

# The Journal

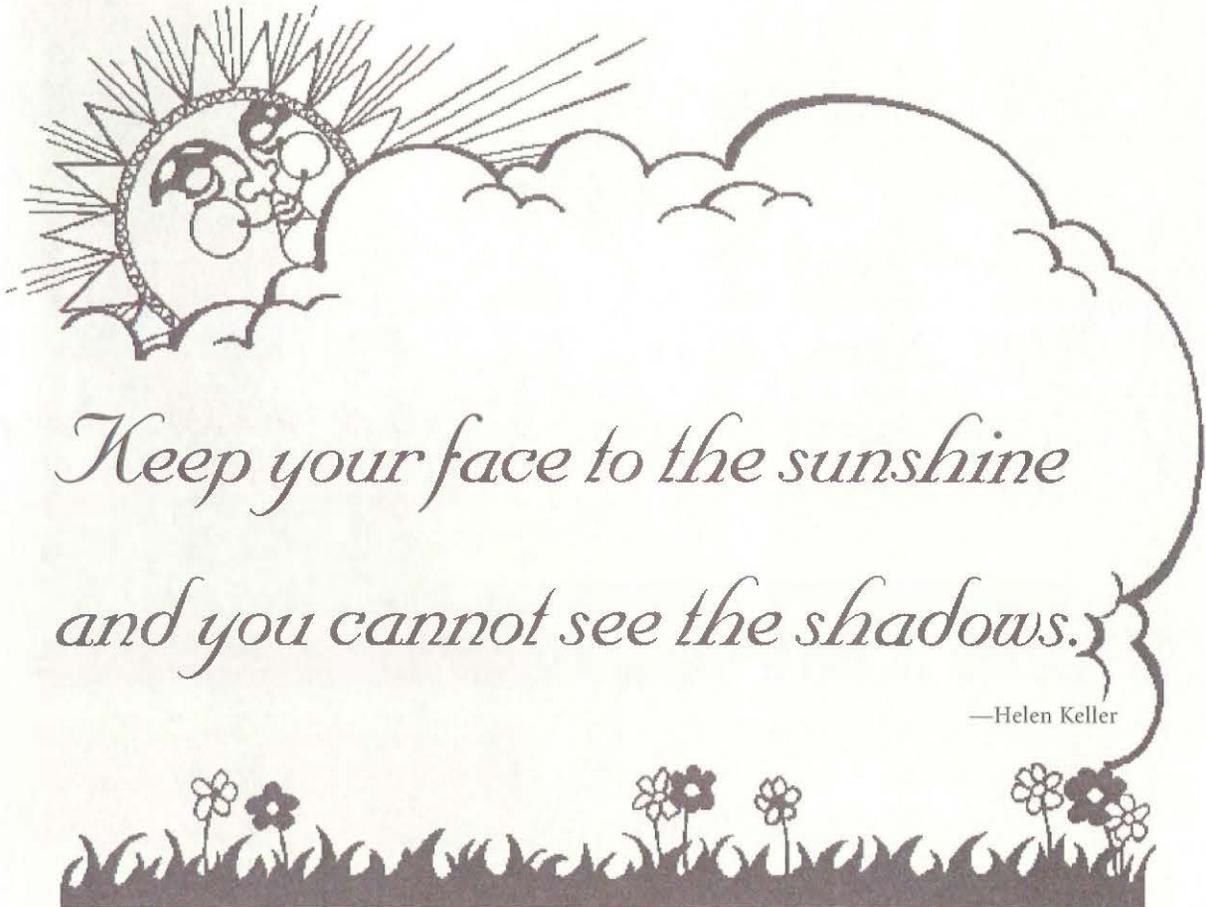


A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES

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*Keep your face to the sunshine  
and you cannot see the shadows.*

—Helen Keller

## The Journal

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## Editor's Musings

Our little Yorkshire Terrier, Dexter, is 12 years old. In doggie or people years, that is a significant tenure. In the last few months we have noticed that his short-term memory seems to be suffering to the extent that he forgets where we are in the house, and then whimpers because he thinks we have left him alone. Our veterinarian calls it "doggie alzheimers" and has assured us it probably won't get worse, but we can plan on the malady continuing.

Dexter's panic is also hurtful to Jim and me. He may be sitting on his little ledge in the kitchen looking out the window and forget that I am cooking behind the counter. Suddenly, he jumps off and goes running around to another room crying and looking for me. Or, he will forget that I am in the laundry room folding clothes, and mournfully cry as he looks down the stairs wondering where I am. Because he can't physically see me, he thinks he is alone. Our reassurance to him seems to last only a few minutes.

Through Dexter's canine wisdom he has taught me many lessons, but perhaps this current one is the most valuable. How many times have I thought God left me or had forgotten about me just because at that very moment I didn't see Him. Perhaps He has manifested Himself in a wonderful way just days or hours before, but suddenly in my "short-term memory" I forget how He has led me in the past and feel alone and left behind. I can't "see" Him and suddenly I panic, thinking He has forgotten me—left me alone. My short-term memory is worse than Dexter's. I forget the Bible promises for me that are woven throughout the scriptures. And, in my fretting, I probably hurt God, too. Patiently all over again He tries to reassure me that He is always there.

It is my prayer for all of us ministry wives that we learn a little from the animal kingdom and remember how much our Father in Heaven loves each of us.

*Sharon*

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# When God Answers, “Not Now”

*Karen Grob*

*Karen Grob and her husband, Fred, live in Switzerland where he pastors. The daughter of missionaries, she has lived in Nigeria, Canada, the Philippines, Singapore, and her native U.S.A.*

*Currently Karen is teaching Bible classes in a children's school, and she teaches English as a missionary outreach program. Also she accompanies ADVENTUS DOMINI, a professional choir whose sole purpose is evangelism through the medium of classical music. She enjoys having prayer meetings and working with the musical groups in her church. Her hobbies are: reading and, of course, music!*



**L**ittle “white clouds” partially blocked the vision in my left eye as I woke up that Sabbath morning in December 1984. I figured the “clouds” would go away after awhile. They did, but little did I know what I would have to go through first! Playing the organ in church that morning, I was thankful that I knew the songs by heart because those crazy “clouds” kept getting in the way!

By Monday morning they hadn't disappeared so I went to an eye specialist. I was surprised how quickly he gave me an appointment when I described my problem. He tested my eye from every possible angle and put it through every possible test. Then all he said was that the optical nerve was inflamed and he wanted me admitted to the hospital that afternoon for further tests.

I protested that the next day was Christmas and no one would be doing any more work than absolutely necessary. So he agreed—on the condition that I spend the time lying flat on my back. That wasn't really difficult since we were going to my in-laws' home, and my mother-in-law loves to spoil me anyway.

On the 26th I entered the hospital for ten days of heavy medication and various tests, including a CAT scan

and a spinal tap. I really felt a little foolish because I wasn't sick; I didn't even have a headache. When people asked, “What's wrong with you?” all I could say was, “I don't know. I feel fine!” By the end of my ten days in the hospital, the “clouds” had finally disappeared. The doctor told me I was healthy and sent me home. And I was just happy I could see again!

Two years later I noticed tingling in my fingers and legs. At the time I was accompanying a flutist who was also a physical therapist, and she told me to go to the neurologist where she worked. Without telling me what he suspected, he asked if I would be willing to see another neurologist, who I later learned specialized in multiple sclerosis (MS).

By then my sister-in-law and another nurse had already told me that my symptoms sounded like MS. So on my visit to the specialist, I asked him point blank, “Do I have MS or don't I?” After everybody else had started worrying about me, I decided I should do a little worrying too! Actually I was relieved to finally know what was wrong with me. Although he couldn't say for sure, he said it looked very much like a kind of MS that progresses slowly. My case had been harder to diagnose because I didn't have any of the characteristic relapse and remission

“attacks.”

My husband and I had been great hikers, climbing a lot of the mountains in our part of Switzerland, but now it became harder and harder to hike. The 50 stairs I had to climb in our church parsonage became increasingly difficult to climb, and my long walks got shorter and shorter. I began spending a lot of time alone talking to God—not so much about my health but about the teenager we had taken into our home. The victim of a broken home, he was having such a hard time, and I had so much wanted to be the mother to him that he didn't have.

Finally one day I told my husband I was ready to be anointed. Until then, although I knew I would one day be anointed, I didn't know when the “right time” would be. It is easy to know the “right time” when you have been in a serious accident or have been diagnosed as terminally ill. I was neither of those, although I knew that there was no “cure” as such for MS, especially my kind. But after talking to Elder and Mrs. Cress and our Division Ministerial Secretary, Elder Mager, I knew the time had come.

Ten years after my first sign of MS, I was anointed in a small private service in our home with our church elder, my husband, and the division ministerial secretary. It was a very special service, like being dedicated to the Lord for something special. Afterwards I knew we had done all that was in our power to do. Of course I was eager to bounce down the stairs the next day! I felt great, and I was so happy and felt so near to the Lord. I especially felt honored that the General Conference had prayed for me on that day. But even though I felt better, and even walked better, I didn't bounce down the stairs the next day, or the next. And in time it became clear to me that God had indeed answered our

prayers with, “I am going to heal you soon, but not now. I will take good care of you, but for you it is better this way, and I still have plenty of work for you to do, in spite of your MS.”

And He has wonderfully kept His promise. He has “spoiled” me in so many ways, and there is still plenty of work for me to do! And there is something fun about driving into a crowded parking lot, straight up to your special reserved parking spot! At the General Conference in Utrecht, it was fun to “buggy” around feeling sorry for all those people with their tired, hurting feet who couldn't get a good seat, and I could go sit right up front with my wheel chair!

Today I have a deeper and more urgent longing for Christ's soon return. I have plenty of time for reading and prayer—far more than I used to have! I also have a much closer relationship with Jesus.

For a long time I could give thanks for God's promise of strength for the weary, power for the weak (Isaiah 40:29 NIV). I could give thanks for His promise to strengthen, help and

uphold me (Isaiah 41:10). But the hardest step for me to take was to be able to give thanks for everything (Eph 5:20 and I Thess. 5:18), including my MS.

Then one evening at our small group prayer meeting I confessed that I had trouble with those two texts. After prayer meeting that night, I went home and cried. I told the Lord I was sorry. And for the first time I was able to say, “and thank you, Lord, for my situation that has brought me closer to you and made me more dependent on you than ever before.”

Today I am so thankful for every step I can still take and for a practically pain-free life. And it is so nice to know that my MS is *His* problem and no longer mine, and that He will take care of it in His own good time.

As a special bonus, God saw to it that the teenage boy I longed to mother has grown up and married a lovely girl. Along with their adorable little boy who calls me “Granny,” they live nearby so I can see them often.

God gave me a son, a teen-age boy  
To love and guide, to bring comfort and joy  
But then he left too young for his years  
And oh the anguish, the pain and the tears.  
And then I learned how God must feel  
When I turn my back and no longer kneel.  
He understands the missing “hi”  
Because He loves him even more than I.  
But unlike me, He doesn't demand;  
Only a whisper and a drawing hand.  
That, too, I must learn from my Father above:  
To let go and let Him, is a sign of true love.  
And when I remember this child He has given  
Is His, not just mine, and He wants him in heaven.  
Thank you, Father, for doing what I can't, but I would:  
For loving him much more than I ever could.  
Like the prodigal of old (and that includes me)  
Lead us both home to be forever with Thee. ✿

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# Woman, Reflection of the Divine Nature

*Angélica Rodrigues  
Barros*

*Angélica is currently Pedagogical and Educational Advisor at the Centro Educacional Adventista in Rio de Janeiro. She is a district pastor's wife and they have two daughters: Milce Ellen, 9, and Greice Any, 7. She loves preaching and lecturing to parents on education-related subjects. Her leisure preferences are reading, knitting and embroidering. She loves God's created nature.*



Since the creation of the world, women have played a very important role in shaping the civilization and culture of people. The role of women in society may change from time to time, but the influence of women has always been significant.

The Bible tells of women who positively influenced others. Hadassa, the orphan who was born to slavery, became the queen of Persia. As Queen Esther, she glowed as a beautiful star among the heathen people. She sought to protect God's children, even under penalty of losing the throne and her life. Her life reflected the divine personality of Christ Himself. She had the courage and determination to pursue the goal of saving her people.

Others who exerted fearlessness and energy and influenced the course of history through their femininity and religiosity include Abigail and Ruth. Abigail, under the risk of losing her own life, sent her servants and went with them to deliver food to David and his men after her husband had refused them. The Lord was with her. The reward

was the generosity of the king and divine approval (Samuel 25:2-42). Ruth was a companion and friend to her mother-in-law and God greatly blessed her. Her sweet nature and unselfishness reflected God's divine nature (Ruth 1:16-22).

Today, we have a noble challenge to accept. We are women, and we face similar situations as those of women past. When interacting with others, when unraveling problems, when solving difficult dilemmas, the Lord wants us to reflect His Divine nature. He wants our characters to be noble so others may see Him through us.

Today our Lord invokes us to unify our efforts and march fearlessly and with determination in any endeavor He has given us. We have a people to save! We have an hour-glass of time flowing quickly by! We have a world cursed by sin, and above all, we have inside ourselves "women" who may reflect the divine nature of our Lord: "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish" (Esther 4:16).

Let us march, dear friends of the ministry, and the Lord will give us the reward in the eternal home. ✿

# Kids Church Brings Joy to Worship

*Norma S. Osborn*

*Placing value on  
children.*

*Norma Osborn is the associate pastor of Children's Ministries at Sligo church. Her husband, Richard, is the vice-president for education at the North American Division. Previously Norma has been an elementary teacher in both Adventist and Public schools, and a reading specialist, in grades K-12. She has worked in Sabbath Schools for many years, and has authored a Home Study course in Teaching of Reading. Interests include reading, sewing and quilting. Norma and Richard have two children, Heather, and Trevan.*

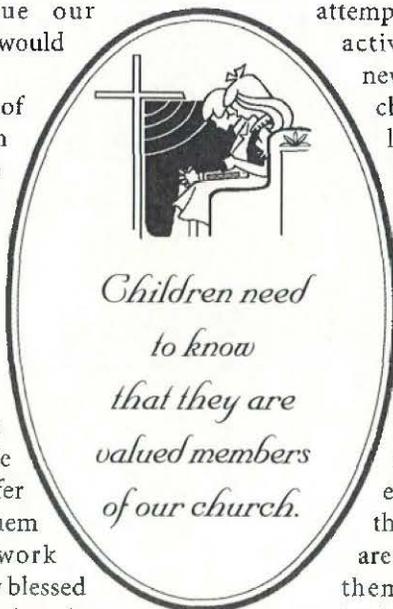


On the wall in my office is a poster that says, "Kids—a Natural Resource." What energy we would have, what creativity would be revealed, what joy we would experience, if we would truly value our children the way we would a natural resource.

Look at the faces of the congregation when children are presenting a program and you see the smiles and feel the genuine warmth that comes when children are leading out in worship and praise to our Lord. We enjoy what they offer us and we thank them for their good work because we are truly blessed by them. The question, however, is still valid when we ask ourselves how we can make sure that we really value our children. What do our children actually need in order to feel they are an important part of a church family? Do we let them know that they are needed for more

than just putting on a Thirteenth Sabbath Program?

This year at Sligo Church I have had the opportunity to be a full-time pastor for our children and it has been an exciting challenge to attempt to enrich existing activities and develop new programs for our children. My underlying belief is that the children need to know that they are valued members of our church. We have tried to show them that coming to Sligo Church to fellowship and worship can be meaningful and enjoyable. We want them to feel that they are special by involving them in the worship service in the main sanctuary and other worship services related to their experiences and paced to their attentiveness. Above all else, we are doing all in our power to maximize the Christian growth of our children. ❁



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# Starting a Bible Study Group



Jan White

There are many approaches to studying the Bible in a group setting. Unfortunately, most groups have no format, making it easy for one person to do most of the talking or for those present to wander aimlessly from topic to topic. To guard against these pitfalls, I recommend a very valuable chapter-by-chapter approach borrowed and modified from Professor Erbes at Andrews University. For nearly three years I've used this approach with a group of ladies in our church. We have enjoyed our time together and have gained rich insights. You don't need a degree in religion to lead out. A moderator or someone that can get everyone to participate is all that's required, along with a love for the Scriptures.

Many in our group have kept notebooks of the chapters we've discussed. This is especially simple.

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*Jan White is the Director for Family and Women's Ministries as well as Communication Correspondent for the Washington Conference. She is also Assistant to the Pastor at the North Cascade Seventh-day Adventist Church. In her spare time she is the Women's Ministries Leader for the North Pacific Union, a wife, and mother of two.*

We break each chapter into four main sections: **Title of the Chapter**—may be one given in the Bible or one a participant gives. **Doctrines**—includes the 27 fundamental beliefs in addition to others we might include. **Evidence of God's Love** and **Lessons Learned**. You may not find all of these in each chapter, but everyone can learn from what others discover.

Each group member is encouraged to study daily using the following method. First, pray, requesting that the Holy Spirit will make a specific application to your life. Then scan the chapter for the title. Read it again looking for doctrines. Searching for evidences of God's love, read it a third time. Finally, look for lessons that God wants you to learn.

A personal study journal is an excellent tool which also can be an invaluable bank for sermon ideas.

A typical page in my own journal might contain the following notes:

## Study of Genesis 1

**Title**—Creation Days 1-6.

**Doctrines**—

- A. Literal creation in six 24-hour days;
- B. Trinity v. 3, 26;

- C. Everything God made, He said was very good;
- D. God made man in "Our image."

**Lessons**—

- A. I can feel good about myself because God made man in His image. I am of value because God created man and "it was good."
- B. God takes care of my needs because He took care of food for man and animals.

Our group then shares what we've learned individually, and I add new thoughts I've gleaned to my journal.

Since costly workbooks are not needed, low expense is a helpful feature of this approach. The Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentaries and Conflict of the Ages Series are readily available for most members to complement their study.

As you and your group consistently continue in this type of study, you'll be surprised at what you find with more than a casual reading of God's Word. You will draw closer to each other, be rewarded with the awesome knowledge of God's never-failing love and challenged to seek a closer walk with Him. ❁

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# I Am for Men

Frankie Roland

*In May 1998, Frankie took an early retirement from teaching fourth grade to spend more time with her pastor/husband and care for her 91-year-old mother. She enjoys cooking, sewing, reading, walking and fishing with her three grandsons.*



On a recent trip through Neodosha, Kansas, I saw an old sign painted on the side of a building. It depicted a well-dressed man advertising Henry George cigars. Holding his cigar in his hand, he was saying, "I am for men." I thought about that slogan as I continued my trip north. "I am for men."

Was this man of the five-cent cigar really for men? What could he promise the men who smoked the cigar? What would their futures hold?

As I continued to mull over the statement, I thought of some people I'd heard of or read about who really were for men.

Recently my Church School class of junior boys and girls had studied the life of the Judsons, Adoniram and Ann, missionaries to Burma.

After spending six long years learning the language, they built a three-room hut beside one of the busiest highways going into Rangoon. The people would stop and listen to Adoniram speak and teach. Ann taught the women in the back of the building.

The Burmese government threatened to beat Adoniram if he didn't stop teaching about Jesus. In spite of much danger, he continued

to teach and many Burmese people became Christians.

When the British army invaded Burma, the Burmese accused Adoniram of spying for the British and put him in prison. He continued to work for men while there by working on his translation of the New Testament. When released, he had completely finished it.

Martin Luther King, Jr. was for men. He was willing to face angry mobs. He was spit upon and threatened, but he kept his eyes on the man who could cause others to become colorblind—Jesus.

King said we can theologize until we can't get worked up at all. But we must reclaim the task. We must be for all men. Equality is of major importance to people who care.

William Booth, the man who established the Salvation Army, said, "I just wanted to see what God could do with one man." He left a mainline denomination and went out to where the masses were. "Come to my church just the way you are," he urged. "You don't have to dress up."

Today the Salvation Army is known for its compassion for men everywhere.

Eric Liddell, the Scottish runner, was so concerned about his influence on men, he would not run in the

Olympics on his Sabbath. Instead of running the 100-meter race for which he had trained, he ran the 400 because it was run on a day other than his Sabbath. He won a medal because he was a superb runner, but he was concerned about his influence on men. Mr. Liddell went on to become a missionary for Christ and died in a Chinese prison. He gave his life for men.

The world is full of people who really are for men. History points to Saint Paul, Ghandi, Deitrich Bonhoeffer and others down through time.

Today we have only to look at people like Mother Theresa to see the pattern continuing. Besides those who are well-known, there are countless others who care.

With such good role models before us, Christians everywhere should examine their lives and decide now to be for men. There is much to be done. Jesus said to bear each other's burdens and fulfill the law of Christ.

Is there a child or teenager on your block you can befriend? How about stopping to chat with that lonely lady on the corner who lost her husband over a year ago? You jog by there every day. A smile for the hassled store clerk or an unhurried visit to the local nursing home could brighten someone's day.

As I travel through Neodosha to Topeka or other places north on Route 75, I always glance at the faded picture painted on the side of the old brick building in that small town.

No, according to my research, Henry George was not for men. He was advertising for cigars, and it is a well-documented fact that nicotine has never been for men—it has always been against them!

Be for mankind today and live out the will of Christ. I am for men. Are you? ❁

## Slow Me Down

*Slow me down, Lord!*

*Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time. Give me, amidst the confusion of my day, the calmness of the everlasting hills.*

*Break the tension of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory. Help me to know the magical restorative power of sleep. Teach me the art of taking minute vacations . . . of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pet a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.*

*Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and tortoise, that I may know that the race is not always to the swift; that there is more to life than increasing its speed. Let me look upward into the branches of the towering trees, and know that they grow tall because they grow slowly and well.*

*Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values, that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny.*

*Amen*

—Spoken by an old southern pastor in prayer



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# Of Elephants and Descriptions

Gloria Castrejon

*Gloria Castrejon is a Spanish Literature professor and has authored numerous articles and poems. She currently serves the Inter-American Division in the translation department. She has accompanied her husband, Jaime, in their ministry for more than 30 years. He is now the Ministerial Secretary for the Inter-American Division. The Castrejons have three children. Gloria enjoys reading, writing, painting and crafts.*



We are all familiar with the anecdote, which is more illustrative than real, of the blind men who, having touched different parts of an elephant, gave a completely different description of the animal's anatomy.

After touching a tusk, one of the men said that it was a sharp-pointed horn, a long exposed skinless bone. Touching the trunk, another one said it was fleshy tube similar to a fattened serpent, with the ability to vacuum and sprinkle at the same time. The third man, after touching one of the legs, even dared to describe it as a wide and solid column, which no one would like it, if it fell on top of him.

As we can observe, all of them are right; the only problem is that they are only partially right. None of them was fortunate enough to see the complete picture. The elephant was tusks and trunk, but it was also feet, legs and tail; it was also head and very large ears, but above all, a huge body. It was therefore a "complete elephant".

Sometimes our perception of what a pastor's wife is, or what her function is, depends upon the part of the elephant we want to emphasize, or of the part that a blind, a one-eyed, and sometimes a cross-eyed person wants to tell us.

Perhaps the example of a virtuous pastor's wife, whose performance has been extolled due to the circumstances, is the origin of an over idealistic stereotype which some want to use as a measure for all others. Perhaps the need of a certain congregation has allowed a particular pastor's wife to grow in certain areas, thus turning her into a model from then onward, and throughout the ages. Or perhaps the perfectionist mind of an expert in descriptions conceived what, in his opinion, constitutes the "epitome" of the pastor's wife and, as in the case of the fashion from Paris, this soon becomes law. Whatever the case, the elephant continues to be comprised of many parts, and curiously enough, elephants differ from each other. To begin with, it would be necessary to differentiate between the Asian elephant and the African elephant. There are large and there are small elephants; there are tame and there are aggressive elephants. There are grey and there are brown elephants; and some even say that there are also white elephants.

The truth is that it is difficult to characterize the profile of a pastor's wife, and to do her justice it would be necessary to make an exhaustive and detailed description of the entire elephant. My question is, has anyone

taken the time to describe in the same way, not only the companion elephant, but the elephant himself? In other words, there are those who are more concerned about defining the ideal qualities of the pastor's wife than the pastors themselves. And in part this is due to the fact that the pastor received instruction and training from the theological seminary and other instruments, and that takes care of that. But not so with his wife.

In any case, it would be helpful to clarify what is essential in the concept of what an elephant is, and what is accessory, what is vital and what is secondary.

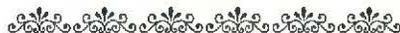
It is said that Aristotle is less responsible for what is believed to be Aristotelic than what people think (particularly in matters of art and literature). It is well known, that, Aristotle took on the task of defining limits and structurally organizing many of the concepts relative to a wide scope of humanistic subjects. His description of this and the other branch later became "prescriptions" in the minds of many people. For example, if at one point he would describe the drama play as comprised of three units (because that was what he observed), throughout the centuries, his fervent admirers would say that Aristotle prescribed that the drama play should consist of three units, and woe be to the person who would dare to disobey that mandate.

This may seem childish, but very often this is the case. The beautiful descriptions of what a pastor's wife ought to be have sometimes become "prescription". And who can tolerate any prescription other than what God Himself has placed upon her?

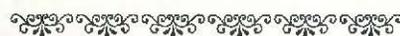
I don't believe there is any better authority than the Bible to "prescribe" what is needed in every case. And what is needed is well summarized in the law and in the

gospel. Curiously, in regard to the general expectations, the gospel is no "respector of person". Yes, the Bible sometimes advises and exhorts in more specific terms, about specific circumstances, but in each case the exhortations are generally based upon principles.

The ideal pastor's wife should simply be a normal Christian wife, according to the circumstances of her case and under the direction of the Holy Spirit. Does the pastor's



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wife in many instances need the advice of others, especially of the experts in this area? Certainly she needs it. Can her work be made easier and become broader in scope if she gets the necessary instruction? Of course this is possible. Does she struggle with her own deficiencies and need encouragement and comfort and a guideline to motivate her to reach new heights? Certainly she does.

The pastor's wife needs all these

and much more. The only thing that she probably does not need is the negative criticism of her church, or probably of her peers, and even less the criticism of her own spouse. She should welcome and take advantage of any instrument that is useful for her to expand her positive influence, to encourage her in her career, and to endow her with new abilities, but she should never think that there is only one model "elephant", or that the elephant is only this part or that part. Much less should others prescribe for her the list of specifications so that she can be an elephant in the full sense of the word, including those accessories that not even God has intended, such as perhaps beautiful harnesses, training which will permit her to perform beautiful ballet steps, and even a pair of wings to transform her into "Dumbo".

There are times when the Bible mentions ideal characteristics and it would be worthwhile to point out its description of the virtuous woman in Proverbs; an ideal that is not too far from that of so many dedicated pastors' wives. However, take note of the absence of an imperative, except as it exhorts others to praise her. It never says she must rise up early and that she has to acquire for her family double warm clothing for winter. The elaborate praise is more a description than a prescription.

I would be very pleased if at some time, perhaps after I win the Noble Prize for being a Pastor's Wife, if in the speech, when I am awarded the prize, they would say: "Gloria Castrejon is the most beautiful and elegant of all the pastors' wives: Gloria Castrejon is the perfect and most refined hostess, and she perfectly follows the rules of etiquette according to world-wide consensus. Gloria Castrejon is the most accomplished pianist and she has the best-pitched soprano voice

in the whole universe." Unfortunately, my ears will never hear such melodious notes. First of all, because there is no Noble Prize for the Pastor's Wife and secondly, because the descriptive speech about my qualifications would never include those dimensions. I am not sure what virtues or pseudo virtues would be included in that supposed description, but I am glad that in any case it would only be a description. Just imagine how tragic it would be if it were a prescription and I would have to comply with a list of those unattainable virtues. I would have to resign today from the intent of aspiring to be even a good candidate for a pastor's wife.

But I would hope that, the supposed descriptive list would include a sincere desire to serve God, my family and my husband in particular, my church and anyone who Providence allows me to serve; to have genuine faith both in the promises of God as well as in His designs; to have such a relationship with God that fills me with joy and assurance and leads me step by step on the way; an attentive ear to His suggestions and invitations of love, and any other talent which in His mercy, and in harmony with the task commended to both of us, as a ministerial couple, He wants to assign me. I would not like to carry and develop anything foreign to the image of an "elephant" and confuse some with more than one trunk or perhaps lacking one of its tusks. I want to be a "good elephant" in the full sense of the word. However, I want to be "an elephant" of the color, measurement and other characteristics that God gives me. In other words, an elephant that is very *sui generis*, so that my praise to God, through my performance as a pastor's wife, can "rise to heaven with the seal of its own individuality". ❀

## The Things I've Left Behind

Kathy Jo Duterrow-Yergen

**G**one are the things that I  
once knew . . .  
old, worn, and comfortable,  
like dad's old shoes.

Some things I cherish.  
Some things still sting.

But truly the most  
amazing thing—

Gone are my burdens  
now left  
with the Lord.

His peace, His comfort,  
my shield,  
my sword.

He's gently cut out  
and replaced  
with His love,  
all things that hinder  
my journey above.

The path has been difficult,  
rocky, and steep,  
but there's no other love  
that runs so deep.

The life I now live  
on the cross  
He did pay.

And He set my sights  
on a brand new day.

I've never regretted  
the things I've let go  
His love is worth  
all this pain down below.

And He has replaced  
with His *peace of mind*  
all of the things  
I've left behind. ❀

Kathy has been involved in team ministry with her husband for 17 years. The last five years, she worked as a pastoral assistant active in areas such as prayer ministry, counseling, and hospitality.

She is currently living in Alberta, Canada and working in many of these same areas and writing her first book.



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# Visiting the Sick

*Angeline Musvosvi*

*Angeline Musvosvi is the Shepherdess Coordinator for the Eastern Africa Division; a nutritionist with the Ministry of Health in Zimbabwe; wife of Joel Musvosvi, the Division Ministerial Secretary; and mother of three children. She enjoys gardening, sewing and reading.*



From time to time shepherdesses are called upon to visit the sick who could be family or church members, relatives or people in the community. Because of the shepherdess' position in the church, the sick often consider that her visit is special. Those that attend to the sick expect encouragement in a special way too.

Many shepherdesses are not confident in visiting the sick unless they go along with their spouses. By so choosing, they wish to leave much of the talking and praying to the pastor. While recognizing the need for teamwork, there are times when the shepherdess may need to go alone because the pastor may not always be available. Another reason is that some people may be more comfortable talking to the shepherdess in the absence of another person. We need to make ourselves available and share our lives with the sick.

Most people will agree that visiting people when they are suffering and in pain is not easy. Among the most difficult cases are those that are terminally ill. Most of us do not have appropriate words to say on such situations. As a result people may visit the person to clear their consciences because they feel bad if they do not visit.

One of the very first questions to ask ourselves when thinking of visiting a sick person is why we visit the sick. We visit them because they belong to us. They are part of God's family, and they need our time and love. When I go to visit, my interest should be in the person and not in the disease. I am not visiting in order to find out how bad the illness is. Neither does my visit pronounce healing. I am not even going there on the basis of a professional qualification, but as a shepherdess, I go there to reassure the person that God's presence is within the sick room. There may not be any special words to bring about comfort to the sick, but my presence and a listening ear could be all that the sick one needs that day.

When the sick are at home, we should consider appropriate times to visit. Avoid visiting in the very early or very late hours of the day. Where possible, consult with the attendants on the best times to visit. Frequent short visits are better than fewer long visits. For the sick in hospitals, we should observe the visiting hours. Ellen White suggests that there be less visits for those who are very ill, because this wearies the patient at the time when much rest is needed. To assure a person that he/she is remembered, messages of sympathy and small gifts will serve the purpose

better than a personal visit.<sup>1</sup>

Invite the Holy Spirit to accompany you as you visit the sick so that you may be a source of comfort and blessing in the sick room. Upon entering the sick room, remain calm. Avoid any show of alarm, horror, or sorrow. There may be severe swelling, sores, and wasting away that may be beyond your imagination. Control is necessary because the natural response is to get alarmed by what we see. Give a look of encouragement as you move toward the person. In fact, as you enter the room, the sick will look at the facial expression to determine how bad you evaluate the condition, especially when it is a serious case. You will confirm it when you look disturbed and worried.

Show sympathy but avoid dwelling on it for too long. Whatever topic you touch, talking positive helps rebuild the person. After the initial greeting, we often fail to know what else to talk about. Find out how they are feeling and where the discomfort is. If the person is too sick to speak, find out information from the attendant.

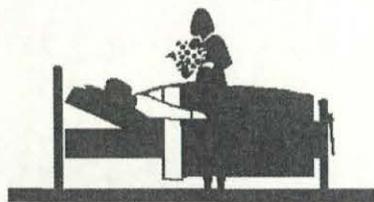
Shepherdesses may not realize that they often are a source of information in many homes. There are a few common things to check for to be sure the person is well cared for. These include checking whether the room is clean, well ventilated, and has a comfortable temperature. Find out whether the person has sufficient bedding to keep warm. It is important to find out how well the person is eating and whether food is available at all. The diet should be adapted to the needs of the patient in both quality and quantity. Where there is need, we should assist so that the person's needs are met. In some areas of the world, it is customary for people to bring something for the sick or the family. This must be encouraged because resources are

often depleted when a family member is sick. Other topics to discuss briefly could include things near the person's space, friends, the positive past and future, hobbies, objects in the room including get-well cards, and pictures. Share positive news of things that have happened in the community or church family.

When communicating with the sick, the mind should be drawn to Christ, "the healer of the soul as well as the body. . . . In many cases, the realization that they have such a friend means more to the suffering

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*"In many cases, the realization that they have such a friend (Christ) means more to the suffering ones in their recovery from sickness than the best treatment that can be given."*



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ones in their recovery from sickness than the best treatment that can be given."<sup>2</sup> We should allow the Spirit to guide us as we share the love of Christ by the bedside. I may not have a wonderful story or miracle to share, but my path walked with God has many experiences that I can testify His closeness. Yes, even in times of pain, God's word, His presence, and love to His children are promised to all who love Him. God said that His grace is sufficient for us (2 Cor. 12:9), we need to be

reminded of God's grace when faced with difficult times.

The sick need assurance of God's love that touches their lives in times of ill health. God's word has promises that remind us to surrender all to Christ, "Commit your way to the Lord; trust in him, and he will [act]" (Ps. 37:5); "Cast your cares on the Lord, and he will sustain you; he will never let the righteous to fall" (Ps. 55:22). It is important to help the person realize that none of us is righteous enough to deserve God's mercies. Jesus paid it all and when we accept Christ, we are covered by His righteousness.

There are cases where the sick person may express a lot of fear because of the state in which they are. Psalms 56:3-4 tells us what we need to do when we are afraid, "I will trust in you. . . . In God I trust, I will not be afraid. What can mortal man do to me?" Isaiah testified that we have perfect peace when the mind stays on the Word of God (Isa. 26:3). God's Word is special because it helps the mind focus on God rather than on the illness. The question of healing is God's decision; ours is to accept His will for us.

The sick may express feelings of guilt. Share how you deal with guilt in your own life. Remind the sick the assurance of God's forgiveness, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will forgive us of our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). In seeking healing and peace of mind, it is important to make things right with God and our fellow beings. "Sin of a private character is to be confessed to Christ, the only mediator between God and man. . . . If by wrong practise they have led others into sin, these things should be confessed before God and before those who have been offended."<sup>3</sup> Do not try to fish out information the person is not offering.

It is often necessary to remind the sick what God says on the need to forgive one another. A free mind brings about physical healing (James 5:16). After confessing, the devil wants people to feel bad, and he keeps on reminding them of their past life. It takes faith to know that God accepts us after we confess our sins. Close with prayer. Thank God for His presence in the sick room.

Those that visit the sick need to observe the following:

1. Never give the impression that you are too busy to listen to them.
2. Never show that you are shocked or upset by what you see or by what they say.
3. Control your voice so that you communicate confidence and kindness without being controlled by emotions such as crying.
4. When overwhelmed emotionally, leave the room and cry away from the sick.
5. Avoid whispering—it leaves the patient wondering and arouses their curiosity.
6. Shut doors quietly.
7. Talk positive about their past and choose words wisely.
8. Do all you can to bring about quick recovery by observing health laws.

Each person who takes care of someone ill "should be cheerful, calm, and self-possessed. All hurry, excitement, or confusion should be avoided."<sup>4</sup> While we do the best for the patient, let us encourage them to trust in God who is acquainted with each sick person. His love for them is greater than ours can possibly be.<sup>5</sup> ❀

<sup>1</sup> White, Ellen. *Health and Happiness* (Inspiration Books, Phoenix: Ariz., 1973), p. 155.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 156.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 160.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 155.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 160.

# The Privilege of Praying

*Neima Watson*

## *A Personal Experience*

*Neima Watson has been married to a minister for almost 39 years. She and her husband have shared their faith in many different capacities. She has worked as a teacher in both elementary and secondary schools in Egypt for 27 years. Neima enjoys reading, writing, and cooking. The Watsons have four children and four grandchildren, all are residing in California. Although she is retired, she enjoys sharing her faith with others to hasten the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

For so many years I have been assisting my husband in his ministry. I enjoy being a pastor's wife. It is a great challenge. We are so thankful that all our children are enjoying good fellowship with the Lord.

Through all the past years, our family has had so many experiences where we could feel the presence of the Holy Spirit. We always felt that God was very close, planning for us in love, guiding our lives in a very miraculous way.

When our second son was only 12, he became sick with a gall bladder infection but recovered quickly after some treatment and was soon back to normal. After high school graduation he left for Sweden for further study. On the second year he was there, he got seriously sick again with the same infection. After several check ups, the doctors in Sweden did their best to offer the best medical treatment possible but nothing seemed to work. My son was getting worse and felt much weaker. His case was so serious he could hardly move. When his doctors were notified that he suffered with the same infection some years before, they advised that he should use the same medication which he used in Egypt. His friends in Sweden were so kind. They contacted us right way, informed us about his case, and told us about the

doctor's advice. The medication was needed as soon as possible.

Well, my husband was away from home at that time. In fact, he was conducting evangelistic meetings in another country. Needless to say, receiving such bad news about our son was a great shock. Any mother would be devastated to hear her child was seriously sick while away from home. Frustration and helplessness were some of the feelings I was experiencing.

I contacted our doctor in Egypt, explained the whole situation and asked his advice. He prescribed the same medical treatment that our son had had before. He also assured me of the good results our son would experience soon. Following his counsel, I quickly bought the medicine. Though I knew that the procedure for sending any kind of medication from Egypt to Sweden was not easy and could be very time-consuming, I prayed earnestly concerning the whole matter.

Praying again and putting my problem in the hands of God, in the hands of the loving and merciful father who cares and understands, I relaxed for a while.

Though tired, perplexed and weary, I had to go to school and teach the next day. I hoped the Lord would give me wisdom to think and plan according to His will. Before the first class started, I met one of the parents whom I had become acquainted with during a previous school year. Though I did not know if he could help me with my situation, I felt encouraged to approach him and ask his help. Without hesitation I did so and by the tone of my voice he could tell how worried I was. To my amazement, he replied very gently and said, "Just trust in the Lord and He will take care." Then he phoned a friend who happened to be the manager of the Swedish Air Lines

and told him about the whole problem. The manager informed him that he would be leaving for Sweden the same day at 5 p.m. and would be willing to render any service needed. He promised to take the package of medicine and deliver it to our son.

Very thrilled with the good news, I prepared the package in no time at all, wrote the address, and went quickly to meet the manager who fulfilled his promise. He was so kind. He visited our son, gave him the medicine and inquired about him whenever he was in the area. Praise the Lord, our son improved day by

day; his quick recovery even surprised his doctors!

As long as I live, I will never forget the kindness of our friends and loved ones who helped at the time of need. I will never forget that the Lord healed our son in a miraculous way. It was not the medication that healed him but the great touch of Jesus, which accompanied the medication from Egypt to Sweden.

The readers might be interested to know that Wissam, our son, is now enjoying very good health. He is happily married and enjoying a Christian life. Yes, we are worshipping a Living God. ❀

## *To Risk . . .*

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool,  
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental.  
To reach out for another is to risk involvement.  
To expose feeling is to risk exposing your true self,  
To place your ideas, your dreams before the crowd is to risk their loss.

To love is to risk not being loved in return,  
To live is to risk dying,  
To hope is to risk despair,  
To try is to risk failure.

But risk must be taken, because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.  
The person who risks nothing, does nothing, has nothing, and is nothing.  
We may avoid suffering and sorrow, but we simply cannot learn, feel, change, grow, love, live.  
Chained by our certitudes, we are slaves, we have forfeited our freedom.

Only a person who risks . . . is free.

—Author Unknown

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# Who are You?



*Shirley Allen*

**I** remember, with a smile, growing up in a warm friendly church. I was the only member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in my family. Each week as I attended Sabbath School and church, there were many people who took an interest in me and my welfare. Their friendly enquiries as to how my week had been always helped me to go home encouraged. I was "Shirley Giles" that little girl with a mass of curls—you know—the one who comes to church on her own.

Then came the day when my parents were invited to Sabbath School and church for a special program. It was thirteenth Sabbath and I was dressed in a national costume along with all my friends from Sabbath School. Each one played their parts to encourage the members to give so that the missions offering could reach the target set. During the

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*Shirley writes from the Cape Conference where she serves as Church Ministries director. Her husband, Dave, is the president of Helderberg College in Somerset West, Capetown, South Africa.*

church service my parents were welcomed as "Shirley Giles' parents."

It was not surprising that many years later, on my return visits, after my parents had been baptized for several years, that I was introduced as "Jim and Eve Giles' daughter." There were new members in the church who didn't know me. I had to giggle, I thought it amusing.

As we go through the different stages of life, we may get to wondering who we really are. It may be interesting, amusing, frustrating, or even hurtful the way we are introduced.

The day I was married was a very happy experience and one I have never regretted. However, with the change of name to "Shirley Allen" came a change in lifestyle.

A few years later I immersed myself in raising my two extremely energetic sons. They took all my time and energy. In a way I lived my life through my children because they occupied my time and thoughts just about all day long. Who was I at that stage? I was definitely "Sheldon and Darren's mother."

When my husband became a minister after having been an educator for many years, I again had a change of name. This time I became the "pastor's wife." Team

ministry lends itself to the minister's wife being seen as an extension of her husband and not a person with individual spiritual gifts and unique contributions to make. Those of you who are administrators' wives may find that this trend continues. Even though you may have speaking appointments at different churches, you may find that you are invariably introduced as the "president's wife," etc.

I am sure that you must also experience the mix of emotions that go hand in hand with other people not knowing exactly "who you are." There are times when you may not even know "who you are."

The good news is that God does. He knows who you are. He knows your name. Isaiah 45:4 says, "I call you by name." Each one of us is an individual, created by God in His image. We have our own unique characteristics and ways. God knows every intimate detail about us even down to the numbering of the hairs on our head.

Whatever stage of life we may be passing through as minister's wives we need to remember, "There is salvation in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given among mortals by which we must be saved" (Acts 4:12 NRSV). ❀

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# Pastors, Do You Love Your Wives?

*Norma J. Saluy K.*

*Norma Saluy is the Shepherdess Coordinator for the Sangihe Talaud Island Mission, where her husband Marthen L. Saluy is the Mission president. She has been a pastor's wife for 22 years. They have a son, Marskal, and a daughter, Priscillia.*



*"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify it with the washing of water by the word" (Ephesians 5:25, 26).*

The love of Jesus is the life foundation of husbands and wives. The ways in which a couple interact with one another can make or break a relationship. Because of the responsibilities and time commitments many pastors have, their wives may suffer the consequences. Ask any pastor if he loves his wife and he will assuredly answer yes. Ask the same pastor if he shows his wife how much she is loved and there may be some hesitation on his part when answering the question.

Many of today's pastors' wives are feeling restless, confused, and discouraged. They feel they must bottle up their emotions and refrain from telling their husbands about their troubles, thoughts, and feelings. Because pastors are so burdened

with the church's problems, some wives feel timid about saying anything that may make their husbands more stressed.

Unfortunately, many pastors are so wrapped up in their churches, they give little time and emotion to their wives. They have a role for their wives and they expect them to strictly adhere to that role, regardless of the wives' feelings. It is so easy to take out frustrations on the spouse.

But is that what Jesus expects from pastors? No. Ephesians 5:25 tells husbands to love their wives as Christ loved the church. There is no better example of love.

Dear Pastors, live in dependence upon Jesus and His promises and share your convictions with your wives. If you do this, your wives will honor and admire you. A woman must feel respect for the man she loves. Respect turns into admiration and admiration into a deeper love. Take care to listen to your wives, cherish their words, and treat them like Christ treats the church.

Pastors, love your wives, for they in turn will reverence you. ❁

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# Why I Loved Being a Ministry Kid

Greg  
Asimakopoulos

*How one family  
made their home and  
church great places  
for kids to grow up.*

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*Greg Asimakopoulos is senior pastor of The Evangelical Covenant Church in Naperville, Illinois. He and his wife, Wendy, have three daughters.*

*Reprinted from Just Between Us, Fall 1995.*

The other day my eleven-year-old expressed her displeasure over the number of times each week church commitments steal me away from her bedtime ritual. Her complaint caught me by surprise because I had only recently curtailed my nightly commitments to two a week. I half kiddingly countered, "Well, Kristin, when you're a pastor's wife, you'll understand."

"Da-a-a-d!" she rejoindered. "I'm never getting married."

"Just you wait!" I beamed, stroking her thick brown hair.

That conversation set my mind to thinking what a joy it would be to have one, if not all three of my daughters, follow my wife and me into full-time ministry. But, I wondered, what would be my part in helping them hear God's call to a life of Christian service? That required a bit more reflection and a journey into the caverns of my memory. You see, I am a second-generation pastor. I determined at an early age that I wanted to be in the ministry just like my dad and mom. And as best as I could determine, God wanted that too. But if God wanted that for any of my girls would He use what got my attention? Perhaps. Now that I have my own children (also P.K.'s), I've been reflecting on what my parents did right, and why I loved

being a ministry kid.

**1. They loved me.** I never doubted my parents loved me. They reminded me daily with words of affection and hugs that articulated their love. Knowing that my mom and dad cared for me caused me to willingly consider the various components of their "world." Their values were instructive (although challenged at times). Church leaders were welcomed visitors in our home (except when they took my dad away from playing catch). My parents' idiosyncrasies were put up with (perhaps even celebrated), and their work was important. Early on I wanted to be like them because they made me feel significant.

My desire to have Kristin, Allison, or Lauren live in a parsonage of their own someday will only be taken seriously to the degree that they understand my unconditional love for them. I must practice daily the art of praising them, taking their interests seriously, and becoming a part of their world. If I discern gifts for ministry in my children and want to affirm them in their giftedness, they will only be inclined to listen if their ears are already angled in a direction they deem essential.

**2. They involved me in their world.** As my dad willingly became involved in my world I wanted to be part of his. Fortunately, he allowed

me entrance into the many chambers of his church-work. Many a day after school I'd pedal my Schwinn to the church where he would be immersed in preparation for Sunday morning, Sunday night, or Wednesday evening services. My dad was never too busy to express genuine joy at my unexpected interruption. He'd push back from his typewriter and spend the next few minutes inquiring how my day had gone. Then as he returned to his two finger technique on his Royal typewriter, I'd sit back amazed that my dad had read most of the books that lined three walls of his simple office. Sometimes I'd lay on the floor of his study and play with a wooden toy a missionary from Mexico had given him. Other visits I'd find him cutting stencils or running off the bulletin on the greasy mimeograph machine. He'd let me watch as long as I promised not to touch (but sometimes I forgot). I just wanted to be near him, and he let me. When my dad and mom had calls to make at the hospital or nursing home they'd let me tag along. I felt included.

Because my parents allowed me to hang around them "on the job," I found myself emulating their duties. After evening service my brother and I would wait in Dad's office while our parents visited. We'd take turns sitting at his desk, rifling through his drawers, or typing a "bulletin." During my after-school visits while Dad was lost in meditation, I'd sneak out into the sanctuary and preach to empty pews. The height of the pulpit kept me from seeing much, but my dad could see that I was wanting to be like him.

Dad let me breathe the oxygen of his and Mom's occupation, so I naturally found myself using their vocation as a seedbed for my imagination. From as far back as I can remember, while other kids played army, house, doctor, or

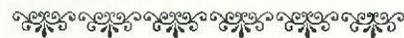
Barbies, my brother and I played church. Child's play translated into trying on a possible future and was much more than simply "dressing up."

As they grow up my girls will be more inclined to consider some aspect of full-time Christian work if they are exposed to what Wendy and I do, find delight in mimicking our ministry, or simply visiting Daddy at the church after school.

**3. They made church fun.**  
Enjoying my visits to church



*I am in the  
ministry today  
because I was  
given opportunities  
to test my gifts in  
my parent's  
church.*



between Sundays was a key factor in wanting to do what my dad did, but just as important was enjoying church on Sundays. Going to church was not a have-to, it was a get-to. The music was alive and inviting. The Sunday School teachers cared for kids and expressed their love beyond their hour commitment once a week. Children were incorporated into the life of the congregation and made to feel important. I didn't always track with my dad's sermons, but there was the freedom to draw pictures, leaf through the hymnal to make fun of curious names, or suck on a lifesaver (cryst-o-mint were my

favorites). Sunday worship was a positive experience that I hated to miss.

As a pastor and a parent I would do well to lead and develop programs with an eye toward how kids are perceiving what's going on. Creating an atmosphere where my children want to be will enhance the likelihood that they will be in church when God's call on their life is camouflaged as a sermon, a Sunday School lesson, or a word of affirmation from a respected member.

**4. They gave me opportunities to serve.** I can honestly say that I am in the ministry today because I was given opportunities to test my gifts in my parents' church. At the age of three I was allowed to stand alongside the ushers at the entrance to the sanctuary and distribute hymnals. In our tradition, evening services concluded with a "season of prayer" at the altar, and I was permitted to walk next to my dad as together we "laid hands" on individuals as they "prayed through" issues in their lives. Even as a preschooler I was weighing the mantle and evaluating the fit. When I was ten, my father woke me at dawn to accompany him to the ecumenical sunrise service at the local football stadium. Wearing my sportcoat, slacks, and tie I was charged with the responsibility of passing out bulletins. The pride of being "one of the participants" is an emotion I can easily retrieve thirty years later. It felt right to be involved.

As a junior-high-aged student I was given the chance on numerous occasions to give a testimony at the Wednesday night service. As a high schooler I was invited to preach one Sunday evening. I'm sure it wasn't a wonderful experience for the people in the pews, but for the kid in the pulpit it was an awesome privilege. That night intensified in my heart the desire to learn how to do it right. My parents also encouraged my

participation in church choir tours, short-term mission assignments, and involvement in the Christian Club at school. Each opportunity provided a chance to listen for God's affirming voice as I used my own in ministry settings.

It is not too early to encourage my girls to take on a bite-size task around the church appropriate to their age and ability. Assisting the sound man in setting up the microphones would be a snap for my nine-year-old. Reading the Scripture lesson would be an enjoyable job for my eleven-year-old. My four-year-old might even let me hold her while I give my Father's Day meditation on "The Parental Love of God." As they grow into adolescence there will be Sunday School classes in need of a teacher, youth retreats in need of a counselor, elementary-aged pew-sitters in need of a children's sermon, patients in need of a visit, and perhaps even a breakfast meeting in need of a speaker. The call of God is amplified through meaningful experiences in a church context where desires are explored and results are tested.

**5. They gave me an education.** My parents encouraged me to get as much education as I could. Part of their motivation was based on a desire for their sons to have what their parents could not provide them, but another motivating factor was their astute conviction that a life-long call to pastor would be validated through the discipline of study. If my perceived call was simply emotionally based, it would not stand the crucible of the classroom. My folks spared no expense in helping me finance an under-graduate education at a Christian liberal arts college. It was a school that let me use my gifts while I got my grades, and then I was ready for seminary and Fuller Seminary was ready for me.

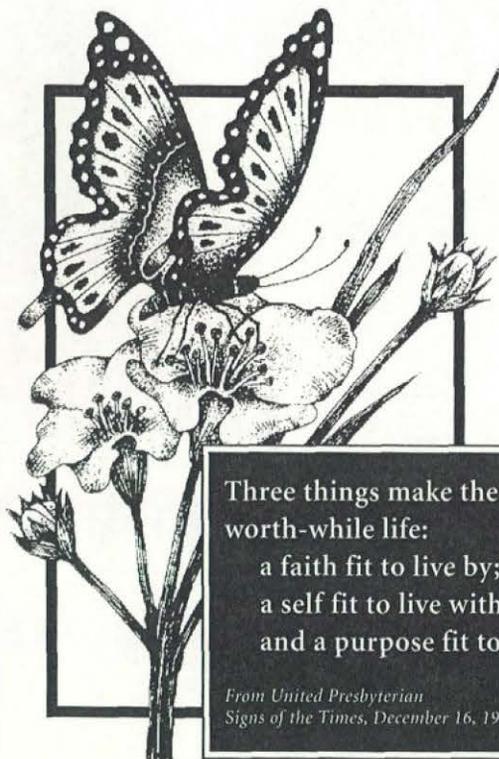
Although no call to a life of Christian service ever came through a sheepskin, there is no price tag that can be placed on a quality education. The call from God may not come in textbooks, but it sure is confirmed in the test tube of training. My children will have the best schooling opportunities I can provide.

**6. They never pressured me.** While at Fuller I struggled my first quarter with whether I had what it took to make it in the ministry. I paid a visit to the dean of students who wisely suggested that if there was anything else I could do with my life other than be a pastor, I should do it, but then he quickly added, if there was no getting rid of the urge, I'd better hang in there.

What I received that smoggy afternoon in Pasadena was the same encouragement I'd received from my parents ever since I had begun to talk about going into the ministry. Never did I feel the strong arm of a

preacher-father or pastor's wife-mother when it came to dictating my future. In fact, when I showed some promise as a radio announcer in college, my parents gave me the green light to pursue a career in broadcasting. Knowing I had the freedom to choose what I felt God was leading me to do kept me following hard after my call, not my parent's expectations.

Yes, it would thrill my heart to no end to spend my retirement years as a minister of visitation on the staff of a church pastored by a daughter's husband, but there is no way I will ever lay that trip on any of my girls. I simply am committed to helping them explore their own giftedness and goals in a family setting where the ministry is a fact of their father's and mother's life. In the process I will ask God to use my wife and I as facilitators of His purposes if He should desire for the ministry to be a fact of their lives too. ❀



Three things make the  
worth-while life:  
a faith fit to live by;  
a self fit to live with;  
and a purpose fit to live for.

*From United Presbyterian  
Signs of the Times, December 16, 1941*



# Shepherdess International News

## Eastern Africa Division

✿ **The Eastern Africa Division office** reports that administrative wives gathered in the worship room for a special meeting. Angeline Musvosvi led a discussion on "Supporting Our Pastoral Husbands." They later exchanged recipes and enjoyed a taste test of these treats.

✿ **Uganda Mission** reports that 24 Shepherdesses accompanied their husbands to the workers' meeting held near Lira. This was the first meeting for pastors' wives held in the North. The ladies met in the mornings, and the couples met together in the afternoons. Topics included ways to enhance spiritual growth, nutrition for the family and hospitality. Demonstrations on table settings and meals were enjoyed by all.

✿ **Malawi Union** reports that the ladies of Bilila in Ntcheu were blessed by their Shepherdess meeting. They also held a two-week evangelistic meeting. There are five Shepherdess chapters in Malawi—North Malawi Field, Central Malawi Field, South Malawi Field, Malamulo Chapter and Kanjedza Chapter.

✿ **The North Malawi Field** chapter has 43 Shepherdesses and the Mzimba Shepherdesses meet every Tuesday to pray for their husbands and visit the sick.

✿ **The South Malawi Field** reports that Shepherdesses held an evangelistic effort at Helemans village with Mrs. E. M. Kachoka leading out. She is the retired widow of a pastor. This was the first time a religious meeting was ever allowed in this village. Ten people accepted Christ and have started Bible classes.

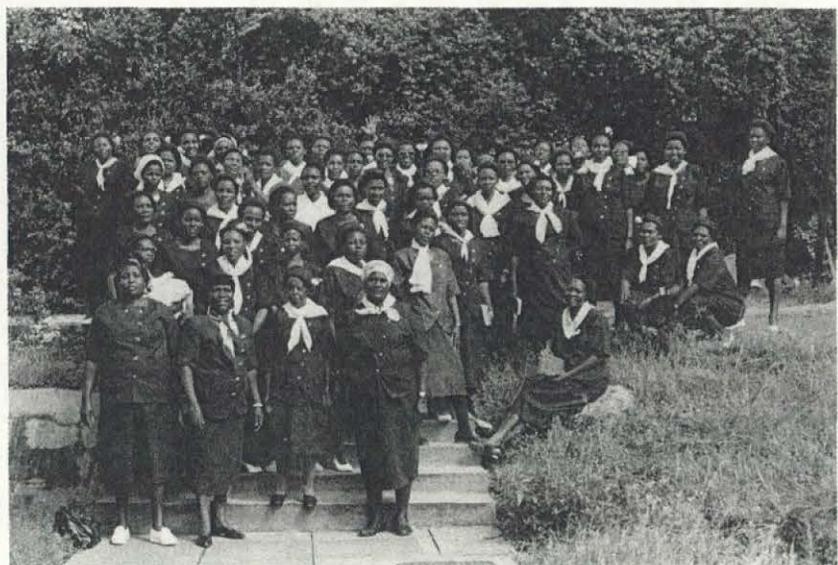
✿ **The Kanjedza Chapter** reports that they are very involved in Family Care meetings. It was in one of these visits that the Lord led the pastors' wives to a village chief who was a chain smoker and heavy drinker. After studying with him for some

time, he accepted Christ and now awaits baptism.

✿ **The Zambia Union** has six Shepherdess chapters—Central Zambia Conference, Copperbelt Field, East Zambia Field, North Zambia Field, South Zambia Field



*Kenya Maranatha Chapter Shepherdess.*



*Kenya Maranatha Chapter Shepherdess.  
Mrs. Eunice Wangai, Shepherdess Coordinator, second from left, front row.*

and West Zambia Field. The 134 Shepherdesses are divided into zones so that all can meet regularly under the area directors. Zambia also is thankful that a team of 9 Shepherdesses participated in the crusade in the Khumanzi Village, Chadiza. The evangelistic meetings resulted in 15 baptisms and 32 converts.

✧ Kenya has begun a visitation program where the Shepherdess leaders visit the district and station levels to encourage each pastor's wife in her support of her husband. Rallies have been held in various parts of the Union to encourage as well as to strengthen the faith of the Shepherdesses. One-day seminars have covered a variety of subjects including, cookery, child care, health, husband/wife relationship and spiritual growth.

✧ The Kenya Maranatha Chapter Shepherdesses met for a full week of meetings and seminars held at St. Georges Secondary School. It was organized by Mrs. Eunice Wangai the Shepherdess coordinator. Speakers included Dr. Mary Wangai speaking on Depression, and Common Gynecological Problems; Dr. Paul Wangai on Drug Abuse and the Family; Mrs. Angenda on Counseling Guidance; Mrs. Mwasai on Communication Skills; Mrs. J. Kazibwe on Simple Home Nursing and First Aid; Mrs. J. Mbugua on The Shepherdess and Evangelism; Mrs. Ombando on Prayer Life; and Mrs. Eunice Wangai on the Shepherdess Organization.

#### Southern Asia-Pacific Division

✧ Joy Tun, the Myanmar Mission Shepherdess Coordinator reports that the Shepherdesses in that region have held 12 seminars and 82 chapter meetings. Collectively as pastors' wives they have made 1,258 personal visits for either evangelistic or counseling requests. They are

responsible for 30 baptisms in the Myanmar Mission. Praise God for the work of these dedicated pastors' wives!

✧ Dorothy Biswas, Shepherdess Coordinator of Bangladesh Union Mission, reports that for the first time in the history of North Bangladesh Mission, a Shepherdess evangelistic meeting was conducted at Gobindopur. Mrs. Lucena Chambugong was the organizer. Two months before the meetings she involved all of the ministers' wives of that area in cottage meetings and preparing baptismal candidates. At the end of the meetings 34 people were baptized.

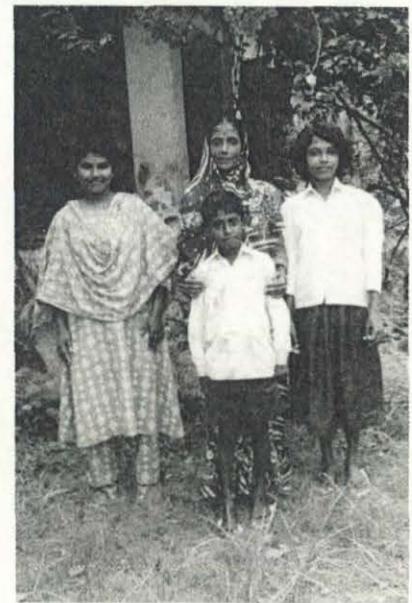
The theme of the evangelistic meetings was "Experience the Power of His Word."



*New members of the Gobindopur Church, Bangladesh Union Mission*



*The Malofi family baptized at Gobindopur*



*The Mouindro family baptized at Gobindopur*



*The Baptism at Gobindopur, Bangladesh Union Mission*

✿ Roseline Halder reports that the pastors' wives held a meeting in Amritapur in the Rajshahi District of the Bangladesh Union Mission. As a result of this outreach 44 people accepted Christ and were baptized. Shepherdess International provided

the funding for pastors' wives to hold this evangelistic campaign.

#### Southern Asia Division

✿ Dorothy Watts reports that on the way to a baptism, a woman stepped near a snakes nest. A black

snake came out and bit her big toe and then went back inside the nest. "She will die," the people said. "The hospital is too far away. There is nothing we can do." Margaret Nathaniel, former Shepherdess Coordinator for the Southern Asia Division was there to help the new members learn how to conduct children's Sabbath School programs. She gathered a group together for special prayer for the woman. Then, she made a solution of charcoal water and soaked the woman's foot for 30 minutes. After that she placed a poultice on the toe and they continued on to the baptismal spot. Soon after the baptism the pain was completely gone. The next Sabbath the woman was at Sabbath School smiling broadly. "Jesus Christ has healed me of the snake bite!" she said.



*Pastors' wives who held the evangelistic meetings in Amritapur, Bangladesh Union Mission*



*The baptism held at the conclusion of the pastors' wives evangelistic meetings in Amritapur, Bangladesh Union Mission*

#### Your Shepherdess Chapter

✿ We would like to feature the evangelistic activities, seminars and meetings, or items of general interest about your Shepherdess Chapter in coming issues of the *Journal*. Send a short description of your chapter's newsworthy events and activities along with photographic prints of the happening if available to Shepherdess International, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904 USA.

*Come visit  
our  
Web Site*

[www.adventist.org/ministerial](http://www.adventist.org/ministerial)