



The
Sabbath
RECORDER

Inside:

DEPORTED!

**Dad's Fallen
off the Bluff!!**

November 2009

News for and about Seventh Day Baptists

So
Much
to be
Thankful
For...





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 Christ Jesus.
- 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 our Lord. It is the joy of the Sabbath that makes SDBs a people with a difference.

For 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@seventhdaybaptist.org and the SDB Web site: www.seventhdaybaptist.org

- **Just graduate** and looking for a college?
- **Just starting** a new family and looking for a place to settle down?
- **Just looking** for new opportunities?

Just LOOK at LINCOLN, Nebraska!

Lincoln is close to four major universities and five Christian colleges.

Nice communities, parks, and a variety of activities for children and families.

And ministry opportunities? We've got 'em at Living Word SDB Fellowship.

For information, contact Pastor Steve:

www.LivingWordSDB.org

LivingWord 
SDB Fellowship

Give to those IN NEED

Our new **Committee on Christian Social Action and Disaster Relief** invites you to give generously to those affected by natural disasters or unexpected hardships.

Please see the back cover for more information.



EST. 1964

**SUMMER CHRISTIAN
SERVICE CORPS**

Students: Are you willing to serve with next year's Summer Christian Service Corps?

Churches: Do you wish to host an SCSC team for service and outreach?

Applications for team members and church projects have been posted on the Women's Board website at www.sdbwomen.org. Please read all information and send the completed application forms to: SCSC Committee, c/o Milton SDB Church, 720 E. Madison Ave., Milton WI 53563.

Student applications must be postmarked by **January 11, 2010**, and all church applications must be postmarked by **February 1, 2010**. There will

be NO exceptions.

Please note: the final week of the project will be at General Conference, July 25–31. We are also limiting our students to only two weeks of camp. Please see the website for more information. If you have any questions, please contact the SCSC Committee at the above address, or by e-mail at scsc@miltonsdb.org.



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Always something (to be thankful for)

DEPORTED!

Thankfulness—A Matter of Obedience

by Shirley Morgan



*“Give thanks in all circumstances,
for this is God’s will for you
in Christ Jesus.”
(1 Thessalonians 5:18)*

June 9, 2009, would mark the beginning of a journey that I was not ready to take—yet I knew I had no other choice.

When the Immigration Deportation officer said, “Your petition was denied and I have no other choice but to deport you. You must leave the country by the 8th of August,” it felt like a blow to the stomach. Still in shock, tears flowed down my cheeks as I tried to digest the news and what it meant for me and my family.

Why this journey began

I left Nicaragua 23 years ago seeking a better life for my 6-year-old and my unborn child. We settled in Miami and called it home. Over the next two decades, God blessed me with three beautiful daughters, four grandchildren, a church family, and many friends across the country.

I spent most of those years trying to get my immigration status adjusted to become a permanent

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resident. Encountering one road-block after another, the time and money spent with attorneys ended to no avail. With every appeal exhausted, it finally came down to the deportation order.

It is easy to say “Thank you, Lord” when things are going our way and the circumstances are not that bad. But how can you say “Thanks” when faced with the reality of being separated from family and friends? Did God mean *all* things or just *some* things?

How could He expect us to say thanks from our heart when nothing seems to be going right? *God, my world is crumbling and You really expect me to give You thanks?*

These were some of the unbidden questions that came to my mind as I got into my car and started back home. Giving thanks to God at that moment was the last thing I wanted to do, and yet I knew that it was the right thing to do. It would come down to a matter of obedience, and so I uttered a weak “Thank you, Lord.”

Thankfulness became my greatest source of strength as the time of my departure drew closer. I found many things that I could be thankful for, so my journey of obedience contin-

ued even though at times it was very hard to do.

I found myself saying to God, *I don’t understand, but thank You. I can’t see what there is to be thankful for, but thank You.*

As I continued down this path I started to better understand the mystery behind this command to be thankful in all circumstances. God, the Creator of the universe Who holds everything in place, has a plan and a purpose for us. But until we totally surrender to Him, we cannot experience His fullness.

Countdown to departure

In the two months leading up to my departure my heart and soul continued to thank God for such things as:

- the Deportation Officer giving me a two-month grace period instead of taking me into custody right away and sending me back to Nicaragua.
- travel authorization to go to Wisconsin and serve on the SCSC staff, where I experienced such blessing that words cannot express.
- authorization to go to Pennsylvania for General Conference, where God once again showed me that He was in control. How awesome it was to have pastors and a host of Christian brethren praying for me on the

spot and committing to continue to pray as I faced all the uncertainty ahead.

- the opportunity to direct our Deep South Camp where many lives were touched by the Master’s hand as we focused on the Fruit of the Spirit.

- the fact that my children are adults and can take care of themselves.

- providing for me financially. With no employment authorization I was unable to work. One income was hardly enough to cover the monthly bills. In the midst of all this, about three weeks before my departure, all of our funds were garnished by a credit card company leaving us without a penny.

- the opportunity to model for others what it means to be **thankful in all circumstances**. Many would approach me and ask, “How can you be so calm and peaceful?” Being thankful works!!

During the days leading up to my departure, tears came again often. I would then lift my eyes to the King of kings and Lord of lords and say, “It’s hard, but thank You.”

Sabbath, August 8, marked the day that I would say farewell to family and friends, and take the evening flight back to my home country. It was a powerful day of fellowship, tears, well-wishes, gifts and more.

Many times through the tears I whispered a thank you to God even though it was hard. Pulling away from my three daughters and four grandchildren at the airport was the toughest part. Tears rolled down my face as I boarded the flight that would take me many miles away from familiar faces and places.

God’s Word in Romans 8:28 tells us, “And we know that in all things
cont. bottom of p. 8

Thankful for Everything— including a Category 5

by Yolanda Harris, Atlanta, Ga.

As I prayerfully consider what I am most thankful for, it takes me back to four years ago when we lived in New Orleans, Louisiana. Life was wonderful. I had a husband, 10 children, a home, a job, and a church family.

We often had hurricane warnings around us, but they seldom caused a big problem. This time, the warning turned out to be a dangerous one named Katrina.



Leaving Louisiana

My family and I left two days before Katrina arrived. We headed to Jacksonville, Florida, taking only enough clothes for two days. Watching the news, we learned that Katrina had grown to a “Category 5” hurricane, one of the worst. As we continued following the coverage, we realized that we could not go back home.

Knowing some friends in Atlanta, Georgia, we went there. With so many family members, we slept on floors and anywhere else we could lay our heads. I remembered back to our king-sized bed in Louisiana and how I had taken it for granted. Now I was just thankful for a blow-up mattress on the floor.

One moment we had “the world at our feet,” and soon those same feet were standing in line for food and water just to survive.

From givers to receivers

In New Orleans, I was always on the giving end. In Georgia I found myself on the taking end, and it was hard. I understand now what God was trying to teach me—to not only learn what it means to give, but also what it means to receive. He was breaking a pride in me that I didn’t think I had.

I remember when my vehicle’s gas tank was on empty, and how the Holy Spirit told me to get up and go to the food place, not knowing if I was going to make it back.

As I was standing in line to receive food, a lady saw me and the expression on my face. She called me over to her car and said, “The Lord told me to give you this.” She placed a

\$50 bill in my hand and gave me the food that she’d received from the food bank. Then she wrote some directions on where to go to get a job.

With tears running down my face, I thanked her and followed her directions. When I got there, people were waiting for me. After talking with the supervisor, in two weeks God opened the door for the job.

We never know who we might encounter in this life. God has His angels all around and I am thankful for them. I’m thankful for the Holy Spirit that leads and guides us. He never leaves us hanging.

Needing a new support system

Thinking of my family, I have five sisters and four brothers. My hus-

“*One moment we had ‘the world at our feet,’ and soon those same feet were standing in line for food and water just to survive.*”

band has 10 brothers. Today, post-Katrina, we are scattered all around the country, when at one time we were all in Louisiana. As a very family-oriented person, I never knew it would cause so much pain being separated.

But now we find that we are “closer” than we’ve ever been. What the devil meant for evil, God turned around for good. God was carrying me every step of the way. I am thankful for any occasion to hear, see, and talk to my extended family and to see how my nieces and nephews have grown.

Trials and tribulations can bring out the best in you. Leaving New Orleans, I lost my pastor, my church family, my sisters and brothers, and felt so alone. We always had that support system around us. I felt that the bottom had dropped out of that support.

Finding SDBs

We began to look for a church, since it was obvious that we weren’t going back home. So the search was on. I cried for many days and prayed to God to give us a church family.

Then one day my husband was looking through the yellow pages and found a Seventh Day Baptist church. We decided to go and visit there. The love, understanding, and

warm reception that we received was overwhelming.

I am thankful for the Seventh Day Baptist church and its members. We needed a church family and God led us there.

Losing more than ‘stuff’

During our times of trial, we had some deaths in our family. I lost my father two weeks before Katrina. I had my husband, family and friends to hold my hand.

After that I lost my grandmother, who was 102. We gave her a “Going Home” party.

But when I lost my son, I felt like my world had come to an end. Benjamin—whose name means “child of happiness”—was our oldest child. He was just 36 when he died this past June 11.

It is impossible to describe the pain that comes with the death of a child. You just feel numb.

You don’t care if the river runs up or down.

You try to comfort your other children, but you can’t because you’re hurting so badly. And you don’t want to hear or talk to anyone because you don’t think they really understand what you’re going through, or the loss that just happened.

You think of the many funerals you have attended over the years, and the words of comfort you have tried to give to other people, and realize that only when you’ve “been there” can you understand the pain and the agony that someone else is going through.

Now I can comfort others

God has placed me in a position to comfort others; not just to say something because it seems right, but to actually know and feel what that person is going through.

Mary and Martha cried when their



brother Lazarus died (in John 11). Jesus cried before he raised Lazarus up. He needed to know the hurt we go through when we lose a loved one, even though Jesus knew he was going to raise his friend from the dead.

I remember asking God over and over again to mend my broken heart when I lost our son. He said, "I'm carrying you." I replied to God, "He was so young, only 36." God told me, "Jesus was only 33. When your assignment is over it doesn't matter the age."

I pleaded again, "But I fasted and prayed, and laid hands on our son." And God said, "It was not your will, but MY will that was done."

Learning the 'Even If' clause

What happens when you have done all you can and the answer is still "No"?

As I walk in this life, I realize that I have to be like the three Hebrew boys in the furnace (*see Daniel 3*) and have an "Even If" clause in my life. God, "Even If" You don't deliver, I still love and trust You.

That's what a true relationship with God is based on. It's not based on what we see or what we don't see. It is based on trusting Him, even when the answer doesn't turn out the way we think it should. He is a loving God, no matter what the outcome.

In the end, I am thankful

I would have never known how to hold on in faith had I not been through the fire, the hurt and the pain.

I am thankful for the peace He has given me through the trials and disappointments. I am thankful for the joy and the sorrow.

I am thankful for new friends and old. I am thankful for the jobs my husband and I have, and the door that was opened for me while standing in the food line after Katrina.

I am most thankful for my relationship with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. And now I boldly seek His face, being thankful for everything, including the pain. **SR**

DEPORTED! *cont. from p. 5*

God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose." God did not promise that everything would be good, but He did promise that He would work things out for us.

Thankfulness helps us to see the glass half full instead of half empty. Through thankfulness our burdens become lighter and easier to bear.

Thankfulness in all circumstances is not easy; it may be the most difficult discipline you will engage in, but you can do it.

Obedying God's Word is our greatest asset. God expects us to obey Him whether we feel like it or not. It is when we don't feel like being thankful that we must push beyond our emotions and thank God, for it is then that we experience more of His grace.

Future is still uncertain

While I don't know what the future holds, my heart will thank God

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Thankfulness became my greatest source of strength as the time of my departure drew closer.

”

every day for His blessings and mercies. Each morning I give God thanks for providing me a place of quiet in the midst of the storm. He has given me room where I can steal away to be with Him.

Today my heart aches because of the separation from my family and friends, however, I thank God for things He is allowing me to do, such as:

- Providing ministry opportunities

- Attending my adopted Dad's 100th birthday celebration
- Visiting with my 101-year-old great-great aunt
- Getting to know a host of nieces and nephews
- Being a spiritual mentor to my family, and the list goes on.

I encourage you to be obedient to God's command in 1 Thessalonians 5:18 and develop a "Walk of Thankfulness" and leave the rest to God. You will not regret it. **SR**



Shirley Morgan served as Associate Pastor of Outreach at the Miami, Fla., SDB Church.

“Dad’s fallen off the bluff!!”

by Becky Butler
Paint Rock, Ala.



June 10, 2001 started off like any other day, even though it would be a busy one. We were planning to host some friends from church that afternoon, and have some homemade ice cream with two young men from Ireland that our friends met on a recent mission trip.

I had to do some housecleaning and the normal busyness before guests arrive, but I looked forward to an enjoyable evening discovering new words from the Irish tradition.

Not being a night person, I began to look at the clock as the evening dragged on, hoping that things were about to wind down. It was a little after 9:00. The usual ebb and flow of conversation must have geared

up again because the next time I looked at my watch it was well after 10:00. Soon we were outside saying our goodbyes.

Ready for bed—Pronto!

I think I hold the world’s speed record for brushing my teeth, changing clothes and getting into bed. It doesn’t take long at all! I hopped in, got comfortable, and then noticed a David Wilkerson newsletter on my nightstand.

It would do me no good to fall asleep and then have Phil come to

“ I became terrified that the rescue workers might do something to further injure or even paralyze him. ”



bed 15 minutes later. That would give me the perfect “power nap” and I’d be awake until after midnight.

So I began to read an article on suffering where a pastor told of several circumstances where people had to endure some severe hardships. The one that grabbed my heart was about a father of three young children that had taken a fall off a roof. The fall itself was not life threatening, and yet in surgery, he died.

Where was Phil?

As I was reading, I began to get a little irritated that Phil was not in bed with me. Selfishly, I could only think about how he was holding up my well-deserved sleep! I could finish the article tomorrow; sleep was my top priority.

When he had left our room earlier, he must have said something because

I looked up and noticed that it was about 11:15. A little later, Bethany walked by our bedroom and I asked her if she knew where her dad was. I told her to look upstairs.

As I completed my reading, I begrudgingly got out of bed and walked upstairs. It was 10 before midnight! Where was Phil?

Bethany was in our business office upstairs and I asked her if she had found Dad. “No.” Did you look in *all* the rooms? “Yes.” I thought that maybe the boys had misbehaved and Phil was “having a talk” with them. I went downstairs and headed outside.

The search goes outside

Our front porch is on the bluff side of our house. Hmm... the floodlights were on but not the porch lights. I turned off the floodlights and went through the house to the back.

Once outside I noticed that no lights were on. That was a sure sign that Phil Butler was not out there—he is always flipping on lights even

when I think he can see fine without them.

I went to the side steps to take a look. No truck lights shone from where he might be getting a tool or paperwork. The garage lights were also off.

For some reason I decided to call for him. After all, how could I lose my husband in our own home?

I called and heard a faint cry, “Help me!”

This can’t be happening!

The sound came from 60 feet below the bluff! I ran back inside and yelled for Bethany to get Micah and some tennis shoes and headlamps. “Dad has fallen off the bluff!!”

I ran to the edge of the bluff which had never given us much alarm. We had raised our children here and taught them to be safe around it.

I yelled, “Do you need an ambulance?” He first scolded me for standing so close to the edge, then replied, “Yes.” I quickly ran inside for the phone about the time the children ran out.

Micah climbed down carefully, Bethany stayed on top with me. I called 9-1-1 to get help on the way and went back to the edge.

“Can you move your arms? Can you move your legs?” Oh, how thankful I was, but I had great concerns.

I then called our married son who lives close by and had had some EMT training. He hurried over and got down to Phil right away. Jason kept repeating over and over, “I love you, Dad.” He knew this was very serious.

Phil’s head was bleeding badly and his back and neck and leg were in incredible pain. It was then that Micah, age 15 at the time, realized the severity of it all.

A bad memory from across the valley

Another memory flashed back that made this all the more frightening to me.

The mountain we live on faces another. One night a few years before this we had watched a search-and-rescue that went on for hours. All manner of cars and rescue lights were at the base of the other mountain.

The next day we found out that there had been a fall in a vertical cave. Just as the rescue workers had gotten the woman to the top, suddenly her vitals dropped and she died! Her femur had broken and it cut the artery in her leg.

Would he ever walk again?

With incidences like these floating in my mind—knowing my husband was in great pain in his back and leg—I became terrified that the rescue workers might do something to further injure or even paralyze him.

After the medflight took Phil, Jason drove me to the hospital. Phil had four broken bones in his back, one in the neck, two ribs, his femur needed to be surgically repaired, and he had 13 staples in his head. The good news was that there were no internal injuries! The breaks in

his spine were not life threatening. My husband was not going to be paralyzed.

A long, painful road ahead

Phil can take pain better than anyone I know. He was finally off morphine and yet he trembled in pain when the therapist worked with him. We spent eight days in the hospital before coming home.

When they dismissed us, we were going to be “solo” and both of us felt unprepared for the task. With a hospital bed in our room for three weeks, every single up and down was a terrible misery for him.

In the middle of all the pain, Phil maintained a deep, deep gratitude. He never said, “Why me?” in the negative sense. He wondered why God had spared him.

For better or for worse

When you say “for better or for worse” as part of your wedding vows, you probably never think of helping with very personal matters of a handicapped spouse. Yet these acts felt like the privilege of my lifetime.

I still had a husband. I had a husband who was not paralyzed. I had a husband who would recover and walk and get back to work in his contracting business.

I had always been grateful to have a mate with a strong and healthy back. That would not be the case now, but I still had Phil.

He would never be 100% pain-free again. He would never get to wrestle the boys “for keeps” again. Yet he would be thankful for life and the ability to work.

God is so good

He would return to backpacking with his sons and serving everyone around him just like Phil Butler does.

My servant husband would still be able to stop and help people on the side of the road and work on our married children’s homes, serve the poor, and help his Mom.

I remember telling someone at church our first time back, “God is so good.” But the moment I said it, I felt the deep conviction in my heart that God WAS good, and if Phil had died, our good and kind and merciful Lord would not have changed at all.

A Friend closer than a brother

My story has a happy ending. Perhaps yours doesn’t. At other times the outcome has been different for us. We lost our precious grandson, Andrew, after only nine weeks of life.

You, too, have had difficulties and tragedies. Sorrow is sorrowful. Pain hurts. But unlike billions of people on this earth, we know a God Who changes not. The very Spirit of Life indwells us, promising never to leave us by ourselves.

If your pain is rejection, you have a Friend that sticks closer than a brother. When people go through difficulties harder than this story, I wonder how they make it without a close relationship with Jesus. He hears me when I cry out to him, and I cry to him often.

He is mindful

As I walk outside on early mornings and see in the clear skies the brightness of the starry host, I always ask Him, “What is man that Thou art mindful of him?”

But that is Who He is—mindful. He is mindful of you and me, every moment, every day.

Let us cry out to Him while He may be found and let us thank Him not just for all the things He has done for us, but thank Him for Who He is. We serve a wonderful God! **SR**



Tips for Weight Control

by Barb Green, Parish Nurse
Milton, Wis.

A month has passed since the “Biggest SDB Loser” contest started. How is your team doing? How are *you* doing?

If you kept a food journal (suggested last month) you should have a good idea of your eating habits. This will help you control your eating, as will some of these other tips.

Be a label reader. First is the serving size, followed by the number of servings in the container. How many times have you eaten the whole package before realizing you just ate 3 servings and not just one?

Labels also tell you how many calories per serving and how many of those calories are from fat. Label reading is a must if you want to lose.

Before you fill your plate, mentally **divide it into four quarters.** Fill 1/2 with vegetables (broccoli, carrots, salad, etc.); 1/4 with lean chicken, meat or fish; and the final 1/4 with a starch choice such as 1/2 cup pasta or a potato. Add 1 serving of fruit and 1 serving of milk.

Try using a **smaller plate.** This may fool you into thinking your plate is fuller.

Fill your plate at the stove rather than at the table. This makes you get up to have a second portion, and may make you think twice before doing so.

Chew your food slowly. It takes the stomach 20 minutes to signal the brain that it’s full so you consume less food if it takes you longer to eat.

This also enhances digestion and decreases post-meal bloating.

Buy the smallest package of snack products available. (Better yet, don’t buy at all.)

Use tall, skinny glasses for drinks.

Avoid “all you can eat” thinking. Contrary to what Mom always told you, you don’t have to clean your plate!

Don’t skip meals. This lowers your metabolism rate and actually makes you gain weight.

More helpful advice can be found at mypyramid.gov. By entering your weight and height, you get a personalized plan to follow with exact amounts to eat and charts you can fill out.

There are many diets and weight loss groups available if you need a definite plan to follow, or the incentive that a group provides. However, you can do it on your own using the good sense tips above.

Remember, whatever you choose, to be successful you must make lifestyle changes that help you cut calories and keep your weight off. “Fad diets” may help you lose weight quickly, but as soon as you stop, the weight returns.

SDB losers can really be **WINNERS!** Remember to continue exercising!

More on that next month. 

PORTIONS go hand-in-hand with serving size. Over the years, portion sizes have grown (think “super-sizing”) so we often eat much more than we should. Here are the amounts of each food you really need daily:

Fruit	2 cups	1 cup=1 medium apple; 8 large strawberries
Vegetables	2-2-1/2 cups	1 cup=2 med. carrots; 1 ear corn; 1 potato
Dairy	3 cups fat-free or low fat	1 cup=8 oz. milk; 1 cup yogurt
Grains	6 oz. (half of whole grains)	1 oz.=1 slice bread; 1 cup ready-to-eat cereal; 1/2 cup rice
Meat	5-1/2 oz.	1 oz.=1 oz. meat; 1/4 cup cooked dry beans; 1 egg; 1 table-spoon peanut butter



The Modeling of Mentors

When our daughter, Elisa, was born just over a year ago, I was introduced to the incredible joy, low-level fatigue and never-ending questions that range from the mundane and practical to the overwhelming and philosophical:

Which diapers do we buy? What should we expect for her behavior when we're not sure how much she understands? How can we build a foundation for her to understand God's love and power even at a very young age?

With this last question, I have reflected on my spiritual mentors and the ways I've learned from them. It has not been what they have said, but what they have done that most fills my memories.

Every night when I was a child, my **father** would read to us then lead us to pray as we went to bed. I remember waking up when he returned before he went to bed and prayed for us at our bedsides.

Similarly, my **grandmother** prays for each of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren every night. Knowing that my father and grandmother are praying for me on a regular basis is reassuring and challenging. Their prayers demonstrate their love for me and are part of the foundation of my relationship with them.

Even more, knowing that I am regularly given into the hands of the One Who can best take care of me has encouraged me to place myself, Elisa, and others into God's hands on a regular basis.

I have learned from my **mother** the importance of actively seeking teaching and fellowship. My mother has sought out conferences, teaching tapes to watch or listen to, attended

or led Bible studies, and has always discovered those around her who are seeking after God! She is authentic about her faith, both its ups and downs, and is sought out in her job by others who know she is a Christian.

My other **grandmother** has modeled practical compassion. She speaks to a number of people who are shut-in, and when friends don't get out to church, she makes a point of calling them. When details need to be remembered or organized, she has stepped in to help and frequently served behind the scenes through cleanup, food preparation, and anything else that needs doing.

My **grandfather** has shown me how to take joy in what God is doing and to encourage others. My grandfather has embraced what God is doing among those generations younger than he is, regularly supporting them with his presence and speaking of what they are doing with tears of joy. He and my grandma also pray specifically for those who have joys and concerns when we pause for prayer

before meals, and I feel part of their intimate relationship with the Father.

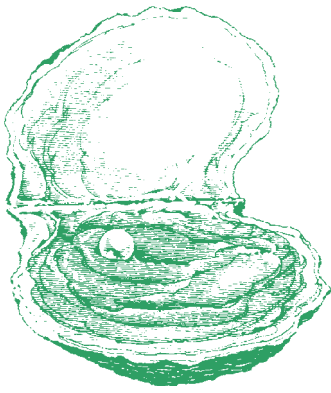
As I think about my family, I have been challenged to let Elisa see my own relationship with God rather than hiding it away. However, the models I have seen are not something that I can copy; my husband and I need to live out our own unique relationships with the Lord.

I still have much to learn—about God, myself, how I share what I learn with Elisa—but I am so thankful for the models of those around me that have given me a starting place. **SR**

Visit the new Women's Society webpage at www.sdbwomen.org! At the Discussion page, we encourage you to share your ideas of modeling God's love to others, and stories of those who have influenced your Christian walk. You can also read the "Simply Put" newsletter!



Kristin Camenga is the wife of Andrew and the proud mother of 14-month-old Elisa. She works as a professor of mathematics and mathematics education at Houghton (N.Y.) College and attends the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Genesee, where she accompanies music on piano and guitar. On the rare occasion of free time, she enjoys reading and crocheting.



Leader in Sabbath Reform

In his biography of Rev. A.H. Lewis, Theodore Gardiner began with a quote: “The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one, may hope to achieve it before life be done.”

Abram Herbert Lewis had expressed his dominating desire to help the world in some radical and specific way. Sabbath reform was his dominating desire.

Several times he had been approached by representatives of stronger and more popular denominations, but Lewis had declared that there was a special call to set forth the Sabbath in a more meaningful way.

Inspired to research

A.H. Lewis held a deep conviction that neither Seventh Day Baptists nor others who had written at the time had grasped the larger conception of the importance of the Sabbath to Christianity.

He once said that “there is nothing in the Sabbath unless there is more to it than either its friends or its enemies seem to apprehend.”

As a student at Milton (Wis.) College, Lewis began his study of the Sabbath. He found that the English language did not have a single authoritative history touching the reason for observing either Sabbath or Sunday. Much of what had been



Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, powerful speaker and writer of the Sabbath Reform movement of the early 1900s.

written was based on assumptions, inaccurate quotations from early writers, or upon unjustifiable paraphrasing and distorted facts.

He did his painstaking research with the principles that would bring great spiritual results, and believed that Seventh Day Baptists were the people chosen of God to do this great work.

Seeds planted early, Long growing season

Although the seeds for his life work were sown early, it took many years before any fruit could be realized. In 1900, nearly 40 years after his ordination (but before his most noted work, *Spiritual Sabbathism*) Lewis wrote, “Looking back at the aspirations which filled my mind in 1860, and the fields of work into

which I have been linked since that time, the dreams of those days appear like far-off hopes that offer no chance for realization.”

One problem was the lack of any open door to his field of work. The demands of active pastorates taxed his health and distracted him from the study and writing which he desired. Even when the Tract Board employed him as a general agent in 1867, they were unable to pay his full salary, so he served as pastor of the New York City SDB Church. Nonetheless he maintained a full schedule of writing and editing for the *Sabbath Recorder* and other periodicals.

In 1867, Lewis’ manuscript for his historical book entitled *Sabbath and Sunday* was given to the Tract Society’s committee, but was not published until 1870 because it was

too expensive. Even then he had to cut it in half, leaving out valuable material which later made its way into other works.

Soon after this, he wrote, "I have struggled on the lecture field almost alone, until driven from it by overwork. It is hopeless to think of doing our work in Sabbath reform by living teachers. It must be by printed matter. O brethren, are you willing that God's cause should die in our hands? Shall we lose the Kingdom through indifference and neglect? In the name of truth and honor toward God, I beseech you to awake!"

Popular speaker, Prolific writer

Lewis was in great demand as a lecturer. In 1881 he spoke at the Summer Assembly at Chautauqua, N.Y., on the subject, "Sunday Laws, Past and Present." This was circulated in printed form to the people at Chautauqua, and later circulated to thousands of others. This resulted in the suggestion that Seventh Day Baptists ought to have a permanent center at Chautauqua as a rallying point for the intellectual community.

In spite of his popularity as a speaker, it was Lewis' writing that most firmly marked his ministry. From 1870 until his death in 1908—

in addition to serving four churches, teaching at Alfred (N.Y.) University, and conducting numerous revival services—A.H. Lewis wrote 11 books, 25 pamphlets and tracts, and was editor of five periodicals. In his "spare time," he wrote hundreds of letters and articles. All this without a computer or word processor!

Sabbath not His only concern

Although his primary focus was the Sabbath, Lewis was by no means limited to this topic. His book *Letters to Young Preachers* is filled with practical advice on all phases of the ministry.

During his pastorate in Shiloh, N.J., he developed an extended course on subjects such as Amusements, Women's Rights, Reading, and What Shall We Eat. His Bible study and Sabbath School classes in Plainfield, N.J., were so popular that teachers from other churches in the city came for help.

"Shall we cease to strive?"

On November 6, 1908, Abram Herbert Lewis died. Near the end, he shared:

"Shall we cease to strive? Shall we be silent because men are indif-

ferent and heedless of our message? We must not yield. We must not cease. We must press the battle 'til the sun goes down, and rest on the field while darkness gives an hour to renew strength, that next day may find each in his place again.

"Right and truth will not always walk with pinioned arms upon the scaffold. Wrong and falsehood cannot always usurp the throne and the seat of thought..."

"Our faith must see Him in spite of darkness. Our souls must feel His presence through disappointment. We must not falter, God helping us."

Lessons from Lewis

In this phase of A.H. Lewis' life, I see several important lessons to consider.

1. Lewis had the vision that if people were presented with the Biblical facts of the Sabbath and the traditional basis for Sunday, they would accept the Sabbath.

2. He targeted his audience. *The Outlook* was addressed primarily to students in seminary, pastors, and the intellectual class. When the Blair Sunday Bill was proposed in Congress, Lewis sent over 50,000 copies to lawyers. *The Light of Home* publication was targeted to families.

3. He understood the power of tradition and inertia in religious practice. Many saw the validity of the Sabbath, but few changed their practice.

4. He did see some positive results. William C. Daland, President of Milton College for 19 years, credited reading *The Outlook* for his coming to the Sabbath. There is no way to tell how many others were also influenced.

5. Seventh Day Baptists reached their highest numbers in the height of Lewis' ministry.

6. Lewis left a legacy of material on the Sabbath for future generations. **SR**

This dedication, found in Lewis' book Spiritual Sabbathism, shows the great respect shown to this Sabbath Reformer:

THIS BOOK, THE LAST WORK OF THE REVEREND

Abram Herbert Lewis

For many years the corresponding secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society, is fraternally dedicated to all lovers of truth. It is published by the Society not only as a contribution to the discussion of a great religious issue, but also as an affectionate tribute to the author's Christian manhood, his ripe scholarship, and his lifelong labors for the recognition of the Sabbath of Jehovah, the Sabbath of Jesus the Christ.

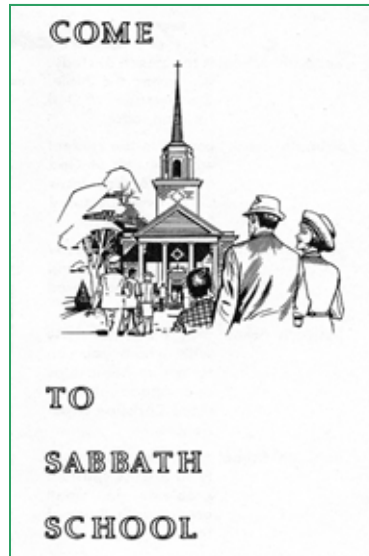


Come to Sabbath School!

Have you attended Sabbath School recently? If not, GO! Try again—or try the first time—the class that is put together for you.

Are you leading a Sabbath School class? If so, MAKE IT GOOD! Think about what you are doing, do it well, and then improve. Make your Sabbath School class better and your Sabbath School system stronger.

What should we expect from Sabbath School? The answer I provide today comes from a tract that sits on a shelf at our Board of Christian Educa-



tion office. It was printed by Seventh Day Baptists in 1975 and is entitled “Come to Sabbath School.”

A purple line drawing decorates the cover (*see graphic*). The rest of the tract is text, set to make the words “Sabbath School” stand out.

The clear purpose of the piece is to encourage people to attend Sabbath School. Yet, it simultaneously challenges churches and teachers to make their classes live up to the billing.

Come to Sabbath School because:

Sabbath School is the church at study. It teaches the Bible, the messages of God for man today.

Sabbath School confronts the student with the call of God that he accept Jesus Christ as personal Savior and Lord.

Sabbath School helps build character based on life-giving principles discovered in the Bible.

Sabbath School brings together those with whom you can form true friendships and opportunities to share Christian experiences.

Sabbath School gives the opportunity to discuss spiritual problems in small groups with those of the same age.

Sabbath School is a wonderful way to spend part of the Sabbath giving the student and teacher the opportunity to “Seek ye the Lord while he may be found” (Isaiah 55:6).

Sabbath School shows the student how he can be of service to others.

Sabbath School is for children. “Train up a child in the way he should go...” (Proverbs 22:6).

Sabbath School is for parents who seek to love, understand, and instruct their children by precept and example, better leading the way to full life in the grace and love of Jesus Christ.

Sabbath School is for ALL who seek to find Christ. “Search the scriptures; for... they are they which testify of me” (John 5:39).

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord” (Colossians 3:16).

**COME TO SABBATH SCHOOL
AS A FAMILY and be a Better Person:**
Husband–Wife–Parent–Son–Daughter–
Brother–Sister–Employer–Employee–Friend. **SR**



FOCUS on Missions

One square meter at a time

by Kirk Looper

Last year at this time I wrote about the work being done through the SDB Conference in the Philippines. Pastor Al Paypa and Bernard Agudera have been leading the Conference through some very exciting times.

They continue to work together to educate the members of the pastoral staff, and to help further develop the Conference into an organization that is much larger than it was 10 years ago. We have seen tremendous success in their Training In Ministry by Extension (T.I.M.E.) program.

One area that has been a real drawback for them is the absence of a permanent headquarters for offices, class rooms, or large meetings. They have been spending a large sum of money on renting these items each year. If they could have kept those funds expended on rental fees, they could probably pay for the land and building needed for those purposes.

The future plans for this Conference center shows support for an SDB school or daycare building. Along with these activities, they expect the facilities to generate income for the Conference work through a multi-purpose room. This space could be rented to other organizations, planned community activities, or other uses that would benefit the community and church. These activities will help develop the work of the Conference and SDB outreach.

This project is so enormous that it consumes the Filipino hearts. While speaking to Al Paypa he stated, "With the help of other Christians, churches, and my fellow servant SDBs, we will be able to build and serve the people and the community better."

“ **Each amount of \$55.55 received will pay for one square meter of space for a permanent headquarters building.** ”



Rev. Al Paypa is the SDB General Secretary in the Philippines. He says, "With your support, we can move on to where God will take us in this ministry of leadership training and evangelism in the Philippine Islands."

Pastor Paypa further stated that they are looking for 600 generous givers who will share \$55.55 US. Each amount of \$55.55 received will pay for one square meter of space. This donation will be an eternal investment to expand the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in the Philippines.

Even though this is the price given during Pastor Al's presentation it was evident that any amount would be appreciated. This will encourage them in their work and help build up the Kingdom of our Lord through the SDB Headquarters in that country.

They desire our help because they look at themselves as "daughters" in the Philippines that are a legacy of our existence and support.

He added that each church in the U.S. and Canada could promote projects that would help all of the other SDB Conferences, suggesting an "International Promotion for SDB Growth." Churches could raise funds and dedicate them to one of the many SDB Conferences around the world and send it to the Missionary Society.

Join me in prayer that we are better able to support the work being done in our sister Conferences and churches. And please pray for their ministries and witness.

It is the desire of the Missionary Society to see the plans in the Philippines come to fruition. We have had a year to pray about the work being done there and their plans for expansion. Please help us accomplish their wishes and bring these plans to fulfillment. **SR**



the BEACON

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

November 2009

God Protects

by Rachel King, Candler, North Carolina

This past August was the most terrifying month of my life.

I almost died from a mistaken diagnosis of what I really had, so I am very thankful to be alive!

When I first went to the hospital, I was experiencing extreme pain in my stomach and abdomen. They had me wait for the longest time in the emergency room—I thought they would never come back to check me out and see what was wrong.

When they finally came, the ER doctor told me that I had a bladder infection, gave me some antibiotics and pain medicine, and sent me home.

The pain never went away. I was like this for 11 days until they found out through a CT scan that my appendix had ruptured! Then they discovered during the operation that it wasn't an ordinary rupture.

After the surgery, the doctor told my mom that I had peritonitis and gangrene forming inside my stomach and abdomen. They knew where the appendix was, but it was covered in pus and gangrene! I think the surgeon thought I wasn't going to make it, but I pulled through because I was strong enough.

“And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and



the sea; and there was great calm” (Matt. 8:26).

I was in the Intensive Care Unit for 48 hours so they could keep a

close eye on me. After those two days were up, they moved me to a regular room where I had a shower and everything I needed. I mostly slept in a recliner since it was more comfortable than their beds.

I got out on August 25th, and didn't go to school until August 31st—just in time for picture day!

God was with me the entire time I was in this situation. He pulled me through like it was “nothing.”

“And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God” (Mark 11:22).

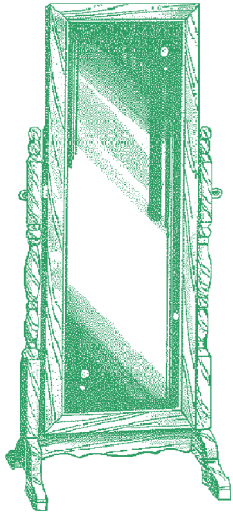
This is my true story. I hope that no one has to go through this kind of ordeal the way I did because it almost killed me. I don't want anyone lost due to a misdiagnosis!

Please continue to pray for me, and God Bless!! **SR**

Thanks to Rachel for submitting this for the Beacon. Her story shows that the emphasis on prayer at Conference was important for all of us. We need to pray in all circumstances and God will answer when we sincerely ask Him.

If you would like to send in an article or have an idea of something you would like me to write about, please send it to dakota.watt@yahoo.com. Please keep in mind that there will be a youth issue in the spring, and we'll need articles from all over the country.

Have a good month! Dakota Watt, editor.



Reflections

by Leanne Lippincott-Wuerthele

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

To my fellow "nerd"

I first met James Sabo-Shuler when we were students at Milton College back in the 1960s. We "click-ed" almost immediately.

Both native Wisconsites, we were the "good kids" who still lived at home (translation: nerds) and got excellent grades.

To earn money during the summer, Jim and I worked for Janesville's Recreation Department, directing a playground for mentally challenged children. Our friendship deepened during those two summers.

One day, Jim persuaded me to cruise the Rock River in his canoe. (I'm a non-swimmer who piles on five lifejackets, so I still don't know how he talked me into it.) Long after that canoe trip, Jim gave me a T-shirt with this message printed upside down on the back: "If you can read this T-shirt, please pull me back into the canoe." His sense of humor was as weird as mine.

I graduated two years ahead of Jim, and we eventually lost track of each other. Years later, we happened to be at the same Janesville restaurant. Much had changed for Jim. He had suffered a brain stem stroke while working in Michigan, and was now living with his brother nearby. In hindsight, I believe God orchestrated that meeting.

It was wonderful to "catch up" with Jim. After 25 years as a Methodist pastor, he trained to be a

registered nurse and worked with AIDS patients at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. He spoke proudly of his work as an Emergency Medical Technician and volunteer firefighter, and told of his many adventures—like touring Denali National Park in Alaska and kayaking alongside whales.

As a pastor and nurse, Jim had led a vigorous, meaningful life. He had brought babies into the world,



Jim Sabo-Shuler

and had eased the physical and spiritual pain of many about to leave it. But after his stroke, Jim needed ministering himself. And that was difficult for him.

One Christmas, Jim joined a group of carolers at Janesville's Mercy Hospital. With tears in his eyes, he turned to me and whispered, "I used to work in a hospital."

Although raised as a Methodist, denominations became less important to Jim as he aged. His relationship with God and His Son became his priority.

Jim had been baptized as an infant, but when the Milton SDB

Church became his "family," he opted to be baptized by immersion. I drove him to Clear Lake, just outside of Milton, where Pastor George Calhoun dipped him into that sunlit sparkling water. It was "totally Jim" to be baptized in God's great outdoors.

I had fun teasing my friend that—just like me—he now had "all his bases covered." Both of us had been "sprinkled and dunked." Made us sound like donuts.

Jim's health steadily deteriorated following another devastating stroke. When I visited him in the hospital this past July, I noticed his useless right hand, and the terrible purple and yellow bruises on his arms. It wasn't an easy visit, but I felt privileged to be there.

Before leaving, I prayed for Jim and kissed him on the forehead. Walking out the door, a silent prayer filled my mind: *Please, Lord. Take Jim home.*

A few days later, God answered that prayer.

Jim is now reunited with his parents and other loved ones. His mind is clear and his body is whole and perfect. No more strokes, no more pain, no more frustration. The unfulfilled dreams of a too-short life are no longer important.

Joy and love, peace and beauty are now Jim's constant companions.

I'll miss you, "Jimbo." But the tears I'm shedding aren't for you. Enjoy your New Life.

This isn't "Goodbye" my friend; it's simply, "See ya later." **SR**

"Servants Together..."



in God's Ministry"

SDB General Conference

Springfield, Missouri

July 25-31, 2010



The President's Page
by Pastor Paul Andries

sword and spear, for the battle is the LORD'S and he will give you into our hands" (1 Sam. 17:47).

Any success that we taste, know that it is the Lord! Be mindful that we are stewards of God's ministry, not the owners!

Ministry: *In the Greek, the word for ministry is the same one translated "diaconate" in English (deeah-kon-ee-ah), meaning "attendant" or "servant." Isn't that amazing?*

I have heard this definition of ministry: "the office, duties, or functions of a minister." This entails actively doing something for the benefit of someone. This definition could also include personal, governmental and spiritual.

We could conclude, then, that anything we have been called to do—when done for the Lord's glory—is ministry. Some have assumed that only those things done on Sabbath morning or on the church premises are considered "ministry." Ministry can and should be done at any place and at any time.

We read in Colossians, "...whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God" (3:17). Even our attitude should be opportunity for ministry, but this a matter for another time.

As "Servants Together in God's Ministry," we must be intentional, we must be deliberate and purposeful in approaching and engaging in God's work. The work belongs to Him, and therefore we must be mindful of *HIS* intent while serving.

I invite all Seventh Day Baptists—locally, nationally and internationally—to make a purposeful effort to include all those who are qualified (and train those who have an interest) to serve the Lord. May we do this not only during the Conference year, but as long as the Lord tarries, so that we are all Servants in God's Ministry. **SR**

What's in a Conference Theme?

"Servants Together in God's Ministry" is exactly as it says. As you read it, it is elementary in text, but profound in context. Let's see what the Lord reveals as we take it apart.

Servant: *A person totally accountable to and dependent upon another.* In other words, we are the ones accountable to and dependent upon God. He has ownership of us.

When we believed in our hearts and confessed with our mouth the Lordship of Christ, we relinquished our independence and placed Him in the most supreme place in our lives. Everything we do from that day forward should be to the tune of "Yes, Master!"

Together: *Denotes a unified or coherent structure, or an integrated whole.* The apostle Paul correctly stated, "For the body is not one member, but many" (1 Cor. 12:14).

Yes, we are individuals with various gifts, skills, preferences, backgrounds, education, culture, etc. Yet there is a oneness about the Church that should not be ignored or forgotten. Our individuality should not be

viewed as a glaring negative, but rather as a glowing positive contributing to the whole—unified in Christ Jesus.

May God's people see themselves as a unit; truly dependent upon each other (and primarily upon God), operating for His glory.

God's: *Adding 'apostrophe and s' denotes ownership of something.* In this theme, then, the One to whom the ministry belongs is God!

Let's be mindful of the work to which we have been called. While being faithful in that service, we need to keep things in proper perspective.

It is imperative to remember that it is not *my* church, but the Lord's. It is not *my* choir, but the Lord's. They are not *my* young people, but the Lord's. It is not *my* business meeting, but the Lord's. They are not *my* ushers, but the Lord's.

In the story of David and Goliath, we know of David's bravery, integrity and purity. Even though he was praised after the giant was defeated, he said this before the battle: "And all this assembly shall know that the LORD saveth not with



by Executive Director
Rob Appel

Do not grow weary

“And let us not lose heart in doing good, for in due time we shall reap if we do not grow weary” (Gal. 6:9).

Discouragement, fatigue, and a lack of results can bring us to the place of wanting to give up. When we “light the candle at both ends,” it doesn’t take long for the fire to consume the wax and the wick and leave us with no light.

Add to that getting off your schedule, your routine, your way of life, and you’ll soon find yourself in a downward spiral.

All work and no play did make for one weary Executive Director last June and July. I had been home a whopping nine weekends for the year when General Conference came around. The excessive travel, conflict management, church and Association visits, and last-minute trips were paying their toll on my attitude and patience.

Most of us go through times like this. So, what should we do about them?

We struggle against our own sins, the power of the devil, and the evil of other people and it seems to require too much effort to keep moving forward. In fact, progress seems to evade us altogether.

We may argue, *What difference does it make? The more I struggle against that sin, the more it seems to get the better of me. The more I*

try to help people and get involved in their lives, the more criticism I receive. The more I try to witness for the Gospel, the more I see the country heading away from the Christian faith. I don’t have any real impact on the world anyway, so what’s the use in trying?

Do you ever feel this way? I do. When we reach this point, we have lost sight of the ultimate goal of God’s work in our lives, and we have lost sight of the work of God’s Kingdom. We have become more focused on the struggles of the moment and fail to remember the promises of God’s Word.

Last year, as I started planning for the travels for the next 11 months, I began with a vision of what I wanted the year to look like when I was finished. I laid it out in my mind and even drew out an itinerary.

Having envisioned what the year would look like when finished, I next had to set out to accomplish that plan via specific activities. I should have remembered a magnet on the refrigerator here at the SDB Center that says: “We Plan... God Laughs!”

As I progressed toward achieving my goals, there was much hard work involved. Some days, I considered how much more I still had to do. I wondered whether I would ever get finished and whether it was worth all the trouble.

In other words, I grew weary.

However, after a little rest, some much-needed fishing time in Canada, and a better outlook on the task at hand, I have pressed on. God knows the end result, and we should now be the laughers.

If we do not want to grow weary in our work for the Kingdom of God, we should never lose sight of God’s plans. We must refer to His Word often and be reminded that the daily labor and struggle has a much larger goal in view.

We must shift our focus back to the role God has given us in His Kingdom work. Jesus said, “No one, after putting his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God” (Luke 9:62).

Discouragement comes when we begin to think that all of our successes and real accomplishments depend on us—that it is up to us to get the final results. But the Scriptures tell us that we are ultimately responsible to be found as “good and faithful servants” of God (Matt. 25:21). All of the results are left in God’s hands!

Have you grown weary? Have you slowed down or quit?

Keep your mind’s eye focused on the harvest. Look again to the final plans. Don’t be discouraged by the daily labor.

Remember, “In due time we shall reap if we do not grow weary.” **SR**



There Doesn't Have to Be "Woes"

by Morgan Shepard

*"You give a tenth of your spices—
mint, dill and cummin. But
you have neglected the more important
matters of the law—
justice, mercy and faithfulness."
(Matt. 23:23)*

Last month we talked about tithing and faith. It takes faith to give God our firstfruits. We have faith that God will provide for our needs (not our wants) from His abundance.

However, in the passage above, Jesus clearly points out that tithing is not all there is to the Law. There is justice, mercy and faithfulness.

How do we demonstrate justice, mercy and faithfulness? We do it through how we interact and reach out to those around us. How does your church serve its community and neighbors? How do we hold each other accountable?

As I presented at General Conference in Lancaster, Pa., the mission of the SDB Memorial Fund is ***"to extend the work of Seventh Day Baptists in spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ to today's world."***


That work is done by the church and you.

So, how do we do this? Well, that depends. It depends on what your church has been called to do. It depends on what the need is within your community. It also depends on what you are willing to sacrifice.

This will take time and commitment. It will most likely take money; remember that tithe idea??

The Memorial Fund has resources that can help in your outreach ministries. Whether it is a new outreach plan, providing lay training, planting a new church, or growing a camping program, we may be able to help.

The Memorial Fund webpage—under "Ministries" at seventhdaybaptist.org—has more information and guidelines for requesting a grant. You may also call me (*hurry, though; see below*) for more information.

Remember, having faith that God will provide—coupled with justice, mercy and faithfulness—can eliminate those "Woes." 

Fund Manager Update

Many of you may have heard that the U.S. Navy has recalled me to active duty. I report the end of November and will be serving in Djibouti, Africa, through the end of 2010. Djibouti is a small country on the eastern coast in what is called the "Horn of Africa." During my deployment I will oversee construction contracts for the Navy.

The Memorial Fund is developing plans to ensure that business will continue as usual. The quarterly distributions and loan and grant requests should go on with minimal (if any) interruption.

I would ask for your prayers for my family as they stay behind. I firmly believe that my wife will have the harder job of keeping up with two little boys. I'll keep in touch during my deployment so keep watching the blog at seventhdaybaptist.org.



New Camp Land Dedicated

by Voni Mattison, Alfred Station, N.Y.



On Sunday evening, September 13, people from three churches within the Allegheny Association of SDB Churches gathered at a brand new campfire location on top of a hill at Camp Harley Sutton (outside of Alfred Station, N.Y.).

The hike up the new path was undertaken in various ways: actual walking; running for the more enthusiastic; and tractor rides and 4-wheel drive—quite the adventure.

After a relaxing “roast your own” wiener and marshmallows dinner, our Heavenly Father was given thanks for the newly purchased acres (nearly 100!) that attach to the “old” Camp Harley site. This property was owned by H.O. and Hannah Burdick and used as their retreat for many years. The land includes the original farmhouse built in 1840. The Burdicks gave the Association the camp property in 1950.

Lyle Sutton began the time of Dedication with opening remarks. Luan Sutton Ellis—inspired by Hannah Burdick’s devotion to our camp youth—led the worship. Sarah and Joseph Torkaman and Elianna Chroniger also participated.

Pastor Patricia Bancroft, Camp Harley Director, read to us Hannah Burdick’s hopes and dreams for Camp Harley. Hannah was totally

dedicated to the youth program, believing that camp is a very special way for children (young, old and in-between) to find salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Her words are timeless, so we share excerpts here for all to cherish:

Dedication of the New Property for Camp Harley Sutton

by Rev. Patricia A. Bancroft,
Alfred SDB Church

On May 27, 1972, Hannah Burdick was involved in a training and brainstorming event focused on the “Potentialities for Christian Outdoor Education at Camp Harley Sutton.” She distributed a handout entitled, “Hannah Burdick to the Camp Leadership Workshop.”

Her handout begins:

“My dream for Camp Harley Sutton is that it should be a place to grow, to make friendships, to learn discipline; that it should be a religious place as distinguished from a secular camp; that the young person could say proudly, ‘At our church camp we had a wonderful Sabbath.’ Agreed? Of course!! But given a heterogeneous, lively, noisy, sometimes uncooperative mob of 25-30 youngsters, how does one go

about making an atmosphere where growth can take place?”

Hannah’s question continues to be in the forefront of the thoughts, planning and dreaming done by all involved at Camp Harley Sutton. As each camp season flows into the next, the question burns in our hearts...

We stand now—with a feeling of overwhelming wonder and gratitude—upon land that has come to us through the power of God and the involvement of the Holy Spirit. We have become stewards to an awesomely beautiful new parcel of land.

God has given us a sacred “go ahead” to dream, plan, work and produce new opportunities to expand the scope of our camp programs.

On September 18, 1971, a service took place to dedicate Crandall Dorm and to name other buildings and areas of the camp. Mrs. Catherine Jacox spoke these words:

“It has been said by many people that a better campsite could not have been found, even at a great price in this area. The topography of the land lends itself to carrying out any and all activities at camp as well as having good building sites. The proximity to stores, post office, doctors, etc. and the privacy make it an ideal location. The woods are beautiful and very useable due to the fact that there is no underbrush... [all] is a beautiful quiet temple of peace where one can meet and commune with their God.”

While our new 86 acres do have underbrush, it is an exquisite mix of field, meadow, wetland and forest. Look around at what is now Camp Harley’s expanded “temple of peace”!

Let us lift our own personal prayers to God for this land. **SR**

New members

Albion, WI
Michael Burns, pastor
Joined after testimony
Ruth Russell

Fort Lauderdale, FL
Andrew Samuels, pastor
Joined after testimony
Dayna Fuller
Verona Fuller

Lost Creek, WV
Perry Cain, pastor
Joined after testimony
Mike Facemire
Joyce Facemire
Tiffany Facemire
John Knoll
Katherine Knoll
Jessie Knoll
Joined after baptism
Ashley Eagle
Zackery Nester
Justin Quinn
Zach Reeves

Births

Pittman.—A daughter, Lily Grace Pittman, was born to Jeremy and Jennifer (Zema) Pittman of Coats, NC, on May 14, 2009.

Bond.—A son, Mikiah Chet Bond, was born to Chet and Tanya (Bonser) Bond of Jane Lew, WV, on June 5, 2009.

Messenger.—A son, Bryce Alexander Messenger, was born to Danny and Mary Beth (Lawrence) Messenger of Clarksburg, WV, on June 13, 2009.

Bullinger.—A daughter, Anna Katherine Bullinger, was born to Jeremy and Julie Bullinger of Greenville, SC, on Aug. 7, 2009.

Bonesteel.—A son, Noah Bonesteel, was born to Kevin and Jennifer (Rose) Bonesteel of Grafton, NY, on August 20, 2009.

Richards.—A daughter, Laila Faith Richards, was born to Greg and Emily Richards of Texarkana, TX, on September 18, 2009.

Berg.—A son, Elijah James Berg, was born to Matthew and Miriam (Lawton) Berg of Lawrence, KS, on September 26, 2009.

Death Notices

Roy J.T. Harris, 88, of Decatur, TX, died on July 17, 2009.

Patricia Ann (Tebbetts) Ashcraft, 73, of Banning, CA, died on September 30, 2009.

Elizabeth “Betty” (McWilliam) Harris, 89, of Decatur, TX, died on October 2, 2009.

Ordination in Hebron

by Fay Hauber

Pastor Jo Anne Kandel was ordained at the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hebron in Coudersport, Pa., on September 12, 2009.

Pastor Jo graduated from Colorado State University receiving a BA in textiles and clothing. After raising her family, she continued her education at Northeastern Seminary in Rochester, N.Y., earning a Master of Divinity degree. She also attended the Seventh Day Baptist Summer Institutes in Janesville, Wis., studying SDB history and polity and Sabbath theology.

The Kandels came to the Hebron church in 2005.



This is her first pastorate. Pastor Jo's husband, Mark, works for the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation. They have three daughters: Martha at home, Emily of Coudersport, and Jessie who lives in Buffalo, N.Y.

A reception at the Hebron Community Building honored Reverend Kandel following the ordination service. Among those attending were her sister, Patricia Petersen of Boulder, Colo.; Rev. Gordon Lawton, Director of the

SDB Center on Ministry in Janesville; Dr. and Mrs. Paul Manuel and Rev. and Mrs. Ed Sutton from Salemville, Pa.; and local pastors and congregation members. **SR**

Obituaries

Stamp.—Mabel H. Stamp, 63, of Vernon, N.Y., passed away on May 9, 2009, at the Oneida (N.Y.) Healthcare Center.

She was born in Oneida on April 20, 1946, daughter of Leon J. and Mary (Proctor) Harrington. On September 2, 1967 she was married to Kenneth Stamp in Lebanon, N.Y.

Mabel was employed as a teacher's aid. For the past 25 years, she worked faithfully in prison ministry at various Central New York prisons.

Surviving besides her husband are a daughter, Mary Patricia Schmunk, of Central Square, N.Y., and three sons, David and Duane Stamp of Vernon, and Donald Stamp of Syracuse, N.Y.; and eight grandchildren.

A funeral service was held on June 7, 2009 at the Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church, with Pastor Steven James officiating. Interment was in the New Union Cemetery in Verona.

Johnson.—Paul Atos Johnson, 90, of Waterford, Conn., died on August 24, 2009, at Beechwood Manor in New London.

He was born on March 25, 1919, in Long Island City, N.Y., the son of Richard Mott and Alina (Oriander) Johnson. Paul moved from Groton, Conn., to Waterford in 1982 to care for his in-laws.

Paul married Emma Burdick on July 14, 1963. They were married for 43 years until Emma's death in 2006.

He was a veteran of World War II, serving in the U.S. Army from 1943 to 1946. He attended New London Business College and took advanced banking courses at Brown University. He was employed at New London Savings Bank for 41 years where he was known for his efficiency, integrity and friendliness. He retired from there as Vice President/Treasurer.

Paul was a member of the Waterford Seventh Day Baptist Church for 46 years, and the Groton Congregational Church Choir for 62 years. He

was the treasurer for the SDB Missionary Society in Westerly, the Waterford SDB Church, and the Interfaith Food Locker of Waterford. In addition to his volunteer activities, Paul was awarded lifetime membership in the Finnish American Heritage Society earlier this year.

Paul is survived by his daughters, MaryJo Alina Johnson of New York, N.Y., and Teresa Marie Johnson of Waterford; and his brother, Richard Leo Johnson of Mystic, Conn.

A funeral service was held on August 29, 2009, at the Waterford Seventh Day Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. Dwight Dutton with the assistance of several area clergy. Burial with military honors was at the West Neck Cemetery, Waterford.

Nida.—Dr. Melvin G. Nida, 89, died at his home in Salem, W.Va, on September 21, 2009.

Dr. Nida was born in St. Paul, Minn., on June 4, 1920, the son of Amos William and Bertha E. (Peck) Nida. He was raised in the Methodist faith but was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church throughout his adult life.

He graduated from Dunn County Normal School in Menomonie, Wis., with an elementary teaching certificate. He taught all eight grades to 32 students in a rural school in Wisconsin.

During World War II, he registered as a conscientious objector and spent four years in the Civilian Public Service (CPS). He served at a forestry camp and then at mental hospitals under the direction of the Church of the Brethren.



Dr. Melvin Nida

Dr. Nida graduated from Salem College in 1947 and later from Alfred (N.Y.) University School of Theology. While in Alfred, he served as pastor of the Richburg, N.Y., Seventh Day Baptist Church and was ordained to the ministry in 1950. He earned his Doctor of Theology degree from Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colo.

He served several leadership positions in the SDB denomination, including Conference President, and editor of *The Helping Hand* quarterly study. He taught religion at the Alfred School of Theology and served as its librarian until it closed. He then taught in the Religion and Philosophy Department at Salem College. He served numerous faculty positions, including a rotation as Academic Dean. In his retirement, he served as interim pastor for the Salem SDB Church.

Two of his avocations were making pottery and flying glider planes. He sold pottery and woodstoves from a shop in his home, and served for a time as chaplain for the local Civil Air Patrol. He also served as a CASA volunteer and member of the Randolph Terrace Apartments board. He also researched the genealogy of his family and wrote a fictionalized story of the life of his first ancestor in America.

Dr. Nida is survived by his wife, Cynthia Brissey; a son, Larry Nida of West Milford, W.Va., and a daughter, Sylvia Nida Worrall of Marshall, Va.; a stepson, Matthew Calise of Baltimore, Md.; four grandsons, four great-grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his wife of 43 years, Jeanett Dickinson Nida; a daughter, Elizabeth E. Nida; two sisters, Lorene Nida Bjurman and Wilma Nida Yoder; and eight half-brothers and sisters.

A memorial service was held on September 26, 2009 at the Salem SDB Church.

Remembering Melvin Nida

by Paul Green, Milton, Wis.

Denise and I were just married when we went to New York State to continue our education at Alfred University. We soon got acquainted with Melvin and Jeanett Nida and their family.

I remember being at their cozy home on the hill above Alfred, warming ourselves around the central fireplace. When I later became student pastor at the Alfred Station church, I recall having the Nidas at the parsonage for a meal. We also directed their kids—Larry, Elizabeth and Sylvia—at Camp Harley Sutton.

My primary contacts with Melvin were at the School of Theology in Alfred where, along with Loyal Hurley, he was my favorite teacher. I think it was his first year after earning his doctorate. He was very enthusiastic about teaching.

One day as he began class, he put a big “X” mark on the chalkboard and launched into his lecture. Near the end of the class, one of the stu-

dents—Ralph Betters—raised his hand and asked, “What’s the ‘X’ for, Doc?” We never did find out.

A decade later Denise and I moved our family from New Jersey to Salem, West Virginia. The Nidas were there ahead of us. He was now teaching at Salem College. Knowing the kind of person he was, I had few misgivings about being pastor to my seminary professor, though it did make me wonder a bit. No need to worry: Dr. Nida was always fully supportive. The closest he ever came to criticizing me was one Sabbath when, after a hectic week, I was sort of “winging it” in the pulpit. After the service he said with a grin, “That’ll be a good sermon when you get it organized.”

Many times I went to the Nidas on Valley Street when I felt in need of counsel or simply an understanding shoulder to “unload” on. Jeanett always cheered me with something delicious from her kitchen, and

Melvin was a gracious listener and sounding board.

Once again I became his student, taking two excellent courses he taught at Salem. One was “Death and Dying.” This was shortly after the tragic death of their daughter Elizabeth, and he taught the course with particular wisdom and sensitivity.

After we left Salem we saw little of the Nidas, but we always appreciated Melvin’s thoughtful Christmas letters. We visited them during Jeanett’s long illness that led to her death, and noted Melvin’s faithful and loving care. It seemed especially appropriate that he received just such care from Cynthia Brissey, his wife as he approached the end of his life, and we bless her for it.

A good friend; we will miss him. He gave us so much. May he hear the words, “Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of your Lord.” **SR**

Denominational Dateline

November 2009

- 1 TCC Annual Meeting, SDB Center, Janesville, Wis.—*Kevin Butler*
- 7 Agape SDB Church, Queens, N.Y.—*Gordon Lawton*
- 7 “CPR,” Lost Creek, W.Va.—*Butler, Rob Appel*
- 13-15 South Atlantic Association, West Palm Beach, Fla.—*Lawton*
- 21 Springfield, Mass.—*Kirk Looper*
- 22 *Morgan Shepard* deploys to Djibouti, Africa

December

- 5 Bradenton, Fla., SDB Church—*Appel*

January 2010

- 9 Houston, Texas, SDB Church—*Appel*
- 9 Iglesia Bautista del Septimo Dia, Houston—*Appel*
- 11 NABF meeting, Dallas, Texas—*Appel*
- 15-18 Young Adult SDB Cruise, Calif.—*Appel*
- 23-24 COM Annual Meeting, SDB Center—*Lawton*
- 24 SDB Missionary Society, Ashaway, R.I. Executive Committee, 9:00 a.m. Board Meeting, 2:00 p.m.—*Looper*
- 24 SDB Women’s Board, Tomah, Wis.—*Althea Rood*
- TBD Memorial Fund quarterly meeting, date/place TBD—*Jan Ehlers, Appel*

KEVIN'S

ORNER

Always something (to be thankful for)

While out shopping the other day, we came across a store display with fall and Thanksgiving decorations. One wooden sign really stood out to me. It said, "There is ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS something to be thankful for!"

Isn't that true? If you think about it, there is always something to be thankful for. With that in mind, I shared this children's story at several churches recently:

A man had a job that depended on good weather, and the weather had been rotten—cold, rainy, snowy, icy. That made him angry (and unthankful) because what happens when you don't work? Right; you don't get paid!

He and his wife had three children, three very active and busy kids. One day the mom had to break the news to Dad: "The kids need new shoes!"

He knew that their shoes were worn out because he saw the kids using them for brakes on their wagons and bikes, and running and jumping and playing and just being kids.

Then Mom had even worse news. "The washing machine broke! And the repairman said it was so old that they couldn't get parts for it." They had to get a different one.

The dad checked the local "Craig's List" on the internet and found an ad for a used washer at a pretty good price. He e-mailed the owners, drove to the address and pulled his truck into

the driveway. The place was really nice, like a mansion.

After the owners let him in, the poor Dad couldn't believe all of the beautiful furniture and the latest electronics. He started grumbling again on the inside and thought, *How happy my wife would be with this kitchen!*

While checking out the old washing machine, the man complained about his kids wearing out their shoes and all of the other mounting bills. The couple that owned the house gave the man an even better price than what they said on-line.

Instead of being thankful, the man kind of grunted and grumbled as he wrote out the check, mentioning again about the kids' shoes and them growing up so fast. Then he actually said out loud, "It must be wonderful to have everything. You must be very happy!"

When the woman of the house heard that, her eyes started to tear up and she ran out of the room.

The man buying the washer wondered what was going on. The owner of the mansion said, "We've only got one child; a little girl. She's never been able to walk a step in her life." Starting to choke up, he said, "A pair of worn out shoes would make us very happy."

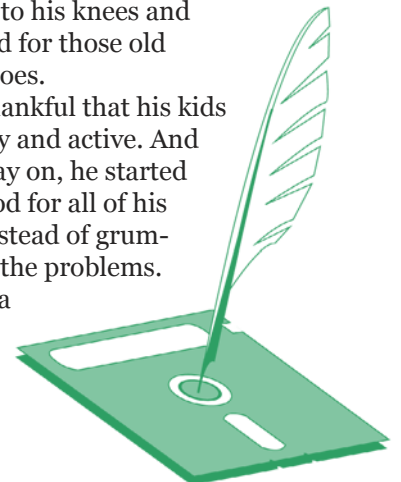
They loaded the machine onto the truck, and the man headed home. When he got to his little house he dropped to his knees and thanked God for those old worn out shoes.

He was thankful that his kids were healthy and active. And from that day on, he started thanking God for all of his blessings instead of grumbling about the problems.

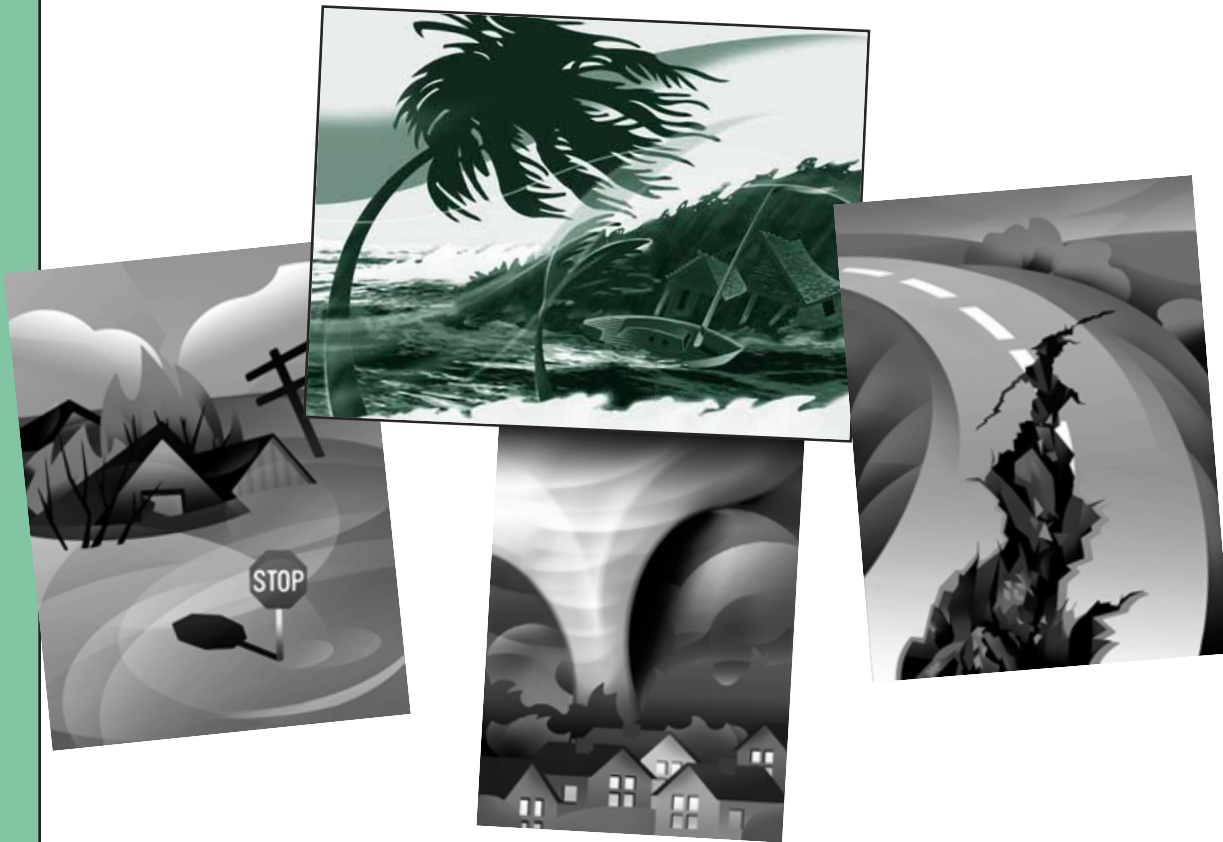
Isn't that a

better way to live?

Because there is ALWAYS something to be thankful for!



Time for Relief.



Your gift to the
SDB United Relief Fund
provides help for medical and emergency needs
both here and abroad.

Please give generously to the **SDB
United Relief Fund** through your
local church on Thanksgiving Sabbath
or mail your gift directly to:

SDB United Relief Fund
3120 Kennedy Road
PO Box 1678
Janesville WI 53547-1678