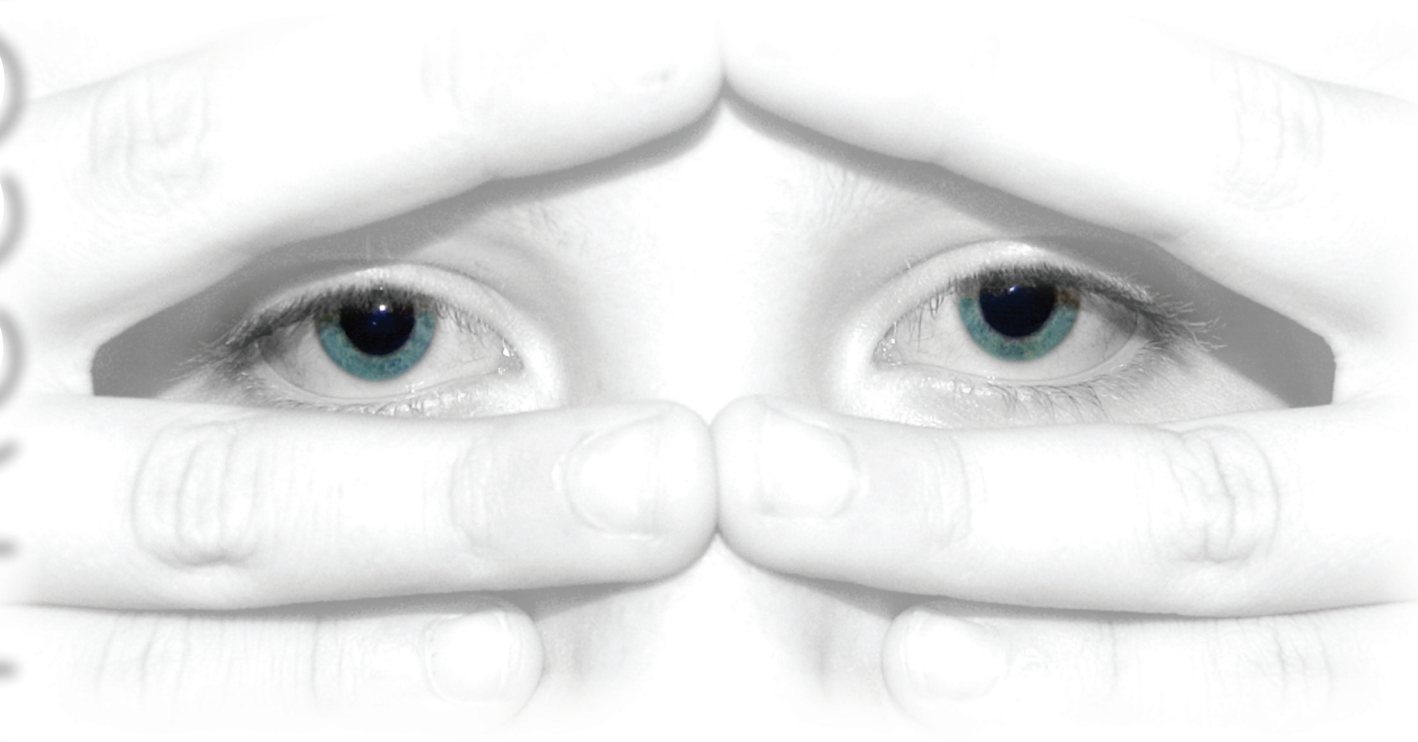


Compassion



Open our eyes to see what God sees.
Give us courage to do what he has asked us to do.

Owen Promoted to Director of Communications

Emerging Media Director Jeremiah Owen has been promoted to Director of Communications effective immediately. Jeremiah has done an outstanding job in his role over the past two years establishing a significant social media presence for the SDBs through Facebook, Twitter, and a host of other media channels. He has also maintained the denomination website at SeventhDayBaptist.org since the fall of 2013.

Owen was instrumental in implementing livestreaming of our annual General Conference meetings and has assisted several churches with creating their own websites. All of Owen's previous responsibilities will be transferred to his new position and the role of Emerging Media Director will be eliminated. Owen will also add the responsibilities for managing the work of the TCC (American Sabbath Tract and Communication Council) such as budgeting, status reporting, and Conference Session related activities. Pat Cruzan will continue in her present position as Interim *Sabbath Recorder* Editor, reporting to the Director of Communications.



The Director of Communications reports to the SDB Executive Director, Rob Appel. You may direct any questions regarding this position to Rob. Rob can be contacted by phone at (608) 752-5055 or email at robappel@seventhdaybaptist.org or by regular mail at the SDB Center at PO Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547.

Kersten Announced as Director of Education & History

Nicholas Kersten has been appointed to the new position of Director of Education & History, effective January 1, 2015. In this new position, Kersten will manage the educational ministries of the General Conference while continuing essential Librarian-Historian responsibilities. In addition to his outstanding service as the Librarian-Historian for the past 9 years, Nick holds a Bachelor's degree in Education, as well as a Master of Divinity degree, and was recently ordained as a SDB minister.

Mr. Rinald Kersten will continue in his current position as Library Assistant with no changes. *The Helping Hand* Editor, Steve Osborn, will also report to the Director of Education & History with no other changes to his responsibilities.



The Director of Education & History reports to the SDB Executive Director, Rob Appel. You may direct any questions regarding this position to Rob. Rob can be contacted by phone at (608) 752-5055 or email at robappel@seventhdaybaptist.org or by regular mail at the SDB Center at PO Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547.

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Nose Hairs



There are a great many people to harvest, but there are only a few workers. So pray to God, who owns the harvest, that he will send more workers to help gather his harvest.

— Luke 10: 2 NCV

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; SDB website: www.seventhdaybaptist.org

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Compassion is not something you talk about.

Compassion is something you do.

It's not a flag on a field

It's not a sign in my yard

(It's) Not a cause that I join

Not a phrase on a coin

It's the change in my heart

Mercy and grace and compassion

They're only words without action

I need hands that are open

Reaching out to broken hearts

Cause that's the only way this world

Will ever know who you are

Love is the evidence

Love Is the Evidence. Written by Ben Calhoun. Performed by Citizen Way.

COMPASSION

Compassion means to suffer with another person.

To have compassion means more than just feeling sorry for somebody. It means to get down where they are in the midst of their need and to suffer with them in the midst of their pain.



Biblical compassion means that you see the problem. You are moved by the need. You go out to where the problem is. You get your hands dirty trying to help, and raise a person up to a higher level of life. It's not a handout, but a hand up!

This is what Jesus did: Matthew 14:14 tells us that Jesus had compassion on the great crowd following him so he healed the sick and then fed the 5,000. When Jesus saw the two blind men of Jericho, Matthew 20:34 tells us that he was filled with compassion and healed them on the spot. Mark 1:40-41 offers the most telling example of what compassion meant to our Lord Jesus: *A leper came to him, imploring him, and kneeling said to him, "If you will, you can make me clean." Moved with pity, he stretched out his hand and touched him and said to him, "I will; be clean."* The most shocking part of that text is that Jesus touched a leper! In doing that, he broke all the customs and rules of that day. According to the Old Testament, if you had leprosy, you were unclean. Lepers had to live in a colony away from the rest of society. They carried a little bell and rang it so people would know they were in the area and could avoid them. However, when Jesus saw the man with leprosy, he didn't run away, but reached out and touched him.

For our Lord Jesus Christ, compassion was not a feeling; it was a commitment to get involved with hurting people. Real compassion is more than a feeling. Real compassion moves from feeling to action.

In Luke 10:25-29, an expert in the law came to see our Lord with a curious question. He was a theologian, an Old Testament scholar. We're told that he stood to test Jesus. *"Teacher," he asked, "what must I do to inherit eternal life?"* This scholar, this theologian wasn't asking this question because he didn't know the answer. He wasn't seeking clarity and insight into the Scriptures. He did this to prove how smart he was compared to this itinerant preacher from of all places, Nazareth. After all, as John 1:46 says, *"Nazareth! Can anything good come from there?"*

But Jesus didn't fall for this theologian's trick. Instead, He answered him with a question: *"What is written in the Law?" "How do you read it?"* He (the theologian) answered, *"Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and, Love your neighbor as yourself."* *"You have answered correctly," Jesus replied. "Do this and you will live."* But he wanted to justify himself, so he asked Jesus, *"And who is my neighbor?"* Do you see the sparring going on here, the mental gymnastics? This scholar was trying to pull Jesus into his religious jargon web. He had pulled from what is known as the "Shema," *"Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is One and we are to Love the Lord our God."* Every Jewish child could recite that from the time they could talk. For good measure, he added the edict in Leviticus 19:18 to love your neighbor as yourself. Every person there that day knew this and was listening intently to how Jesus would respond.

WE NEED TO PRAY AGGRESSIVELY

This theologian reminds me of many I've run across over the years. Their religion is something they love to debate in hallowed halls, but hate to live out in their daily lives. They have the right answers, but the right answers don't have them.

Jesus was not here to debate what was obvious. He was here to restore what Satan had stolen. He was here to proclaim good news to the poor, to set the prisoners free, to recover sight for the blind, and to announce the Day of Jubilee when slaves and prisoners would be freed, debts would be forgiven, and the mercies of God would be made manifest.

But this theologian was so heavenly minded he didn't know that the God he worshipped came into the world to do earthly good. So he asked with a smugness that always seems to accompany those who practice religion without a genuine faith: *"And who is my neighbor?"* The question seems to answer itself before it leaves his lips. Just look around — your neighbors are all around you! They live on your street, you go to school with them, you shop at the same stores, eat at the same restaurants, you drive the same streets, you work with your neighbors, and you see them when you go to church. Your neighbors are all around you.

This man didn't want to know the truth. He just wanted to prove that Jesus was wrong and he was right! But as always, Jesus took the opportunity to dispense the truth. So He told a story: *"A man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho when he was attacked by robbers. They stripped him of his clothes, beat him and went away, leaving him half dead. A priest happened to be going down the same road, and when he saw the man,*

he passed by on the other side. So too, a Levite, when he came to the place and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a Samaritan, as he traveled, came where the man was; and when he saw him, he took pity on him. He went to him and bandaged his wounds, pouring on oil and wine. Then he put the man on his own donkey, brought him to an inn and took care of him. The next day he took out two denarii and gave them to the innkeeper. "Look after him," he said, "and when I return, I will reimburse you for any extra expense you may have." Luke 10:30-35

What this Samaritan did was truly above and beyond normal human obligations. Today if we saw a beaten man lying by the road, we would first call 911 and then do what we could while we waited for help to arrive. But there were no EMTs on the treacherous road winding through the mountains from Jerusalem down to Jericho. If this man were to survive, the Samaritan would have to take the whole burden on himself. Either he got involved or the man died. There were no other options.

Many of us might have hesitated. After all, we've got things to do, places to go, people to see. I don't know anyone who isn't busy these days. The demands of life weigh heavily on all of us. After all, we can't save the whole world. I know from the sheer volume of ministry over the years that we won't be able to save everyone. We can't rescue every baby. We can't rescue every homeless man. We can't save every marriage. We can't change everyone's destructive behaviors or make them forgive their past and start a new beginning. But we can light a candle in the darkness! We can stop and reach out to those God has laid before us.

SPEAK THE TRUTH IN LOVE

Why did the Samaritan get involved when the priest and the Levite passed by on the other side? I suppose one could argue that his background as an outcast made him more likely to respond to human need. Perhaps a person who has been forgiven much gives much grace. After all, aren't we able to love because He first loved us? (1 John. 4:19)

We rarely know what compassion will demand of us. Sometimes the help we give will be brief and easy to do. Other times we will discover that the demands are long-lasting and heavy to bear. Most of the time we can't do it all by ourselves. Even in this story, the Samaritan didn't stick around and try to nurse the man back to health himself. He left him in the care of the innkeeper and then went on his way. No one can do it all. I can't do it all and you can't do it all. No one is being asked to do it all. But we can all do something! We can all contribute. We can all do our part in the plan that God has set before us. Because something done in Jesus' name is better, much better, than nothing done at all!

Jesus asks this Biblical scholar a question that in turn is asked of each of us: *"Which of these three do you think was a neighbor to the man who fell into the hands of robbers?"* Who was the true neighbor to the man in need? Was it the priest, the Levite or the Samaritan?

It's not a trick question. It has the answer that any school child with their hands wildly waving in the air would readily shout out: "It's the Samaritan!" The expert in the law replied, *"The one who had mercy on him."* He couldn't even bring himself to say Samaritan,

(you know, those dirty, low-down half-breeds). So he forced out his answer, *"The one who had mercy on him."*

Then I can imagine Jesus looking him in the eye with a sadness that always accompanies those who not only don't see, but refuse to see. *"Go. (He tells them) Go and do likewise."* (Luke 10:36-37)

The question this scholar asked was not the real question. The real question was what Jesus asked: "Will I be a neighbor to those I meet today?" The onus is always on me, not on those in need. Jesus' story is not about the man in need, it's about those who have a chance to help and don't. It's about a man who did what he could, even though he could have walked away. It's about someone who stepped in to do something even though he couldn't do everything. It's about the people of God doing what Jesus did when He left His throne in glory to walk the paths of earth looking for those who would take hold of His outstretched hand. It's about ministry that brings the light of Jesus into a very dark world, even if that light is but a candle in the wind!

Compassion is not something you talk about.

Compassion is something you do. Compassion can be studied, but its surface isn't scratched until its put into practice.

My prayer is that our eyes will be open to see what God sees, and that we will have the courage to do what He's asked us to do. And I pray that God will bring at least one person across your path that needs the help only you can give. [SR](#)

Devotional

Sharing the journey with you

Pastor Scott Hausrath

North Loup, NE



“Beam me up, Scotty!”

I recently watched a documentary by William Shatner, who played Captain Kirk on “Star Trek.” He was trying to determine why so many people continue to attend Star Trek conventions almost fifty years after the first show aired on TV. I became a “Trekkie” when I was in high school, and my attraction to the Star Trek universe continues to this day. I was very interested in hearing Shatner’s thoughts on this.

At the annual Star Trek convention in Las Vegas, boasting an attendance of approximately 20,000 people over four days, Shatner discussed this subject with many Trekkies. His ultimate conclusion was that attendance at these annual conventions (and involvement with Trekkies throughout the year) provides people with three things that each human needs: community, hope, and love.

One comment that Shatner kept hearing from people was that they felt at home with other Trekkies because of their mutual understanding of one another.

*God isn’t calling us to be comfortable.
He’s calling us to be compassionate.*

“They get me,” was the phrase that was repeated so many times at the convention in Las Vegas. This led me to think about our role as ambassadors of Jesus Christ: How are we doing at providing people with community, hope, and love? Do we take the time to “get people,” or do we merely brush them off when we’re not sure where they’re coming from?

It seems that we are most comfortable when we are dealing with people who are similar to us. We understand them and they understand us. We become uncomfortable, sometimes even afraid, when we are among people who are different from us — different in how they look, what they say, and what they believe. However, God isn’t calling us to be comfortable. He’s calling us to be compassionate.

Today’s society is extremely fractured. Many people are lacking community, hope, and love. We have the amazing privilege of offering the love of God to these people. The next time you find yourself feeling uncomfortable around someone who is different from you, remember one foundational truth you share with that person: Both of you were created in God’s image.

As you make the effort to reach out to someone who is different, you may very well be going where no one has gone before. That makes all the difference in the world! [SR](#)

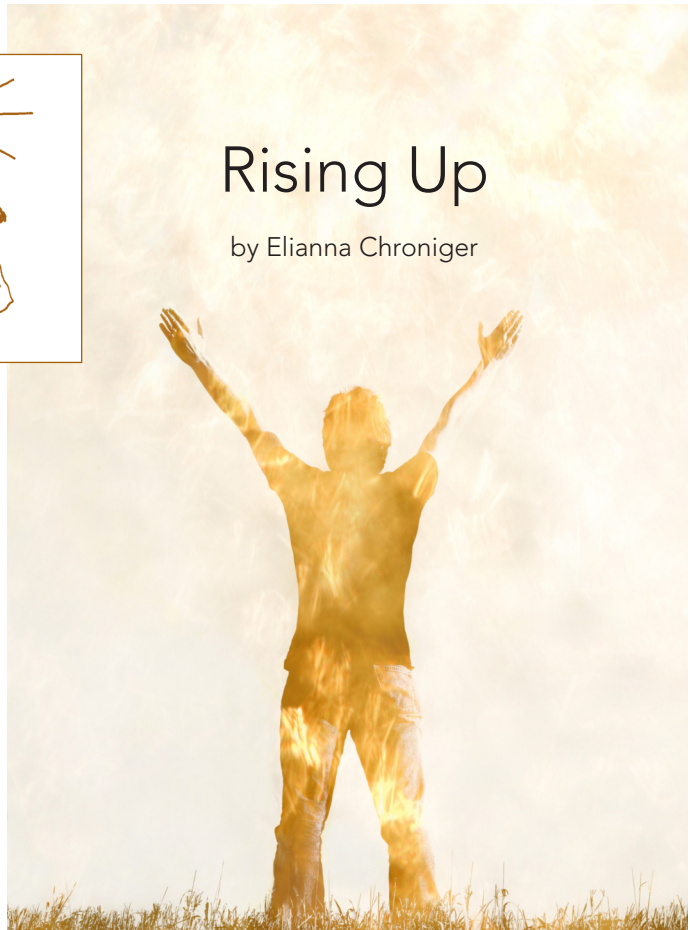
The Beacon

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



Rising Up

by Elianna Chroniger



As I started thinking about what to write for this month's article, I really had nothing come to mind. Nothing, that is, until I visited the Bible Gateway website. The verse of the day read "[A song of ascents.] I lift up my eyes to the mountains — where does my help come from? My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth." (Psalm 121:1-2)

This was especially wonderful for me to read because I had been having a rough day, even if it was only third period. My first period class consisted of some difficult math problems and I just could not wrap my brain around them. This was frustrating to me because I like to know how to do things and do them right. In our second period class, my friends and I had a test on some of our summer homework. I looked at the question and my mind went blank. I hate the feeling that you don't know anything. I finally reached my third period study hall and was grateful for the mental break.

As I sat in the counselor's office trying to figure out what to write for this edition, I decided I needed a spiritual snack to satisfy my hunger that was growing due to stress. I went online and searched Bible Gateway, intending to look up a chapter and read it and just meditate. When that verse popped up on my screen I knew why God had told me to work on the article right now. The first four words told me that. "A song of ascents" hit me first. This verse is a song about rising up. THAT was exactly what I needed. I needed to know that Yahweh, the God of everything, wanted me to rise above the stress and move on! Then I read the last part of that verse. "The Maker of heaven and earth" is my help. It made me think that maybe the next verse had something special for me in it too! As I opened up to the whole chapter, I realized I was accomplishing my original goal of reading a chapter! The rest of the chapter read "He will not let your foot slip — he who watches over you will not slumber; indeed, he who watches over Israel will

neither slumber nor sleep. The LORD watches over you — the LORD is your shade at your right hand; the sun will not harm you by day, nor the moon by night. The LORD will keep you from all harm — he will watch over your life; the LORD will watch over your coming and going both now and forevermore." (Psalm 121:3-8)

Realizing that the God who made everything wants to help me, made the stress seem to just evaporate. I was no longer worried about my college applications. I didn't care that I didn't understand an accounting problem. I wasn't worried that my name was going to be spelled wrong on my diploma. I knew, without a doubt, that God had my back. The best part about this whole epiphany is that God has your back too! I'm not saying that if you pray for help with a math problem, God will immediately give you every single answer. I'm not saying that he will make you a genius if you pray for him to. However, I am saying that God will take some of your burden. He is the help that you can turn your eyes to. He is the one you can always count on. He won't lead you in a wrong direction. He wants us to rise above our stress and our worries here on earth and focus on just his will because he will not let us stumble. SR



Women's Society page
Katrina Goodrich
www.sdbwomen.org

Top of the List



Early one Sunday morning I was in my bed sleeping. I had gotten to bed quite late the night before due to the necessity of watching a college football game that didn't begin until 9:30 that evening. I hadn't gotten much sleep and it had been a pretty hectic week, so I was exhausted and enjoying sleeping in. Then I heard it. This sound, drawing me from blissfully unconscious into a groggy state, was extremely unpleasant. After a few minutes my mind finally identified this crude noise. My adorable niece and nephew were awake and urgently pounding four little fists on my bedroom door. I finally mustered enough strength to ask what was wrong. My four year old nephew responded with this, "I need to ride the elevator! Right now!"

Anyone who has met my nephew knows how much he loves elevators — to the point of obsession. He loves them so much that he pretends they are everywhere he goes. Some of his favorite pretend elevators are located right in my room. Needless to say I was exasperated with him and his little sister, who does exactly what her big brother does. I told them to come back later. The knocking didn't end. I tried to get them to go away but they wouldn't. After about ten minutes of this torture, I dragged myself out of bed, over to the door, and opened it.

A rude awakening was not what I needed that particular morning. When I opened that door and stepped out, I was so groggy I couldn't think straight. Immediately I was bombarded with little bodies, enveloped in the biggest hugs two kids under the age of five could

muster. I had been pretty busy for a few days so we hadn't gotten to spend too much quality time together and they missed me. They weren't as much interested in driving me crazy as they were in seeing their aunt and getting to play and have fun.

We are a lot like my niece and nephew in our relationship with God. We can go for days without thinking about, or acting on our Christian relationship, with our creator. Then something happens. We realize we're missing something. We get into trouble, go to church, or whatever, and we remember that we have a loving God who we can call on at anytime for help or even just to talk. And he responds to us — its not always in the way we expect or want, but he's there. He opens his doors and floodgates of love are washed upon us. And so unlike me in this story, God is never groggy or annoyed, even when we come to him with the most ridiculous requests — akin to needing to ride a pretend elevator. He responds to our needs even when we don't bring them to him. He's patient and loving, slow to anger and waiting for us to respond to him.

When I stop to think about it, and hierarchically categorize the things that I am thankful for this holiday season, at the top is the personality and nature of God toward his people. I have so much to be thankful for and it all flows from the loving care of the Father of creation. As Christians we have unique and amazing reasons for being thankful. At the top of that list is a loving God who, no matter how ridiculous we act, loves us unconditionally. SR



SDB Missionary Society Christmas Gift List 2014!

This year we were encouraged to get the gift list out early. Doing so, individuals and congregations could better plan how they could help other Seventh Day Baptists around the globe respond to needs and minister with the love of Jesus during this season of remembering the greatest gift of all, our Father's sacrificial love for us.

Emergency Relief Funds

- 1 - Ebola Epidemic Prevention Supplies (Suggested Gift: \$30)
- 2 - Emergency Medicine (Suggested Gift: \$60)
- 3 - Clean Water for a Family (Suggested Gift: \$15)
- 4 - Emergency Relief Supplies urgent need (Suggested Gift: \$45)

Orphans and Widows Ministries

- 5 - Shoes and Clothing for poor (Suggested Gift: \$25)
- 6 - Provide Help for an Orphan's urgent needs (Suggested Gift: \$35)
- 7 - Buy Seeds for an Orphanage Garden in Uganda (Suggested Gift: \$25)
- 8 - Dengue and Malaria preventing Mosquito Nets (Suggested Gift: \$10)

Gifts Under \$15

- 9 - Boots for Evangelists sharing the Gospel (Suggested Gift: \$7)
- 10 - Soccer Balls for Community Youth Ministry (Suggested Gift: \$8)
- 11 - Life saving medicine (Suggested Gift: \$12)
- 12 - Missionary Society Membership for a friend (Suggested Gift: \$10)
- 13 - Pair of Sandals for Developing World Prison Ministry (Suggested Gift: \$10)

Evangelism and Discipleship

- 14 - Evangelist/Pastor training Bibles in Kenya or Guyana or Haiti (Suggested Gift: \$25)
- 15 - Share of an Evangelist's motor cycle in India (Suggested Gift: \$110 / Share the Cost: \$11)
- 16 - Shipping Christian Literature urgent need in S. Sudan (Suggested Gift: \$15)

Construction Projects


- 17 - Freshwater Wells (Suggested Gift: \$400 / Share the Cost: \$40)
- 18 - Metal roof on a Constructed Church (Suggested Gift \$1200 / Share the Cost: \$10/sheet)
- 19 - Build a Church for Struggling Congregation (Suggested Gift: \$8,000 / Share the Cost: \$75)
- 20 - Build a House for a Low Income Pastor's Family (Suggested Gift: \$6,500 / Share the Cost: \$75)

I hope that you will prayerfully consider how the blessings you have received may help you be involved in God's ministry through the Missionary Society. And remember, if you send the gift in the name of someone else, we can contact that person with a thank you letter letting them know how their gift was put to use. [SR](#)



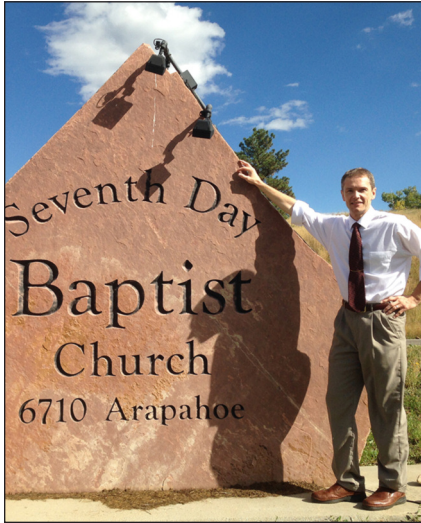
Contributions for Gifts can be sent to:
 SDB Missions
 19 Hillside Ave., Ashaway, RI 02804
 or Give online at:
www.SDBMissions.org



Your Brother in Christ,

 Clinton R. Brown, *Executive Director*
 Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

President's Page

Bill Probasco



Thanksgiving?... Oh, Good Grief!



While my kids were going through Elementary School, each year there were the typical classroom parties: Christmas, Thanksgiving, Valentine's Day, etc. For Thanksgiving each year, they were asked to dress up as a Pilgrim or a Native American. Whichever of my kids had a party that year would bring in a snack and the whole class would share. They'd color fall leaves, make turkeys out of mittens, and talk a little about that "first Thanksgiving". I can remember enjoying similar parties many years before that when I was in school. For years while I was growing up, this was the "textbook" Thanksgiving many of us knew: times were hard and food scarce, but some friendly Indians helped out the Pilgrims and they had a big happy dinner celebrating their shared bounty, just like on *Charlie Brown and Peanuts*. Over time I think we've come to appreciate it wasn't quite like Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Linus and Lucy's version. Times were very tough for the early colonists, and I don't doubt some may have wondered why they had ever left Europe. But many of the Pilgrims who came were looking for freedom to worship God as they felt led. How many of us, feeling limited or persecuted for our religious beliefs (and keeping the Sabbath would have been a big one), would set out on a journey of that magnitude? About 100 Pilgrims made it to the new world and were left to start a new life — and about half would not survive a year. Did thoughts of abandonment by God cross their minds? Over the years I've been torn between applauding them for their steadfast commitment for religious freedom, or condemning them for poor planning and not simply trying to "make it work" where they were.

I think once you start to read about all the hardship and heartbreak those early settlers experienced, you begin to understand what a commitment they made and what commitment they had. Daniel and his friends (you know — Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego) were carried off to Babylon and made to serve a foreign king. Quite likely they were made eunuchs and beaten as the Babylonians sought to crush resistance in their captives. It would be easy for them to think God had cursed and abandoned them. But the four of them would remain steadfast in their trust in God. While the other Hebrew children ate the king's meat and wine, these four ate beans and water, and were fairer and fatter in 10 days' time (Daniel 1:8-16). As a result of their faith, God blessed these four with knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom, and Daniel with understanding of dreams (Daniel 1:17) to the point that they quickly outshone all the king's other advisors. They were steadfast in times of trouble, and later in times of persecution for their belief. This was demonstrated in the fiery furnace and the lion's den. Like Daniel and his friends, and the early American settlers who landed at Plymouth Rock, sometimes being steadfast in your belief means simply persevering, or weathering the storm. Don't doubt that the Babylonians watched to see if these four would buckle under the pressure. Certainly there were those back in Europe who waited to hear if the Plymouth Colony would fail. People start taking notice when individuals endure like Daniel and the Pilgrims (*no that's not a folk rock band...*).

Matt Redman's song "Blessed Be Your Name" talks of both blessing

His name “in the land that is plentiful where Your streams of abundance flow” as well as “when I’m found in the desert place though I walk through the wilderness.” Certainly the Plymouth colony walked through the wilderness, both figuratively and literally, in those first months. Yet after that first, very hard year they gathered to give thanks for what they had. I imagine they also lifted up prayers of Thanksgiving for God’s promise for the future.

Maybe I too quickly dismissed the *Peanuts*’ Thanksgiving. Recalling that TV classic, Linus, safety blanket and all, blesses the meal with a prayer similar to one those first settlers would have shared: “We thank God for our homes and our food and our safety in a new land. We thank God for the opportunity to create a new world for freedom and justice.”

Even after that prayer (*yes, prayer on TV! — the show did debut over 40 years ago...*), Peppermint Patty still fails to recognize the true meaning of Thanksgiving. Charlie Brown only has toast and jelly beans and lawn chairs to offer. Peppermint Patty starts on her tirade of “What kind of Thanksgiving dinner is this? Where’s the turkey, Chuck? Don’t you know anything about Thanksgiving dinners?” After Charlie Brown leaves depressed, Marcie points out that Peppermint Patty hadn’t done anything to deserve more. She had just invited herself to a feast. It’s Marcie that provides the moral of the story when she goes to find Charlie Brown. “...Thanksgiving is more than eating, Chuck. You heard what Linus was saying out there. Those early Pilgrims were thankful for what had happened to them, and we should be thankful, too. We should just be thankful for being together. I think that’s what they mean by ‘Thanksgiving,’ Charlie Brown.”

In being steadfast in our walk with God, can we model the actions of those pilgrims, through good times and bad?

Can we bless His name when the sun’s shining down as well as on the road marked with suffering?

And (to quote Charlie Brown) “Oh Good Grief”... Can’t we be thankful for another year in God’s steadfast mercy?

Happy Thanksgiving to all. I’m thankful we’re together in His service! SR

Greetings from the 2015 Conference Host Committee

We are looking forward to serving you once again during General Conference at Lancaster Bible College, PA. We want to take this opportunity to remind you of some things. First if you are planning to stay off campus in a campground you should be making reservations now. The Lancaster area is a busy place in the summer and campgrounds fill up fast.

The Host Committee is trying to raise money to help defray the expenses of the youth banquet (in 2009 it was held at the Shady Maple Smorgasbord) and other activities at Conference. We have designed and will be selling 2015 Conference T-shirts. There will also be polo shirts, sweatshirts, and caps available. We will have more information and prices in the next *Sabbath Recorder*. Also, look for information on Facebook and other SDB social media.

As requested by our president, Bill Probasco, we will once again be reserving seats at the Sight & Sound Theatre to see the production of “JOSEPH.” The Sight & Sound Theatre produces live, Biblically based shows that are amazing to see. Ticket prices are: children ages 3–12, \$21.00; age 13 and above, \$49.40. We ask that you send your payment for tickets to the Shiloh SDB Church, c/o Stephen B. Moncrief, 385 Jericho Rd., Bridgeton, NJ 08302.

Do you like to read Christian Books? The Lancaster Bible College has a new building that includes the largest collection of Christian books in the world. It also has some nice meeting rooms and a Café where you can purchase coffee, breakfast items, sandwiches, salads and more. This will be open during Conference.

The Host Committee will be STEADFASTLY working to make your stay with us a pleasant and enjoyable experience. Keep us in your prayers as we pray for each of you. SR



2015 Conference T-shirts for sale!

Details for purchase coming soon.





Treating God like our 4th Grade Teacher

This is my second year teaching fourth grade in a Title 1 school where the vast majority of students come from low-income homes and are largely raising themselves. When people learn about my work, they inevitably ask, “What’s the hardest thing about teaching?” Last year, my answer fluctuated between “teaching fourth graders to read” and “waking up before five every morning.” Teaching feels impossible sometimes. It tends to get a rosy tint in retrospect, so it’s hard to pinpoint the most difficult aspect of the profession. This year, I got my answer.

Last year, I started the school year with forty-seven of the most poorly behaved students that my school had to offer. As an example, I took a sick day and the students had a substitute. They chased the substitute away before lunch. When I came in the next day and heard the report, I tried to talk to them about their behaviors but I started to cry. That set them off and they started to cry because they knew how disappointed I was. I knew how wonderful and promising they were, but they were never quite able to show it to other people. We worked all year long to get past dysfunctional families, emotional disturbances, and bad habits to become a working and cohesive family unit. It was a constant, uphill battle to get my students into a zone where they could learn without worrying about the crazy things that were happening at home. But, they left my classroom as responsible students who, I could honestly say, were ready for anything fifth grade could throw at them.

This year, my old fourth graders came to greet me on the first day of school. I sent each and every one of the new fifth graders to class with a word of encouragement, and a reminder that I was so very, very proud of them. Before long, I was a witness to some behaviors that blew me away. It was like last year had never happened. They were back to their same old habits and were ripping holes into their new teachers. All I could think was, “They

know better. We worked so hard on this last year.” I was so hurt. When I was around them, they would do what they were supposed to do, but as soon as I turned the corner, they would go right back to their old ways. I went home and talked to my mother about it, because I couldn’t believe how quickly they forgot everything that we had been through. In her usual, tactful way, my mother said, “Well, you’re not who they answer to anymore.” After I pulled myself together, I started thinking: Don’t we treat God like that?

In the usual course of our walks with God, there are times when we’re crazy close to God and then there are times when we aren’t so close. When we’re close to God, we’re learning and we’re growing. We’re able to leave things in the past, start healing, and take steps in the right direction. But, when we begin to step away a little bit, we sometimes start to do the same old things that we’ve always done. I get the feeling that God looks at my foolishness sometimes and thinks, “She knows better. Why can’t she just do what she knows is right?” He must get so frustrated with me. I get so hurt when I see my old students acting like idiots after all that we’ve been through together. How much more so must God feel when he sees me willfully doing what is wrong?

This is what I think the difference is between my accountability to God and my students’ accountability to me: My students don’t owe me anything but I owe God everything. My students are not accountable to me because they are now accountable to their new teachers. I will always be accountable to God. I owe it to God to do what I know is right, even if I don’t feel close to Him all the time, because He has given it all for me. My feelings and proximity to God, at any time, do not change His faithfulness or His righteousness or His sacrifice. And that’s the difference — God isn’t my fourth grade teacher. He’s not going to turn a corner and be unable to see my foolishness. It is my responsibility to do what is right, because God’s character does not depend on me or my relationship with Him. SR

Pastor Profile

Jim Barclift

Birth date: February 8, 1950

Place of birth: Elizabeth City, NC

Current Position:

Pastor of Seventh Day Baptist Church of Houston, TX

Hospice Chaplain with Houston Hospice

Family:

Wife: Cindy

Daughter: Allison Tinker

Son-in-law: Jeremy Tinker

Brother: Ronnie Barclift

Education:

B. S. in Business Management, Virginia Tech

M. of Divinity, Houston Graduate School of Theology

Former positions:

Pastor, Langham Creek Friends Church, TX

Hospice Chaplain for 21 years

My first job was:

Construction Supervisor,
Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock,
Newport News, VA

Personal hero:

My dad, James Barclift

Favorite childhood memory:

Working on family farm

Favorite Bible passage:

John 3:16

Favorite author:

Jerry Bridges

If given an all-expense paid vacation I (we) would:

travel to mountains

A great answer to prayer was:

my wife's healing

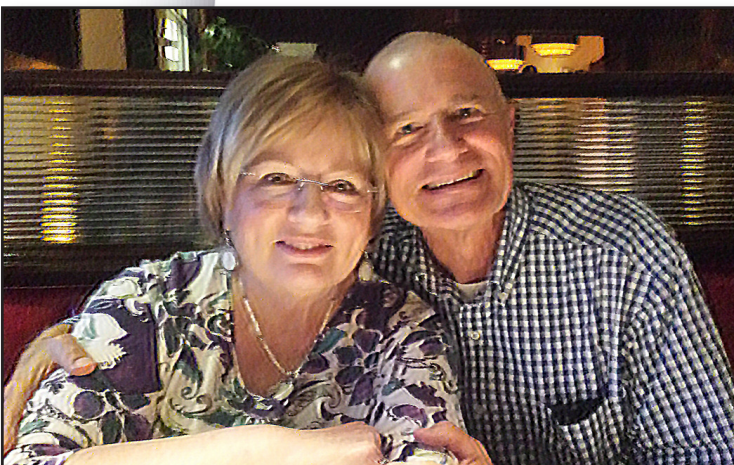
A project I'm excited about:

Church growth

My vision for SDBs:

Revival

SR





The Nick of Time
Nick Kersten
Librarian-Historian

Correcting Mistakes:

The B-Team and the A-Team

MISTAKE

There are certain elements of the Seventh Day Baptist experience that are shared: the difficulties of accommodating your Sabbath convictions, the pounds gained from fellowship meals, the questions about why we keep Sabbath, and inevitably being confused by friends, family, baristas, and other complete strangers with Seventh Day Adventists. The space allotted for this column will likely not give sufficient space to provide detailed answers to any of those momentous topics (especially losing the weight from fellowship meals), but we can help provide some insight into the final difficulty: the widespread confusion about the relationship between Seventh Day Adventists (SDAs) and Seventh Day Baptists (SDBs). But over the nine years I've worked for the Historical Society, I have encountered a variety of mistaken claims about us which we now should clear up!

Claims: "Seventh Day Baptists came out of the Seventh Day Adventist movement." OR "Seventh Day Baptists got the Sabbath from Seventh Day Adventists." OR "Seventh Day Adventists came before Seventh Day Baptists."

Facts: SDBs trace their origins to the English Reformation of the early 1600s. Our first known congregation was meeting in London in the early 1650s. Our first congregation in North America was in Newport, RI, in late 1671. The SDB General Conference was formed in 1802. The SDA movement came out of the Millerite movement of the 1830s and 40s, and their Conference was not founded until 1863. For this reason, it is a chronological impossibility that we came out of the SDA movement or that we "heard about the Sabbath" from them. We precede them by nearly 200 years!

Claim: "Seventh Day Adventists were founded by disillusioned Seventh Day Baptists."

Facts: As was stated above, SDAs as a people were part of a remnant of people who were part of the Millerite movement of the early 1840s. The leader of the movement, William Miller, began to teach in 1833 that Jesus was going to return on October 22, 1844. When that teaching did not prove true (the date is now referred to in SDA history as "The Great Disappointment"), some of the "disappointed" Millerites encountered a SDB woman named Rachel Oakes Preston, who introduced the Sabbath to them. From these Sabbath-exposed Millerites, the SDA movement took root and grew over the following two decades. There is no evidence to suggest that Oakes Preston was disillusioned, but even if she was, the founders of the SDA denomination were not SDBs.

Claim: "SDAs and SDBs really believe the same things."

Facts: There are broad general differences between the established and historical doctrines of the two groups, including differences in opinion about church polity, prophecy, intermediate states of the dead, the significance of the Sabbath, the so-called "investigative judgment," and a host of other issues. Both groups

Correction:

In the list of leaders which accompanied Rev. Andrew Samuels' article about Jamaican SDB leaders in North America in last month's Recorder, we omitted the name of David Taylor, who pastored the New York City SDB church. We regret the error.

A Day to Remember

Sabbath Day, September 13, 2014, was set aside as a day to remember in Shiloh, New Jersey. “Steadfast Sabbath” was celebrated. This idea was spurred on by the 2014-2015 General Conference theme. Since Shiloh’s Bill Probasco was preparing an eight-week “presidential tour” of sister SDB Churches, his hometown church invited him to kick it off right in his own backyard.

One special highlight of the service occurred when the diaconate pulled a double switcheroo. You see, Pastor Don Chroniger believed the diaconate was going forward to recognize Owen Probasco for 57 years of steadfast service as a deacon. That was a surprise to Owen, who thought they were honoring Pastor Don for 25 years of steadfast service as our pastor! The church enjoyed setting aside that time together for two very special individuals.

The morning’s message was shared by Bill Probasco. Those who know Bill might know he’s been a Conference Go-er since the 1980s and he has a steadfast love for the LORD. You may not know that his name (William) means “resolute protector.” He is truly a steadfast protector of



his SDB heritage. During his presentation, he took the opportunity to ask those who have been Shiloh Church members for at least 50 years to stand. It was a blessing to see so many people who have been steadfast in supporting the body of Christ. He then asked those who have been married 50 years or more to stand. With only 6% of the national population reaching this goal, it was wonderful to have six couples stand for their steadfast commitment.

Bill’s message continued with a three-fold purpose. First, it encouraged us to stand firm in our faith. After all, the meaning of steadfast is to stand, or to take a stand, without yielding. Second, it suggested that we can seek a renewal or regeneration of our faith in order to remain steadfast in our relationship with the Lord. Lastly, the message challenged us to be steadfast together in a unified body of believers. Walking our faith journey together enables us to be more effective in ministry. “God plants forests, not one-tree hills. Together, we’re stronger. Together, we’re steadfast.” I would add: One tree that God did place on a hill was the one He used to show His steadfast, everlasting love. He made Himself a sacrifice once for all, because only in Him can we come close to being steadfast in anything.

Steadfast Sabbath was a day to remember the countless tangible and intangible things for which we are so thankful. We continue to be thankful to our almighty, steadfast God from Whom all blessings flow. SR

(Continued from page 18)

have had some drift in their positions over time, but the drift has not really brought the two groups closer on these core matters.

Claims: “Seventh Day Baptists aren’t growing because they failed to accomplish God’s purposes for them.” OR “Seventh Day Adventists are growing because they took over God’s role for Sabbatarians.”

Facts: To accept the first claim, we would have to be able to pinpoint a specific purpose God had for SDBs which we have uniformly failed to accomplish. There is no unambiguous evidence to support this claim. Furthermore, the claim assumes SDBs aren’t growing. Depending how you reckon growth, this is likely untrue. One hundred years ago, there were about 10,000 SDBs in the entire world. Today, though we don’t have an exact number, it is likely that we number at least 50,000 (500% growth over the century). That is hardly evidence that we are shrinking! To accept the second claim, we would have to believe there is only room in God’s economy for one Sabbatarian group. The vitality of both groups would seem to suggest that is not so! SR



Christian Education

by Andrew J. Camenga

Sabbath School Teacher of the Year:

What makes a great teacher? One hallmark of a great teacher is that the teacher helps students be motivated, even excited, to learn. How can you tell if a student is excited to learn? By watching them and seeing how they react when opportunities come along. Consider this quote:

You can tell her students love her class as they quickly leave snack time and run toward the door when the bell rings for Sabbath School to begin. In my eight years of being the Sabbath School superintendent, I have never had a problem getting children to go to her class; they are always willing and eager. Jo has a special gift of knowing how to make learning about Jesus fun. That, along with a lot of patience and dedication, is why I feel she is an especially effective teacher.

Can you see in those words a group of motivated students? We sure could. We appreciated that Fedette Leda, the Sabbath School superintendent of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church (Salem, WV) concluded her description of Jo Rogers' effective teaching skills and practices for the Sabbath School Teacher of the Year nomination form in that manner.

Josephine Van Horn Rogers, much better known as Jo Rogers, is the 2014 Sabbath School Teacher of the Year and recipient of the Crystal Apple. She has taught a Sabbath School class nearly every year for the last 28 years — anything from preschool through fifth grade. Even when she was not teaching, the church knew they could count on her to be available as a substitute. For the past 4 years, she has been teaching the Pre-K and Kindergarten class. Jo's teaching and influence extends beyond the class room. She encourages former students to stay connected with the church and to participate in the ministry of the church. One student, who was in Jo's class in the second and third grades, later co-taught with Jo as the student moved through High School. She now teaches her own class.

Josephine Van Horn Rogers



Jo is an example of one great Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath School teacher. Almost all of our churches have one or more exemplary teachers. Please, take some time to consider the teachers in your church — and then encourage them by telling each one some specific, positive characteristic you have noticed about the way they teach. While you are at it, why don't you jot down some notes and pass them along to your Sabbath School Superintendent, Christian Education chair, or pastor and suggest that the teacher might be a great one to nominate for the award in future years. [SR](#)

(On the opposite page is some of the artwork that was submitted with Jo's nomination form.)

Scripture Memory Addendum

Due to an oversight in the Board of Christian Education office and delayed reporting due to missed mail, we did not recognize the following people or churches at Conference. This is provided to complete the report of this year's recipients.

Battle Creek SDB Church Battle Creek, MI

Lorrie Bird
Caron George
Judy Parrish

Portland Area SDB Church Portland, OR

Dolly Bruce
Marlene Rhodes
Deborah Stein
Martha Vaught
Jon Wheat

SDB Church of Fort Lauderdale Fort Lauderdale, FL

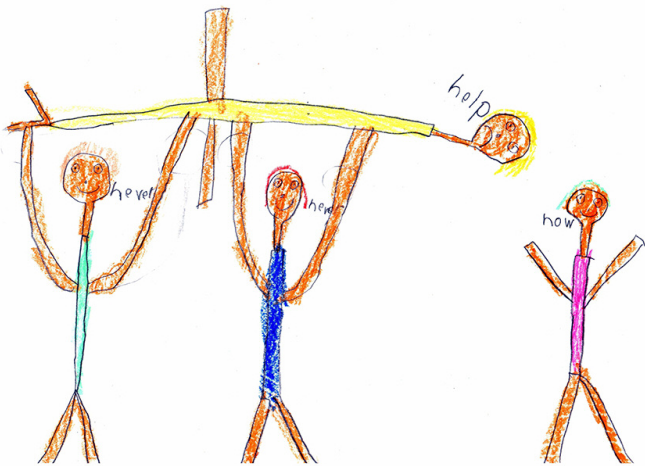
Verona Fuller
Curleta Wright
Eldon Wright

Gramma taught me about Noah.



"Gramma taught me about Noah. God promised me that he will always be with me." Cate

Gramma told me about Daniel in the lions den.



"Gramma taught me about Daniel in the lion's den." Eve

I like how Gramma taught me about Noah. He believed in God he was also very kind to the animals.



"I like how Gramma taught me about Noah. He believed in God, he was also very kind to the animals." Jonah

Happy 95th Birthday to Doris VanHorn!



Doris VanHorn, the widow of Pastor Kenneth VanHorn (1914-2005) celebrated her 95th birthday in September this year. She lives in Loveland, CO near her daughter Arloene Edwards and her husband who enjoy visits with Doris.

The Committee on Support and Retirement (COSAR) rejoices with Doris and her family on this special occasion.

Your generous gifts can help support those who gave so much, and continue to give, and their survivors. Please make your check out to COSAR with "Pastors Retirement Fund" in the memo line, and send it to the SDB Center, P. O. Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547. A monthly automatic gift can also be arranged. Contact the SDB Center at 608-752-5055 for details. SR

SDBs ONLINE

Where to Find Seventh Day Baptists Online:

- <http://www.seventhdaybaptist.org>
- <http://www.facebook.com/7thDayBaptists>
- <http://www.twitter.com/7thDayBaptists>
- <http://gplus.to/7thDayBaptists>
- <http://7thdaybaptists.tumblr.com/>
- <http://www.pinterest.com/7thdaybaptists/>
- <http://www.sabbathrecorder.com>



We'd love to know what you think...

The Summary of 2014 Conference Survey

70 people participated (22% out of 321 registered adults)

The majority of people responded using paper forms

Comments from people regarding the survey were all positive and/or helpful

Question 1: What are some of the things you enjoyed most about this week at Conference?

(67 out of 70 people answered this question)

- 31 people mentioned meeting and spending time with other SDBs.
- 16 people made positive comments about the location and campus facilities.
- 29 people mentioned one of the outside speakers and/or the concerts.
- 30 people mentioned evening worship/sermons
- 20 people mentioned Bible Studies.

Question 2: What parts do you think need to be removed, changed, or improved?

(56 out of 70 people answered this question)

- Some missed communion, and others wanted more time and places for prayer.
- More testimonies and special music were mentioned as well as Pre-Con presentations.
- Many mentioned the obituary report and that it should be shortened.
- The 5K walk/run needs better managing.
- It was suggested to look at juggling the schedule.
- There were comments about the special music being absent and not enough variety in the praise bands.
- There were many comments about the meal choices and the lack of variety. Although many said the food was good...there needed to be more choices.

- It was mentioned that there needs to be seminars or workshops with more variety and that will appeal to everyone; like for pastors, and for women to help with retreats, or choosing materials for a SS class. When the workshops are offered, make them shorter so they can be repeated and we could choose more than one.
- It was also suggested that we re-evaluate format and purpose of interest committees.

- It was suggested that there probably needs to be more opportunity for guided time given to Senior High youth, and Kids Campfire should go all week (Sunday to Sabbath).

- Along the lines of communication, many stated that they would like to have more advance notice ahead of time. Better promotion of Conference and the events would be appreciated. Sabbath School be better organized.

- It was noted that cost is very important — under or around \$400 for the week is ideal. People appreciate having the golf carts available; however, they should be circulating at meals and program changes without having to be called on the phone.

(Rob's note: They should be used by the people who really need them too!)

Question 3: Did you consider this week a good value for the money?

- 87% said “Yes”
- 2% said “No”
- 11% were “Not Sure”
- 6 people skipped this question

Question 4: Would you consider coming if there was a different venue for General Conference?

- 65% said “Yes”
- 3% said “No”
- 32% were “Not Sure”
- only 1 person skipped this question

Question 5: Would you be willing to pay more if we chose such a venue?

- 39 % said “Yes”
- 61% said “No”
- 8 people skipped this question

Question 6: Which frequency and length would you prefer?

We had a total of 94 responses from 68 people (2 skipped) since people could choose more than one response.

- The majority wanted annual meetings:
 - 72% annual as current
 - 24% annual but shorter
 - 26% annual and shorter overlapped with Pre-Con
- There was some interest in a shorter timeframe:
 - 26% shorter overlap with PreCon,
 - 24% annual shorter
 - 9% every other year
 - 7% no preference

Question 7: Why do you come to General Conference?

There was significant response in all categories. People did select more than one category. There were a total of 476 responses from the 69 people who answered this question. Only one person skipped this question.

- 87% (60 out of 69 people) said they come to Conference for the Fellowship
- 83% (the second highest category) was Renew Friendships

Question 8: What did you think of the presentations this week?

Of the 65 people who answered this question (5 skipped it), no one selected they were a waste of time.

- 45% (29 out of 65 people) thought they were very valuable.
- 52% (34 out of 65) liked some and not others.
- 2 out of the 65 said they didn’t go.

(NOTE: I think some people were thinking only of the outside speakers, some only the workshops, and others included all the presentations during the business sessions as well.)

Question 9: Do you expect to attend next year in Lancaster, PA?

- 80% (52 of the 65 people who answered this question) “Yes”.
- 2% (5 people) skipped this question
- one person said “No”
- 18% (the remaining 12) said “I sure hope so”.

Question 10: Is there anything else you want the General Council to know?

- People commented that the General Council was doing a good job. They liked the survey and wanted this to happen again. [SR](#)

SCRIPTURE MEMORIZATION

NOVEMBER	Youth/Adult
	So then, just as you received Christ Jesus as LORD, continue to live in him, – Colossians 2:6
	Junior
	So then, just as you received Christ Jesus as LORD, continue to live in him, – Colossians 2:6
	Primary
	Continue to live in Jesus. – Colossians 2:6

Lionel Rathbone's Incredible Growing Nose Hairs

by Jeremy Evans

The sidewalks of Mapleton were crowded with morning commuters. Lionel Rathbone, an impatient rat, wished the old lady mole that waddled in front of him would giddy-up so he wouldn't be late for work. He wore his navy blue leisure suit, his mint green shirt, and his red tie. The item he most adored, the center piece, the very crown of his outfit, was of course his fine orange toupee. It was a dignified hair-piece, a fine and noble thing, and it gave him a sense of power as he strode along.

A yellow canary, who was flitting gaily above the rooftops, spotted Rathbone's fine toupee. At once the bird tucked its wings and shot like a dive-bomber straight for it, and snatched the hairpiece right off of the rat's head.

Rathbone clapped his claws frantically to his bald scalp and watched, horrified, as the yellow bird flittered to a nearby cherry tree and poked it into the lining of its nest.

Mister Rathbone was absurdly annoyed. It set the tone for his entire day. He stopped by the wig store to order a new toupee. Then, thinking perhaps to stimulate a few hairs to sprout from his bald noggin, he purchased a bottle of hair-growth tonic from an enterprising young chipmunk at a stand on the corner, before stumping off to work.

Sitting at his desk in the Mapleton Creamery, he unstopped the cork on the bottle with his pocketknife and took a sniff. *Hmm*, he thought. *Smells a little like blackberries.* But there was another ingredient he couldn't quite place. *Was it horsetail? Honeysuckle?* As he held the bottle close to his nostrils and took another sniff, an explosion rumbled through the creamery with a mighty **BLABOOM!**

He was so startled that he snorted the hair tonic right up his nose! Then the bottle slipped out of his claws and spilled



all of the purple liquid onto the floor. He stormed from his office to see what was the matter.

An enormous vat of cream had exploded, covering the entire creamery with a generous blanket of whipped cream! "Spunkmeyer!" He yelled at the top of his lungs. "In my office NOW!"

A young chipmunk, who was covered from head to toe with whipped cream, shuffled into the office. As he stared meekly at the floor, Hezekiah Spunkmeyer noticed the tiny brown jar at his feet.

"You nincompoop," yelled the angry rat. "You destroyed an entire vat of whipped cream! What do you have to say for yourself?"

"But sir—," stammered Spunkmeyer. "It wasn't my fault. The pressure gauge was stuck. I called the engineer and—"

Mister Rathbone felt his temper rising like steam in a teakettle. "I don't care!" He hollered. "You're fired!"

The chipmunk sniffled and wiped away a tear as he shuffled out of the office.

Later, when Mister Rathbone was sitting at his desk adding up sales figures, there came a prickling sensation at his nose. He twitched his whiskers and tried to keep working, but the prickle was persistent. He rubbed his nose, and that's when he felt long stiff hairs stroke against his fingers!

He sprang to the mirror.

Mister Rathbone could not have looked any more alarmed if someone had stepped on his tail. His nose hairs! They were *growing!* Right before his very eyes! Like stiff little rootlets, his nose hairs grew longer and longer until they reached almost to the floor.

The hair tonic—he had snorted it up his nose during the explosion.

Mister Rathbone hollered, “Jenkins! Get in here!”

A portly mouse timidly poked his head in the door. His boss frantically explained what had happened.

Jenkins grabbed a pair of scissors from his desk and carefully snipped away the hairs. But before he could put the scissors away, the runaway hairs sprouted out again. Merciful Heavens, how they grew! In thick snarly trusses, they lowered right down to the floor.

“Quick, Jenkins! Trim them again!”

But even though Jenkins snipped away the nose hairs a second time, it was but a few moments until they had grown back again.

“It’s no use trimming them. We’ve got to *burn* them off!”

Jenkins found a lighter and lit the nose hairs like wicks. As the flames went up and up, they frizzled and sizzled like sparklers on the fourth of July.

“YOWWWCH!” Cried Mister Rathbone when the flames had reached his nose and snuffed out. They both watched with bated breath to see if the fire had done the trick. But in no time, the hairs were back and bushier than ever.

“This isn’t working. We can’t snip them out. And we can’t burn them out. So we’ve got to *pluck* them out!”

The mouse tied his boss’s nose hairs to the doorknob, and then Mister Rathbone took a couple of steps back. “When I give you the signal, you will slam the door as hard as you can and the nose hairs will come *popping* out all at once.”

The mouse nodded tensely and made ready to slam the door.

“On my mark!” Cried Mister Rathbone, raising his hand in the air. “NOW!” And Jenkins slammed the door.

“YOOOOOOWWWCH!!!” Bellowed the rat, who found himself sprawled on the floor. His nose hairs were very much intact, too, and were stretched as tight as guitar strings, still attached to the doorknob. It was no use.

Later that night, Mister Rathbone sat by the fire feeling

very hopeless when his thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

The grumpy rat shuffled over and looked through the peephole to see who it was. He spied Hezekiah Spunkmeyer... and who was that little chipmunk next to him? Aha! It was that little scoundrel who had sold him the hair tonic that morning. He unlatched the door and opened it just enough for one eye to peek through the crack.

“Go away Spunkmeyer!” he yelled.

“But Mister Rathbone, Sir,” called Spunkmeyer. “You bought some hair tonic from my little brother—I saw it on the floor of your office today. And we’re here to give your money back.”

“Go on,” prodded Hezekiah to a younger chipmunk beside him. “Mom told you not to sell that stuff. Now you give his money back.”

Without a word, the younger chipmunk pulled a \$7 dollar bill from a little cashbox and handed it reluctantly through the crack to Mister Rathbone.

“And the antidote,” prodded Hezekiah. Then he added parenthetically to Mister Rathbone, “There’ve been strange reactions to the tonic all over town today.”

His little brother let out a tremendous sigh as he hauled out a little white bottle from his pocket and handed it through the gap in the door.

Lionel Rathbone grabbed the bottle without saying thank you and he watched the two chipmunks trail away down his porch steps. But then a little voice began to nag inside him. And it reminded him how unfair he had been to fire young Spunkmeyer. *And after all*, said the voice, *he was kind enough to bring you the antidote. Don’t you owe him a little something in return?*

Much to his surprise, gruff old Mister Rathbone found himself calling out, “Spunkmeyer! I want to see you back at work bright and early tomorrow morning, got it?”

And both the old rat and the young chipmunk felt a peaceful sort of twinkle in their hearts for having done what was right.

THE END

Be kind and loving to each other, and forgive each other just as God forgave you in Christ. — Ephesians 4:32 NCV

OBITUARIES

LEWIS – Colleen Lewis, age 85, of Stonefort, Illinois, died August 5, 2014. She departed this life nine days prior to her husband.

Mrs. Lewis was born April 7, 1929. She married Arthur Lewis on August 9, 1947. They were only five days from celebrating 67 years of marriage.

Colleen is survived by her sons: Terry Lewis of Vienna, Keith (Ruthanne) Lewis of Tunnel Hill, and Kent (Jodi) Lewis of Boonville, IN; and 7 grandchildren; 2 great grandsons; 4 brothers and 1 sister; and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and many dear friends.

Interment was in Joyner Cemetery, Stonefort, IL.

HEINIG – Florence Marguerite Striegl Heinig, 89, passed away Wednesday, September 17, 2014 with her daughter, Penny, by her side.

Marguerite was born August 19, 1925, to Lena and Archie Striegl in Madison, WI. She attended thirteen different schools until graduating from high school. She then went on to Milton College for one year and University of Wisconsin-Madison for one year.

She married William "Bud" Heinig on January 2, 1946. He was a builder and they moved from Washington, D.C. and then to Milton, WI. They also lived on Andros Island, Bahamas, and Daytona Beach, FL. They had three children: Janette Lee, David, and Penny. She also lived in Ormond Beach and Deland, FL. Marguerite was a deaconess in the Daytona Beach SDB Church.

Marguerite is survived by her daughter Penny Huster (Richard), son David Heinig (Hope), grandchildren Nathan, Rick, Jim, Ken, Tasha, Cameron, Katherine, Sandra, and 20 great-grandchildren. Also surviving are her sister Kathleen Passer (Milton, WI), sister-in-law Maxine Striegl (Milton, WI), brother-in-law the Rev. Dr. Kenneth Smith, son-in-law Alan Crouch (Ormond Beach, FL), and many nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents Lena (Driver) and Archie Striegl, husband William "Bud" Heinig, brother Les Striegl, and daughter Janette Lee Crouch.

A memorial service was held September 20, 2014, at First Presbyterian Church in Deland, FL. A graveside service will be held in Milton, WI at a later date.

BIRTHS

BURGESS – A son, Kade Matthew, was born to Ana (Priest) and Bradley Burgess of White Cloud MI, on August 19, 2014

LEWIS – Arthur L. Lewis, age 87, of Stonefort, Illinois, died August 14, 2014 at his home.

Mr. Lewis, son of Ralph H. and Ida Mae (Martin) Lewis was born January 12, 1927 in Stonefort, Illinois.

On August 9, 1947, Arthur was united in marriage to Colleen Taylor in Harrisburg. She preceded him in death on August 5, 2014.

Arthur is survived by his sons: Terry Lewis of Vienna, Keith (Ruthanne) Lewis of Tunnel Hill, and Kent (Jodi) Lewis of Boonville, IN; and 7 grandchildren; 2 great grandsons; a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and many dear friends.

In addition to his parents and wife, Arthur was preceded in death by a daughter-in-law, a great granddaughter, 5 sisters, 2 brothers and 2 stepbrothers.

Arthur was a U.S. Navy veteran serving in World War II. He was a farmer. He also was employed for 36 years by Union Carbide/Lockheed Martin in Paducah, IL.

Interment was in Joyner Cemetery, Stonefort, IL.

WILLIAMS – Udell "Bud" Williams, age 95, went to his eternal home Monday, October 13, 2014, after a short illness.

Udell, better known as Bud, was born November 10, 1918, to Bert and Stella (Fuller) Williams. He was raised on the family farm south of North Loup, NE, the 6th of eleven children. Bud met his future wife, Luella Smith, on a double date with his cousin and Luella's sister in January of 1941. They were married on October 4th that year. He and Luella purchased a farm in Maiden Valley, NE, living there from 1948 to 1966 while raising their four children. In 1966, they moved to North Loup where he continued to farm and was employed by the county doing road maintenance. He lived the first 90 years of his life in Valley County until he moved with his wife to Colorado in 2009 to be close to family.

Bud and Luella were baptized and joined the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church where his membership remained for some 65 years. While living in Colorado, they were a part of the Boulder Seventh Day Baptist Church.

He is survived by Luella, his wife of 73 years, and children, Ron Williams and wife, Deborah, of Pocatello, ID, Pat Williams of Frederick, CO, and Jan Graffius of Holly Hill, FL, 8 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. Also surviving are two of his siblings, Grace Rice and Carol Williams, both of Ord, NE. He was preceded in death by a son, Allen Williams, a son-in-law, Larry Graffius, a granddaughter, Anne Williams, and 5 of his brothers and 3 of his sisters.

A service was held at the North Loup, NE, Seventh Day Baptist Church on Saturday, October 18, 2014, followed by inurement at the Hillside Cemetery.

Thank the LORD because he is good.
His love continues forever.

Psalm 106:1 NCV



Coming Next Summer:
Seventh Day Baptist Conference 2015
July 26 - August 1
Lancaster Bible College
Lancaster, Pennsylvania



Appointments Announced:

- Director of Communications
- Director of Education & History

See page 2 for details

Hey Kids!
Look on page 24
to find out what
happened to Lionel...

