We have gained much knowledge from both the Old and New Testaments through our many interesting and worthwhile discussions. Chuck also reads us a chapter from one of his good books as we relax after our final meal of the day.

What an experience to travel throughout our beautiful country! We have gone from coast-to-coast, visiting special people and places. Each state has its own special beauty.

Being a Senior Saint is, without a doubt, the most rewarding and fulfilling thing we have experienced since we retired.

The benefits are without number. Join us!

Saints improve on necessities

by George D. Bottoms

The facilities and grounds of Camp Harley Sutton, Alfred Station, N.Y., are managed by the trustees of the SDB Allegheny Association of Churches. The trustees want these facilities to meet the needs not only of the Association, but also of the denominational camps that might be held here.

When Youth Pre-Con was held at Camp Harley in 1991, it became evident that the rest room facilities were not adequate—especially when the well went dry.

That fall, the Association authorized the trustees to raise money for the proposed renovations and to have a new facility built.

It was rumored that a budding organization called the "Senior Saints" might be able to help with the construction. As chairman of the trustees, I was hopeful, but

doubtful. How could persons who painted and did a few renovations be equal to a project such as this?

On my way to the 1992 General Conference, I stopped at Camp Wakonda in Wisconsin to talk with the Rev. Charles ("Prince Charles") Graffius. He was on the staff at Pre-Con there. After talking with Chuck, I was completely convinced that the Senior Saints were equal to the task. They agreed to put us on their calendar.

Now it was time to raise the necessary funds and draft the building plans. The Memorial Board and the Lottie Baldwin Association made commitments to help. Our Association treasurer, Bob Stohr, volunteered to head the fund-raising drive. We were were off at a gallop.

By August '93, we were confident that we would have all the funds

needed for the project. The Senior Saints gave us a starting date of early September. Meanwhile, we had the necessary architectural plans and building permits, and a new well was being drilled.

On September 8, the main body of the Senior Saints arrived in their vans, travel trailers, and motor homes. (They pay their own expenses to and from the projects and bring their own tools. Electricity, food, and water are furnished by the hosting group.) Those without RVs were housed in the camp dormitories.

The Saints furnished their own cooks, who used the kitchen in the main lodge. Since the existing rest rooms had been demolished, the "Little (Out)House on the Prairie" was utilized.

The day after the Saints arrived, we began excavating for the piers with a back hoe, and forms were set. In a few days, the Saints had the piers poured and backfilled. Soon after a truckload of lumber was delivered, we started to fabricate the beams. The beams rested on the piers, with floor joists erected on the beams.

Before you could say, "Jack Robinson," the plywood flooring was down and wall studs were being hammered together. The wall frames, built on the floor, were quickly raised into position.

It wasn't long before the second floor was up, followed by the roof rafters. Fortunately the sunny weather held, and we were able to get the roof boards on and covered with asphalt shingles before it rained. On Sundays and some weekdays, Association members were able to help—this greatly sped up the work.

It became evident that the pro-

larger ones like Boulder, Colo.

No matter what the project, these things always ring true: wonderful people to work with, interesting work (no job the same), Bible studies that make you think and grow spiritually, lots of laughter, and great food.

We come away from each project satisfied with the work accomplished for God and refreshed by the Bible studies. We're glad to be heading for home, but always look forward to the next project.

What Senior Saints means to us

by Milburn and Beth Jones

In 1989, we attended a seminar in Milton, Wis., on different ministries. The Senior Saints project was mentioned by Larry Graffius. Interesting!

So, when Pastor Chuck Graffius called some time later, we packed up our tools and headed for Camp Joy. What a wonderful time working and studying the Bible with new Christian friends!

We have worked on nine projects. Each one has been different—from the small one in Washington, D.C., to the



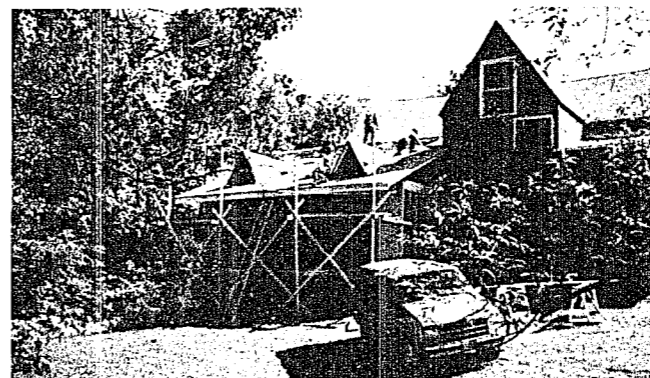
ject could not be completed in the allotted time. A decision was made to come back in May of '94 to complete the job. So in the first week of October, the project was shut down and the Saints departed.

In early May, a new batch of Senior Saints (including some who had been

The Senior Saints take a break at Camp Harley Sutton. Standing: Gordon Kilts, Beverly Kilts, Milburn Jones, Beth Jones, Carl Greene, Lyle Sutton (Harley's son). Front: P.C. Graffius, Leland Bond



Fun on the job site: Beth Jones takes a ride in the shower stall. Helping are Reid Mattison, Milburn Jones, Chuck Graffius, and Gordon Kilts.



The roof goes on Camp Harley Sutton's new rest room and shower facility.


here in September) arrived to finish the work. The same housing and feeding arrangements were used.

The project was completed about two weeks later, and the camp was made ready for the summer camping season. The new rest rooms offered wheelchair accessible facilities, plentiful hot and cold water, excellent lighting and ventilation, durable fiberglass wall coverings, institutional-grade floor coverings, and quarter-inch plate glass mirrors. All the campers were enthusiastic in their praise of the new facilities.

Not only did the Senior Saints build this \$50,000 facility, but they also did a number of other improvements at the camp. They installed a fireplace insert, which greatly improved the comfort of the dining room. They relocated the kitchen exhaust fan, installed a new modern window in the camp office, connected the new well to the plumbing of the new facility and the kitchen, and constructed a 12' x 20' deck of pressure-treated wood to connect the new facility to the porch of Burdick Lodge.

In the early stages of this project, I was a "doubting Thomas." At its completion, I became an enthusiastic advocate of the Senior Saints. I have only praise and admiration for their work. They should be supported not only with words, but also with finances.

Special praise and thanks should go to Chuck ("P.C.") Graffius for his leadership, devotion, expertise, and time spent in leading these Saints. The trustees and Association members also thank the Memorial and Lottie Baldwin Boards for their grants, which helped so much financially.

The Senior Saints will long be remembered by Seventh Day Baptists in the Allegheny Association. 

Bonding lumber and lives in Boulder

by Mary H. Wells

The first Senior Saints to arrive in Boulder last year can relate to Genesis 1:2—how the earth was “without form, and void.”

Partly due to a tight schedule (thanks to Boulder County’s process of approval), we poured the concrete foundation and removed the forms only one day before the Senior Saints planned to start work. We *thought* the Senior Saints would want to take it easy for a few days to adjust to our higher altitude. Not so.

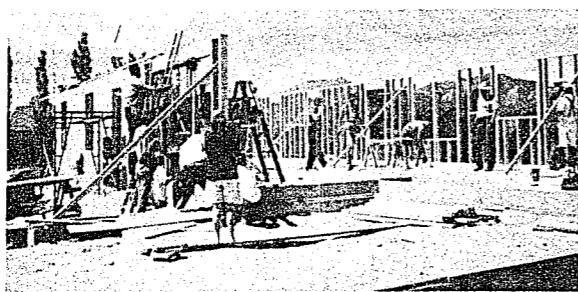
Dick Armstead, who volunteered to place their RVs on his land, said, “When the Senior Saints drove in our yard with their trailers and motor homes, we were amazed at how active they were for their age.”

If we had made some better assumptions about the work they would want to do first, we could have had the material on hand. The Saints hit the site expecting to start out at full speed!

As it was, our first arrivals found only a foundation, an approved plan, and a Porta-Potty. Until the septic system was in working order and the basement covered, the Saints could not cook their meals in their accustomed way. Surely they were examples of God’s grace as they accepted those conditions—and also accepted our people who were not too familiar with how things would work out.

We all worked together, skilled and unskilled. Like the walls of Jerusalem, the parsonage began to take shape in spite of two very hard rains.

One comment we heard many times (which might be of value to others planning to “employ” Senior Saints) was their appreciation of having folks from our church on site helping most of the time. Those



Workers enjoyed lots of fresh air and open space during this stage of the Boulder parsonage project.

who worked with the Senior Saints received a great blessing in learning new skills and just being around such wonderful people.

Even though we were not paying them wages, their time was as valuable as paying sub-contractors. We probably didn’t minimize changes as well as we could, due to our inexperience and Boulder County’s difficult supervision.

We have been a church who prided ourselves on always operating on a cash basis. For this project, we had difficulty setting up open accounts. This could have been avoided had we opened them sooner and authorized more than one Senior Saint to make purchases.

I must mention how impressed we were with the Senior Saint wives. Their cheerful acceptance of difficulty was memorable. They displayed their expertise in pioneer skills of “making do” until the gift of a range and a refrigerator arrived. Those meals served under pioneer conditions were fantastic.

In the words of Dick Armstead and his wife, Joan, “These are some of the nicest people we have met. As we got to know them, we found a bond of love that will last a lifetime. The conversation and good times we had with them we will never forget.”

All of us involved in this colossal project can echo the same sentiment. *SR*

Project bridges gap SCSCer “learns from the best”

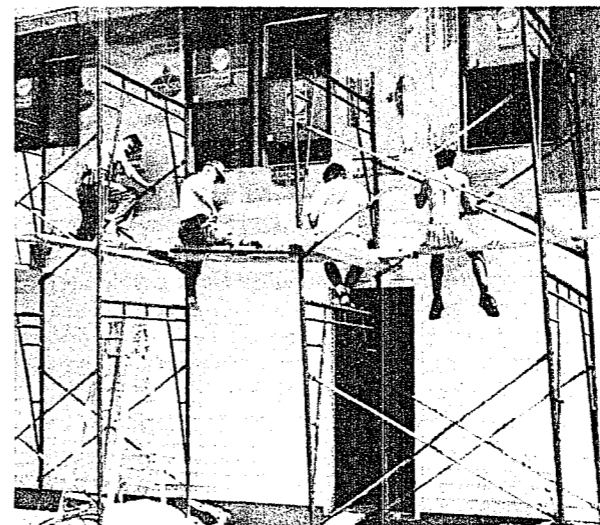
by Matthew Berg

I felt especially privileged to be a part of a new type of Summer Christian Service Corps (SCSC) project this past summer. My team (Jeremy Burdick, Nicole Peters, Chris Rood, and I) helped to build the parsonage in Boulder.

The most memorable part of this experience was my interac-

tion with the Senior Saints on the building project. What a wonderful idea and experience it was!

We were able to interact with the Senior Saints, both on a spiritual level and up on the roof pounding nails. I would like to thank Althea Rood and Pastor Chuck Graffius for their efforts in getting



Saints, young and old, working side-by-side.

such a project off the ground.

Since I had not done any construction to speak of before the summer, the lessons I learned were memorable. They gave me much practical experience for later in life. These, along with the eye-opening episodes I had with the Senior Saints, were tremendous. I would

was learning from the best.

It was also exciting to know that each one of them had Christ in the center of their lives. That component set apart this experience from others that one might have on a “normal” construction site.

We got to fellowship with the Saints every day at the lunchtime

not trade them for anything.

The wisdom and experience that the Saints had to offer each one of the SCSC team was awesome, as I’m sure all of the team members would tell you. I really felt as though I

Bible studies, and that time gave me some insight into what a wonderful group the Senior Saints are. How fortunate we are as a denomination to have them dedicating so much of their “retired” life to our church and its growth.

I felt as though this was a unique opportunity to bridge the gap between our seniors and young adults. My feelings were fairly reserved prior to getting on site; I really did not know what to expect.

Soon after my arrival, I realized what a great opportunity this was. This group of seniors was full of life and excitement! I can truly say that I now see this group in a much different light. I’m more appreciative and understanding of the message they have for the younger generation.

I can’t say enough about what the experience with the Saints has done for my spiritual maturity. I can only hope that more such experiences will come into my life in the future. *SR*

Senior Saints—Will travel, need help

Finished products

Renew dorms
Build new rest rooms
Remodel camps
Remodel bathrooms
Porches, decks, ramps
New siding
Electric
Plumbing
Heating

Possible future locations

Denver, CO
Washington, D.C.
Camp Wakonda, WI
Richburg, NY
Philadelphia, PA
Plainfield, NJ
Boulder, CO

Camp Paul Hummel, CO
Daytona Beach, FL
Newport, RI

Home offices of Senior Saints

Florida
Rhode Island
California
Washington
Most anywhere in between

Character of Senior Saints

Warm
Loving
Inexperienced
Willing
Experienced
Sharing
Fun-loving

Definition of Senior Saint

From a senior in high school to a senior by age.

Qualifications

Must have a desire to help others by doing or giving.

Need help

Another coordinator
Twelve or more anxious Senior Saints

Reply to:

Chuck Graffius
R.D. #1 Box 14-B
New Enterprise, PA 16664

There are those who plan, then there are those who build

by Richard Steele

In the Old Testament, Nehemiah inspected Jerusalem's walls by night and found them in need of repair. Coming back to his peers, he had this to say:

"Then I said to them, 'You see the bad situation we are in, that Jerusalem is desolate and its gates burned by fire. Come, let us rebuild the wall of Jerusalem that we may no longer be a reproach.' And I told them how the hand of my God had been favorable to me, and also about the king's words which he had spoken to me. Then they said, 'Let us arise and build' " (Neh. 2:17-18).

As we think about this passage, there are those who bring forth an idea; there are those who speculate; there are those who plan.

Then there are those who build.

At 6710 Arapahoe Road, east of Boulder, Colo., our congregation saw the planning and building of our parsonage this past summer of 1994. There were many willing hands as part of our congregation.

However, those on our Building Committee had a momentous job of planning and using the church's funds to expedite the job. They were: Mary Wells (chair), Dick Armstead, Jim August, Gene Davis, Lewis Davis, Marilyn Davis, Phil Rood, Clete Severance, and Pastor Dave Thorngate. The Senior Saints came and gave of their expertise so that we could make our own deadlines, plus the necessary county inspections.

Even so, we did have our anxious moments with inspectors who were saying one thing, with the next re-

futing what the previous one had said. Didn't Nehemiah have some trouble in expediting the planning and building of the Jerusalem wall?

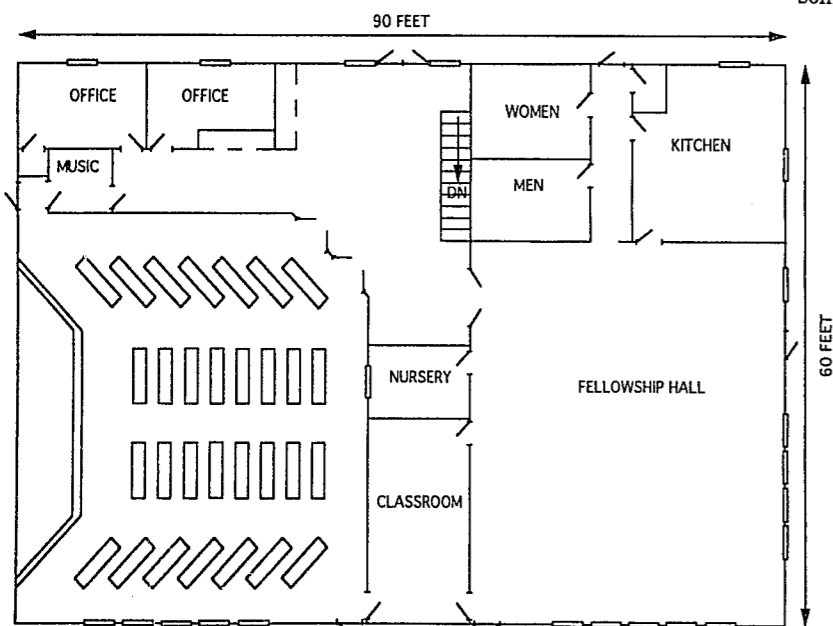
With some head scratching and a lot of praying, we managed to obtain temporary occupancy so that Pastor Thorngate and his family moved in by October 1. Of course, there is more to be done. In due time, we will be able to say, without condition, that everything is complete.

The Boulder County inspectors gave us a list of "to do's," so the final inspection in March will complete the parsonage as far as the county is concerned. Even at that, there is always more to do, isn't there?

Looking at the floor plans of our future church building, there is some difference between our first plans and the present ones! The Boulder County Department saw some needed changes, so they were incorporated in the new plans.

Those of us who have trouble negotiating stairs will not have to go from floor to floor by the nagging climbing or going down anymore. Sometimes, we wonder just how our peers of long ago were able to climb stairs. I am certain, though, that it was not easy for some of them!

As the saying goes, "The Lord willing and the creeks don't rise..." we will have our church within the Lord's plans for us! Isn't this just one more reason to praise Him all the more? SR



Main floor plans. Lower level has a large recreation room and six classrooms.



Women's Society page by Charlotte Chroniger

Remain faithful—and active

"Since we have gifts that differ according to the grace given to us, let each exercise them accordingly... if service, in his serving..." (Romans 12:6-7 NASB).

Fanny Crosby is one of my favorite hymn writers. She wrote approximately 8,000 hymns, including "He Hideth My Soul," "Praise Him, Praise Him," "To God Be the Glory," "Saved by Grace," "Blessed Assurance," "Rescue the Perishing," and "Tell Me the Story of Jesus."

Even though Fanny Crosby was blind, she was a talented musician—playing classical music on the harp and piano—and writing songs that changed the way congregations sang in America.

She didn't allow her blindness to prohibit her from doing anything she wanted to do. She went on to

speak, preach the Gospel, and engage in social work.

When Fanny was in her 60s, she became interested in the YMCA. In her old age, she worked among the alcoholics, prostitutes, and drug ad-

ways willing to take on a new responsibility, to take their turn at a certain ministry.

These saints are willing to consider a new option or a new way of looking at something. They are

There is no reason to stop working for the ministry of the Lord in the local church once an older age is reached.

dicts in the Bowery, New York City's slum district. Fanny did not let her age prevent her from doing the Lord's work.

It's exciting to see older adults continue in ministry. The SDB Senior Saints have made a big impact on the lives of our people through their unselfish volunteerism.

Seniors have much to contribute to the life and ministry of our churches. I know some local "senior saints"—older adults who have remained very faithful to the Lord. They are al-

willing to volunteer to help if they can when a need arises. What a wonderful example they are to the rest of us!

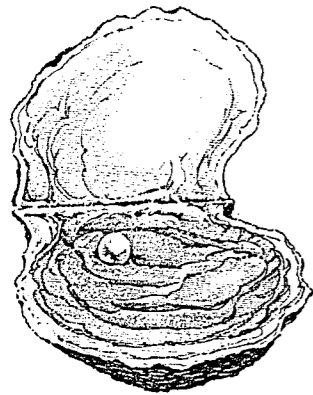
I hope that as I get older, I will thank the Lord for the lives of the senior saints who have touched my life, who have been a living testimony of Jesus Christ. I hope that I can encourage older adults to continue in their involvement in the local church.

Many older adults have the time to commit to special ministries. If health prevails through God's grace, there is no reason to stop working for the ministry of the Lord in the local church once an older age is reached.

Senior saints are greatly needed to carry on the ministry for God's kingdom. Are you a senior saint? What special ministries is God calling you to get involved in, because you don't have the monetary or time restraints of younger aged Christians?

Can you volunteer your time, your talents, your leadership skills, to further God's kingdom? What can you volunteer to do to bless your local church? SR





Pearls from the Past by Don A. Sanford, historian

It only takes a spark!

It is impossible to list all those who over the centuries have been Senior Saints in the denomination—building or remodeling churches, schools, parsonages, and camps here and abroad. But I would lift up a name for nomination as Senior Saint who had an influence on my own life: Jesse W. Babcock.

Jesse Wardner Babcock was a stone mason and carpenter from Milton Junction, Wis. Early in 1956 the New Auburn, Wis., SDB Church voted to build a new church to replace the old single-room 20' x 30' structure which had served the congregation for 75 years.

Basic plans had been drawn up by Dr. Wayne Rood, some material had been purchased and removed from a church in Eau Claire, and it was anticipated that much of the building could be done by members of the congregation.

But there is a big difference between plans and actual building. It often takes a spark to get things moving, or an outside push to get things rolling.

One of those sparks came in a letter from Jess Babcock. He asked if there was a place in New Auburn where he could park his trailer so he could give a few days labor in the construction of the new church. Jess and Nina were married in the old church 42 years earlier, and he wanted to have a hand in building the new structure.

To make the most benefit from his "few days," others had to make

preparation. Church members used their excavation equipment to prepare the ground and dig eight-foot-deep trenches for the foundation. To help with the mixing of mortar and carrying blocks, a crew of nine young people accompanied their pastor, Dave Clarke, on a work mission from Colorado. (Dave had been pastor at New Auburn and helped inspire the vision for building.)

Even the organization was affected by



Jesse Babcock

Jess' presence. Up to that point, the decisions were made by committee and no one person was responsible. After a few minor delays in deciding what was to be done first, Jess laid aside his tools and said, "I'm going fishing. When you make up your minds, I'll come back!"

That evening the trustees appointed one person to be in charge and progress was made with great cooperation.

From June 22 to July 13, Jess used his skill in forming and pouring the foundation and laid eight layers of block. According to time log kept by the pastor, 141 hours of actual labor filled those "few days" he had envisioned.


After General Conference sessions had ended, Jess and Nina returned to the scene. Boards and timbers from the old church were carefully removed and nails pulled so that much of the old went into the new.

As the old church entry was being torn down, Jess asked if he could have the stud which centered over the front door, under which every worshipper had passed during the life of that building.

Little did I realize his intent until over a year later, at the time of the dedication of the new church, Jess presented an intricate cross of interlocking pieces made from that old 2 x 4 from the former church. With leftover pieces, he made small interlocking puzzle blocks for each of the families in the church.

In October 1957, Jess' trailer was again parked near the new church. Three more days were given in final cement work and cleaning to prepare for the North Central Association meetings and the dedication of the church. This made a total of over 220 hours of skilled dedicated work.

Jess was not the only one who could qualify for "senior sainthood" in this project. Orville Hurley, another fine craftsman from Milton Junction, gave 117 hours to build kitchen cabinets and to refinish the pulpit which at one time had been used in his home church in Welton, Iowa. Mark Sanford of Little Genesee, N.Y., gave 85 hours in various tasks during a visit to the parsonage following my mother's death. Several crews from Dodge Center, Minn., assisted, as did individuals from Milton, along with about a dozen community men.

Although the presence of these "saints from abroad" only accounted for a tenth of the 5,493 total logged hours donated by both men and women in the construction of the church, their presence had an untold effect on the willingness of the local membership to "arise and be building." As Nehemiah wrote: "So we built the walls, for the people had a mind to work." 



SR Almanac

Where we
have been...

One year ago—April 1994

Lou Acker, Scott Ruben, and Don Sanford treat the theme, "Reaching Out to Our Jewish Friends."

Former editor John Bevis shares his SR memories during its 150th year.

"Focus" notes Val Bennett's departure to Guyana, South America, for two years of dedicated service.

Pastor Andy Samuels, Miami, Fla., honored with an Appreciation Service.

Doug Clarke explores how to resolve conflict peacefully.

Five years ago—April 1990

Pastor Larry Graffius compares Mount Moriah (Abraham) to Mount Calvary (Jesus).

Ernest Bee reviews the role of women in Christian leadership.

Missionary Ian Ingoe reports good progress at Makapwa Station and Chipho in Malawi, Africa.

Calvin Babcock named as new General Services Administrator.

Alfred, N.Y., plans new history book of the area.

10 years ago—April 1985

Three students to complete theological training: Kevin Butler, Everett Dickinson, and Leon Wheeler.

Article outlines function and organization of a Pastor-Parish Relations Committee.

Donna Bond asks churches to encourage members who have musical talent.

Bay Area, Calif., church reaches out with Yellow Pages ad.

Report highlights dedication service of new educational wing at Milton, Wis., church.

Barry and Greta Cummings share gripping personal encounters with drugs, anorexia, and—finally—Jesus.

25 years ago—April 1970

Rev. John and Joyce Conrod, with sons Michael and Philip, commissioned for missionary service to Malawi, Africa; Wayne and Katherine Crandall prepare for missionary work in Jamaica; and Sarah Becker arrives safely in Malawi for her nursing outreach.

American Baptists combine their *Crusader* and *Mission* magazines into one.

Albourn Peat installed as pastor of the Mill Yard Church in London, England.

Thirty-four attend SDB Missionary Pastors Institute held in Westerly, R.I.

Mark Sanford, Little Genesee, N.Y., shares "The Call to Be a Layman" for Vocations Sabbath.

50 years ago—April 1945

Special issue honors retiring editor, the Rev. Dr. Herbert C. Van Horn, who edited the SR for nearly 14 years. Tributes pour in from far and wide. Mrs. Frank Langworthy is employed as acting editor, pending arrival of a full-time editor.

News shared of the passing of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Christian Education column promotes "Family Week."

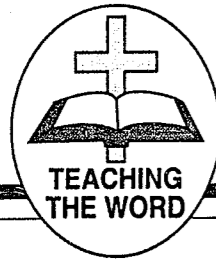
Sabbath Rally Day issue presents hymn, "Sabbath Worship," by James and Mary Stillman. Special supplement includes Rally Day worship helps: prayers, responsive reading, sermons, bulletin fillers, and a "Sabbath Question Box"—10 questions and answers to Sabbath topics.

Rev. Paul Burdick leaves Adams Center, N.Y., to accept call to the Rockville and Second Hopkinton churches in Rhode Island.

...where are we headed?

Pray—

- for creative ways to evangelize others
- with thanks for former editors and workers
- that conflicts would be resolved peacefully
- for our students in ministerial training
- for true healing and a coming to Jesus
- for solid foundations laid by missionaries
- for vocations, families, and Sabbath remembrance



Christian Education

by Ernest K. Bee Jr.

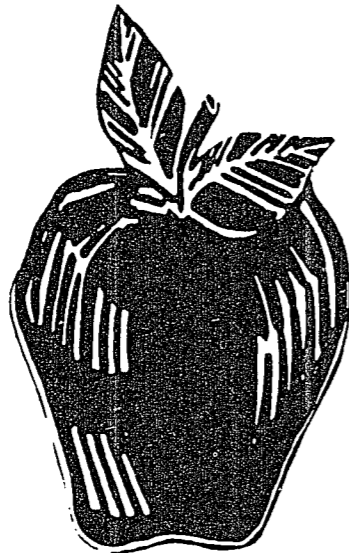
Sabbath School Teacher of the Year

The Sabbath School Committee of the Board of Christian Education invites each Seventh Day Baptist church to nominate one Sabbath School teacher for the 10th annual Crystal Apple Award.

The Board is seeking nominees whose outstanding teaching skills have contributed to the Christian conversion and nurture of our people. We understand that not everyone worthy of recognition will be identified and honored. Nevertheless, we wish to honor one such teacher on behalf of all our Sabbath School teachers.

The 1995 Teacher of the Year will be selected from the nominees using the criteria:

"The Sabbath School Teacher of the Year shall exhibit the qualities of faith and teaching found in the life and teachings of Christ; serve as a Sabbath School teacher; and be a member of the nominating church. Other Christian Education service shall contribute to a fuller appreciation of the nominee's Christian service."



Nomination forms were mailed to pastors and superintendents in early March. The postmark deadline is June 30, 1995. If you failed to receive a form, or wish further information, please contact the Board of Christian Education, P.O. Box 115, Alfred Station, NY 14803-0115, or telephone (607) 587-8527.

Pre-Con Camp gift certificates

Know anyone who longs to attend Youth or Young Adult Pre-Con Camp but is short on cash? You may purchase a gift certificate from the Board of Christian Education for \$20, \$35, or \$50, or the full fee. Send your check to the SDB Board of Christian Education, P.O. Box 115, Alfred Station, NY 14803-0115. We will mail the gift certificate to you or to whomever you designate. Please include the camper's name, birth date, address, camp attending, and whether you wish the certificate sent to the camper or returned to you.

Crystal Apple Recipients

- George Parrish
Battle Creek, Mich.
1986
- Shirley Cargill
North Loup, Neb.
1987
- Margaret Allen,
Lost Creek, W.Va.
1988
- Helen Bond
Columbus, Ohio
1989
- June Johnson
Nortonville, Kan.
1990
- Ruth Bennett
Battle Creek, Mich.
1991
- Dan Richards
Texarkana, Ark.
1992
- Dr. Lewis H.V. May
Riverside, Calif.
1993
- Alan R. Crouch
Daytona Beach, Fla.
1994



FOCUS on Missions

Portage utilizes fair outreach

by Ron Elston

Last summer, the Outreach Bible Church (Seventh Day Baptist) of Portage, Wis., made good use of the Columbia County Fair for their outreach project.

The Outreach church rented two booth spaces in one of the main buildings and set up their displays. The booth included the church banner, a table containing literature and tracts, and Don Sanford's new display rack featuring his books.

The church invited Don, the SDB Historian, to assist with the booth. He did a great job answering questions about SDB history, as well as representing our denomination.

Members of the Outreach Bible Church helped staff the booth while

displaying their church name and logo on their shirts.

Another addition that proved to be very helpful was the clown ministry of Jim Fetrow, alias "Harry

a TV/VCR booth where interested persons could view the new SDB video, "A Choosing People." They also had drawing boxes for several giveaways.


**Ron Elston and Keith Julson
conducted eight baptisms in the
Portage city park and lake. What a
wonderful way to conclude the project!**

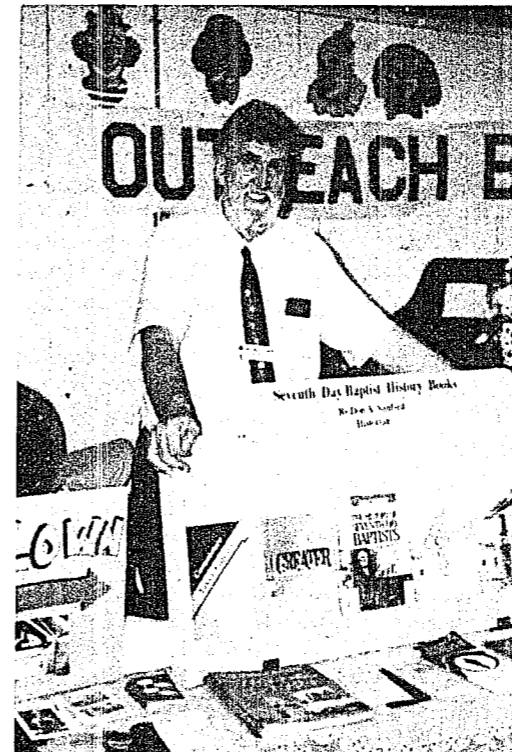
the Hobo." Each day, lines of people, young and old, would come to meet Harry. They would get their face painted, or have Harry or a member of his staff make them a balloon.

Even the local radio stations conducted interviews with Harry. By the end of the fair, the name "Harry the Hobo" was a household word in Columbia County.

The church set up

The Columbia County Fair also marked the conclusion of a church project that had begun a year prior. This all ended in a celebration weekend. The Rev. Ron Elston, Project Director, and church leader Keith Julson, conducted eight baptisms in the Portage city park and lake. What a wonderful way to conclude the project!

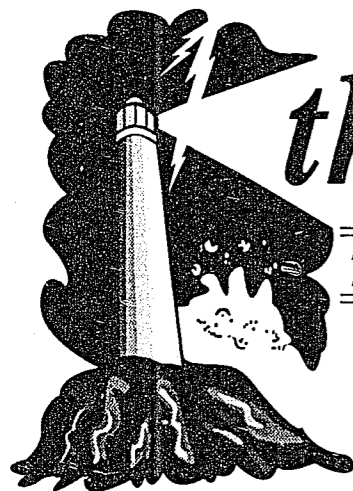
The Outreach Bible Church of Portage would like to invite you to visit and worship with them if you are ever in their area. The church meets on Sabbath at the Zona Gale Center in Portage. 



Don Sanford, SDB Historian, displayed the fruits of his labor and answered questions at the Columbia County fair.



"Harry the Hobo" (Jim Fetrow) and Ron Elston clowning their way into people's hearts.



the BEACON

Produced by the Youth Committee of the Board of Christian Education
For and by members of the SDB Youth Fellowship

April 1995

Jesus took my place

by Susie Butts

A slamming gate jolted me awake and sent a sharp pain through my sore shoulders. Bracing my bare feet against the slime-covered floor, I managed to sit up.

I stretched as far as my chains would allow and tried in vain to force the kinks out of my stiff muscles.

A guard strode lazily by and tossed lumps of stale, moldy bread through the bars. With renewed energy, I scrambled to grab what I could, hoping to be quicker than the bigger men.

My fingers met one hard lump, and I smiled with satisfaction until a flash of pain shot up my arm. A burly hand had clamped around my wrist.

"Drop it!" a voice growled. I obeyed as my fingers caught another lump beyond his reach.

I huddled back against the cold rock wall and wolfed down my breakfast, trying to ignore the rancid odor and taste. Wiping my arm across my mouth, I tried to shift to a more comfortable position, again without success.

Gazing at the blackness in front of me, I drifted into my daily routine and dreamed of how life had once been.

My life had been so successful. I had power, position, and respect. As the leader of a political terrorist sect, I was invincible.

We had plans, great plans, that were going to succeed. We would overthrow those pitiful Jewish puppet leaders and build a new government with enough might and power to take over Rome, and anyone else in our way.

We put our plans into effect during Purim, a holiday that commemorates Jews fighting for their rights. We knew we would gain supporters as the people celebrated, and the holiday confusion aided our plans.

I knew we would soon be in control of the Sanhedrin. I was wrong.

The officials got wind of our plans, and a riot broke out. I was the first to be arrested after I killed a leader in the temple.

I jumped out of my daze as the gate to our cell slammed open. Squinting into the darkness, I saw a Roman centurion looming in the doorway.

"Back against the walls!" he barked.

We pressed ourselves into the sharp rock, not wanting to provoke the glinting sword out of its sheaf.

"Who is the one called Barabbas?" he demanded. I felt my heart stop at the sound of my name. My head began to reel as I realized that the dreaded time had come. I was to be executed for my crime.

"Show yourself!" the centurion ordered, and I took a faltering step away from the safety of the wall.

"Remove his chains," he told the guard.

The chains fell one at a time, and I gently massaged my chafed wrists, finally free after three years. This small relief brought little comfort to my pounding heart, however. The guard shoved me toward the door, and I stumbled into the corridor.

The centurion took hold of my arm and hauled me through the filthy maze of prison cells, into the glaring light of the morning. There he let me loose, wiping his hands repeatedly on his uniform.

"You are free to go," he stated finally.

My mouth dropped. I stared in disbelief. The centurion, still busy ridding his hands of my grime, didn't notice.

"Free?" I asked weakly. "But why?"

He looked up and glared at me in disgust. "I offer you freedom and you have the nerve to question me?!" he boomed. Then his voice softened. "Another has taken your place."

My mind began to whirl with questions: Someone took my place? But how? And why?

I knew there was only one way to find out. I turned and ran to Golgotha. The Place of the Skull.

A crowd was already gathering at the top of the hill. I looked and saw that three holes had been dug.

Three men would be crucified today.

Turning toward the roar of the crowd, I cringed as the processional came up the hillside. Three men carrying crosses stumbled up the road, surrounded by the spectators hurling insults.

Turning to a man beside me, I asked their crimes. Two were robbers, and one claimed to be the Son of God was the reply.

Son of God? I shook my head at the absurdity.

I watched in horrid fascination as the three men were nailed each to his cross and hoisted upright in the holes at the top of the hill. My

eyes were glued to the scene, but soon I was shaking violently as the realization hit me again and again: That should be me!

Finally, I staggered back down the hill, unable to watch any longer. But I could not get the visions out of my head. I wandered around in a state of numb shock the entire day. As last, I collapsed in an exhausted heap on a quiet hillside.

Gazing in the direction of the setting sun, I was startled to come face-to-face with the three figures now hanging lifelessly from their crosses.

Slowly, I approached the man in the center—Jesus, accused of claiming to be the Son of God. I knew instinctively that this was the man who had given His life for me.

"Why?" I asked aloud. "Why would you do this?"

And suddenly a single word, the answer, seemed to surround my chilled body with warmth: *LOVE*.

The power of this revelation stunned me. I fell face down in the dirt and gave this Jesus and His God what He had given me—the only thing I had to give in return. My life. *SR*

Seeking Spiritual Maturity: PRAYER

A Bible reading on prayer

A study of the references to prayer in the book of Acts

Three prayers are recorded in the book of Acts.

- 1) Choosing the successor of Judas—Acts 1:24-25
- 2) On release of Peter and John—Acts 4:24-30
- 3) Stephen's martyrdom—Acts 7:59-60

To whom are these prayers addressed?
What petitions do they contain?
What elements other than petition?

Occasions where prayer is mentioned.

- 1) When in need of direction and blessing—Acts 1:24-25, 6:6, 13:3, 14:23
- 2) When in need of power—Acts 9:40, 28:8
- 3) When in trouble—Acts 4:24, 7:59, 12:5, 16:25, 27:35
- 4) Personal—Acts 7:59, 8:22, 10:30, 10:9
- 5) Prayer for others—Acts 7:60, 8:24
- 6) In farewell—Acts 20:36, 21:5

The custom of prayer.

Acts 6:4, 2:42, 10:2, 16:13, 22:17

The elements in prayer.

- 1) Thanks—Acts 27:35
- 2) Praise—Acts 16:25
- 3) Acknowledgment—Acts 4:24-30
- 4) Petition
 - Direction, Acts 1:24
 - Boldness, Acts 4:24

- Power, Acts 9:40, 4:30, 28:8
- Forgiveness, Acts 8:22
- Forgiveness of others, Acts 7:60, 8:24
- For safety of Peter, Acts 12:5, 12
- "Receive my spirit," Acts 7:59
- Consecration, Acts 6:6, 13:3, 14:23

Study the above passages for prayer as associated with: fasting, breaking of bread, laying on of hands, with eating, with song, with the Holy Spirit, with saying goodbye.

Answers to prayer.

Study the passages for direct and indirect answers to prayer, boldness, power, safety, light, earthquakes, Holy Spirit.

Concluding suggestions and applications.

- 1) Common prayer—Acts 4:24
- 2) Intercessory prayer—Acts 7:60
- 3) Consecrating prayer—Acts 13:3, 6:6, 14:23
- 4) Committing prayer—Acts 7:59
- 5) Habitual prayer—Acts 10:2
- 6) Peaceful confidence inspired by prayer—Acts 4:24, 12:5, 16:25, 27:35, 7:59

Reprinted from The Seventh-Day Baptist Pulpit, Westerly, R.I., June, 1907, Vol. 5, No. 5.

"Joyfully Serve..."

Who is a saint?

by Myrna Cox

When I think of someone as a "saint," I usually think of older people who have their life together. They do not seem to have an identity problem, and they are content with their station in life.

Webster's Dictionary defines a saint more specifically as "a person of great holiness."

Using Webster's definition of "holiness," I would like to tell you about my stepfather. His name is Vernon Williams.

Vernon married my mother 10 years ago. We have affectionately referred to him as a "saint" through the years.

He is a man with not an inability to sin, but ability not to sin. He has not had freedom from temptation, but power to overcome temptation.

His judgment is not infallible, but he earnestly and honestly endeavors to follow the higher wisdom.

He has not had deliverance from infirmities of the flesh, but his uncomplaining way and genuine smile makes you believe he will always conquer his ailment.

He has not been exempt from conflict, but maintains victory through conflict.

He is a person who talks little

and does much, without caring to be seen.

As I reflect on his life, I can see that Vernon is an older person (he is 86 years young), he is one who has his life together, and does not have an identity problem. (I guess that means my definition of a saint applies.)

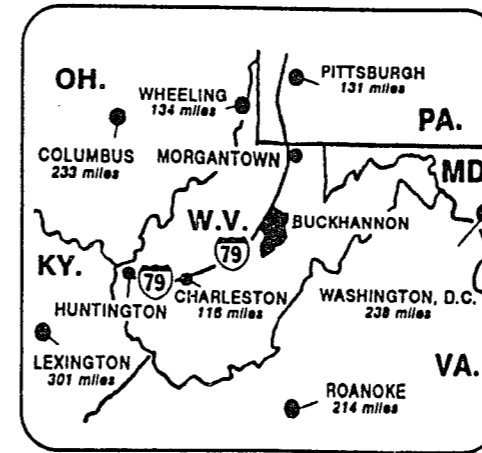
I can also see that he is a holy person because saints are persons who make it easier for others to believe in God. His faith is simple, but tried and true!

We are focusing on Senior Saints and their projects in this issue of *The Sabbath Recorder*. I know

When I think of someone as a "saint," I usually think of older people who have their life together. They do not seem to have an identity problem, and they are content with their station in life.

there are many more people in our denomination and in our lives who qualify as Senior Saints although they will not be featured. Thank you, Kevin, for this theme which has caused me to reflect on people in my life. Perhaps there are other readers who will do the same!

The man who humbly bows before God is sure to walk upright before men. *SR*



Finalizing Conference plans with joyful anticipation

from the Publicity Committee

Have you made a firm commitment to come to General Conference this year?

It is not too soon! We are already into the final Conference "count down"—August 6-12 in Buckhannon, W.Va., will be here before we know it!

Conference President Myrna Cox has selected a very practical theme: "Joyfully Serve..." (1 Peter 1:8). That joy can begin with your decision to attend. Then it will be strengthened by your anticipation of the event. And ultimately brought to fulfillment by your active participation at Conference—based on thorough prayerful preparation.

Getting there

The Host Committee is making every possible arrangement to assure your comfort and convenience when you arrive in West Virginia. But to enjoy the full benefits of Conference means that you must first get there!

If you plan to fly in, it is not too soon to investigate schedules and possible summer bargain rates. Please make reservations through to *Benedum Airport* in Clarksburg, W.Va. Ground transportation (at pre-established times) will be arranged from the airport to the Conference site, *West Virginia Wesleyan College*.

If you come in an RV, there will be special parking spaces available

on campus with electrical hook-ups and access to bathroom facilities in an adjacent building.

If you drive your car, you can count on ample parking near the dormitories and meeting places. Incidentally, you can drive all the way to Buckhannon on four-lane super highways. It is now easy to get into and travel around in West Virginia.

Something for everyone

Whatever your age or special interests, there are Conference-related programs and activities for YOU. For example, the young adults and the youth have *Pre-Con* meetings especially for them. They will have exciting discussion topics, revealing Bible studies, and interesting activities. *Junior Conference* for the youngsters runs parallel with the regular Conference sessions.

Board and agency executives provide not only special exhibits but share information from their areas of denominational work.

Some youth—and, perhaps, older delegates who are young-at-heart—would like to volunteer for occasional duty in the nursery or provide assistance wherever needed.

Musicians will look forward to singing in the choir and more!

Answers to questions

You will undoubtedly have questions. Look for the answers in the *May Sabbath Recorder*.

All of the registration materials will be in that issue, along with names and addresses of Host Committee members and other key people you may need to contact to finalize your plans. (And, when you register for Conference '95, you will be pleasantly surprised to receive a special *financial discount!*)

Your spiritual enrichment can be augmented by enjoying the natural beauties of "wild, wonderful" West Virginia. You can garner information right away by calling, toll free:

1-800-CALL WVA
(1-800-225-5982).

Get suggestions about what to see and do. Inquire about state parks and campgrounds. Ask about accommodations, including the names and addresses of motels in Buckhannon—if you are interested in staying off-campus during Conference week.

Have some descriptive brochures sent to you. And ask for a map of West Virginia so you can locate SDB-related places like Greenbrier, Middle Island, Berea (Camp Joy), Lost Creek, and Salem. Make those places a part of a "heritage tour" in connection with Conference.

The tourist bureau characterizes West Virginia as being "almost heaven." Of course, the truly "heavenly" feeling will result only if you come to General Conference. Come with an open, inquiring mind, seeking God's directives and expecting a blessing—in Joyful Service! *SR*

Adding more saints to the Kingdom

by Ron Elston

Plainfield—making a difference

In November of 1993, at the request of Pastor Joe Samuels, I was invited to assist with a series of evangelistic meetings at the Plainfield, N.J., Seventh Day Baptist Church. This proved to be quite an experience, as we witnessed many coming to know Jesus.

As the year went by, I would receive updates from church members and Pastor Joe about the progress of those who had made a decision for the Lord. I was hearing about changed lives and how many were now working for His kingdom

in various ministry efforts. What a joy to hear of lives changed for the Lord!

Well, that joy continues! This past October, a Ministry Support Team from Battle Creek, Mich.—Errol and Flo Spells, and Jerry and Joyce West—returned to assist the Plainfield church with another series of evangelistic meetings.

My assistance was also requested. We were so blessed by what we witnessed. Many of those who had



Advertising the Plainfield revival, October 1994.

made decisions for the Lord in 1993 were now active in outreach ministry. Some were doing personal street evangelism, some distributing tracts and flyers, while others were going door-to-door witnessing for Jesus.

One couple attended the meetings in 1993 and had accepted the Lord. They were both baptized, joined the local church, and were subsequently married in the church. To me, that is ministry! Lives changed for the Lord—a living testimony.

Some who lived on the street in '93 now have jobs and are living productive lives. These folks were a great blessing during the meetings, leading out with testimonies, writing songs, and even taking part in the concert on the last night.

Each day, we all met for prayer and preparation, personal evangelism, and tract distribution throughout the city of Plainfield. Each evening, the Lord blessed, and we saw decisions for Him.

I appreciated the work of the Battle Creek team as well as the work of the local church.

I was very blessed to have been a part of the Plainfield Outreach, and to witness God's power still in action today. *SR*

Kirkwood church hosts "Our Godly Heritage" Seminar

Last June, the Kirkwood, Mo., Seventh Day Baptist Church hosted a Christian rally and seminar called "Our Godly Heritage." The church, under the leadership of Phil Frankford, put together a program of Bible study, music, and worship.

SDB Historian Don A. Sanford presented a wonderful program on Seventh Day Baptist history. Don was also available during a "free" time to talk with representatives of several denominations about his books and his work.

Rev. Ron Elston Sr. assisted with the planning of the program and was in the St. Louis area prior to the seminar to help set up the rally. Rev. Elston, who works for the SDB Missionary Society as Regional Field Minister, presented the morning message and assisted during the afternoon sessions.

There were 80 present during the seminar, with several denominations represented, from Seventh-day Adventists to Church of God. There were several independent Sabbathkeeping churches, as well as members of the Promise Keepers.

Several good contacts were made as a result of the rally, and we continue to keep in contact with those interested. The David Barton video, "Our Godly Heritage," was viewed, also with good response.

The Kirkwood church continues to reach out into the St. Louis area with their V-COM voice mail. The members were of great help networking with area churches and government agencies during the recent flooding in the Midwest. They desire your prayers for growth in the St. Louis-Metro area.

Dedicated pastor and leader at peace

The Rev. Paul B. Osborn, 67, of Albion, Wis., went to be with the Lord on March 2, 1995, at University Hospital in Madison, Wis.

Pastor Paul was born on February 9, 1928, in Verona, N.Y., the son of Lester G. and Grace (Muncy) Osborn. He married Muriel Sholtz on August 31, 1949, in Verona.

Paul was a Seventh Day Baptist pastor who served churches in Nile and Richburg, N.Y.; Marlboro, N.J.; Little Rock, Ark.; Kansas City and Nortonville, Kan.; Dodge Center, Minn.; and Albion. He was ordained to the Gospel ministry at Nile in 1953.

Paul was a member of the American Sabbath Tract and Communication Council (formerly



Rev. Paul B. Osborn
1928-1995

American Sabbath Tract Society). He was president of the SDB Gen-

eral Conference in 1972, and a member of the SDB Commission.

Surviving are his wife, Muriel; four sons, Phillip of Frederick, Md., Joel of Cottage Grove, Wis., Timothy of Dodge Center, and Stephen of Milton, Wis.; one daughter, Karen Payne of Claremont, Minn.; one sister, Marilyn Osborn Davis of Oneida, N.Y.; and 10 grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents; two brothers, Loren and Kent; and two grandchildren, Shawn Payne and Jessica Osborn.

A memorial service was held on March 11 at the SDB Church in Albion. Memorials may be made to the Tract and Communication Council, the Albion SDB Church, or the American Diabetes Association.

Remembrances... (from the memorial service)

by Calvin Babcock

I remember a man of God who, with his family, served the Lord with joy.

I remember a man who had been my pastor two times, and he was my pastor when I was ordained as a deacon.

I remember a man who cared for people. It didn't make any difference whether these people were very rich or very poor—he would go out of his way to help them.

I remember a man who was not afraid of work. In Little Rock, when

we were rebuilding a church there, many Sundays were spent laying on our backs digging dirt out from under the church to make a drainage way.

I remember a man who loved to share God's Word. He was a great user of tracts. Anytime he had the chance, he would hand out a tract, or slip one inside a bill payment. He loved to do fair booths where he could hand out literature, and meet and talk with the people.

I remember a man who enjoyed

life. He loved to have picnics! My wife, Meleta, and I can attest to that because of our family experiences in Little Rock.

I remember a man who was tireless in his efforts as a volunteer. He volunteered at the SDB Center all during the time he was pastoring in Albion. He was responsible for keeping the computer mailing list up-to-date.

I remember a man whom I was proud to know as a Christian friend and as my pastor.

by Marilyn O. Davis

Lester and Grace Osborn had three boys, and they wanted a girl. There were two young babies who were available for adoption in Kansas. The phone call came and they said they'd be right over to choose one of them. "Come on, Paul. Go with us!"

Paul climbed up into one of the

cribs, and said, "This is my *if-ter!* We're gonna take her home!"

I am Paul's "if-ter."

I am also known as "Brat-head." He could call me that; you can't! There were reasons.

All through elementary and high school, we had many of the same teachers. And those teachers would

look at me, and shake their head, and say, "Oh, Marilyn, why can't you be like your brother Paul?"

I tried to be. But I realized as I grew older *why* they wanted me to be like my brother Paul. A smile, a joke, a deep warm feeling of love...

I am his "if-ter."

The spirit of money

by Gary Moore

I received a letter from a good friend recently. He has been one of our nation's leading voices proclaiming that our economy faces very difficult times ahead. He spoke of a "bad economy" and wrote, "I see the economy from the perspective of the average family—whose real income has declined nearly 7% in the last decade."

I've heard that statistic several times lately—usually from those who used to worry about high unemployment (which has now turned into a labor shortage for businesses to worry about), and the federal debt (which seems less of a crisis now that conservatives have regained the Congress). I expect it will become the new topic of talk-show hosts who need something to cause their audiences to worry.

But before you become even more anxious by focusing on yet another

negative, you might look on the bright side as well. It is true that real incomes have slipped during the past decade. But we elected Ronald Reagan to stop inflation—and one dimension of that was wage inflation. He succeeded. Now we're upset. But there have been some great blessings from it as well.

Remember the 16% mortgage rates we were paying a decade ago? We're paying about half that today. And the mortgage payment is a major expense of most families.

Food is another. A recent Department of Agriculture study said we spent 14.2% of our annual incomes on food a decade ago, but are spending only 11.7% today.

And the American Automobile Association recently said people in my state are spending 14% less for a gallon of unleaded gas than they were only four years ago.

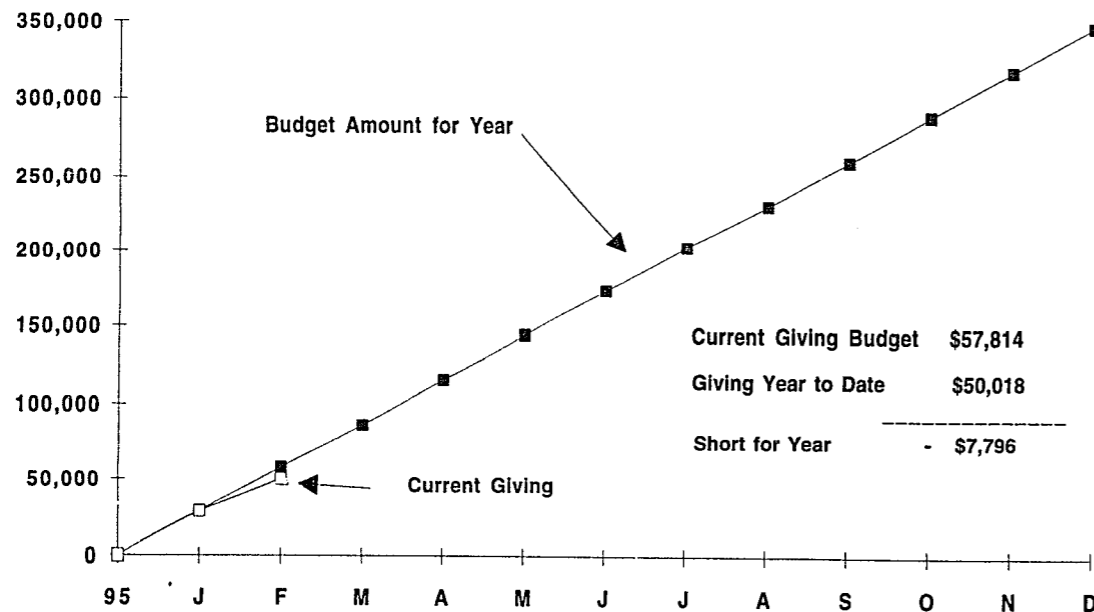
In short, Americans do have lower real incomes today than a decade ago. But they buy more of what they need—housing, food, and energy. That leaves more for those items they want—microwave ovens, video games, cellular phones.

This is why the *Economist* magazine recently said, "Americans today on average are healthier and better educated than ever before, and even allowing for inflation, their disposable income is rising," despite the fact incomes have stagnated.

That's the type of "bad economy" I can live with! *SR*

Gary Moore is the author of "The Christian's Guide to Wise Investing" (Zondervan, 1994). He counsels investors, does commentary on the UPI Radio Network, and lives in Sarasota, Fla.

Current Giving 1995



Marriages

Hickman - Cruzan.—Douglas John Hickman and Anna Marie Cruzan were united in marriage on January 28, 1995, at the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church in Bridgeton, NJ. The Rev. Everett Dickinson officiated.

Currey - Sweeney.—Noel Currey and Paulette Sweeney were united in marriage on January 29, 1995, at Coral Baptist

Church in Coral Springs, FL. The Rev. Andrew Samuels officiated.

Stephan - Cavalletti.—Richard Kirk Stephan and Susan Louise Cavalletti were united in marriage on February 18, 1995, at Saint Ignatius Loyola Church in Hornell, NY. The Revs. Jerry Monihan and Melvin F. Stephan officiated.

Nortonville news

by Reba Wheeler

Members of the Nortonville, Kan., Seventh Day Baptist Church were guests at a Valentine Banquet on February 18 in the church basement.

The Social Committee, consisting of Lois Birt, Mike Graves, and Kent Wheeler had charge of the arrangements. Mike was the chief cook of chicken, ham, and vegetables (delicious!), assisted by Pastor Robert Harris; Lois was in charge of the decorations, rolls, salad, and baking the potatoes; and Kent was in charge of the program.

Pastor Harris and his wife, Linda, made and served the dessert—cherry cheesecake. The young people serving the meal were: Lillian, George, and Lynn Graves;

Joanna Harris; and Maggie Dodson.

During the evening, Steve and Irene Saunders entertained with numerous piano duets, and Steve led the singing of several "old-time" songs. A male quartet—Edwin Johnson, Steve and David Saunders, and Kent Wheeler—sang several selections, accompanied by Irene. Linda Harris read a couple of poems. It was a delightful evening and greatly appreciated!

Several projects are in progress, including the installation of a new sink and cabinet top in the parsonage kitchen. Steve Saunders is doing the repair work. Steve also presented the church with a new public address system.

Accessions

Lake Elsinore, CA
Leland Davis & Lee Goode, co-pastors
Joined after baptism
Vasil Kabachenko

Lost Creek, WV
Larry Graffius, pastor
Joined after baptism
Larry Nida
Joined after testimony
Tiffany Bond
Steven Curry

Westerly, RI
David Taylor, pastor
Joined after testimony
Dawnell Hagerty

Texarkana, AR
Mynor Soper, pastor
Joined by letter
Adam Crabtree

Births

King.—A son, Karim Ian King, was born to Owen and Heather King of Miami, FL, on February 17, 1995.

Obituaries

Peat.—Pastor Albourne L. Peat of the Mill Yard SDB Church, London, England, fell asleep on November 22, 1994.

Pastor Peat came from Jamaica (where he served as a pastor) to England in 1958. He served in the Mill Yard church since then, and was appointed pastor of the church in 1970 following the retirement of Pastor J. McGeachy. In September 1994, he marked a total of 24 years as pastor of the Mill Yard church.

He is mourned by his six chil-

dren and their partners; 14 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and by all of his brethren and sisters in Christ.

Pastor Peat's "life celebration" service was conducted by his youngest son, Pastor H.V. Peat.

Mitchell.—Claude Monroe Mitchell, 101, of Texarkana, Ark., died on December 9, 1994. He was born on October 23, 1893, in Nady, Ark., and had lived most of his life in Texarkana. Claude was a retired grocer and a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Texarkana.

Survivors include two sons, Claude and Roy, both of Texarkana; one daughter, Annie Hudson of Fouke, Ark.; three half-brothers, Paul Mitchell of Dewitt, Ark., Madison Mitchell of Little Rock, Ark., and Robert Mitchell of Oregon; 15 grandchildren, 25 great-grandchildren, and a number of nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his wife, Ima, and one son, James.

Services were held on Dec. 12, 1994, at the Texarkana Funeral Home Chapel. Two of Claude's grandsons, the Revs. Doyle House and Billy Ray Hudson, officiated. Burial was in Avery (Texas) Cemetery.

Burdick.—Frieda Bernice Burdick, 95, passed away on January 23, 1995, at the Premier Care Center, Beloit, Wis., following a lengthy illness. She was born on April 2, 1899, in Eau Galle, Dunn County, Wis., the daughter of Gordon and Florence (Bowen) Fowler. She grew up in Beauchane, Wis., now the Village of Exeland. On November 14, 1927, she married Charles Crandall Burdick in Lima Center, Wis. He died on July 27, 1965.

Frieda was a homemaker who was devoted to her family, friends, and church, and especially to her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. She was a member of the Milton, Wis.,

SDB Church, its Diaconate, and Afternoon Women's Circle. She was a former member of the American Red Cross and the Milton Historical Society, and a former guide at the Milton House Museum.

Survivors include one son, the Rev. Oscar Burdick of El Cerrito, Calif.; one daughter, May Kipp of Beloit; six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. In addition to her husband, she was preceded in death by one brother, Kenton; one sister, Gwendolyn Fowler; and one great-grandson, Adam David Kipp.

Memorial services were conducted by the Rev. George Calhoun and the Rev. Earl Cruzan at the Milton SDB Church on January 28, 1995. Burial site is the Milton Junction Cemetery.

Day.—Lee Otis Day of Colorado died on February 6, 1995. He was born on March 17, 1922, in Brandon, Kiowa County, Colo., the fourth child of Carl and Mamie (Clough) Day. On August 10, 1941, he married Fern Jocelyn Baker in Richfield, Kan.

During the Great Depression, Lee worked as an instructor and a certified surveyor for the Conservation Corps, building irrigation dams on the Cimarron River. When World War II broke out, he served in the U.S. Navy aboard the aircraft carrier Yorktown.

When the war ended, Lee went to school on the G.I. Bill, taking aircraft maintenance courses at colleges in Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, and Everett, Wash. He landed a grade-one level job with the Boeing Company and eventually worked his way up to field engineer.

Lee and his wife constructed three homes—two in Renton, Wash., and one in Soap Lake, Wash. He also found time to hunt and fish with his family.

While installing Minuteman defense missiles in Montana, Lee was severely injured in a car accident. Because of his incredible stamina, and his wife's unselfish care and loving devotion, he was able to live

for almost 32 more years before succumbing to his injuries.

In addition to his wife, Fern, survivors include one son, Larry Jay; one daughter, Joyce Lee; one brother, Dale; three sisters, Luvon Hurley, Ona Collier, and Iva Parker; seven grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by two brothers, Clarence and Leonard; and one sister in childhood, Mildred Vera.

Memorial services were held on February 10, 1995, at the Denver, Colo., SDB Church. The Rev. Charles Graffius and Lee's son-in-law, the Rev. John A. Conrod, officiated.

Bellefleur.—Madeline Phebe (Crandall) Bellefleur, 71, of New London, Conn., died on February 15, 1995, at her home.

She was born in Westerly, R.I., on March 5, 1923, the daughter of Alva and Grace (Dunn) Crandall. She married Arthur C. Bellefleur on Aug. 24, 1946, in New London.

Madeline had been an inspector at the Monsanto Co. in Deep River, Conn., for many years, before retiring in 1983. She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Waterford, Conn.

In addition to her husband, she leaves four sons, Robert, Daniel, Michael, and Richard, all of New London; five daughters, Joan Jarrell of Windham, Conn., Pamela Rindfleisch of Long Beach, Calif., Madeline Thomas of Richmond, Ky., Sharon Bellefleur of Montville, Conn., and Kathy Trolan of Jewett City, Conn.; two brothers, Daniel Crandall of Shingle Springs, Calif., and Harold Crandall of Hope Valley, R.I.; one sister, Abby Godbout of Hope Valley; and 12 grandchildren. She was predeceased by two sons, Arthur and Roy; one brother, John Crandall; and one sister, Betty (Crandall) Taylor.

Funeral services were held on February 17, 1995, at the Fulton-Theroux Funeral Home in New London, followed by burial in the East Lyme (Conn.) Cemetery. Pastor Leon R. Lawton officiated.

KEVIN'S

ORNER

A special Senior Saint

A recent trend at memorial services is the open invitation for congregants to share their memories of the deceased.

Just last week, we had a chance to do that for Paul Osborn.

But I couldn't move.

So many thoughts and fine memories came to mind.

But I couldn't move.

"My goodness," I thought to myself. "I am the executive of the board Paul so faithfully served for over a dozen years! They're even setting up a memorial for the Tract Council in his name. I've got

to say something!"

But I couldn't move.

Paul was "Mr. Tract," handing them out by the hundreds.

He served on the Tract Society Board ever since it moved to the Midwest in 1982. After 10 years as first vice-president and Publications Committee chairman, he said it was time to step down. He felt we should get some new blood and fresh ideas. The Council reluctantly agreed.

Well, General Conference promptly voted Paul back on the Council as an elected member that same year.

Looking at the Council directory, I couldn't help but notice the line concerning Paul: "Term expires 1995."

That reminded me of the sign Paul had in his church office: "The more you complain, the longer God lets you live." He did not complain much. Even to the end.

"What about saying something as a co-worker at the Center? As a co-pastor? As a former prayer partner?" I couldn't move.

Responding to this year's spiritual emphasis on prayer, all the local SDB pastors meet monthly to pray for each other. Our scheduled meeting for March was the 2nd, the day of Paul's passing. I immediately felt a void among us.

We'd no longer see that smiling face, that ready joke, that glint of mischief remaining in his one good eye.

But we also knew that we'd no longer see the stains on the kitchen table from his blood sugar tests, his weakening body staggering down the hallway, the bruised arms and face...

The ravages of diabetes was over.

I could rejoice in that release.

But I couldn't move.

"Kev, you're even a shirt-tail relative to both Paul and Muriel!" I prodded myself.

"There, his sister just finished; you could have a perfect intro saying you are his 'if-ter's' nephew!" (See page 23.)

But I couldn't move.

"Hey, you're standing up—oh, just to let someone else in the pew get to the microphone... No, don't sit down; now's your chance!"

But I couldn't go forward.

Paul was so many things to me that every time the words came to my mind, the journey to my mouth got sidetracked into tears. My lips would quiver, my voice crack. I couldn't do it.

"Come on, man. You've had to lead out at other funerals—get a grip! Even his son, Steve, could get through his beautiful solo. You could at least say something as a friend."

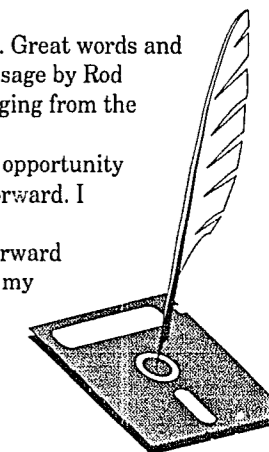
But I couldn't move.

The sharing time ended. Great words and testimonies. Inspiring message by Rod Henry. Powerful hymn singing from the "packed house."

I felt empty letting that opportunity slip by. But I couldn't go forward. I couldn't move.

Now, at least I can go forward and move my pen to share my thoughts in this month's Korner.

Because Paul Osborn moved me.



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