

Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Publication
October 2014



The Miracle Thief

thoughts from the Editor...

Of Swans...



This swan sits on my computer screen. It helps me remember that in all of the chaos that goes on inside my computer there can be peace and calm out here. Operative words "can be" ...that is why it sits there to remind me!

Do not worry about anything, but pray and ask God for everything you need, always giving thanks. And God's peace, which is so great we cannot understand it, will keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.

— *Philippians 4:6-7 (NCV)*

And Warriors...



Then there is this guy. Jeremiah Owen posted this picture online to remind us to "put on the whole armor of God." I made a copy and hung the picture on the wall above my computer. I love the fact that putting on all that armor did not mean he was going to just stand there and BE in the armor! He is moving and going to fight on God's side! Life is not all peacefulness.

With God's power working in us, God can do much, much more than anything we can ask or imagine.

— *Ephesians 3:20 (NCV)*

5

The Miracle Thief

11

Devotional:
"It's Heavy"

12

A Tribute to the Sopers

13

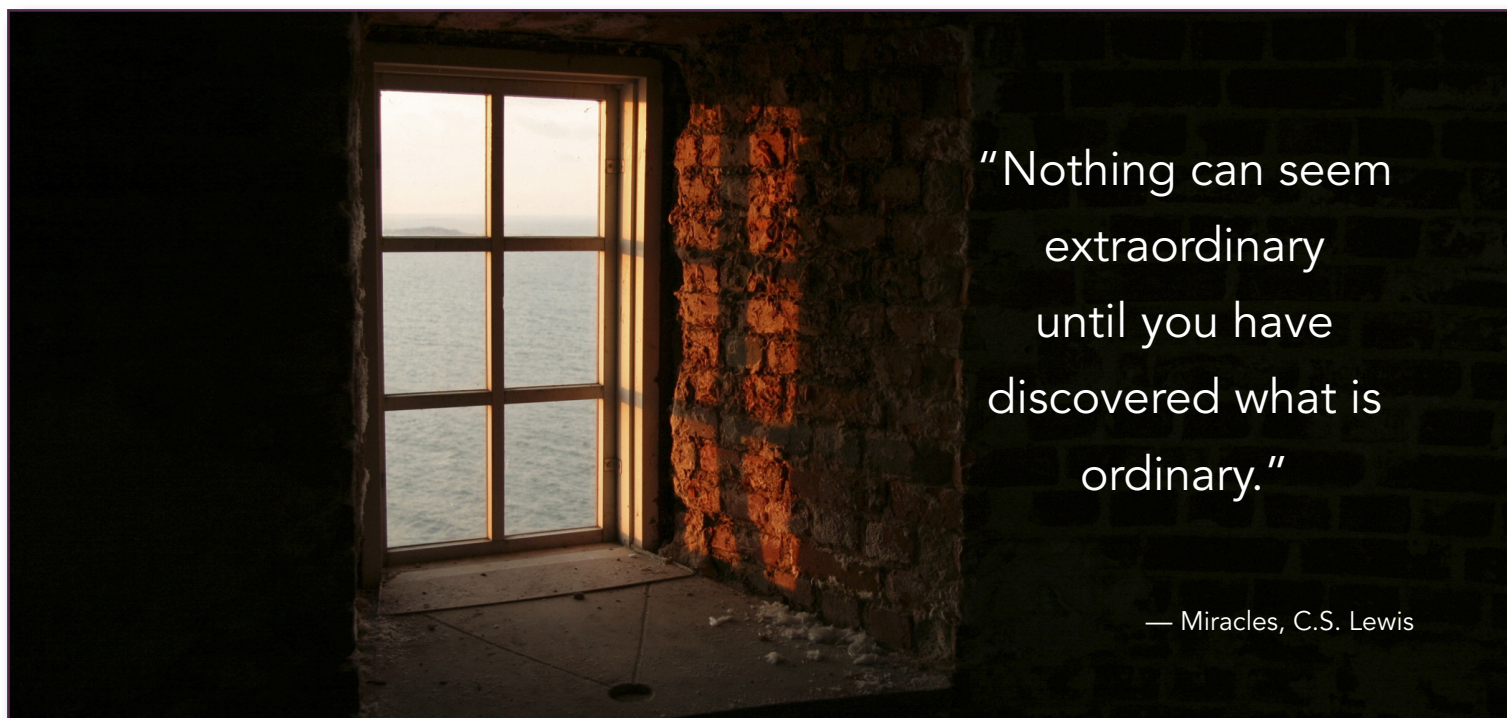
Chimes Dedicated at Shiloh

24

Can You Recognize a Heart Attack or Stroke?

26

Job Opportunity



"Nothing can seem extraordinary until you have discovered what is ordinary."

— Miracles, C.S. Lewis

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.

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InEveryIssue

14 President's Page

Any given Sabbath...?
Bill Probasco

15 Alliance In Ministry

God is Good!
Rob Appel

16 Christian Education

Scripture Memorization Program
Andrew Camenga

18 The Beacon

The "Dirty Word"
Rebecca Olson

19 Young Adult

Are You Inside the Tank?
Daniel Lovelace

20 Women's Society

Protect Your Hope
Katrina Goodrich

21 Historical Society

A Two Way Street: Jamaican SDB
Pastors in North America, Part 3
Rev. Andrew Samuels

22 Focus on Missions

The Next Leg of the Journey
Clinton R. Brown

25 Council on Ministry

Registration Information
Gordon Lawton

26 Church News

New Members, Births, Obituaries

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“Who touched me?” Jesus asked.

When they all denied it, Peter said,
“Master, the people are crowding in
pressing against you.”

But Jesus said, “Someone touched me;
I know that power has gone out from me.”

– Luke 8: 45-46 NIV

The Miracle Thief

by Michael Parker

I saw the woman I call the miracle thief for the first time when I was seven. She was a little kid in a bathrobe doing a fake limp across a stage to touch the hem of another kid's white bathrobe. She was immediately cured of the limp and a stomach ache, as well. She did a somersault. All the other kids in bathrobes clapped. One of them said she had the stomach ache for twelve years. "How could she be six and have a stomach ache for...?" My dad shushed me. The kid in the white bathrobe said her faith fixed her, but it was the bathrobe. I wanted my dad to get the bathrobe so we could take it home for my mom to touch. He didn't.

Time, for me, flies forward six decades. Her story is still right where it's always been in the first three books of the New Testament. Two verses in Matthew 9. Nine verses in Chapter 5 of Mark. Luke 8 gives her five. Look it up. See for yourself.

I always see the road first, by itself, just before dawn. Then, she's there, hunched and covered head to foot in dark cloth. Her head is turned. I only see her back. She waits like people wait for a bus. Only, she waits for Jesus. Why so early? She's tried before. The crowds were too great; she too small, frail. Did she even know his route for that day? Did he? Had he planned it out the night before? Had his handlers? Had somebody way before last night? Or, was it just "seat of your pants" evangelistic improvisation? Sometimes stories are written that way. You start with an outline, but have to abandon it. The story goes where it goes. You follow. You had a beginning. You have an end you head toward. But the journey through the middle? That gets "dizzy."

I write at a fast food place. I like their coffee, big windows and no TVs. I don't like abandoning the woman before her coming appointment with Jesus, but I have one of my own with a minister. I pack up. On my way out, I notice this kid, early twenties, maybe? He's in a booth with his hoodie pulled over his face trying to sleep. I get a warm coffee and start to leave, then turn and go back to him and offer to buy his breakfast. He says okay and starts to tell me what he wants. Sorry, I don't deliver. He will have to come to the counter and order himself. He does. He must be hungry. He's not shy about running up the tab. I run my credit card through their scanner. I don't hear a thank you, but I tell him he's welcome. I leave.

The minister friend tells me the woman's condition was probably endometriosis. It was one of the maladies my mother had to deal with. My dad called it a "woman problem." He was a truck driver who wasn't home much and that's pretty much as articulate as he ever got on anything, especially my mother's various moods and depressions. He observed them and loved her. My sisters and I received and understood them in our different ways.

The woman has heard stories about healings. She needs one; a private one, but she's not alone anymore. More people wait, or conduct their various businesses around her. Her name? Not important enough to have one. Could be she's just a prop placed there for Jesus to heal to establish "street cred" for his claim to be God. No, this story's too spontaneous. His name? Does it matter? He wears the robe. That's what she's come for; the hem of the robe. When he arrives, she can't see him. He's surrounded. Dozens of people all moving in the same direction. He doesn't see her. It's all a blur. He's moving quickly toward a really important miracle. A mother and father want their child's life back.

My wife is praying for the healing of a little three year old girl who has cancer. She was probably born with it. The whole church is either praying or supplying food, or money, or gifts to make Christmas special. I'm enlisted to put on a Santa suit and deliver presents and food to the family. The little girl is terrified and won't come near the gifts or me. She can't stop crying. I finally leave. If a kid fights a monster like cancer, it's difficult to trust a red-suited gifter.

Jesus is surrounded. In moments, the woman is surrounded, as well, by people trying to get to him. It's too much, the chaos. He, his entourage, pass. He's being pushed forward. She gets pushed forward and falls. She can't get back up. She crawls. She reaches. She can't breathe. She sees hundreds of robes. Twice as many feet.

The hem. That's all she remembers. It's what she came to touch. Crawl, reach, lurch forward, flail. And suddenly, the pain's gone. Endorphins? Everything stops. People move away. It's just her and the guy who wears the robe looking down at her.

"Who touched me?" Everybody's been touching him. Why her touch?

"So many doctors in my twelve years." she tells him.

"Your faith has made you well."


She's won God's lottery. The pain that pushed her to the side of the road is gone. After less than two minutes, Jesus is gone too.

Her name?

Not important

enough to

have one.



He made
her story
about
her faith

What is there to show for it? It's not a "wow" miracle is it? Why bother? It's so small? Because that's where most miracles reside...too small to be seen. We get only darting glimpses. There's no vocabulary. Words wreck the moment.

What makes this story so interesting for me is that God gets to be a believer, too! He gets to be surprised. He, who knows beginning and end, gets to have his pocket picked by a common miracle thief. Miracle not given. Miracle taken. I'd like to hear him tell this story.

"I met a thief on the road; a woman."

He made her story about her faith. He knew who he was. When you know who you are you don't have to tell people who you are. They see it. If they don't, you're still who you are, aren't you?

It's easy to write in the morning before dawn. My head is always clear. The kid from the day before shows up around 6:30. I ignore him. He does the same for me. It's cold outside. He sits in his same booth and goes to sleep. I get up for a coffee refill. On the way, I wake him up and ask him if he wants breakfast. He says no, then yes and follows me to the counter. I pay for his breakfast and go back to my story. He eats and falls asleep.

The woman, now alone, is no longer anonymous. She's the object of passing curiosity. There will be those who will call her "unclean" and point her out for defiling God. Others might say that somebody who says he's God proved he wasn't by defiling himself with a "woman's problem" in the first place. In a little piece of street theater, a very private infirmity is now, not very public, but public just the same. Necessary, I suppose. You take miracles where you get them. People are going to repeat the story from their various points of view. Matthew, Mark, and Luke will have to tell her story like guys leaning in to hear the real conversation, and remember it correctly until it's written down. Jesus moves on. The woman goes home and disappears back into her life. She hasn't felt this way for twelve years. Maybe she never has.

I peck away at the writing. More coffee. I stop at the kid's booth. I wake him up to ask him if he'll keep an eye on my booth? My laptop and jacket are laying on the table. He sits up.

"Yea, sure."

"More coffee?"

"Yea, sure."

I splash water on my face in the bathroom and pick up the coffees on my way back to his table. He surprised me. He stayed awake and didn't steal my stuff. I give him his coffee and sit across from him.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"Arthur," he answers.

"Like the king and his knights of the round table, I quip." Arthur smiles, puzzled. Racial slurs and swear words are tattooed on both hands and wrists.

"You got a plan?" I ask.

"What kind'a plan?"

"A plan for not sleeping in a fast food place forever."

"I own a house, but hit my head when I fell out of bed and can't remember where it is."

"You on a medication or doing drugs?"

"Not anymore, but I don't hurt anybody so people should just leave me alone."

"The food manager wants me to tell you she's not running a bed and breakfast."

"I know," he says.

I go back to my writing. He goes back to sleep. We both like being left alone.

I know what happened to Jesus after his encounter with the miracle thief. I don't know what happened to her. I have wondered if she made it to the side of the road that took him to Golgotha? Did she bring a husband who wanted to thank the physician, or magician, or blasphemer, or God with hands and feet, who finally fixed her so she wasn't in such distress all the time? Did she see him carrying his cross with no crowds around him in his ascension toward criminal death? His robe no longer has its healing hem. It gave her a miracle. Why wasn't it a miracle for him? Did he see her standing among the many? Did she know that he was on his way to the real miracle, the one he'd been headed for from "In the beginning?" In three days and a few hours she will hear. Will she understand what his journey was really about? Will "it is finished" mean a new "beginning" for her?

I'm written out for the day. Arthur is still in his booth. My wife has called me to tell me the little girl's cancer is no longer in remission, more chemo. Everybody's devastated. I pack up and head home to real life. When I get to the car, I notice I have one "manna bag" left on the floor in the back seat. It's been covered by my grand daughter's jacket.

Manna bags are one gallon zip locks with granola bar, dry cereal, soap, a washcloth, socks, toothpaste and toothbrush, and finally, a small New Testament. We put them together at church. I take it back to Arthur in the booth. He says thank you.

"Is it okay to write about him and use his name?" I ask.

"Yea, sure. What is it?" he asks.

"The story?"

“My name?”

“Arthur. Remember? Roundtable. Knight’s of.” He smiles. I never see him again.

Next morning on my way in to get coffee I notice the manna bag tossed in one of the bushes that line the parking lot. Food stuff and toothpaste gone. Toothbrush, washcloth, socks, and New Testament are still in the zip lock. I’ve met these kids before. They are called floaters. I always ask them if they have a plan. They don’t. I tell them Jesus has one. They always say, yea sure. They travel light. Plans are heavy. Maybe later. Maybe never. They want what they can eat or put in their pocket. They want what’s immediate.

Besides being facinated by the the woman who fought for her miracle and how Jesus had to look back to find her, I don’t know exactly what I wanted to say or who I wanted to say it to when I began writing this piece. I thought it might be about my mother who struggled her whole life with various afflictions of mind and body that visited themselves upon her. She never found complete healing. But, she never stopped getting to the side of the road and reaching for Jesus.

A miracle thief doesn’t wait for God to give it. They take it and believe in it and treat it like it’s found a home. Their faith makes them well. They know Jesus is the miracle.

I thought this might be about my wife. I’m her only affliction. She’s a miracle thief, as well. I see her daily, praying and believing Jesus will break into the life of some specific somebody who needs his intervention badly. I see other miracle thieves in our church.

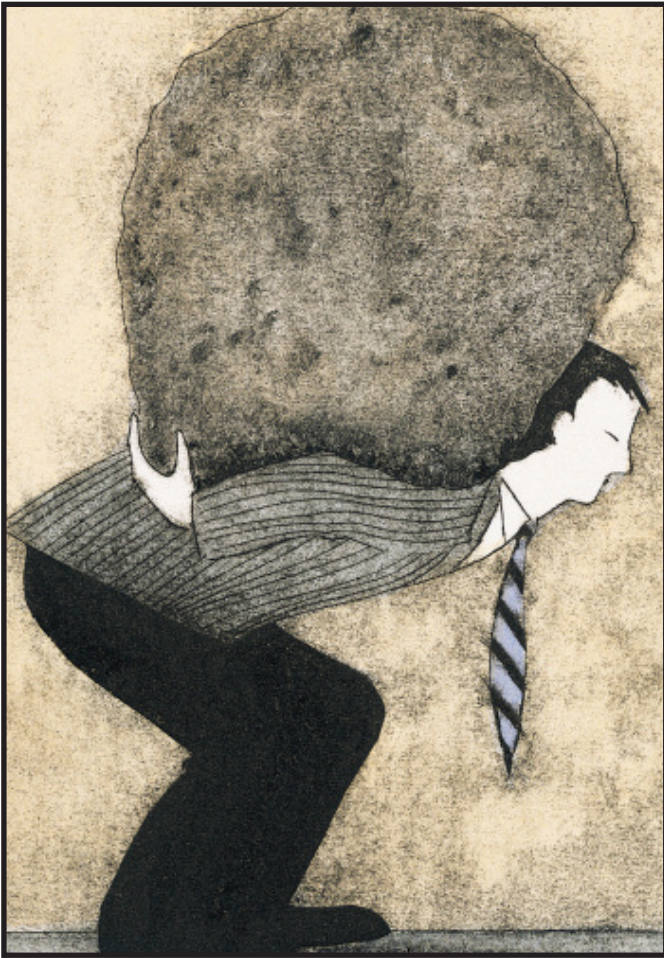
But, I’m not writing about them, or to them. They’re the choir. This is a message in a bottle. It’s for you, a nameless who? You’re headed to the side of some

road, or maybe a ledge, or companionship with some dark thing. The Bible is about people who find themselves at the end of whoever they are. So, maybe you’re like Arthur? You’re a floater. You don’t have to be a homeless floater. You can be a highly successful floater. I’m not telling you not to be a floater. Be one till your not? Jesus will still be who he is when you decide to reach.

I thought I was finished, I’m not. The little girl’s cancer has come roaring back. She’s given two weeks. It’s everywhere in her body. They carried her home in a sheet because her little body is in so much pain. Hospice is involved. Everyone is praying: some for complete recovery; some for final release. If you’ve past, Jesus, we tumble toward your hem. What choice do we have? Steal a miracle. But, you have to be there to take it from. I wish there really was a magic bathrobe her parents could wrap her in. She doesn’t have a faith to make her well. We have to have it for her. I know you’re not Santa Claus, but we need something immediate. This isn’t logical. It makes no sense. Dear Father, don’t shush me.

The little girl with cancer has a name. It’s Rylee Sweet. She died in the afternoon on the 25th day of March, 2014. She was a miracle thief. She wasn’t really three, but she did manage to steal two years and six months. She didn’t get the final two weeks. She did steal a final day and a few hours for her parents. She slept through those. I close my eyes to pray. It’s all darkness. I can’t pray to darkness. So, I pray to Jesus, who stands beyond the darkness. He has a plan. He has to. Rylee Sweet’s there with him. She’s doing somersaults.

The funeral? A stiff wind from the west carries thirty pink balloons east. Cars on the interstate head north and south; seventy miles per hour. People cry, then turn away, back toward life. SR



"It's Heavy"

About a month ago, during our weekly community prayer meeting here in N. Loup, one of my friends mentioned the term “the weight of sin.” He was praying for those who don’t yet know Jesus Christ, who are still carrying around on their shoulders the weight of their unconfessed sin. They’re still carrying this crushing weight, because they haven’t yet asked Jesus to remove it from them.

I trusted Christ as my Savior when I was in college, more than 30 years ago. That’s how long it’s been since I’ve had to carry around on my shoulders the weight of my unconfessed sin. It’s been so long that I honestly don’t remember what it was like to carry that weight with me. I’m just now realizing that, in this way, I am so out of touch with what unbelievers are currently experiencing.

It’s not that I want to feel again the terrible weight of my sin. No, I’ve received freedom from both sin’s penalty and its power, thanks to our precious Lord Jesus Christ. What I’m thinking about is my need to be sensitive to what unbelievers are experiencing, and this huge burden of sin is a central part of that experience. How could I have forgotten this?

In Psalm 32:1-2, David describes as “blessed” the person whose sin has been removed from him: “Blessed is he whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man whose sin the Lord does not count against him and in whose spirit is no deceit.” I’ve been experiencing this blessing every day for over 30 years, but now I’m realizing how much I’ve been taking for granted this blessing. Wow, Lord, forgive me for this oversight.

Yes, I really do want to see people trust in Christ, so they’ll be with us in eternity. Yes, I want to see people trust in Christ, so God will receive the glory He is due. And now, thanks to my friend’s prayer, I want to see people trust in Christ, so they can be released from the terrible burden of their unconfessed sin. This gives me a fresh motivation to ask people if they’ve ever heard the good news about Jesus Christ. Trusting Christ can make a huge difference in their life right here, right now. [SR](#)

A Tribute: Rev. & Mrs. Mynor G. Soper, Sr.

by Pastor Don Richards and Gordon Lawton

"Anything for which I am being honored, Marian should also be honored equally."



Rev. and Mrs. Mynor G. Soper Sr. moved to Texarkana, AR, in 1977. His family, which included his wife, Marian (Coon) Soper and their three youngest children, along with members of "Light Bearers for Christ", moved from North Loup, NE. At that time he continued to be employed by the SDB Missionary Society as the field evangelist for Seventh Day Baptists.

Mynor purchased property south of Texarkana, AR. It included a large house with many rooms upstairs, in which members of the team were housed. There was ample space downstairs for the new headquarters of "Light Bearers for Christ".

He became pastor of the Texarkana SDB Church in 1985 and maintained a strong Bible and Christ-centered message he preached from the pulpit on Sabbath. Mynor was a strong fundamental teacher in his church and one of the leaders in the Southwestern Association of Seventh Day Baptist Churches. He and Marian were a team and were dearly loved by Seventh Day Baptists in many places.

With advancing age and decreased energy levels, Mynor had to cut back on his many interests. But he continued to preach as long as he lived in Texarkana.

They finally had a sale of property and treasures no longer required. They lived with their daughter and son-in-law, Dawn and Dan Richards, for several months until the warmth of spring arrived.

The Texarkana SDB Church held a Retirement Party honoring this ministry couple on April 14, 2013. Mynor said, "She's my secretary." He did not have to say, "the organist, pianist, choir director, cook, hostess, listening ear" and more. He also said that anything for which he was being honored, Marian should also be honored equally. She has been his right arm in ministry. All of their children, and *their* children, plus friends from the Texarkana, Ft. Worth, TX and Little Rock, AR areas were present. Executive Director, Rob Appel presented a plaque of appreciation from the Conference.

Fifty years before (1963), Pastor Soper was ordained by the Boulder, CO, SDB Church and accredited that year by the General Conference. Rev. Gordon Lawton, Dean for the Council on Ministry, presented a certificate noting these many years of faithful, Godly service.

The Sopers finally returned to North Loup, NE in late April, 2013 and again became a part of the Mid-Continent Association, their home Association. They currently live in their own rented apartment in North Loup, NE.

Both Mynor and Marian were PKs (preacher's kids). Marion was born in Boulder, CO, where her parents, Rev. Ralph and Madge (Muncy) Coon, were pastoring. Mynor was born in North Platte, NE, and later pastored both the Boulder and North Loup SDB Churches. Mynor's father, Ralph Soper, was also a SDB Minister.

During their years of faithful service many souls have been radically transformed and enriched by Jesus through the loving ministries carried on through the Lord's faithful servants, Mynor Sr. and Marian Soper. SR



Our Community will Hear Inspirational Messages Every day in Song

Chimes Dedicated at Shiloh

On the steps of the connecting link between the Shiloh church and fellowship hall, members and friends dodged tiny rain droplets as we dedicated a new set of chimes destined to ring through the community. Nancy Davis, from the church's Memorial Fund Committee, welcomed those present by reading Psalm 150, which begins and ends with "Praise.....the Lord."

Clara Mulford directed six of our children in an acrostic "C-H-I-M-E-S" with each of them holding a cardboard letter and proclaiming that "Our Community will Hear Inspirational Messages Every day in Song with our new chimes." The rest of our children (13 altogether) joined them in singing "Hear the Chimes" with Miriam Richardson accompanying them on the keyboard. The children then rang hand bells.

Tyler Chroniger, newly proclaimed "Chime Master," explained how the new chimes work (by computer, of course). He further stated that they will ring out at noon and at 6:00 p.m. each day to remind the community that God is still alive in Shiloh.

Owen Probasco read his original poem, "Chimes". Conference President Bill Probasco thanked the families of the following loved ones for allowing donations in their memory to be used for this purpose:

Chimes

*We dedicate these chimes to God with pure devoted love.
The marvelous music they create resounds from Heav'n above.
The Angels must have blessed them, their melodies are pure.
And none can doubt their message as they open Heaven's door.
Praise God for all their beauty—and soft melodious sounds.
A tiny taste of Glory—where the love of God abounds.*

*The music of the ages, the haunting joyous chimes
Speak now of Heaven's Glory, and of life's future times.
We love the sound of music, we share the love of song;
And know life's greatest harmonies unto the Lord belong.
So now we ask to bless them, that they might come to be
A nother source of worship and honor, Lord, to Thee!*

— Owen Probasco

Elizabeth and Charlotte Lupton; Sarah Nieukirk; Don, Frances and John Probasco; Robert Vanderslice, George Johnson; Joey McDermontt; Mildred Corona; and Joel Uhland.

Then the congregation—indeed, the whole community—was blessed by the debut of the new chimes on "Amazing Grace" followed by "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God". Then Pastor Don Chroniger closed the service with prayer. ^[SR]

— Donna S. Bond, Correspondent



President's Page

Bill Probasco



Any given Sabbath...?

There's a saying in the National Football League: "Any given Sunday...". This is a simple way to explain that each week there is a strong likelihood that a team everyone expects to win will lose (and the reverse, some *lesser* team will surprise everyone and beat a *better* team). Why is that? Even the best teams have an off-game and fall short of victory. For the last 40 years, no NFL team has won every game. It just doesn't happen. No team is perfect.

Just like football teams, Christians come up short. That's pretty clearly stated by Paul: *For all have sinned,*

and come short of the glory of God. (Romans 3:23 KJV)

Now, how is it a Christian is supposed to be *steadfast* for Christ with these short comings? It's through God's steadfast grace that we can overcome. We need to accept when we fall short and seek God's forgiveness. If we're unable to get past a *loss* (i.e. *sin*), how do we move on...how does any Christian move on? We're limiting a limitless God. Good teams learn from past losses, but they don't dwell on the past. They have to get ready for the next game. So do we. Jesus atoned for our sins and we are forgiven. Time to get ready for the next game.

If we go back to our "any given Sunday" thought, it's a surprise when a good team loses primarily because they are a *good* team playing a *bad* team, so they are expected to win. They have a reputation as a winner — that's what they do, often season after season. Now, if they begin to lose more and more, their reputation begins to change. Lose too often, and a *good* team becomes a *bad* team that is expected to lose. Maybe another way to look at it is that a *strong* team becomes a *weak* team, and less is expected of them.

Christians are the same. A steadfast Christian builds up a reputation, sometimes years in the making, as a man or woman of God. People look to these individuals for strength, as examples. I realize many reading the *Sabbath Recorder* are just that — longtime church members and believers. They have become steadfast in their faith. Though they stumble, as we all do, it's not permanent. A steadfast Christian won't be utterly cast down because the Lord upholds him

with His hand (Psalm 37:24). He or she is reliable, steady, and a good pattern to follow.

But what about new Christians, or those that have suffered a great loss in their lives, or those simply struggling with different issues? Circumstances can weigh down anyone. Think of some steadfast men and women of faith from the Bible and the trials they faced: Elijah, Esther, Moses, Peter, David, etc. They struggled at times, but God was steadfast in supporting them, often with some other faithful helper. Then they rose up steadfast, too. Just like a good team can rally around a player, supporting them until they *break out of their slump*, so too are steadfast Christians in our churches. If the coach just decides to let a struggling player *work through it* and the player doesn't, the team suffers in the long run. Coaches and teammates are expected to do what's best for the team, including looking out for each other. Christians also need to do what's best for the team — God's team.

So, let this be an encouragement to you. We need to realize that on "any given Sabbath", our brothers and sisters in Christ come to church to recharge, seek forgiveness, and get back up from the trials of the past week. For us all to remain steadfast for Christ, we need to be good teammates. The good teams pick each other up. So, this coming week at church I encourage you to find a *teammate*, ask them how their week was and if you can, pray for them. If they seem like they can use a *pat on the back* during the week, give them a call. Be steadfast for them just like your Savior is for you! That way, others will know that they can count on you ...**any given Sabbath!** SR



Some of you have heard that we recently sold our home in Milton, Wisconsin. Some of you have not. But few of you know the whole story, or as the late Paul Harvey use to say, “The rest of the story”. So, here is the rest of the story that will let you all know we serve a great God!

In June 2013 Cheri and I explored selling our house, but decided that it was not the right time. At the end of June, Cheri left for California to take care of our granddaughter. This was to be a test for up to a six month period. We would see how it would go with our daughter returning to work after maternity leave; and how well our son-in-law and Cheri were getting along with this new arrangement. In December 2013, we all decided that this was working well and that Cheri would continue with the child care.

In early February this year, Cheri and I decided to sell our beloved home in Milton. The idea was to get it on the market no later than May 1. On April 27th we had an open house as the kick-off for the house listing. I was in New York State for the Church Planting Conference. On Monday the 28th we had an offer. On Thursday May 1 we had an accepted offer!

On Sunday May 25th, while I was in California for a visit with my family, Cheri and I decided to look at the Palm Springs area for possibly investing our capital gains from the house sale into flipping a house. Cheri and I were on our laptop computers mapping out a plan to look at an area 15 miles away. We got into the car to go there and never made it. What God had planned for us was completely different.

GOD is Good!

We only went three miles and decided to look at an area. We went by a home with a homemade sign that said, “OPEN HOUSE”. I started to drive by, Cheri said to stop, so I backed up and we went to the door. A lady (Nancy) answered the door. She was in her house robe and I immediately assumed she had forgotten to take the sign down. But no, she was showing the house, and it was hers. We knew that this was not the house for us and Nancy told us her husband (Jack) was over at another property and we should look at it. She gave us directions. In this park the streets have no names, but even with the twists, turns, and Nancy’s quick directions, we drove right to it.

Jack was sitting there, out on the car port, and he was expecting us. He said that the owners of the property were motivated to sell and they had just lowered the price the night before. We were the first to look at it since the new price was established.

While Cheri and I were touring the house Jack stated, “All that you see comes with it.” It was completely furnished and move-in ready! We finished looking, got into the car, and then started driving away... S L O W L Y.

I turned to Cheri and said, “We would be crazy not to go back and make an offer.” Cheri said, “Thank you Lord! I was afraid you would find some fault with the home and I loved it!” We turned around.

We closed on our house in Milton on June 2nd. We closed on the California home June 12th. Cheri moved in June 13th. In a 45 day period of time we listed our home; had an accepted offer on our home; made an offer on a new home; closed on our home; and then closed on the new home! We sold a home in Wisconsin and bought a home in California...with cash! Yes we bought a ten-year old home in California for half of the price of what we made on the sale of our 20 year old home in Wisconsin! Folks that just doesn’t happen!

GOD is so Good! 



2013-14 Scripture Memorization Program

Choose! was the theme for the 2013-14 Scripture Memorization Program. The participants are listed here as an example to encourage others to hide God's word in their hearts. The Toronto, Ontario, Seventh Day Baptist Church had the largest number of participants complete the program this last year, so they will hold and display the "Mary G. Clare Scripture Memorization Bowl" for the year. The Shepherd's Fold Ministry SDB Church, Johnson City, TN, is placed on this year's honor roll. Churches are placed on the honor roll

when their number of participants is greater than 50% of their average worship attendance.

The 2014-2015 memorization program was listed in last month's *Sabbath Recorder*. Brochures were mailed to churches in August. In addition to (or instead of) those verses, you may participate in this year's program by memorizing Hebrews 12:22-29. Additional copies are available from the Board of Christian Education: sdbbce@educatingchristians.org; <http://EducatingChristians.org>

The following people are recognized for completing the 2013-2014 Scripture Memorization Program:

Agape SDB Church of Christ

St. Albans, NY

Amy Damon
Clothilde DeSantos
Delmore Williams
Dorothy Beaumont
Joyce Fenderson
Remona Shakespeare
Rosealine John-Baptiste

Alfred Station SDB Church

Alfred Station, NY

Abigail Noel
Beronica Rogers
Brad Morrison
Colleen Morrison
Eden Rao
Elaine Brundage
Erin Sanborn
Jacob Horn
John Brundage
Kenneth Chroniger
Madge Chroniger
Melissa Noel
Morgan Trudell
Nancy Cherry

All Nations SDB Church

Gardena, CA

Abigail Alcaraz
Gabriel Alcaraz
Gwendolyn Ewen
Leticia Alcaraz
Vivian Lynch

Berlin SDB Church

Berlin, NY

Avyn Capasso

Bradenton SDB Church

Bradenton, FL

Yvonne Bee

Central SDB Church

Mitchellville, MD

Cliff Gordon
Pam Gordon

Daytona Beach SDB Church

Daytona Beach, FL

Everald Kelly

Dodge Center SDB Church

Dodge Center, MI

Elyssa Robinson
Frank Bernau
Isabella` Bond
Josiah Robinson
Karen Payne
Katiya Bond
Liam Magee

First SDB Church of Genesee

Little Genesee, NY

Barbara Welch

First SDB Church of Hebron

Hebron, PA

Alicia Graham
Carl Greene
David Hauber
Ellie Greene
Kent Kenyon
Luke Greene
Nicole Graham
Pearl Brock
Samuel Greene
Seth Greene

First SDB Church

of Hopkinton

Ashaway, RI

Alectra Crossen
Jayden Roach
Julianne Grove
Lexia Stall
Loreli Stall
Melissa Brown
Nadine Lawton
Xenia Lee Wheeler

First SDB Church of Toronto

Toronto, Canada

Conral Reynolds
Cynthia Norville
Debra Lee Gooden
Debronique Matthews
Debronjae Matthews
Debroy Matthews
Elon Sinclair
Evelyn Taylor
Festina Smith
Florence Reynolds
Herman Grant
Hermine Hunter



The "Mary G. Clare Scripture Memorization Bowl" goes to Toronto SDB Church!



Director Andrew Camenga honored for his many years of dedicated service.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Isolyn Sinclair | Cora Mae Lough | Scott Housrath | Autumn Crouch |
| Junie Dillon | Eudora Lough | Shirley Cargill | Benjamin Rankhorn |
| Linnette Reynolds | John Robinson | Teri Morgan | Bill Palmer |
| Lorna Samuels | | | Brenda Rankhorn |
| Marva Edwards | Milton SDB Church | Plainfield SDB | Chuck Thomas |
| Merlin Condison | Milton, WI | Church of Christ | Faye Thomas |
| Natasha Reynolds-Ashley | Barbara Green | Plainfield, NJ | Leigh Anne Crouch |
| Osbourne Dillon | Margot Harris | Celeste Green | Nathan Crouch |
| St. Clare Gooden | | Jean Ellenbacher | Shay Rankhorn |
| Winston London | New York City SDB Church | SDB Church of Boulder | Zachariah Rankhorn |
| | New York City, NY | Boulder, CO | Shiloh SDB Church |
| Leonardsville-Brookfield | Abigal Vassell | Cletus Severance | Shiloh, NJ |
| SDB Church | Beverly Alexander | Dan Reuter | Faith Mitchell |
| Leonardsville/Brookfield, NY | Blanch Williams | Darrian Muniz | Jan Bond |
| Leona Burdick | Cailin Bell | Doris Rood | Lauren DuBois |
| | Cameron Small | Greg Looper | Lee Mitchell |
| Lost Creek SDB Church | Danae Morrison | Jason Looper | Mary Jane McAndrew |
| Lost Creek, WV | Daniel Francis | Keith Severance | Nancy Davis |
| Cate Camenga | Inez Gray | Lynne Severance | Sharon Campbell |
| Cathy Camenga | Ita Cox | Matthew Severance | |
| Cindy Lawrence | Jean Wynter-Barrett | Nick Looper | Springs Life SDB Church |
| Eve Camenga | Malachi King | Pat Williams | Colorado Springs, CO |
| Jonah Camenga | Mikalah Cross | Patrick Muniz | John J. Pethtel |
| | Ryan Bell | Shari Severance | Linda Harris |
| Metro Atlanta SDB Church | Samara Vassell | T.J. Looper | Xavier Pethel |
| Hiram, GA | Shamoya Dale | Tricia Karlin | |
| Bettie Pearson | Shaunese McClean | | White Cloud SDB Church |
| Debbie Hargett | | Shepherd's Fold Ministry | White Cloud, MI |
| Jonathan Lovelace | North Loup SDB Church | SDB Church | Norma Rudert |
| | North Loup, NE | Johnson City, TN | Sheryl Deehan |
| Middle Island SDB Church | Frances VanHorn | Aaron Crouch | |
| New Milton, WV | Katherine Dutcher | Angie Jobe | |
| Clara Glover | Ron Cargill | | |

Can I broach a topic we're all afraid to touch here? One that isn't often broached in the church? A dirty three-letter word that nobody here wants me to say, though I strongly feel it needs to be said? The topic I'm trying to ease into is sex. There, I said it. I know it's a horrifically taboo topic, especially within the church, but October is "Family Sexual Education Month". The church is, above all other things, a family—and one that needs to be educating its youth on God's view of sex.

I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but sexual education is not well handled in the church—at least, not in mine, and not in any of the others I know of. I think there's three questions that need to be asked when it comes to sex ed in our church family. First, why is sexual education in the church important? Second, what does God say about sex in the first place? And third, how do we relay what God says to our youth? I'm here, from the perspective of the youth, to try to help you answer those very questions.

First, why is it important? Sexual education is important in the church because education needs to happen somewhere. Obviously the original "talk" happens at home, but beyond the logistics of the ordeal, there are a lot of things left unsaid that should really be talked about. One way or another, children grow up. Whether the future leaders of the church get their sexual education in the church or in the middle school bathroom is up to us—and to me, that choice seems pretty obvious. Don't ask why sexual education is important, ask where it should happen. I think you'll come to the conclusion that the best way for young Christians to learn what God intended sex to be is for the church to be completely open with them about it.

Second, what does God say about sex? I think we all know the basic rule—sex is for marriage. God tells us over and over again not to be sexually immoral: 1 Corinthians 6:18, 1 Thessalonians 4:1-7, Ephesians 5:3. If that wasn't clear enough, Hebrews 13:4 sums it up, telling us, "*Marriage should be honored by all, and the marriage bed kept pure, for God will judge the adulterer and all the sexually immoral.*" God's cardinal commandment regarding sex is crystal clear. However,

The Beacon

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



this commandment is often twisted into a backwards way of thinking that sex is dirty. We teach our young people not to have sex outside of marriage, but instead of teaching them that inside of marriage, sex is a sacred gift from God, we teach them that it's wrong, that it's base

and debauched. Google "abstinence" and you're guaranteed to find hundreds of stories of girls who have abandoned their faith because of the guilt and shame the church thrust on them about sex, even if they waited until they were married to have it. God doesn't think sex is wrong. His first commandment to Adam and Eve was to be fruitful and multiply. God just wants us to keep ourselves holy. 1 Corinthians 6:16 says, "*Or do you not know that he who is joined to a prostitute becomes one body with her? For, as it is written, 'The two will become one flesh.'*" Sex isn't just a careless act. It's joining yourself completely to another person. It's sacred, and it's wonderful, and it's a gift from God, but if it's had outside of marriage, it loses its sacredness. We need to teach young people that sex outside of marriage is wrong, not that sex in and of itself is wrong.

Third, how do we relay this to our youth? As a teenager, I think I can provide pretty reliable insight here. My advice is to be open. Don't treat sex like it's the "dirty three-letter word" I referred to at the beginning of this article. Treat it like God's gift, the way He intended us to. Teach youth that their bodies are temples. Don't teach them that abstinence is a pledge to recite, or a promise to their future spouse, or a ring on their finger. Teach them that abstinence is part of keeping God's temple pure. Above all, Church, shine God's light. Be His beacon of love (pun unintended). Give them the facts and encourage them to make the right choice, but don't leave out the ultimate message: God is love, God forgives, and God will never forsake you. SR

—Rebecca Olson

ARE YOU INSIDE THE TANK?

by Daniel Lovelace
Metro Atlanta SDB Church

Think about something that God is desiring, or might desire you to do which you wouldn't want to follow through on. What would be a reason you wouldn't want to do it?

A lot of times, a big reason that I don't want to follow through on obeying God's prompting is that I'm concerned with what other people will feel, think, or do. *"What if I say this, and then they think this, and...?"* *"What if I'm wrong, and then the person gets angry and...?"* I think we all are hit by these kinds of thoughts from time to time. Intimidation of others is a huge reason why we might choose not to follow God in something.

Let me ask you something. Would you be uncomfortable if someone was throwing a rock at you? What if they threw it at you while you were inside a missile-proof armored military tank? Would it bother you then? Of course not. Inside the tank you'd realize how protected you were from the rock!

Many times we are bothered by what people "throw" at us because we don't realize how good, loving, and powerful God is towards us. We fear what they might think or do, and meanwhile neglect who God is, and what He thinks or can do. When we're intimidated by others, they're calling the shots in our lives, not God.

The key to resolving this isn't found by telling yourself to "try and do better next time." That usually only ends with the same results, or with you gritting your teeth as you pretend

that it doesn't matter as the flying "rocks" are pelting you. The key is found in seeing the "tank" of God's goodness and power, and understanding His boundless love for you, poured out through Jesus. Then, understanding how real and amazing this "tank" is, you rest inside it by faith. When the rocks are thrown, they don't hit you anymore because they don't change the reassuring "tank" of God's goodness and love towards you. When you see and understand God clearly as you should, you won't fear the reactions of others, because you're in the Creator of the universe's hands, doing what He desires you to do, and no one's reaction is ever going to change how secure and safe you are in Him.

Honestly though, the rocks that fly may hit the outside of the tank, and hard. Like scratching off the tank's exterior paint, they may even manage to "scrape off" some of the stuff you were used to, like a possession, a comfort, a friend, or a reputation. That might hurt a lot. We grow to like the personalized paint jobs on our tanks! But do you trust that God is going to protect the things that need protection, and reshape those things that need to be reshaped in your life? That's where you've gotta continue to look at the Truth of how good and wise God really is, and trust and follow His way of doing things above your own. [SR](#)





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

"...but in your hearts honor Christ the Lord as holy, always being prepared to make a defense to anyone who asks you for a reason for the hope that is in you; yet do it with gentleness and respect,"

— 1 Peter 3:15



The past few months (perhaps even years) have been littered with news that is just plain disheartening. Violence between countries, people groups, and individuals is rampant. Watching the news or reading a newspaper seems to feed a pessimistic worldview. It just doesn't seem like there is much room for hope in the current state of life.

Yet Peter says here in chapter 3 verse 15 that we should be prepared to make a defense to anyone who asks about the hope you have. How many people have asked you lately why you have so much hope?

I understand this verse to be talking about our hope in Christ as opposed to the world. But sometimes my worldview is so negative that I can't help but express that. Oftentimes I neglect to find the hope I have as a member of Jesus' family. Living in the world at present can be scary and not all that wonderful. I don't want to be one of those people who bury their heads in the sand and ignore the world around them, looking at everything through rose-colored glasses. Neither do I want to be the person who finds all of the bad things and allows them to dwell inside me and suffocate the hope that is supposed to live in me. So where can I find the balance? How do I protect the hope inside of me?

I don't know that I have a perfect answer to this but I think it may be rooted in the fact that I tend to think of my hope in Jesus as a future sort of thing: I know I'll be in heaven someday and until then I'm just toughing it

out down here. This sort of thinking doesn't lead to hope and optimism for me because, Lord willing, I have many years left to live on this earth. For me, realizing that our hope doesn't just lie in future rewards is helpful. We can have hope in the fact that God is with us 24/7. Even when things seem hopeless we can cling to the fact that everything that happens works together for our good, according to his purpose (Romans 8:28).

I've also been working on my speech patterns. I tend to be very sarcastic when I am speaking, which is not an uplifting way to speak. Many of the people around me also tend to speak that way — sometimes in an even more negative manner. This tends to spiral into hopeless attitudes and feelings. In order to combat this, I'm working on not allowing myself to speak negatively but rather turning my speech positive and uplifting — and I'm getting better at it. When I'm speaking in a positive manner it lifts my entire attitude — having hope becomes much easier.

One other thing I've begun doing is actively looking for things that are good to go along with the bad. I realize that if I don't want to become a hermit, I'm going to see and hear about bad things happening in the world. The key is to not allow that to be all I see and hear. I'm trying to find good as well. Sometimes that's in the news but sometimes good is something as simple as a hug or thank you. Now that I'm beginning to protect and nurture the hope that is inside me, I can defend my hope to the world. [SR](#)



The Nick of Time
Nick Kersten
Librarian-Historian

A Two Way Street: Jamaican SDB Pastors in North America Part 3

By Rev. Andrew Samuels



For the past two months, we have published the first two portions of an article written by Rev. Andrew Samuels describing the relationship between the USA/Canada and Jamaican Conferences. This is the third and final installment of that article, continuing in a list of characteristics that have contributed to the proliferation of Jamaican pastors serving in pastoral roles in North America.

Seventh Day Baptists of Jamaican background who have served in a pastoral capacity in North America:

1. Edson Barrett – Philadelphia, PA
2. Val Bennett – Fort Lauderdale, FL
3. Vernon Burke – Southwest Los Angeles, CA
4. Everett Campbell – Syracuse, NY
5. Herlitz Condison – Toronto, Ontario, Canada
6. Ericessen Cooper – New York City, NY
7. Kenroy Cruickshank – Philadelphia, PA
8. Barry Dailey – Southeast Atlanta, GA
9. Egbert Downes – Agape in Queens, NY; Plainfield, NJ
10. Norman Fearon – Fort Lauderdale, FL
11. Selvin Findlater – Philadelphia, PA
12. Gregory Grant – Christian Family Fellowship in Decatur, GA
13. Henry Grant – New York City, NY
14. Cormeth Lawrence (deceased) – Philadelphia, PA; Fort Lauderdale, FL
15. Huethen Livingston – Miami, FL; Springfield, MA; United in Enfield, CT
16. Alcott Lynch – West Palm Beach, FL
17. Lambert Lynch – All Nations in Gardena, CA
18. Garfield Malcolm – Christian Family Fellowship in Decatur, GA
19. David McLean – Cambridge, Ontario, Canada
20. Dalmon Murphy – Miami, FL
21. Andrew Samuels – Miami, FL; New York City, NY; Fort Lauderdale, FL
22. Joseph Samuels (deceased) – Toronto, Canada; Plainfield, NJ
23. Harold Smith – Faith in Bronx, NY; New York City, NY; Springfield, MA
24. Ronald Smith – Agape in Queens, NY
25. Samuel Sterling – Agape in Queens, NY
26. Socrates Thompson (deceased) – New York City, NY
27. Llewellyn West – Faith in Bronx, NY

Seminary Students:

1. Jamaal Fyffe
2. Owen Lynch
3. Omari Rhoden

A Mission-Oriented Spirit

Jamaican Seventh Day Baptists have taken seriously the Great Commission given to the church by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. That commission is articulated in the four Gospels and in the book of Acts. It commands us to make disciples as we go into all the world. This disciple-making business has driven Jamaican Seventh Day Baptists to be zealous about their faith. They have been very focused on accomplishing this mission as the Lord has enabled them. Significant limitations in personnel, material resources, and meeting space have often threatened to undo many of the efforts in their embryonic stages. But the mission was the focus, and there was the conviction that it was bigger than the constraints.

A Church-Planting Spirit

As has been expressed earlier, over the last 40 years, Jamaican Seventh Day Baptists have planted 16 churches and groups in North America. Anyone who has ever been close to a church plant, knows what a difficult venture that is. A significant number of church plants end up failing because of the challenging nature of that undertaking. In every case, it is not an exaggeration to suggest that there have been tremendous obstacles, monumental setbacks, and great hardships; yet there has also been persistence, perseverance, and an indefatigable attitude. Jamaican Seventh Day Baptists have typically never been satisfied to simply become integrated into a church of another denomination. Even if such integration is done for a brief period of time, before long the church-planting spirit rises up and looks for ways to be released.

An Entrepreneurial Spirit

Jamaican Seventh Day Baptists have exhibited incredible creativity in practicing their faith as they venture into new territories, carry out the mission of the kingdom, and plant churches. Whatever resources are needed, they have been willing to make sacrifices, take risks, and step out in faith, daring God to honor their commitment. They have been ingenious and innovative in raising funds for church projects. They have been visionary and imaginative in motivating people to contribute to the cause.

Continued on page 23



The Next Leg of the Journey

by Clinton R. Brown

In August of 2014, as executive director for the SDB Missionary Society, I had the privilege of visiting our Seventh Day Baptist brothers and sisters at Agape SDB Church on Long Island, NY. This is an exciting congregation, blending Guyanese worship culture into Seventh Day Baptist generally held practices and beliefs. Their Caribbean influence on worship did not keep it from being accessible by my family or participating visitors or members from other cultural backgrounds in the community.

While I was there, we spent some time discussing missions and how we all should be participants in God's mission to reach all the people groups of the world for His glory. During my presentation, I began to discuss following Jesus and how that may radically change several times over the course of our lives. For most of us, it seems that much of the time we do not know the whole path ahead of us that God would have us take. We looked at the illustration in Psalms 119:105 that God's Word provides a lamp for our next steps along our personal path. The verse says nothing about being shown specifics about the whole road ahead.

I noted in my own ministry testimony that God had equipped, prepared, and given me experiences to work in youth ministry for His glory when I was a youth worker for ten years in Texarkana, AR. This meant to me that I was doing what I was supposed to be doing when I was doing it. However, it did not mean that it was what I should be doing as my primary ministry for the rest of my life. I believe God did want me working with young people, and I could have continued in that role indefinitely, but I would have missed out on working with Him in new and more challenging ways.



Pastor Deryck Thomas leads prayer at Agape SDB Church, NY

Jonah was given clear vision all the way to where God wanted him to minister in Nineveh. Given that information, Jonah ran the other direction. Sometimes, I believe God spares us from knowing that our own "Ninevehs" are in our future until we have obediently followed Him and been prepared for those times.

Considering that our life is like a journey, we may start out on dirt paths or super highways, change to city streets or winding gravel roads. It may be a collection of different navigational options, but the important part is that we are watching for the signs that tell us we are on the right route or we need to exit in order to continue to work with God where He desires to partner with us in His work. Sometimes the opportunities for exits are more obvious, like graduation from college, being laid off from work, or upcoming retirement from a career. Other times, the signs may come in the form of a *Sabbath Recorder* article, a sermon, or a word from a friend. I pray we are each in tune and watchful for opportunities to transition to an ever closer walk with Jesus along our byways on the path to where the streets are paved with gold. ^{SR}

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

— Psalms 119:105

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Agape SDB Church, NY

Jamaican SDB Pastors in North America

Continued from page 21

Their homes have been mortgaged, their personal savings depleted, they work extra jobs, and they organize clever savings schemes such as “partners” to accomplish the task of exercising their portable faith.

Another interesting observation is that the Jamaican pastorates have been blessed by longevity in service. A perusal of the 2013 Directory of Seventh Day Baptist Churches in North America reveals that of the five longest serving pastors at one church in the Conference, four of them were Jamaicans.

Jamaicans have enhanced the landscape of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference of USA and Canada. That has been a reality largely because of an investment which was initially made by American Seventh Day Baptists almost 70 years ago. By comparison, there is no other nationality or ethnic group which comes even close to Jamaica in terms of having an undeniably enriching impact on Seventh Day Baptists in North America. Each of us can judge for ourselves as to whether there has been and continues to be a good return on that Jamaican investment. [SR]

Andy Samuels is the pastor of the Miami, FL SDB church, chairman of the Standing Committee on Faith and Order, and the Executive Secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist World Federation.



Can You Recognize a Heart Attack or Stroke?

Information from the August 2014 "NIH News in Health" newsletter

When it comes to life-threatening conditions like heart attack or stroke, every minute counts. Acting fast could save your life or someone else's. Get to know the signs and symptoms of these health threats so you can get medical help immediately.

According to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, nationwide, someone dies from a heart attack about every 90 seconds and stroke kills someone about every 4 minutes. Quick medical help can prevent some of these deaths and also limit permanent damage to the body.

Heart attack and stroke are caused by interruptions to the normal flow of blood to the heart or brain — two organs essential to life. Without access to oxygen-rich blood and nutrients, heart or brain cells begin to malfunction and die. The changes ultimately lead to the familiar symptoms of a heart or brain emergency.

Common symptoms of heart attack include sustained, crushing chest pain, difficulty breathing, pain, stiffness or numbness in the neck, back or one or both arms or shoulders, cold sweat, nausea, dizziness.

Women may have different symptoms. Instead of chest pain they may feel extremely exhausted or have indigestion or nausea or a vague sense of gloom and doom.

Stroke symptoms include sudden difficulty seeing, speaking or walking and feelings of weakness, numbness, dizziness and confusion. Some get a severe headache that's immediate and strong, different from any kind you've ever had.

At the first sign of any of these symptoms, fast action by you, someone you know, or a passerby can make a huge difference. There are now medicines, procedures and devices that can help limit heart and brain damage following an attack — as long as medical help arrives quickly. If the heart is starved for blood for too long — generally more than 20 minutes — heart muscle can be

irreversibly damaged. You need to be in the hospital because there's a risk of cardiac arrest which can be deadly. With stroke, the longer you wait, the more brain cells are dying and the greater chance for permanent damage or disability.

There are two kinds of strokes — the most common, ischemic, is caused by a clot that clogs a blood vessel in the brain. The clot-dissolving drug tPA works best when given soon after symptoms begin. Those who receive this drug within 3 hours of stroke onset are most likely to recover fully. The second kind of stroke — hemorrhagic — is caused when a blood vessel breaks and bleeds into the brain. This hemorrhage can enlarge during the first three hours. A hospital medical team can help contain the bleeding so every moment counts.

Even if you're unsure, don't feel embarrassed or hesitate to call 911 if you suspect a heart attack or stroke. Never drive yourself or someone else to the hospital. The emergency crew is trained to treat these symptoms and they could mean the difference between life and death.

Heart attack or stroke can happen to anyone but risk increases with age as does a family history of heart problems. You can decrease your risk by working with your doctor to get high blood pressure, high cholesterol or diabetes under control. Keep important health information with you at all times including medications that you are taking, allergies and emergency contacts. Eat a healthy diet rich in protein, whole grains, fruits and vegetable and low in saturated fat. Get regular physical activity and don't smoke.

Taking a basic CPR course will help you recognize the symptoms of these conditions and teach you how to help. Always call for help immediately. Yes, other conditions can mimic the signs and symptoms of a heart attack or stroke but let the emergency physician figure that out in the emergency room. SR

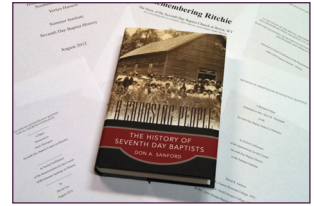


PASTORS' CONFERENCE 2015

Pastor as Leader is the theme for the 2015 Pastors' Conference, April 21-24, in Boulder, CO. Monday, April 20, is a travel day. If you are able, you are invited to remain for Sabbath the 25th and worship with one of the three SDB Churches along the front range. Our special guest speaker is Dr. Gordon MacDonald who was the guest speaker at the Pastors' Lunch at Conference in 2013. He served four congregations for over 40 years, has written many books including *Ordering Your Private World*. He is now Chancellor of Denver Seminary in Littleton, CO. He and his wife, Gail, live in New Hampshire.

Register at Eventzilla ([Http://Pastor-as-leader.eventzilla.net](http://Pastor-as-leader.eventzilla.net)) and pay with PayPal, or bring your cash or check with you to Colorado. If you are unable to register online or choose not to do so, download the register form at the COM website (com@sdbministry.org), complete it and return it. If you need additional help call (608) 752-5055. SR

SDB HISTORY SUMMER INSTITUTE 2015



The SDB Center on Ministry announces that registration for the 2015 **Summer Institute in SDB History** has been posted at the COM Website www.sdbministry.org. Click to go to the description of the course and click once again to open the registration form. The deadline for registration is **January 15, 2015**. The Online portion begins at the beginning of February with the one week intensive at the SDB Center being August 9-14, 2015.

Yes, that is only Sunday to Friday but we begin at 3 pm on Sunday and meet 8:30 am - 9 pm M-Th. *If all is completed*, students can leave at noon on Friday. The last two years we had the week session in June, but having this week in August allows some who cannot attend in June to participate.

One of the requirements of this class is to write an original paper about SDB History. Research and writing will occur mostly while at the Center in Janesville. Topics will be chosen earlier in the year with some opportunities for research before arriving in Wisconsin.

SDB Seminary and TIME students as well as SDB Pastors are encouraged to take this course. SR



Director of Pastoral Services Resigns

September 11, 2014

Janesville, WI — Feeling that the timing might be right to look toward other ministry opportunities, Rev. Gordon P. Lawton, Director of Pastoral Services and Dean of the Center of Ministry, has announced that he will be leaving his positions. Rev. Lawton has served in these positions for the General Conference for almost 11 years. We are thankful for these years of service and we wish Rev. Lawton well in his future ministry endeavors.

As part of this transition, all communication concerning the Council on Ministry or Pastoral Services should be directed to Executive Director Rob Appel after October 1, 2014. He may be contacted by phone at (608) 752-5055 or email at robappel@seventhdaybaptist.org. SR

JOB OPPORTUNITY

DIRECTOR OF CHURCH DEVELOPMENT/PASTORAL SERVICES

The primary role of the Director of Church Development is to work with SDB Churches, SDB Pastors, and SDB Associations. They will concentrate primarily in the areas of Church Planting and Church Revitalization, new contacts and inquiries, Pastoral Services, and Crisis Intervention.

For more information and interested applicants should send their resume to Rob Appel either by mail or email:

SDB Center P.O. Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547-1678
robappel@seventhdaybaptist.org

MARRIAGE

TOWNSEND – BOWEN

Milton R. Townsend III and Marcia Angela Bowen were united in marriage on August 28, 2014. Pastor Kenroy D. Cruickshank officiated at their wedding at the Philadelphia SDB Church.

NEW MEMBERS

ALFRED STATION SDB

Alfred Station, NY
Kenneth D. Chroniger, Pastor

Joined after baptism
Catherine Elliot

SCRIPTURE MEMORIZATION

OCTOBER

Youth/Adult

... For he is the living God and he endures forever; his kingdom will not be destroyed, his dominion will never end.

– Daniel 6:26

Junior

... For he is the living God and he endures forever; his kingdom will not be destroyed, his dominion will never end.

– Daniel 6:26

Primary

His dominion will never end.

– Daniel 6:26

BIRTHS

MARCH 19, 2014 – A daughter, **Paige**, was born to Laurence and Samantha Nieuwenkerk of Washington, DC.

JULY 30, 2014 – A daughter, **Pearl**, was born to Ako Yamro and April Tabor of Washington, DC.

OBITUARIES

SLATON – Roger B. Slaton, age 57, of Fouke, Arkansas, died Friday, August 1, 2014 in a local nursing facility.

Mr. Slaton was born December 14, 1956 in Texarkana, Arkansas. He was a former employee of Texarkana Arts and Humanity Council, and a member of the Texarkana Seventh Day Baptist Church.

He is survived by his wife, Michelle Goff Slaton of Fouke, Arkansas; his mother, Lena Mae Slaton of Fouke, Arkansas; one son and daughter-in-law, Jonah and Shannon Slaton of Texarkana, Texas; two sisters, Dianne Hibbard of Baltimore, Maryland and Donna Thompson of Texarkana, Arkansas; three grandchildren, Skylar, Raysha and Londyn Slaton of Texarkana, Texas and numerous other family and friends.

Graveside services were 10:00 a.m. Monday, August 4, 2014 at Fouke Cemetery with Pastor Jason Bowen officiating under the direction of Texarkana Funeral Home, Arkansas.

SLATON – Lena Mae Slaton, age 89, of Fouke, Arkansas, died Friday, August 8, 2014 at her home.

Mrs. Slaton was born March 20, 1925 in Fouke, Arkansas. She was a homemaker and a member of Texarkana Seventh Day Baptist Church.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Roy Slaton, and two sons, Bobby Slaton and Roger Slaton.

She is survived by two daughters and one son-in-law, Dianne and Earl Hibbard of Millersville, Maryland, and Donna Thompson of Texarkana, Arkansas; nine grandchildren; 20 great grandchildren and numerous other family and friends.

Graveside services were 10:00 a.m. Tuesday, August 12, 2014 at Fouke Cemetery with Justin Hibbard, her grandson, officiating under the direction of Texarkana Funeral Home, Arkansas.

The family would like to express their gratitude and heartfelt thanks to Hospice of Texarkana.



When people's steps follow the LORD,
God is pleased with their ways.

If they stumble, they will not fall,
because the LORD holds their hand.

— Psalm 37:23-24 (NCV)

Periodicals postage paid
at Janesville, WI
and additional offices

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



Let's
Play Ball!

With the World Series approaching, I'm sending out an invitation to our churches for Conference 2015. I'd like to organize a softball tournament at Conference! Bring your gloves, we'll provide the bases and bats. We'll call it our own little "Field of Dreams". If your church or Association can field a team, let me know. You can e-mail me (wjprobasco@comcast.net), post it to our Facebook page (SDB2015), or let me know if I visit your church this coming year!

— Bill Probasco