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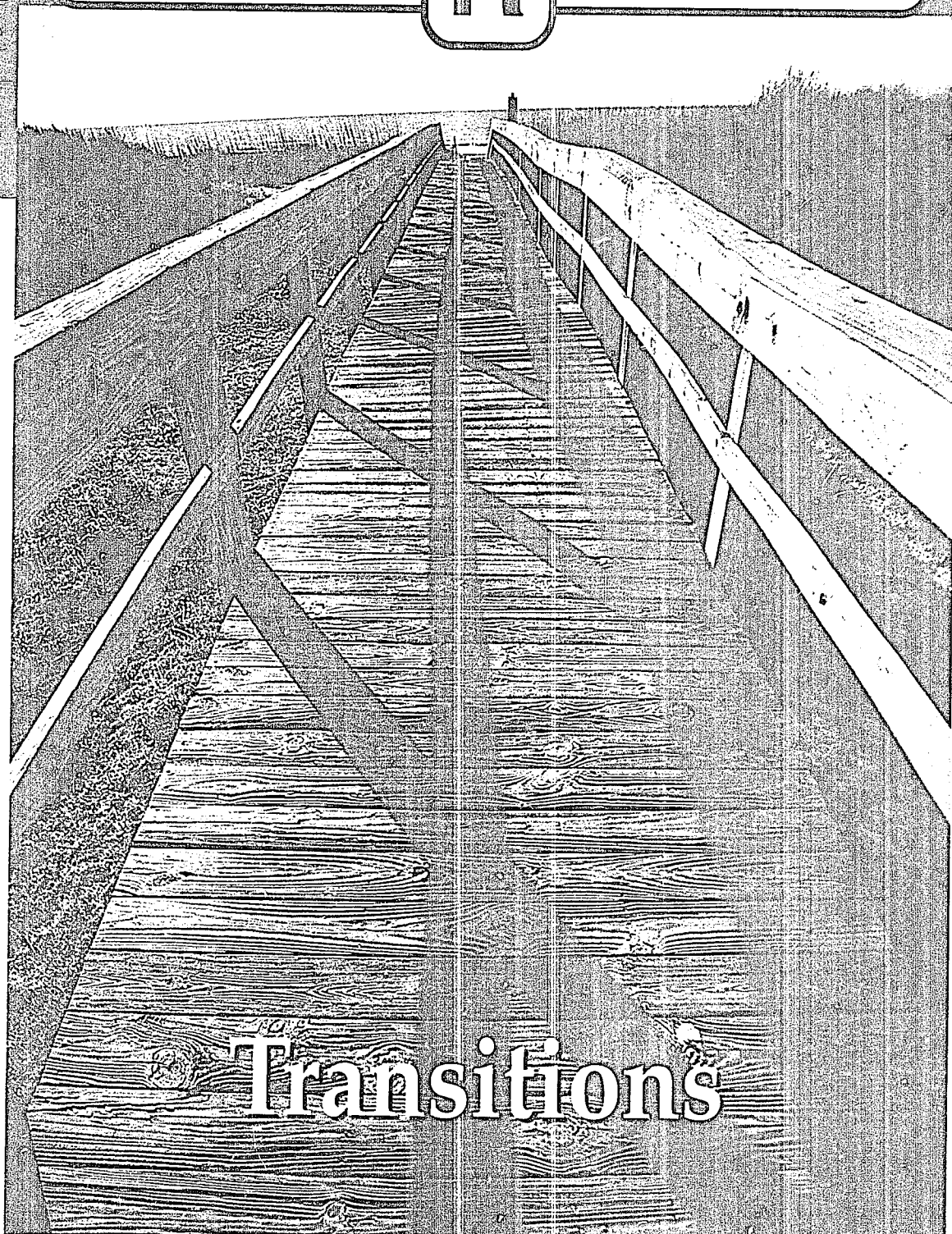
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*News for and about
Seventh Day Baptists*

April 2001

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Transitions



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:

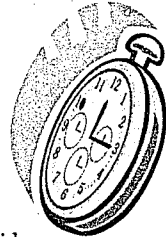
- salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ.
- the Bible as the inspired word of God. The Bible is our authority for our faith and daily conduct.
- baptism of believers, by immersion, witnessing to our acceptance of Christ as Savior and Lord.
- freedom of thought under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
- the congregational form of church government. Every church member 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 SDBs just a little bit different.

If you would like more information, write: The Seventh Day Baptist Center, 3120 Kennedy Road, PO Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547-1678. Phone (608) 752-5055; FAX (608) 752-7711; E-mail: sdbgen@inwave.com and the SDB Web site: www.seventhdaybaptist.org

It's time again to say THANKS.



Our retired pastors, spouses, and widows need your help. PROP (the Pastors' Retirement Offering Project) will continue the monthly benefits for those under the "old" retirement plan. Send your gift to:

PROP—SDB Center
PO Box 1678
Janesville WI 53547

Pastors' Conference 2001

April 17-21
Alfred Station, NY

with instructors
Dr. William Brackney
(Church history)

Dr. Paul Manuel
(Biblical interpretation)

Summer Institute:

Sabbath Theology
June 4-15, 2001

Seventh Day Baptist Center
Janesville, Wis.

This session will be open for laity to audit. Please contact Rev. Gabriel Bejjani for more information:

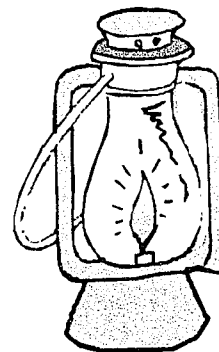
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Sabbath Renewal Day 2001

Celebrated on May 19



Worship packets and bulletins will be sent to each church. Watch your mail!



Former Camp Harley staffers or campers!

You are invited to attend the 50th Anniversary Celebration of Camp Harley Sutton in Alfred Station, N.Y., on May 5, 2001 at 2:00 p.m.

Please bring your photos and camp memories. For more information, contact Luan Ellis: (607) 587-8411
luan@mginc.com

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Staying home

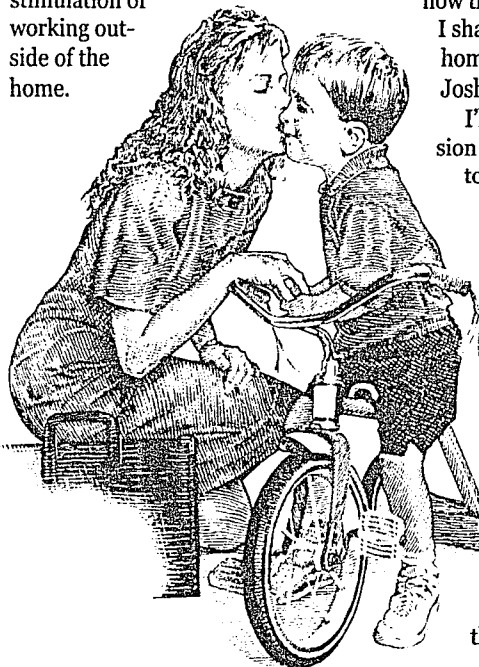
by Grace Crouch, Daytona Beach, Fla.

"Delight yourself in the Lord; and He will give you the desires of your heart. Commit your way to the Lord, Trust also in Him, and He will do it" (Ps. 37:4-5 NAS).

I had always interpreted these verses to mean that if you delight yourself in the Lord, He will give you your "fleshly desires"—like a perfect husband or a nice house. Not too long ago, a friend said it meant that you will receive desires in your heart that are from the Lord. In other words, God will fill your heart with a desire to do His will.

With this enlightenment, I made it a personal challenge to draw closer to Him. One of the things I prayed for was wisdom in rearing our sons, Joshua and Caleb.

I was always a little uncomfortable leaving my kids with someone else while I went to work, yet I took pride in being a "working mom." We needed the money, and I needed the stimulation of working outside of the home.



But the twinges of guilt slowly turned into a constant stomachache, panic attacks, tears, and sleepless nights. My heart was being filled with God's desire, and I was terrified.

I continued to pray, and I even argued with God. How did He expect us to live on one income? Did He really think I would have the patience to deal with two very intelligent and

phase. I became increasingly unhappy at work. Josh was becoming unhappy with being left for the day because he didn't understand why I had to work. This had never been an issue with him before. I was convinced more than ever that it was God's will for me to be home.

Finally, in August, Rick agreed to let me quit my job as soon as I

How did God expect us to live on one income? I was a good working mom, but would I be good at just being mom?

energetic young boys bursting with new challenges?

I was a good working mom, but would I be good at just being mom?

Then I reunited with an old friend in Minnesota. We spent several hours discussing our children and how the Lord had blessed us.

I shared my fears about staying home with the kids, especially Joshua.

I'll never forget the expression on my friend's face when she told me that I was looking at it all wrong. God has *blessed* me with a challenge in Joshua. He wouldn't give such a gift to just anyone. God blesses every parent with a special package designed specifically for that family. Wow!

That night I prayed that God would open the doors for me to be home with my kids.

Over the next few weeks, I tried to convince my husband, Rick, that this was not a passing

received the big bonus I had coming early in the new year. We would be in better shape financially, and the timing would be good for us.

But instead of feeling peace, I felt worse. God was telling me, "Nope, you've forgotten that I am the master of timing. The time for you to stay home with the kids is right now."

So, a couple of weeks later, I gave my boss four weeks notice. She pleaded with me to stay, but I listened to God. After all, He is the "ultimate boss."

September 29 was my last day at work. And, of course, God timed it perfectly. I immediately was able to help some friends in a way I couldn't have when I was working.

Since I've been at home, our finances have been tight, but our needs are always met. Our children challenge me every day, but it is a challenge I relish. God has replaced every one of my negative emotions with peace.

When I go to sleep at night, I pray that I will continue to delight myself in the Lord. His desires for my heart are better than anything I could imagine on my own. **SR**

Long, lonesome days

by Mabel Cruzan, Milton, Wis.

After nearly 61 years of marriage to a wonderful man, father, and pastor—all rolled into one—life had a way of changing for me.

Following Earl's death, the house became very quiet with no one to talk with and make plans for. I remembered saying, "If I'm ever left alone, I am going to cook just like I always did." What a laugh! There is not much enjoyment in cooking just for me. However, I manage to eat at least three meals a day.

Filling my days

I find being alone day after day gets very lonesome at times. So when those times hit, and the weather is good, I get out and call on someone else who may also be lonesome.

Maybe you have a friend or neighbor who isn't able to get out much. Stop in and see her. If the weather is cold and stormy, give her a call. Both of you will feel better.

Write a letter to a friend and tell her what you have been doing. She will be grateful and want to answer. It's always a pleasure to receive a letter from a friend or family member. I am so fortunate to be able to visit out-of-state family members in California and New York State. We always have a great time.

Get a good book

Reading is another way to fill some of your time. There should be many good books in your church or city libraries.

And don't neglect to read your Bible. I have read my Bible through many times but decided this year I would do it again. (I get new insights every time I do.) You can work out any plan that you want. I read two chapters a day, besides other devotions.

It seemed that when Earl died, my life shut down for awhile. But then I realized it was going to be up to me to do something about that. No one could do it for me.

As hard as it was sometimes to go places—and especially to church—I made myself go. I soon knew I had done the right thing.

We all have times of losing a loved one. Something in a hymn, or what the pastor says or does, may open the tear ducts. There is nothing wrong with that. I grew up in a time when you didn't show your emotions in public, but I feel differently now.



It's just a sign that we are being flooded with memories.

If at all possible, attend church. You surely will get a lift from the service and greeting friends. And try to greet people you don't know, to get acquainted with them. If it isn't possible to go to church, have a tape of the service sent or brought to you.

Get out, get involved

There are many other things that can help to fill a long, lonesome day. Bake a batch of cookies and take some to a friend or neighbor. Offer to read to someone. Find out if there is something you can do at your church or, if you have a Senior Center, volunteer. You might discover you enjoy it.

I am sure my husband's death would have been much, much harder to adjust to if it hadn't been for my loving family and my loving "church family." Thank you so much for always being there and supporting me. God bless each one of you! **SR**

"Take a walk"

After I had a heart attack five years ago, walking is one thing I was encouraged to do.

Walking is one of the best exercises anyone can do. You can walk at your own speed, your own distance, and feel so much better for it.

During the summer, when the weather was good, I was walking up to five miles a day. I enjoyed that very much. The birds sing, the squirrels chatter, and I talk and sing to my best friend, the Lord. Now that the weather is colder, I go to a mall to walk, and usually only walk a mile and a half to two miles.

Just do what you are able to do and extend it as you are able. It's very good for your heart—physical and spiritual!

Grow up (and bring the Jell-O)

by Doreen S. Davis, Renton, Wash.

"Hi, Doreen, this is Jeanette Thorngate. Would you be willing to bring a Jell-O salad and help serve at the after-funeral luncheon tomorrow?"

"Would I? You bet I would!" I was thrilled.

I got off the phone and immediately set to the task. I pulled out one of my many Ladies Aid fund-raiser cookbooks (you know the ones... every recipe calls for either a can of cream of mushroom soup, Cool Whip, or chocolate chips), surveyed the contents of my larder, and headed off to the grocery so I could fix Florence Bowden's "Under-the-Sea Salad." (I had everything except the Cool Whip.)

Becoming a "church lady"

The next day, following the funeral service, I served up squares of my pale green salad onto leaves of lettuce on small luncheon plates, helped make dozens of chicken salad sandwiches, poured coffee, and stayed to clean up the church kitchen.

To the casual observer, this wasn't any great event in church history; it was just a small lunch served to the family of a deceased saint, like those served hundreds of times in thousands of churches since the invention of the casserole.

But for me, by the end of the day, I knew that I had made an important transition. I had become a "church lady."

Growing up in the faith

As a child growing up in the Milton (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, I made the natural transitions offered by church programs: I sailed through appropriate Sabbath School classes; I sang in the junior, intermediate, and senior

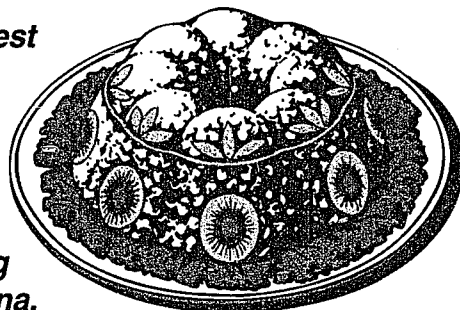
choirs. I thrived at Vacation Bible School, and at junior, intermediate, and senior camps.

At the appropriate age, I made a public declaration of my faith in Jesus, was baptized and joined the church, took Communion, and could sit still during an entire sermon. I was active in Junior C.E., and then Youth Fellowship. I went to Pre-Cons and Conferences, and

called the "College and Career" group, with no "program" in place to help people move from college to career. If a young adult doesn't make that switch, both in action and in mindset, he or she might never become a contributing member of society, let alone the church.

Having moved to another church at the beginning of my professional career, I had the advantage of being

The request for a gelatin fruit salad was merely a symbol of my emerging adult persona.



served in Summer Christian Service Corps (SCSC) as both a worker and on training staff. From Cradle Roll to SCSC, church programs helped me grow up in the faith.

Now, I was out of college and living in Denver, Colo. I was single, working full-time in my chosen profession, and—I prayed—being faithful to the calling God had on my life.

And really growing up

I had moved to Colorado to be closer to SCSC training at Camp Paul Hummel, and to spread my proverbial wings in the glorious Rocky Mountains. So why was I so enthused about being a church lady?

In many small and medium-sized churches, the young, single adults make up a loosely defined bunch

accepted as an adult from the onset, with all the privileges and responsibilities that entails.

Signs of maturity

The request for a gelatin fruit salad was merely a symbol of my emerging adult persona. Adults are expected to bring food to fellowship dinners. (I never saw that written in a church covenant, or had it explained to me in a church membership class; it was just understood.)

Another "adult moment" came for me the first time I paid my tithe on a "real" paycheck that actually had more than two digits! (To a student who thought "living it up" meant adding hot dogs to my boxed mac n' cheese, giving 10 percent of

next-to-nothing is pretty much next-to-nothing.)

Suddenly, my financial support of the church actually had meaning. I cared about how the money was spent, and I was interested in what went on in the business meetings.

Closely tied to that was having the means to actually help out other people, especially the students who attended our church. While in college, one of my professors—a wonderful Christian man—regularly invited students home to dine with his family. Whenever we thanked him, he reminded us to remember to bless others when we came into our own.

Lessons learned


I had many other awakenings to the adult world in those first few years in Denver. But perhaps the most important thing I learned was that faith has arms and legs, and hands and feet. Those church ladies taught me that loving Jesus is not always expressed up in front of the church, but in the kitchen or their living rooms.

The transition between college and career can be a challenging one for young adults, with many leaving the church or falling away. But one dear old saint, now living in Glory, showed me a verse which became

one of my life verses and continues to encourage me:

"Don't let anyone look down on you because you are young, but set an example to the believers in speech, in life, in love, in faith and in purity" (1 Timothy 4:12).

I carried this verse with me as I married, and built my career and ministry in yet another church. Now, even though I am not so young, I'm making another major transition. I have now moved from career to crayons.

Praise the Lord and pass the Jell-O! 

Some moving experiences

by Donna Bond, Bridgeton, N.J.

"Dear Lord, I'm headed for a nervous breakdown!" I thought 27 years ago as I read "the stress list" in the *Reader's Digest*. It enumerated various stress-producing events and assigned points to each one. The only numbers I recall now are death of spouse—100; divorce—50; and celebrating Christmas—12.

At the time I was preparing for several events on the list: marriage, moving 1,000 miles from home to join a family of relative strangers, being the family's new arrival instead of the firstborn, change of employment and financial situation, joining an unfamiliar church, celebrating Christmas... The list seemed endless.

Fast forward 26 years through the purchase of a "handyman's special" farmhouse; arrivals of Levi and Sylvia just 19 months apart; doubling the family size and halving the income during the double-digit-inflation Carter years; denominational responsibilities; seven months of chemotherapy battling Hodgkin's disease; and the empty nest.

From all this, I have learned two things: God prepares us for our

present challenges by allowing us to draw on past experiences, and that a sense of humor is a tremendous asset.

Recent stress: Tim's new job

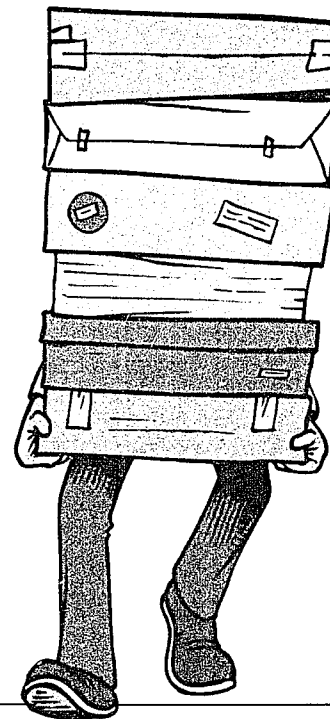
In five months' time, beginning in April 2000, my husband Tim

changed jobs, we sold the farmhouse and moved to a small house in the city, and our adult (financially independent) son moved into said small home after four years in the Air Force. Granted, these were all positive events, yet there was a great deal of stress related to each change.

Tim's employment led him to prison work—something not everyone could stomach. Not being able to share anything of himself or his faith or take anything into the complex or even wear a necktie (think about it) was quite a switch after 10 years of teaching GED at a Christian "drug rehab" farm. However, a union-negotiated salary with benefits and having to tolerate *no nonsense* from his students have been easy to take. (Eat your hearts out, public school teachers!)

"New" house

The same week that Tim started his new job, we had an Agreement of Sale for the farmhouse, just one month after signing the agreement for the "new" one. ("New" here means slightly older than *we* are, but 100 years newer than the old house.)



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This Agreement led to some anxious moments as numerous inspections took place, giving the buyers a way out at any point. We wondered if we would have to pump thousands of dollars we didn't have into a house we no longer wanted just to unload it. But, Praise God! The septic system was non-toxic, the water was deemed "perfect," and the buyers were willing to fix the termite damage even before they owned the house.

The big move

As for the move itself... I pray that God Himself will *move me* next time, and that Levi and Sylvia will be the ones to clean out the attic! Twenty-five years in a nine-room house on a one-acre lot inhabited by four packrats produced a monumental task of sorting, packing, and re-establishing in a seven-room house.

Twenty-five years in a nine-room house on a one-acre lot inhabited by four packrats produced a monumental task of sorting, packing, and re-establishing in a seven-room house.

Tim and Sylvia were working during the day, Levi was in South Korea, and "guess who" was home during July and August. Thank God for a 10-month contract!

To add to the confusion, Tim lived in the new house two weeks before we officially moved in, to satisfy the insurance company. The advantage was that he could work out some of the "bugs" without inconveniencing us girls. (I have no doubt that I was able to tolerate the physical tasks required of me only because God had pushed my couch potato body into an aerobics class in 1998.)

Office changes

God was also at work in 1995 when my office location was moved from the Administration Building downtown (a school with no kids) to Bridgeton Middle School (occupied by 800 hormone-driven adolescents with many overwhelming problems).

I was further apprehensive when I discovered that the Emotionally Disturbed 8th grade class was next door. Now, however, I am thankful for this change because I can walk to work from my new home. This is not only a bonus for my fitness but also gives respite to my deteriorating '89 Buick station wagon.

New challenges

Our new house was built and, until recent years, maintained through the decades by well-to-do professionals. As various senses detected the gray

walls, inadequate storage space, and obvious evidence of feline inhabitants, I said to Tim, "You know, we're not 26 anymore."

He agreed, but we both loved the house, and we both went to work on it. Fortunately, God compensated our waning ambition with skills and power tools attained in the old fixer-upper, more resources for hiring professionals and, we hope, the wisdom to know when to use them.

As I was doing my familiar mental song-and-dance—"taxes and car insurance are due at the same time (a disaster in New Jersey), and we

have two kids in college, and both cars are running on borrowed time, and what if Levi and Sylvia don't find jobs, and I don't work in the summer," etc.—God reminded me of the time we "couldn't afford" the \$600 water heater that died Thanksgiving day when I had two babies in cloth diapers. We survived what seemed insurmountable at the time and certainly welcomed having plenty of hot water.

"Mom, I'm home!"

The other great transition of 2000—Levi's return to our home (along with ideas of his own)—turned out to be a blessing as well.

During the three months between the Air Force and Multnomah Bible College, Levi was employed enough to pay his first tuition bill but was home enough to orchestrate various projects during our work day. He also assisted in filling a dumpster with 11.13 tons of vegetation and concrete.

Also, once Levi recovered from a 13-hour jet lag, we no longer had leftovers! Cooking seemed more worthwhile, and I enjoyed his company when I came home for lunch each day.

God is with us

For 2001, "the old folks at home" hope that the major transition in their lives will be (finally) entering the computer age. We do foresee many transitions in the lives of our offspring.

Sylvia will graduate from college in May and, God willing, become financially independent. Anyone out there need a cheerful business-woman who is fluent in French?

God will provide a way for Levi to continue at Multnomah if it is His will, although His will might involve us.

Whatever comes, we know that God is in control, and He will continue to equip us for it. **SR**

There's no place like home

by Rodney Henry, Denver, Colo.

My wife, Camille, grew up in a family that was always on the move. For the most part, they lived in the Lakewood area of Southern California, but they moved from house to house every few years.

When Camille met me, she was impressed that I was actually living in the same house where I grew up, in San Pedro, Calif. That is what she wanted for our children when we got married. But in the 30 years since our wedding, we have moved 18 times.

Half of our moves were contained within the Los Angeles basin as one or the other of us would change jobs or schools. That was easy. Our families were still in the area. Our church did not change. Our friends were still the same. The only thing that really changed was the place where we lived.

Big move, big changes

Our move to become missionaries in the Philippines in 1979 impacted us the most. Two things had to take place before we were ready to leave.

First, we had to reduce all of our possessions to fit into the suitcases which we took with us on the airplane. Before we could sell our "stuff," we had to rid ourselves of our attachments to it. I feel we were willing to do that, because we had a sense of calling on our future.

Secondly, we had to deal with our attachments to family, church, and friends. It was easier leaving stuff than it was leaving people. When we said "good-bye," it would be for four years.

For four years (until furlough), we would be without our strong support structure. For four years, we would live in a foreign country where everything was so different. It was our attachments to people that made leaving so difficult. But again, our sense of calling to be missionaries was more powerful than our attachments.

Moving after the move

In our five years as Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in the Philippines, we moved around a great deal. When we first arrived in the Philippines with our two children—Tanya, age 4, and Erik, 2—we lived in an apartment. Every minute that we were home, there were children and adults looking into our windows. (It was while living there that we found "Eddie Boy" in an orphanage and made him part of our family.)

After six months of this, we moved across Cebu City, near the International School where our children would attend. We lived in a large home (with more privacy) that was also the school where I trained Seventh Day Baptist pastors.

When our first four-year term of service was up, we had to again sell everything that would not fit into our suitcases. We knew that we would be returning to the Philippines in a year, but safe storage was unavailable.

Short stay in the States

We returned to the United States and did one summer of deputation work, visiting 33 of our churches, driving 9,000 miles, ending up at General Conference. After taking one year to finish a two-year Master of Theology degree at Fuller Theological Seminary, we prepared for our return to the Philippines. We were so anx-

ious to get back, we didn't even stay for my graduation ceremony.

We realized at that point that our attachments to people in the Philippines were just as strong as our attachments to people in the United States. Our goal was to turn the work over to the Filipino leadership after a two-year term. We accomplished this in one year and returned to the United States.

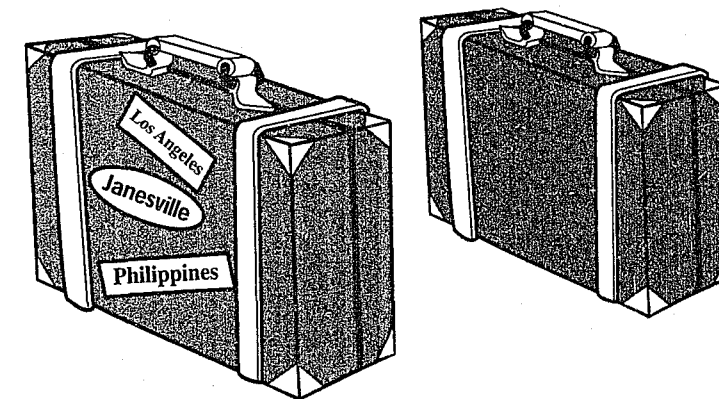
Another calling

Leaving the Philippines was one of the hardest things that we ever did as a family. The children were 10, 8, and 6. Their "life as they knew it" was in the Philippines. Our oldest son, Erik, was so sad about leaving the Philippines that he could not eat for several days.

Again, it was our sense of calling that motivated us to deal with the difficulties of letting go of attachments. We felt that God was calling us to develop a pastoral training program within our General Conference in the United States. But here was the challenge: Camille and I were the only two people who felt this calling; the Conference did not know about it until we returned to the U.S.

Our Conference leadership responded favorably to our call to develop pastoral training for those who could not go to seminary. This

cont. next page



calling eventually became the T.I.M.E. Program (Training In Ministry by Extension). The development of this program led me to become Director of Pastoral Services. In turn, this resulted in us living in Janesville, Wis., for 14 years. During that time, all of our children graduated from high school.

Some valuable lessons

Through all of this, we have learned some valuable lessons about transitions and moving.

The first lesson deals with attachments, and the principle is this: If you are having trouble in a transition or move, you need to discover what it is that you are having trouble leaving. The transitions and moves of life are easier when we identify our attachments and pray through our dealing with them.

The second thing we learned through all of our moves and transitions is a little more abstract. It deals with the concept of "home."

We knew many missionaries in the Philippines. When they referred to "home," they meant the place in the United States where they were "from." We also noticed that many of these missionaries did not try to

fit into the culture or make close friends with Filipinos. You could see why. For them, the Philippines were *not* home.

Perhaps this is a good coping mechanism for moving around a lot. You have a place you call "home," and every other place where you work and minister is "not home." However, nothing seems as good as home. The people are not as good as home. The restaurants are not as good as home. The countryside is not as beautiful as home. "There's no place like home."

Deciding on a "home"

We decided that we were going to make the Philippines our "home," even if we were going to stay there only five years. That meant sinking our roots deep. We would make close friends, even knowing that they would be temporary friends.

It was our goal to fall in love with the people and culture of the Philippines, and we accomplished that goal. The down side is that in leaving the Philippines, it was painful to pull up those deep roots.

When we moved to Wisconsin, we did not know how long we would live there. But we knew that we were go-

ing to make Wisconsin our home. We were going to love the people and the place with passion.

For me, part of making a place home is dealing with the issue of my passion for the National Football League. I grew up a fan of the Los Angeles Rams. But part of making Wisconsin my home was becoming a fan of the Green Bay Packers. This does not happen in just one season, any more than making a place "home" happens in a few months. It requires an act of the will, followed by checks on the emotions.

Now, here we are in Denver, Colo., pastoring the Denver SDB Church. We have been here for a year and a half, and already this place is our home. Our roots are deep in the lives of the people of our wonderful church. We love the mountains and the city.

Every place we have made home has been our favorite place to live—until we got to the next place. Then *that* became our favorite place to live. Now, the Lord has given us a wonderful life, ministry, and new home in Denver. By the way, Go Broncos!!! **SR**

New church with young adults? Adjust!

by John M. Peil, San Gabriel, Calif.

Any transition will cause a disturbance in your life and require an adjustment.

It may be the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to you, but you will have to modify parts of your life to accommodate the transition. It is the same with a church.

Our beginnings

Our church has had many changes or "disturbances" in the last 18 years. On March 5, 1983, the San Gabriel (Calif.) Seventh Day Baptist Church of Faith broke away from the Los

Angeles church and met for the first time in a couple's home.

Twenty-two individuals were present. We were a house church for about a year and then we began to look for a church to rent. The committee responsible for finding a church called an American Baptist Church in Covina.

The associate pastor who answered the phone actually knew my wife, Ruthie, and me from seminary, and he reported that they would be pleased to rent to our group. We were excited because they knew us, we felt

like a "real church" because we were in a building. That was a change.

Address changed, church changed

When we moved to that church building in 1984, some interesting things happened. Suddenly we were stable. We were permanent. Like a couple living together who finally get married, now we could discuss what was bothering us. Four families soon left for various reasons. Our transition to stability was a disturbance.

Then on December 31, 1992, we

Young adult singles need food and fellowship so we provided it. We wore out a barbecue each year since we had at least one dinner at our house every week.



decided to move to another church. Systems theory warns that when you change buildings, you will have a major crisis within six months. And, right on schedule, we did. (We're nothing, if not normal!)

The charter members who still attended decided to leave. Others moved on until the entire membership had changed twice.

Ten years, third generation

The church's third generation stayed and began to rebuild the little group. One charter member family returned to help, and that gave a needed boost. Our son, John B., learned to play the piano, which solved the problem of an accompanist.

We moved on as a group with a new identity. It took a long time and a great deal of work, patience, and the faith that God was working with us and that we would become what He wants us to be. Eight years later, halfway through the year 2000, the church finally healed and began to prosper. The restoration needed, caused by the transitions, took much time and effort.

Singles and young adults

During those years, Ruthie and I chose to work on getting singles and young adults into the church—a singles ministry. This was another change.

We took them to the beach, we rented RVs and even had Thanksgiving dinner by the ocean. The group grew to about 20 individuals, which is large for a small church. Young adult singles need food and fellowship so we provided it. We wore out

a barbecue each year since we had at least one dinner at our house every week.

Eric Davis attended Fuller seminary and began to work closely with us. Eric brought Scott Hausrath, now pastor of the Foothill SDB Church in Montrose, Calif. And Leland Pike walked in one day. He now helps pastor the Lake Elsinore SDB Church.

Other young adults kept coming and going. The membership changed 50 percent each year.

Why bother??

Why bother with all the issues singles bring to a church? Why put up with an unmarried couple with a prayer request that they will have a good view from their motel room while on a trip—this asked during the worship service. (Two different couples did this two weeks in a row.) I lost my sense of humor, and both couples moved on to other churches.

Why bother? The transition was painful because some of the older members saw the young adults as a threat and a nuisance. They would walk by the young adults gathered in a restaurant and mention to me how much it must be costing, and then laugh and totter on out. Those older folks are gone now; we have other adults over 40 who help with the work; the young adults are still with us, maturing.

High cost, high reward

Most of the young adults who stayed are now married. Many have children. They all have college educations or are getting them, they tithe, and they are active in the church. They love the church; they love

the Lord; they are loyal; and when I forget my sport jacket, they don't mind—though when I let my gray hair grow too long, they mention that I look a little "Amish." So I cut it.

That ministry was worth everything it cost, and the price was very high. The young adults are in the church, and my children and grandchildren are still in the church. What more can you ask of God? Adjustments had to be made. God blesses, and *you* must adjust. This is rarely mentioned in church.

Changes keep a'coming

Transitions never stop in the city. We have three Sabbath school classes now: one for those of us "young at heart," one for the young adults, and a young children's class which keeps growing. More challenges await us, but God has been good. We all believe He will continue to bless us, and we will continue to adjust.

Please pray for us. We pray for the rest of our churches (you) regularly. If one of us is blessed, we are all blessed and built up. If one of us stumbles or is hurt, we all suffer. Sounds Biblical, doesn't it? **SR**

The best business is God's business

by L.B. Lee, Colorado Springs, Colo.

I will never forget the words of my father in 1972. He said, "Son, I left home when I was 12. You can at least *get a job*."

That kind of advice may seem out of the question today. I can just see me telling my 12-year-old, Kristen, to "Get a job." She would just laugh and say, "Yeah right, Dad."

But, believe it or not, I did. I got my first job at age 12 and have been working ever since. My father gave me the work ethic I needed to make it through life. He told me to always come in early, look at what everyone else was doing, and then double that.

At age 20, I started in business as a Farmers Insurance Agent in Corona, Calif. I had no college degree and no real business experience or background. Just the work ethics of my father, my faith in God, a supportive wife, and a desire to succeed. I guess that is all I really needed.

The first five years were rough, but we made it through. The last five years were quite successful. We had our own office with a small staff, lots of customers, and *debt*.

The "local boys" at the IRS office and I were on a first-name basis. I even kidded around with them once in awhile. Like trying to write off my previous year's payment to the IRS as a "bad investment." Or telling them that I put the IRS in my will, asking for me to be cremated and my ashes sent to them with a note saying, "Now you really have it all."

No matter how successful we were, it seemed there was always someone with their hand out, asking for money.



**Maybe
I could be
successful in this
business world, but for
what? Another title? More money?**

Working most days from 7:00 a.m. to 8 or 9:00 p.m., I soon realized that I was going to send myself to an early grave at that rate. There just wasn't any real satisfaction in my life. The truth was, no matter how much I made, I always needed—or *thought* I needed—more. It was a never-ending game.

I knew that I wanted my life to have more meaning than just being successful in the business world, making money. So, at the age of 30, I decided to sell my business and get out before it *took* me out.

We moved to Colorado and took a six-month sabbatical. During this time of soul searching, I remembered how strong my call to ministry was when I was a younger man. But I had been too preoccupied with work and success.

Once again, I shelved the idea of becoming a minister. After all, I had no college degree, and I wasn't getting any younger. *It would take too long*, I thought.

I got back into the insurance business, working for USAA in Colorado Springs. This time, I was in the corporate world, ready to try my hand at climbing the corporate ladder. But every time I got a little higher—every time I got that promotion—I really wasn't any better off. Maybe I could be successful in this business world, but all for what? Another title? More money?

I had money before, and it didn't make me any happier. I never kept it. People say "money talks." It sure does; it says "good-bye!"

An old adage says, "You can't take it with you." But I heard of one guy who tried.

He gave a million dollars to his pastor, doctor, and attorney, and told each of them to throw their portion in his grave when they buried his casket. Although the first two threw in most of their money, the attorney threw in his personal check.

It's true, you *can't* take it with you. That's why Jesus told us to lay up our treasure in heaven.

I knew what I was supposed to do, and it wasn't this. I was supposed to be a pastor, and God was just waiting for me to quit playing games.

One day my boss said, "It sure

would be nice if we could do something that we really loved instead of this." And that's when it hit me. I knew what I had to do.

I called Rod Henry (then Director of Pastoral Services and head of the SDB Council on Ministry) to see if there was any way for me to study for the ministry while still working. I knew that I had to make a living. And Rod said, "If you're going to be an SDB pastor, you had *better* know how to make a living!" So I continued working (and still do part-time) at USAA.

Although the call to ministry continued to beckon me, I still didn't feel ready. My original plan was to finish the ministry study programs, and then think about getting started in church planting. But God and my wife had other plans. Within the first two years, God used us to plant the church in Colorado Springs.

At first, it wasn't easy being a Seventh Day Baptist pastor. It's a little tough "coming in the back door" in a denomination where most of the pastors can trace their SDB heritage back to the Great Flood! But I did.

I cannot tell you exactly why or how it happened, but it *did* happen, by the grace of God. And I know now that I can never go back. I cannot—nor would I ever try to—undo what I have become. Somehow, I transitioned from a businessman chasing the almighty dollar, to a pastor working for the Almighty God. Somehow, God made me into an SDB pastor.

I remember dreaming about being a pastor when I was much younger. In my mind, I saw multitudes of people sitting and listening to me, and even coming forward afterwards to a life-changing experience. I had hoped for those dreams to come true. I now realize that this is not reality.

It took a long time to get to the point where I could accept this undeniable fact: as an SDB pastor, I'm given a very small slice out of the "pie" of God's Kingdom. I must take my piece and quit looking at how much is left on the serving plate.

It is still difficult for me. I always

thought that there was a system for making anything big. But now I realize that this is exactly what I need, and exactly what the Lord had in mind for me all along. Yes, it may be a small slice, but it is *my* slice. And none is any sweeter or more filling.

There comes a point in almost everyone's life when we must decide between two options: do we keep on doing what we are doing, or is it time to start doing what we *really* want to do? For me, I can finally say that I

that is what I hope to do. Can I fulfill those goals? Only God knows.

I have found that most people in this world attend church three times: when they are "hatched," when they are "matched," and when they are finally "dispatched." But not so for SDBs. Church seems to be a big part of their lives. So the challenge for me is to work with them, one at a time. That is what it takes.

Just like the story of the kid busily throwing washed-up starfish back

**I knew what I was
supposed to do, and it wasn't this.
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to quit playing games.**

cannot imagine doing anything else. I could never say that when I was in my own business or in the corporate world.

In my opinion, making a difference in people's lives is the best work that anyone can do. If you work towards making yourself happy, it will only make you sad. If you are always seeking to better your situation in life, you will always come up short. It never pans out.

It is only when we look beyond ourselves to help others that we find true joy. It starts with giving. Jesus said, "It is truly better to give than to receive." This is true ministry—serving Him through serving others.

I have learned two things in my short time in the pastorate. First, you have to preach the Word with all the passion and knowledge that God has given you.

Secondly, you must love the people in your congregation with all of your heart. They will forgive a few mediocre sermons if they know you love them. But if you have *no* warmth in your heart for those entrusted in your care, they will know it. So preach the Word and love the people;

into the sea. A man walked up to the boy and asked, "There are so many. Surely you don't think you can make a difference, do you?" The boy quietly picked up another starfish, looked at it, and threw it into the ocean. "It made a difference to that one," he replied.

This, I have learned, is my ministry. It is one individual at a time. My greatest joy is to see someone accept Jesus as Savior, grow in God's Spirit, and then lead a joyful life of service. That's what it's all about.

God can make a difference in lives. But the only way to do this is to spend time with each person and quit worrying about how many people are attending church, or who will come next week. We need to quit looking at the numbers, and instead look in the eyes of the individuals. And they will come.

They will come when God sends them. The key is to be ready when they do, busy in His business. It's not a business like the typical corporate world has to offer, with spreadsheets and "stats." No, God's business is the Business of Love. For me, that is the best business of all. **SR**

Traditions to transitions

by Chuck and Lorna Graffius, Oviedo, Fla.

"Pastor Chuck's" story:

Traditions have a way of evolving into transitions that evolve into new traditions. So it was with me.

I was happy and enjoying my adventure through life with three wonderful children who loved the Lord and were now on their own, each in a different ministry.

The "house that Chuck built" was paid off and the mortgage burned. As a retired couple, Anne and I were now ready to live the traditional "retired life." This, we promised, would include relaxation, travel and, of course, continuing our various ministries.

Anne had her own ministry of counseling, hospitality, and being a servant where needed, while providing lots of TLC to anybody in her world.

All of these dreams came to an abrupt end when doctors informed us that Anne had amyloidosis. There was no cure in sight, and they gave her two years to live. But this child of God was a fighter, and she stretched those two years into 10.

Anne was healed, just like she said in her testimony before the SDB General Conference in 1981. Many of you provided that healing by your cards and letters, and words of comfort and encouragement on a daily basis.

Anne was healed but not cured. So she left this world behind with a cheering, crying throng who had been blest by her ministry and her undying love for her Lord and Savior.

I found myself in the "Valley of Grief," crying to the Lord, "Why me? Why Anne?" And the Lord was quick to reply: "Listen, P.C. Out of the sorrow and grief of ashes will come the oil of blessing." Even through doubt and reluctance, the Lord was not through with me yet. Praise his Name!

Great strength came from the Summer Christian Service Corps (SCSC) trainers and workers. Throughout the 10 years that I spent as an SCSC trainer, these loving people cried with me, prayed with me, loved me, and were a part of my "transition team."

It was about this time that the Lord gave me one of the greatest blessings ever—the vision of the Senior Saints. I could foresee a collection of talented, "mature" adults traveling the country to assist churches and camps in their construction projects.

In this group, God has given me the most loving, caring, supportive Children of God. What can I say? The Senior Saints are a blessing to people wherever they go. I continually praise the Lord for these "saints" whom I have come to love so deeply.

During a trip from Pennsylvania to South Carolina for an Association meeting, the opportunity arose for me to have a conversation with a beautiful gray-haired lady whose husband had recently died. I felt I could give some counsel, and at the same time secure her permission to at least be on the mailing list of the Senior Saints.

And it worked! But she became a Senior Saint in a different process.

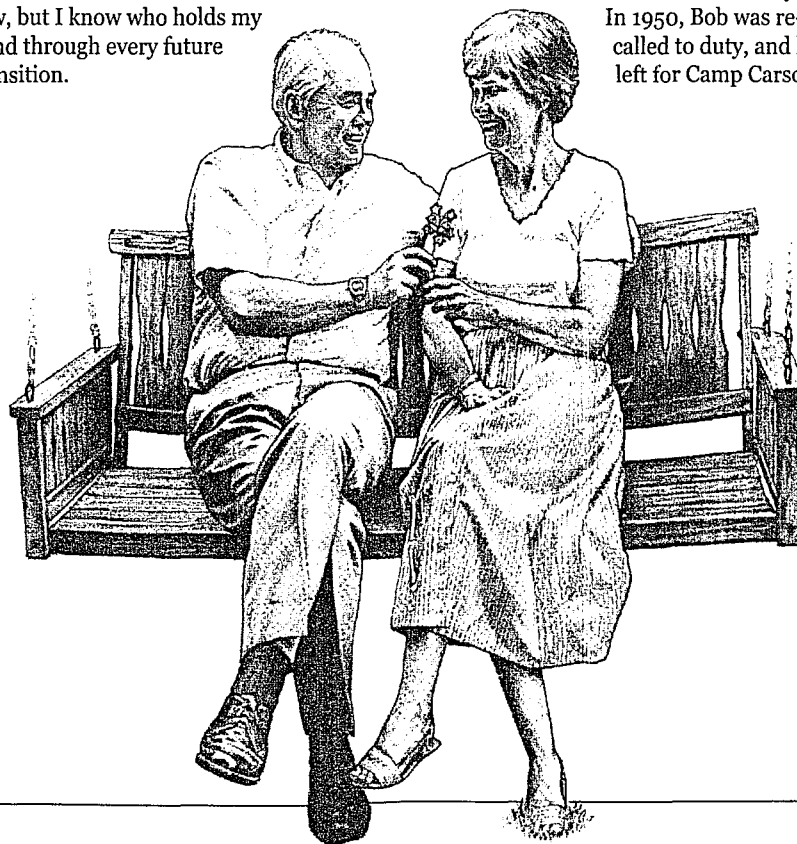
On one of my form letters, I added a note in my own handwriting, inviting Lorna Austin out to lunch during my upcoming trip to Florida. We would discuss, among other things, her involvement in the Senior Saints. Imagine my surprise when she turned me down with an invitation of her own!

Lorna proposed that we go to Cypress Gardens where we could talk about our common interests and try to determine if there really is life after the death of a spouse.

One thing led to another and, on April 5th of that same year, another Senior Saint was successfully enlisted. With Lorna as my lover, worker, partner, and friend, we now travel together (as leaders and trainers) to Senior Saints projects, NET and youth retreats, church projects, and *whatever!*

The Lord has blessed us with the best of everything. We pray daily that He will make us a blessing to someone in need. Even in the recent death of my son, Larry, the Lord is still our refuge in sorrow and the continual sunshine of our lives. Who could want anything more?

I don't know about tomorrow, but I know who holds my hand through every future transition.



Lorna's story:

I found two descriptions of the words "tradition" and "transition" which I felt applied to my transition of marrying again:

•*Tradition*—"An inherited pattern of thought or action (as in religious doctrine or practice)."

•*Transition*—"A musical passage leading from one section of a piece of music to another."

This affirms for me that tradition makes transition smoother, if that tradition includes a bold faith in the Savior.

My profession as a physical therapist led me to work in an Army Hospital during World War II. Here was my first real awareness of transition, causing complete reliance on God. The comfort of knowing my Lord, and my need for His care, enriched me during the two years spent overseas.

I met Bob Austin in England. After the war ended, we married and lived in Minnesota for five years.

In 1950, Bob was recalled to duty, and he left for Camp Carson

in Colorado. Our two daughters and I moved there three months later.

We attended the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Denver and were so happy to be in fellowship with them. Our girls were included in Daily Vacation Bible School, and it was a melodically smooth transition for us.

Our next transition was moving our family to the Washington, D.C., area., where there was always a warm welcome at the SDB church. Other assignments were not as easily adapted to, since we were far from family and our churches, which had always provided a comfort zone.

Our choice to move to Florida in 1989 was necessitated by Bob's need to be in a warm climate. We were now near our daughter Shelley, and she and the Daytona Beach SDB Church were a big blessing to us.

During our second year in Florida, Bob's health deteriorated rapidly. All of our daughters were with us during his final days. The girls were able to make decisions that I could not make, and my husband was able to express his love and peace with the Lord.

Bob received good medical care but his enlarged heart failed completely on January 23, 1993. We were able to bring him home the day before he died.

It was easier to accept Bob's death—knowing that he was willing to meet the Savior—than it was for me to accept being a widow. I couldn't face a day without asking, "What now?"

Shelley answered first by asking me to go back to work in home health care. This work had always been very rewarding, and it did help me. But evidently my inner feelings were still

apparent, especially to my fellow workers.

The psychiatric nurse who worked in my group handed me a brochure for the second time, directing me to bereavement counseling. I eventually went, and help was there in wonderful godly teachers.

Being willing to finally accept help fulfilled my need to meet life as it was after Bob's death. It was much easier to listen to others who were hurting, and I began to believe that the Lord could use me again in some helpful way.

When Chuck asked me to join Senior Saints, I quickly answered: "I do not have those skills, nor do I want to leave home and face new frontiers." His invitation to join meant traveling alone, learning new work, etc.

It is hard to describe how the Lord brought about my change of heart.

When Chuck came to Florida, we both shared our feelings of loss in the deaths of Bob, and of Chuck's wife, Anne.

After we met again, the following verse came to me as I drove back home to Orlando: "For it is God who works in you, both to will and to do for His good pleasure" (Philippians 2:13). This satisfied my belief that the Lord would create for me the right desire, to make the right decision.

And you know the rest of the story!

Chuck and I believe our marriage was made with God's blessing. We have found happiness being as one, together in Christ. We are blest with love for each other, and with joy as all of our children gave us their blessing.

All of our succeeding transitions have been happy ones, as we have always been involved together in whatever event and place we are to serve.

God is good and greatly to be praised! *SR*



Wait in faith on the Lord

Change is an inevitable part of our lives. Whether it be a situation that is marked for the better or, in some cases, for the worse.

How do we cope with the changes that our different experiences may bring about? How do we:

- keep from becoming too prideful or arrogant in the face of success or an abundance of blessings?
- make it through despair or setbacks in the face of personal loss, broken dreams, or oppression?
- deal with the mishaps or injustices which may occur throughout the entirety of our lives here on this earth without giving in to hopelessness or giving up on justice or virtue?
- handle popularity, power or riches bestowed upon us without becoming spoiled, corrupt, or conceited?
- manage to get through all manner of changes—good and bad—without becoming utterly lost in ourselves and a less-than-stable world?

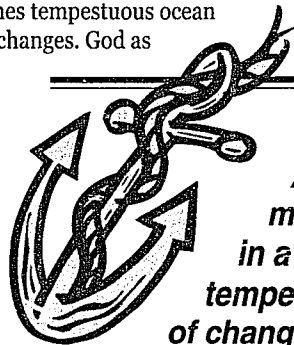
The answer, simply put, is by remembering God and being obedient to Him. In a world filled with change and instability, it is essential to hold fast to something which is perpetually good and true for support. We must build our life principles on a foundation that is everlasting.

"For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed" (Mal. 3:6). Keep Him in our hearts and minds. Trust Him for He knows best, can see and judge the entire picture, and loves us dearly.

He can strengthen and sustain us in hard times, and we can remember through humility and gratitude that we are indebted to Him for our lives.

Learn His ways and His will, and let them become our own. (Read, read, read the Bible, and pray!)

God as our Anchor will help us maintain a balance in a sometimes tempestuous ocean of changes. God as



God as our Anchor will help us maintain a balance in a sometimes tempestuous ocean of changes.

our Light will help us distinguish between the good and bad circumstances so that we might more properly handle those situations.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?... Wait in faith on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait I say, on the Lord" (Psalm 27:1-14).

Who better to look to for guidance and comfort than He who loved us so much that He gave the one true Way to be saved? "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3:17). Who better to remain faithful to, and who better to listen to our prayers? And who offers us better care and covenant?

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithful-

ness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord" (Lam. 3:22-26).


Time is filled with swift transition, Naught of earth unmoved can stand, Build your hopes on things eternal, Hold to God's unchanging hand!

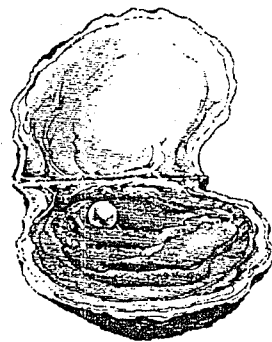
Trust in Him who will not leave you, Whatsoever years may bring, If by earthly friends forsaken, Still more closely to Him cling!

Covet not this world's vain riches, That so rapidly decay, Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures, They will never fade away!

When your journey is completed, If to God you have been true, Fair and bright the home in glory, Your enraptured soul will view!

Chorus: Hold to God's unchanging hand, Hold to God's unchanging hand, Build your hopes on things eternal, Hold to God's unchanging hand.

(Lyrics by Jennie Wilson from the song, "Hold to God's Unchanging Hand.") 



Indebted to transitions

ground to accept the Sabbath. In his biographic account, Campbell recalled how his church appointed a committee to work toward reclaiming him to Sunday observance.

But the committee never met because as they searched for arguments to convince Campbell of his error, they found none. Even his pastor admitted that there were none, and that if the church would turn and keep the Sabbath, he would also.

His pastor's final argument was more economical than scriptural: If Campbell stayed with the Presbyterians, they could offer him his education and greater areas of service than he could find among Seventh Day Baptists. He ended his argument with a question for Campbell: "How can you be conformed to shut yourself up among that ignorant people and abandon all hope of future usefulness?"

In his autobiography, Campbell recalled that "those remarks planted the germ out of which DeRuyter Institute grew; for I then and there resolved that should my lot be cast among the Seventh Day Baptists, with God's help, I would do all in my power to remove this reproach from that people."

Thomas B. Brown

A contemporary of Campbell made a similar transition. Thomas B. Brown, the son of a Baptist pastor, began training for the medical profession, but ill health forced him to give that up. At this time he made a profession of religion which led him into the ministry.

Brown accepted the pastorate of a Baptist church in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. There he began to read a book from his father's library, *Remarks on the Different Sentiments Entertained in Christendom Relative to the Weekly Sabbath*. It was written by Robert Burnside, pas-

tor of the Pinners' Hall Seventh Day Baptist Church in London.

This book raised the question of the Sabbath in Brown's mind, and he read everything he could on the subject. In August 1839, he embraced the Sabbath and accepted the pastorate of the nearby Hayfield SDB Church. Shortly thereafter he moved to New York City, where he devoted himself to promoting the Sabbath until his death.

When the American Sabbath Tract Society was organized, Rev. Brown was one of its first Directors. In 1843, Conference voted to appeal to other Christians, urging them to thoroughly examine the Sabbath of the Bible.

Brown was the principal author of that widely-circulated letter, which is credited with influencing followers of the Millerite movement to accept the Sabbath. This in turn led to the formation of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination.

Brown was also instrumental in the publication of the first *Sabbath Recorder* in 1844 and became a co-editor in 1849. He was the principal editor of a hymnal published in 1847 under the title, *Christian Psalmody*. At least eight other books and tracts are credited to him.

In 1842, Pastor Brown presented a resolution to General Conference questioning whether the "present organization of General Conference is a suitable vehicle for the benevolence of the denomination." Out of this came the establishment of the Missionary Society. Brown served as its first president until he became Corresponding Secretary in 1847.

In 1854, health forced Brown to leave his urban environment and take a pastorate in the rural parish of Little Genesee, N.Y. Just four months after this move, he helped form the Education Society.

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When my daughter bought a stick shift automobile a few years ago, I tried to teach her how to shift gears smoothly. She had learned to drive with automatic transmissions and had never had to coordinate a clutch with the gas pedal and a shift lever.

Although I had learned to drive before automatic transmissions, I now had to concentrate on easing off the gas pedal while pushing in the clutch to avoid a racing engine and grinding gears. Once she learned the reason, her driving became more enjoyable and safer. I also discovered that a new driver could be a better teacher than one who operates from habit.

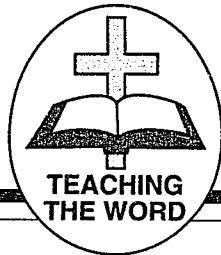
Some of this process of teaching a new driver is applicable to the transition of the Gospel message. When people understand the reason and experience the benefits, they are better equipped to share it with others.

This principle of transition is particularly evident regarding Sabbath, where one has to consciously change from what had become "automatic" in a sabbathless society to "shift" into a meaningful Sabbath experience.

Historically, many of our most prominent leaders have been those who were raised in the churches of other faiths. These men and women were forced to make a decisive transition in their personal Biblical convictions.

Alexander Campbell

Last month's "Pearls" mentioned the transition Alexander Campbell made from his Presbyterian back-



Christian Education

by Andrew J. Camenga

Publications for sale

Item	Qty.	Price each	Total
<i>Seventh Day Baptist Heritage</i> (each tract)	—	\$.10	—
<i>The Helping Hand in Bible Study</i> (quarterly, per year)	—	9.00	—
<i>The Sabbath Visitor</i> (Children's weekly bulletin, per year)	—	3.00	—
<i>Baptism: Ordination to Christian Vocation</i> (35 pages)	—	1.00	—
<i>The Teaching Leader</i> (book) by Ernest K. Bee Jr.	—	5.00	—
<i>SDB Beliefs</i> (special <i>Helping Hand</i> , 13 lessons)	—	2.50	—
Sabbath Nurture Series			
(13 lessons for the Sabbath School <u>each</u>)			
Pre-School Teacher (includes posters)	—	\$ 5.00	—
Pre-School Student	—	2.00	—
Pre-School Songbook	—	3.00	—
Primary Teacher (includes posters)	—	5.00	—
Primary Student	—	2.00	—
Junior Teacher (includes posters)	—	5.00	—
Junior Student (includes take-home papers)	—	3.00	—
Junior High Teacher	—	4.00	—
Junior High Student	—	2.00	—
Senior High Teacher	—	1.50	—
Senior High Student	—	1.50	—
Missions and Ministry Nurture Series			
(13 lessons for the Sabbath School <u>each</u>)			
Primary Teacher (with posters & audio tape)	—	\$ 7.00	—
Primary Student	—	2.00	—
Junior Teacher (with posters & audio tape)	—	7.00	—
Junior Student (includes take-home papers)	—	3.00	—
Junior High Teacher (includes handouts)	—	4.00	—
Junior High Student (Missions magazine)	—	2.00	—
Senior High Teacher	—	3.00	—
Senior High Student	—	3.00	—

Please send this form (photocopies acceptable) to:

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CENTER
PO BOX 1678
JANESVILLE WI 54547-1678

or phone: (608) 752-5055
Fax: (608) 752-7711
e-mail: sdbmedia@inwave.com

Your address and phone number

(Since we need to add shipping charges, please do not prepay orders. You will be billed.)



FOCUS
on Missions

Guyana: registered and growing

by Kirk Looper

Guyana, a small country on the northern coast of South America, is one of the larger SDB-populated countries. Its 11 churches are located mostly along the coast between Georgetown and the Pomeroon River. The remaining ones are located out in the Savanna, where the Amerindians live.

The churches serve the surrounding areas with social, medical, and Christian education programs.

When Val Bennett was in Guyana, we discovered that the Conference was not registered. It took a lot of effort to develop a constitution and by-laws to enable the Conference to approach the government for registration.

Seventh Day Baptists have been in Guyana since 1913. How could we miss registering the Conference? The answer is simple: for years, registration was not required for holding meetings and conducting business. The government just recently called upon the Conference to pay taxes and duties. Our church officials realized that they needed to complete the registration process, which has been done.

Conference members participate in bee-keeping, raising poultry, and farming. The bees are kept at Camp Glory, a youth camp located near the highway between Georgetown and Linden. They "raid" the hives and bottle the honey for sale.

Chickens are raised at members' homes and sold to help with the Conference budget. Farming is done in two areas—at Camp Glory, and at a former campground on the Pomeroon River, where coconuts, sugar cane, and row crops such as beans are grown.

Three hundred and ten coconut trees have been planted at Camp Glory. They came from several sources, including Pastor Sherlock Caesar, Donauth Dwaka, and Pastor Jacob Tyrell.

Now that these plants are in, the Conference plans to continue clearing the land so that a greater emphasis can be placed on farming it. They have several tens of acres that still need to be cleared. If the land is not developed, the lease agreement may be forfeited.

In a report to the Missionary Society office, Brother Bennett wrote, "This site has a tremendous potential for growth, development, and profitability. Moreover, the Lord is just waiting on someone to make himself available as a manager for the camp farm projects."

SDBs continue to reach out in their surrounding

communities, hoping to attract people to their churches. At times, new congregations are established in these areas. The newest church is located in Joanna Cecilia, a coastal town between the Essequibo and Pomeroon Rivers.

This new congregation is involved in a prison ministry. They sponsor services at the New Opportunity Corps, a youth deten-

tion center located a short distance from Joanna Cecilia.

Youngsters who have indicated an interest in Jesus, or have accepted Him as their Lord and Savior, receive follow-up support. SDB pastors living closest to the troubled youth are contacted so that they can offer much-needed guidance and encouragement.

We congratulate two members of the Parika SDB Church who were recently ordained—Pastor Dyrick Thomas and Sister Yonnet. We praise God for those willing to stand apart from the membership with promise of dedicated service. We pray for their continued work and ministries in His Kingdom. **SR**

"This site has a tremendous potential for growth, development, and profitability. Moreover, the Lord is just waiting on someone to make himself available as a manager for the camp farm projects."



the BEACON

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

April 2001

SDB afflictions

by Eowyn Driscoll, Baldwin, N.Y.

Seventh Day Baptist Youth-Type Personnel Withdrawal Syndrome (SDBYTPWDS):

An affliction whose origins are unknown. Possible cause, an extended absence from other members of Youth-Type Personnel classification. This syndrome is also known as "Post Conference Blues."

The life cycle of SDBYTPWDS:

We are the Seventh Day Baptist Youth of North America. We are the Youth-Type Personnel (YTP), a group of kids who enjoy wearing their name tags in completely random places, break out into song at any given moment, and—like all the Baptists before us—we continue the tradition of sitting as far back in the sanctuary as we can, or up in the balcony if possible. We get together for one and a half weeks each summer, to see each other, not go to committee meetings, or become a "lost interest" committee, and of course a good dose of complete randomness—or Stained Glass.

And then after one-and-a-half weeks of fun, frolicking, and a lot of singing, there is a reprise of a sappy going-away song before we all depart to our native towns scattered about the country, not to see all of the YTP together for another year.

So we go home, e-mail and write our friends across the country, go to our Youth Groups, church, and

school. The year drags on and we miss our friends dearly. Some of us see each other again at the year-end retreat—five days of fun with lots of snow, and many see those in their region again at Association.

A full year, united in Christ; in spirit if not in reality. We have to learn to stand up for ourselves and our reality without a majority of our friends. So we live and learn and then get Luvs; wait, no, that's not right. We live and learn how to make time for God, on our own. He sets up the challenges and calls the shots, and we slowly overcome our fear and our pride as God brings us closer to Him, without the help of our friends on the other side of the continent.

A full year of e-mails, letters, phone calls, and brief get-togethers later, we regroup at Pre-con for another week-and-a-half of fun, frolicking, and obnoxious name tag wearing; before a reprise of some sappy song, many tears, and SDBYTPWDS starting anew.

Top 10 symptoms of SDBYTPWDS:

10. The YTP's phone lines are constantly busy because they are always online trying to make contact with the rest of the world.
9. The YTP never refer to a song by its actual name, it is always a nickname. Such as, "Your

Everlasting Love" becomes "The Jumping Song."

8. The YTP frequently lock themselves in their room w/Christian music blaring.
7. When joining hands, a YTP automatically says "Right over Left!"
6. Common phrases are "No touching!" and "I am trying to walk in the footsteps of Christ, who didn't wear shoes, so why should I?"
5. The YTP breaks out into a Jesus Camp Song, complete with hand and/or foot motions, at any given moment.
4. The YTP refuses to drink water, as they think they are being forced to drink Camp Joy water, and frequently refer to it as "Wooder."
3. The YTP is seen overdosing on highly-caffeinated soft drink. More frequently than usual.
2. When asked their favorite song, the YTP's immediate response is "The Seventh Day Baptist Youth Rally Song."
1. The YTP finds and wears a name-tag, in places such as sleeves, the back of a collar—and shirt, dress, or skirt hems—as well as on other people at all waking moments of the day.

Possible solutions:

1. Pray each night for someone different. (If you don't know who to pray for, find a contact sheet from Pre-con, camp, a church direc-

cont. on page 26

Try God

In Lindsborg
Aug. 5-11, 2001

"Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to observe all that I commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age" (Matt. 28:19-20).

Each of us has a command to tell others about God—what He can do for them and what they must do as a disciple or follower of Christ. Many of us often think that "someone else" will do it.

Over the years, our denomination has followed or instituted several programs to help prepare us to spread the Gospel—Church Growth back in the 1970s, Evangelism Explosion, and Natural Evangelism Training (NET). These are tools on how to spread the Gospel.

How I got started

In my own life, I started to share the Gospel when it became "real" to me; when I accepted Jesus as Lord and Savior, and was baptized with the Holy Spirit. The change in my life was real, and my relationship with Jesus was real. I had put my trust in Him and was blessed with peace, joy, and prosperity.

Having received God's blessings, I wanted to share them with others. I did this in a number of ways, but the end result was the same. I was able to tell others what God could do in their lives. And as I shared my experiences with other believers, I encouraged them to do the same.

The President's Page

The Great Commission

by Clayton Pinder

Courses and actions

My wife Lee and I took the course in Evangelism Explosion in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., and, along with Pastor Delmer Van Horn, visited several homes in the Lost Creek, W.Va., area.

My family and I also spent a number of years pastoring and sharing with people on Crites Mountain, W.Va. We traveled there on Sabbath Day and had an afternoon service. Several people accepted Christ as their Savior and were baptized. They experienced blessings and, in turn, shared them with others.



Clayton Pinder

At camp and at work

Another way to "share God" occurred at Camp Joy in Berea, W.Va. As a camp director, I had the opportunity to share with young people during summer camp. Many campers

their trust in God. It was so rewarding when a number of these people came back and told me how God had helped them change their lives.

In a similar vein, several students came to me with their problems when I was teaching at Salem (W.Va.) College. I always shared with them how I solved *my* problems and, again, asked if they would like to do the same. I saw lives and attitudes change when these students put their trust in God.

All of us can share God with our family, friends, neighbors, coworkers, business associates, and even strangers.

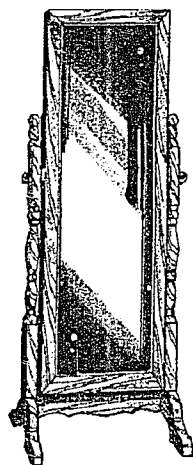
who accepted Christ back then are now married and their children are going through the same experience.

I was even able to share Christ at my work place and helped many come to the Lord. This was done by listening to people's problems or crises and then asking them if they really wanted to solve them. I told them about God and how He had helped me in difficult situations. "Would you like to do the same?" I asked. Most were eager to try to put

We can all share Christ

All of us can share God with our family, friends, neighbors, coworkers, business associates, and even strangers. Why do that? Because we love them and want what is best for them. We can help them by sharing what God has done *for us*, and then allow the Holy Spirit to work in their lives.

Another reason to share God's love is grounded in our desire to please Him by being obedient. Matthew 28:19-20 is more than a commission. It's a joy to do His will and work. **SR**



Reflections by Leanne Lippincott

"Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face."—1 Cor. 13:12

"Rock, rock, rock your boat..."

A popular adage proclaims, "Only two things in life are certain—death and taxes." I'd like to add a third certainty to that list: change.

To be perfectly honest, I dislike change. In fact, I loathe it, hate it, disdain it, detest it, despise it, and abhor it. (Have I made myself clear?)

During the first two decades of my life, my "boat" rocked very little. I was a highly content sailor, enjoying the status quo. (That's Latin for "the existing state of affairs.")

My "affairs" existed in a small, sheltered realm. I attended grade school, high school, and college in the same town. When I entered the job market, I drove to work and continued to live at home.

I was almost 25 years old before my boat began to rock. That's when I quit my job as a newspaper reporter, got married, and moved to Minnesota to become a wife and mother. (Talk about transitions and trauma!)

I'm one of those souls who would have been content to live in the same house the rest of my life. But my husband's job took us from Minnesota, to Iowa, then back to Wisconsin. I think Denny enjoyed the moves and the adventure of it all. But I kept searching and yelling: "Yo, Quo! What's your status?"

Like most lives, mine has been filled with little changes and big changes, some good and some bad. What's really important is how we react to change. We can fight and

rage against it, or we can accept it, with God's help.

Two of my "big" changes occurred 16 years apart.

In 1983, my life changed forever when Denny was killed in a plane crash. In a blink of an eye, I became a 38-year-old widow, solely responsible for raising our two small children. I was thankful that we had moved to Wisconsin four years earlier. Relatives and members of our church family were now close by to lend support.

In 1999, I was diagnosed with Stage 3 breast cancer and underwent several months of chemotherapy and radiation. It's been a confusing time as I've switched from being "a healthy woman," to "a woman with cancer," to "a cancer survivor who prays it doesn't come back."

Difficult changes, difficult adjustments.

I've also been blessed with an array of "good" changes. Two happily married children, independent and engaged in life. A 10-month-old granddaughter living in Florida, and twin "Wisconsin grandbabies" on the way.

I'm enjoying my offspring as young adults, but adjusting to the "empty nest" was more traumatic than anticipated.

Two years ago, I came home from work one afternoon and walked into the kitchen. As I stood by the table, I started sobbing. All four of those chairs used to be filled each night. Suddenly, I felt

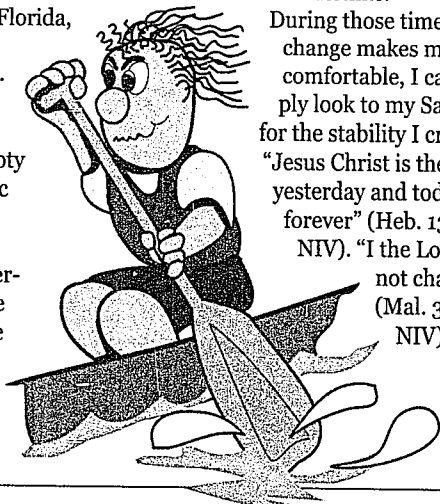
lost. Totally adrift. I hadn't been a wife for a long time, but now I felt like I wasn't a mother, either. It took prayer, medication, and good Christian counseling to keep my boat from sinking during *that* storm.

Although I don't like change, I wouldn't want a world without it. Life would be pretty boring if our "state of affairs" stayed the same, day in and day out.

We often connect "transition" with our physical surroundings. A new job, a new town, a new school. But change exists inside of ourselves as well. Am I the same person today—spiritually, mentally, and emotionally—that I was when I was an at-home wife? A mother with two small children? A woman with a "clean" mammogram? I hope I've changed and grown through *all* of my transitions—the sad ones as well as the happy ones. Whether laughing or crying, mourning or dancing, our goal should be to grow in faith and become more Christlike.

During those times when change makes me uncomfortable, I can simply look to my Savior for the stability I crave:

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever" (Heb. 13:8 NIV). "I the Lord do not change" (Mal. 3:6 NIV). **SR**



Marlboro presses on

by Diane Cruzan

News from our SDB church near Bridgeton, N.J.

It's been over a year since our beloved pastor, Larry Graffius, passed away. What a tragedy! It affected all of us, but some "took it harder" than others, especially the children. They loved him so much and, for many of them, this was their first experience with grief.

The first Sabbath after Pastor Larry's death we met as a church with no guest speaker. We sat close together near the front of the sanctuary. There was no sermon, only a chance to talk. It was bittersweet as we began our mourning.

Since then, we have been blessed with many warm, caring guest speakers, especially two local ministers—Rev. John DuBois and Rev. Everett Dickinson. They each preach at our church one Sabbath a month and have been a special help to us.

We also have other guest speakers one or two Sabbaths each month. Once a month, our own Worship Committee takes charge of the service, with one of our laymen usually giving the sermon.

Life moves on, even for churches, so Marlboro remains active. Last year, a Community Relations Committee was formed. Its main respon-

sibility is to introduce our church to the community. So far, we have done this through newspaper ads, a new web site, and the development of a newsletter.

The web site gives information about our church, including our beliefs, schedule, driving directions, and each week's service and bulletin information. Please visit us on-line at <Marlborosdb.org.>

Our newsletter, *Marlboro Matters*, is mailed three times a year.

Among other things, each edition includes a featured member, upcoming events to which the community is invited, a historical article, and a recipe from one of our members.

The newsletter is mailed to over 1,200 households in our area and to individuals across the country who have an interest in the Marlboro SDB Church. If you would like to receive *Marlboro Matters*, let us know through our web site or call Diane Cruzan at (856) 451-0904.

Also during 2000, we started holding a once-a-month worship service at a local managed care facility for older adults. The service is led by Marlboro church members and includes a lot of hymn singing, special

music, and readings. We have discovered that the residents love to sing! This endeavor has been rewarding for all who attend.

One Marlboro church member has been certified as a financial counselor by Christian Financial Concepts. Through the church, he is available to area individuals and couples who need financial direction. Marlboro has also sponsored three finance seminars, at another church and here in Marlboro.

Besides considering different pastors for our church, the Pastor Search Committee has spent considerable time studying our congregation, our facilities, and our community. This will help us determine what we need in a pastor and aid any prospective pastor who is thinking of joining us.

During this process, we learned a little more about ourselves, and our strengths and weaknesses. As a church, we are doing okay, but we need a leader.

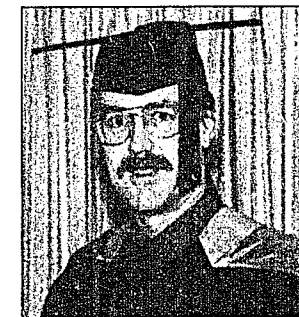
So, how are we doing at Marlboro? We are all still loving one another, helping one another, and trying to help our community. All in all, we are doing well, with much hope for the future. **SR**

Hill climbs academic ladder

Just four years ago, Australian SDB David Hill left the comfort of his supervisory position in the Queensland Ambulance Service to take on full-time study in Theology.

As an elective, he researched the development of the SDB denomination in Australia. During holiday breaks, he completed his T.I.M.E. studies, a requirement for pastoral accreditation by the Australasian Conference of Seventh Day Baptists.

David won the Advanced Theology Prize in December 1998. At the end of 1999, he graduated with the highest marks in the Bachelor of



David Hill

Ministries course at the Queensland Baptist College of Ministries. In Christchurch, New Zealand,

a few weeks later, David became President of the Australasian Conference of SDBs. During 2000, David set up his own business as a web-page designer and continued part-time study.

In February 2001, he was awarded a Bachelor of Theology (Upper Second-Class Honours) by the Australian College of Theology.

David puts all of this into perspective by saying, "I look back now and remember the many times that I really felt like I just couldn't go on, and I praise God for His strength and grace that kept me." **SR**

New Members

Dallas/Ft. Worth, TX

Earle Holston, pastor
Joined after testimony
Melissa Brumfield
Stanford Brumfield

Denver, CO

Rodney Henry, pastor
Joined after baptism
Brandon Parker
Timothy Thorngate

New York City, NY

Harold Smith, pastor
Joined after baptism
Shoushounova Dallas
Charmay Foster
Stacey Granville
Wendy Gooden
Arlene Gordon
Jennifer Sealy
Shayla Shorter
Harold Smith Jr.

Riverside, CA

Eric Davis, pastor
Joined after testimony
Brian Clark
Lawrence Cruze
Kim Freeman
George Lawson
Karen Lawson
Matthew Lawson
Angelyn Neher
Stephanie Ritchie
Don Shackelford
Lisa Shackelford
Patty Shackelford
Joe Wilson
Joined by letter
Evelyn Gibson
Norman Gibson

Waterford, CT

Leon Lawton, pastor
Joined after testimony
Avis Springer
Keith Springer

Marriage

James - Martin.—Keith James and Jennifer Martin were united in marriage on August 11, 2000, in the Salem (WV) Seventh Day Baptist Church. Revs. Dale Thorngate and Steven James officiated.

Obituary

Cruzan.—Frank Cruzan, 85, died on February 4, 2001, at his rural home near Bridgeton, N.J. He had been in good health until the two weeks before his death.

He was born in North Loup, Neb., to Roy and Stella (Clement) Cruzan. He was raised in Nebraska and moved to New Jersey in 1937. He was the husband of Ruth (Allen) Cruzan.

A farmer all of his life, Frank owned and operated Cruzandale Farms in Stow Creek Township. Originally a dairy and poultry farmer, he later grew vegetables. Most recently, he was a potato and grain farmer.

He was a longtime member, deacon, and former trustee of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church. He had also served as the church's moderator. He was the former president and a board member of the Stow Creek Township Board of Education.

Frank enjoyed woodworking and hunting and was a member of the National Rifle Association. During their retirement years, he and his wife visited 48 of the 50 states.

Survivors include his wife; five sons, Duane and Daniel of Hopewell Township, Dale and Duke of Stow Creek, and P. David of Orlando, Fla.; one brother, Bert, of Stow Creek; 10 grandchildren, and 18 great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by one brother, the Rev. Earl Cruzan, and one sister, Emma Werkheiser.

Services were held on February 8, 2001, in the Marlboro SDB Church. Rev. Everett Dickinson officiated. Burial was in the church cemetery.

A most noble Association

by Andy Samuels

And it came to pass that on the 10th day of November, in the final year of the millennium, that representatives from eight churches of the brethren called South Atlantic Seventh Day Baptists gathered at the Assembly in the South known as Miami for their Association weekend. Brothers and sisters sojourned from the realms of South Carolina, Georgia, and other regions of Florida.

Pastor Andy of the tribe Samuels, President of the Association and host pastor, convened the congregation under the theme, "Making Our House a Lighthouse." Pastor Luis of Lovelace gave the Word at the service entering the Sabbath, prophesying on the subject, "Letting the Light of Your Life Shine."

The worship service on Sabbath morning was highlighted by the ordination to the Diaconate of Hugh Bando and Shirley Morgan from the

hosting assembly. There was worship in dance, and the Miami church choir ministered like as the heavenly host.

Participants in the Ordination included Pastor Leland of Bond, Elder Ron of Johnson (from Orlando Seventh Day Church of God), Pastor Alvin of Bernard, and Pastor John of the tribe of Camenga. And when they had laid hands on them and prayed, they were ordained.

Pastor Ray of Winborne spoke the Word as the Spirit gave him utterance, and everyone was moved. That is, moved to the lunch area under the tent, which had been erected on the eastern wing of the church building for the occasion. This temporary tabernacle provided supplementary accommodation for all the attending tribes.

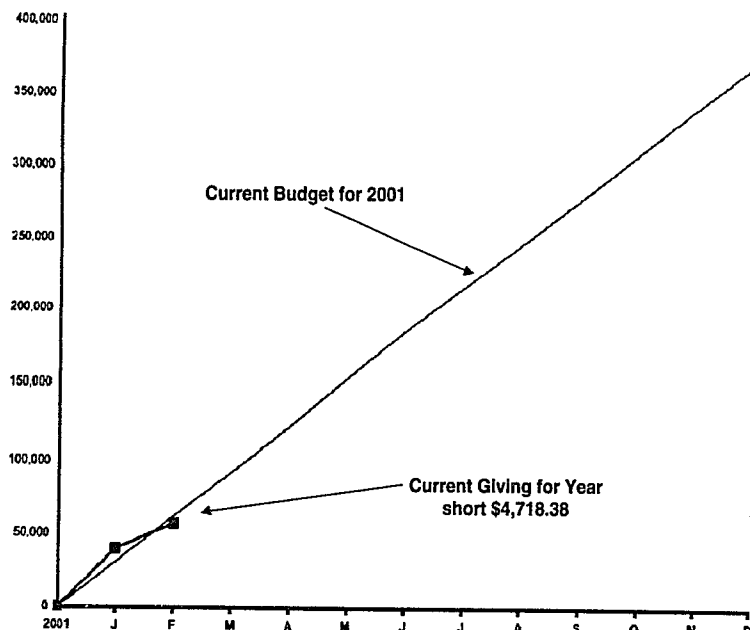
The afternoon program consisted of reports on Macedonian calls from Peru and Haiti, with Luis of Lovelace and Andy of Samuels sharing about

their missionary journeys to those regions. Distinguished Conference President Clayton of Pinder also exhorted all to attend General Conference in the 8th month of the new millennium called August.

At the annual Bible Bowl, three competing teams answered questions primarily from the Gospel according to St. Luke. Emerging as the victors was the host team Miami, followed by Atlanta and then Daytona. Later on, the Association Committees convened and planned, and the youths and young adults had enjoyment at a local place of family revelry called Kaboom.

A most productive weekend came to an end with the business meeting on the first day of the week, after which all the tribes scattered to reassemble in Atlanta, Ga., in the new millennium under the guidance of new President Luis of Lovelace. **SR**

Current Giving 2001



Denominational Dateline

- Apr**
- 3/30-2 BaptistHeritage.com Meeting, Atlanta, Ga.—Don Sanford
 - 6-8 Paint Rock, Ala.—Ron Elston
 - 17-21 SDB Pastors' Conference, Alfred Station, N.Y.—Gabe Bejjani, Kevin Butler, Andrew Camenga, Pete May, Sanford
 - 21-22 SDB Memorial Fund Quarterly Meeting, Nortonville, Kan.—Cal Babcock
 - 21-22 SDB Missionary Society Quarterly Meeting, Westerly, R.I.—Kirk Looper
 - 27-28 Washington, D.C., SDB Church—Bejjani
 - 28-29 SDB Historical Society Annual Meeting, SDB Center, Janesville, Wis.—Sanford
 - 29 SDB Board of Christian Education Quarterly Meeting, Alfred Station—Camenga
- May**
- 5 "Friend Day" at New Auburn, Wis.—Butler
 - 5 Portland, Ore., SDB Church—Bejjani

- 5-6 Allegheny Association (50th Anniversary of Camp Harley Sutton), Alfred Station—Sanford
- 16-20 SDB Center; Southern Wis. churches—Dr. May
- 19 TCC Core Committee, SDB Center—Butler
- 23-29 Church Planting School, Stonefort, Ill.—Elston, Looper
- 24 Barna Research Seminar, Peoria, Ill.—Butler
- 25-26 North American Baptist Men's Fellowship, Philadelphia, Pa.—Babcock

- Jun**
- 1-30 Pacific Pines Camp (Calif.); San Gabriel, Calif., SDB Church—May
 - 4-15 Summer Institute, SDB Center—Bejjani
 - 9 New Auburn, Wis., SDB Church—Bejjani
 - 18-25 Project Director Training (SCSC), Daytona Beach, Fla.—Babcock

Indebted to transitions, cont. from page 17

He was a trustee of Alfred (N.Y.) University at the time it was chartered and established the School of Theology. His extensive library was given to the School of Theology, and many books were later transferred to the SDB Historical Society, where they are still available for use by current generations.

A marble plaque in the Little Genesee church, honoring the 23 years of Thomas B. Brown's pastorate, bears witness to his final transition with a phrase from Hebrews 11:4—"He being dead yet speaketh."

William Mead Jones

This past year a Sabbath promotion publication was produced entitled, *Our Amazing Week: God's Gift to Man*. Its basic content is "The Chart of the Week," which documents the significance of the seventh day in over 100 of the 160 languages and dialects of the world. Although it was reproduced by Seventh-day Adventists, it was first produced in 1887 by Rev. William Mead Jones, the pastor of the Mill Yard SDB Church in London, England.

Rev. Jones was raised in the Baptist Church and served as a Baptist missionary in Haiti. His uncle, who was keeping "Saturday for Sunday," introduced him to the Sabbath.

While attending a missionary meeting, Jones found some tracts

on his chair, including the "Address to the Baptists," largely written by Thomas Brown. This led him to question whether he was transgressing God's Law, and if he was a Sabbath breaker. Jones' wife answered, "I think we have no more Scripture for Sunday keeping than my father has for infant sprinkling."

In 1847, he visited his uncle, Joel Jones, who himself had converted to the Sabbath. William was asked to preach and recalled that he was peculiarly impressed when the whole congregation fervently sang Stennett's hymn: "Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun."

About two months later, Pastor Jones asked Rev. Eli Bailey if he had a book on Seventh Day Baptist doctrine and history—one containing a summary of arguments.

Bailey replied, "Yes, we have a book on these subjects—a very good book we think it is; indeed, we know of no better one. And if you haven't one, I shall take great pleasure in presenting you with a copy. It is the Bible, sir."

Jones later wrote that this reminded him of the oft-repeated Baptist aphorism: "The Bible is the only rule of faith and practice." He began observing the Sabbath in 1848 and was thus recalled from his Baptist mission in Haiti.

After serving as pastor at Shiloh,

N.J., Rev. Jones was called (along with Charles Saunders) to start a mission in Palestine, where he studied Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, Italian, and German. Upon his return, he served churches in Scott, N.Y., and Walworth, Wis.

In 1872, he was called to the Mill Yard Church and immediately began to publish tracts. In 1875, he published the first edition of the *Sabbath Memorial*, a quarterly that continued for 14 years. Much of the background study for "The Chart of the Week" is contained in issues of this quarterly.

In 1882, Sir William Besant—in his novel *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*—describes the Mill Yard Chapel: "As for the position taken by these people, it is perfectly logical, and in fact, impregnable. There is no answer to it."

To paraphrase Hebrews 11: 32ff, What more can we say of these men and women of transition, for we do not have the time nor space to tell about Samuel and Tacy Hubbard, who made the double transition to Baptists and then to the Sabbath; or William C. Daland, who also served the Mill Yard church and other missions before becoming president of Milton (Wis.) College for nearly 20 years; or James F. Shaw and his mission in the South; or many of our current pastors and leaders. **SR**

KEVIN'S

ORNER

Working my way through the pile of receipts, it felt like I was in the middle of a credit card commercial:

Rental car and gas— \$186
Cheap motels in Vegas, Flagstaff, and Grand Canyon— \$133
Mileage drawn from frequent flyer account— 25,000
Vacation days used— 4
Time alone as father and son— Priceless.

I just got back from a whirlwind excursion out west with my son Matthew. That was on the heels of a California speaking engagement (taking daughter Crystal along) in January.

And with meetings last year in Florida and Washington, D.C., with Jackson and Jenny, this rounds out my plan to take each of our kids on a "special trip with Dad." (Yes, Janet gets to accompany me once a year, too.)

Each of the journeys gave the children a better idea how challenging air travel can be—and how good "coming home" feels. But more importantly, it was a chance for us to build memories that just the two of us can share.

Or, so I thought.

After we related the "just our" stories to the rest of the family, we discovered that another child would later bring up a funny incident from a different sibling's trip.

Like Jackson begging for a wheelchair after a full day at Universal Studios (and riding the 'Incredible Hulk' 13

times); Jenny and her "guide" getting lost late at night walking around the Jefferson Memorial; Crystal turning around, waiting for me to catch up in line at "D-land" (just resting my eyes...); or Matthew's attempt at spitting out the window of a speeding rental car in Arizona, or Dad being "this close" to getting beaten up by a recently-retired NFL linebacker in Vegas.

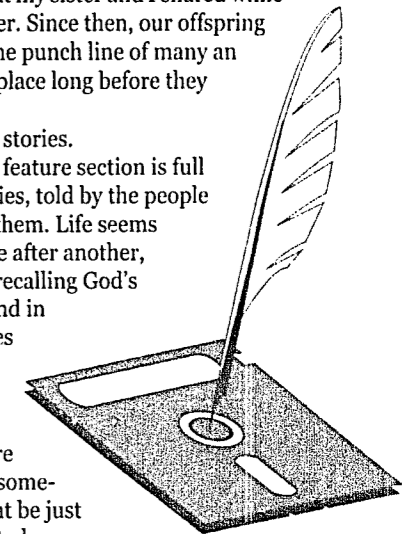
The power of stories.

That power came alive last Thanksgiving as I watched the kids really "get into" some of the childhood stories of yesteryear that my sister and I shared while visiting my father. Since then, our offspring have repeated the punch line of many an event that took place long before they were born.

The power of stories.

This month's feature section is full of powerful stories, told by the people who have lived them. Life seems to be one change after another, and I pray that recalling God's shepherding hand in these testimonies will help you through your next transition.

Then, go share your story with someone else. It might be just what they need to hear.



Attn: Crafty, creative, and generous souls!!


The SDB Women's Society will once again have a craft table at Conference. We're starting "from scratch," with no carryovers from the previous year, so we need everyone to pitch in—men, women, boys, girls. We can sell handicrafts, woodworking, honey, jellies, pot holders, blankets, picture frames, etc. Just use your imagination!

Information as to where proceeds will go and where you can mail your handicrafts will follow.

Conference workshops:

Please contact Susie Fox with any ideas you have for workshops to be held at the SDB General Conference in Lindsborg, Kan. Pray about it and send your ideas to:

Susie Fox
1722 Taylor Station Rd.
Blacklick, OH 43004

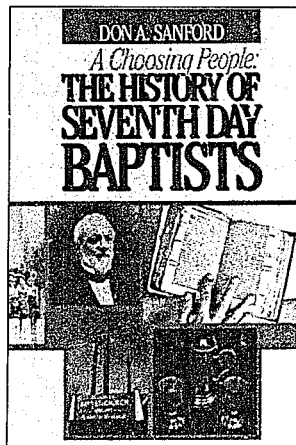
Or  call
(614) 501-1918
i-m-dfox@prodigy.net

SDB afflictions, cont. from page 20

- tory, close your eyes and point at the paper.)
2. Jump up and down in a circle when your copy of the *Sabbath Recorder* comes because the "Beacon" is in there and you get to read about what people half-way across the continent are doing!
3. Go to Youth Group, Sabbath School, and church every week. Set aside a time with God every day.
4. Friday nights, get together with your youth group and sing to God!
5. Pick a Scripture and write about it.
6. Get Luvs. Wait no, that's wrong again. Love one another.
7. Learn a new "Jesus Camp Song" (a.k.a., praise chorus) every day. That way you'll know a lot when you get to Pre-con/Conference next year.
8. Drink soft drinks frequently, but

- don't go overboard.
9. Be random, have interest and be lost, then smile, nod and sing.
10. Listen to Stained Glass tapes (old and new) non-stop, until you can sing all the harmonies on request.
11. Praise the Lord!

*Yes, parts of this were jokes. Most of it was not. Some of the jokes were actually serious, but if I went and jumped off a bridge would you do it too? **SR**



The freedom and responsibility of choice is one of the basic tenets of Baptist beliefs. Seventh Day Baptists, as a part of this Baptist heritage for 350 years, have upheld and practiced that right. The decision to follow the Bible instead of ecclesiastical authority and tradition led them to accept the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath holy unto the Lord. This choice of the Sabbath sets them apart from other Baptists, but as Dr. Winthrop Hudson noted, "Seventh Day Baptists are separate but not sectarian."

A Choosing People: The History of Seventh Day Baptists documents the history of this oldest Sabbathkeeping Christian denomination within the framework of both religious and secular history, from the Reformation in Europe to modern times in America.

From their origins in mid-17th century England and American colonial Rhode Island, the book traces their development of associational relationships during the 18th century; expansion with the Western frontier, the organization of General Conference and related societies in missionary and education outreach in the 19th century; and grappling with social, theological, and organizational issues in the 20th century.

Reduced Price: \$20
Two or more books to the
same address, \$15.00 each, postpaid.

Send your order to:
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