



Talk to the Savior

Ellen G. White

Cultivate the habit of talking with the Saviour when you are alone, when you are walking and when you are busy with your daily labor. Let the heart be continually uplifted in silent petition for help, for light, for strength, for knowledge. . . All are pressed with urgent cares, burdens, and duties, but the more difficult your position and the heavier your burdens, the more you need Jesus. . . .

Nothing is more needed in our work than the practical results of communion with God. We should show by our daily lives that we have peace and rest in the Saviour. . . .

We must live a twofold life—a life of thought and action, of silent prayer and earnest work. The strength received through communion with God, united with earnest effort in training the mind to thoughtfulness and caretaking, prepares one for daily duties and keeps the spirit in peace under all circumstances.

—Ministry of Healing, pp. 510-512

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Between the Covers

The biblical passage about our tongues being the hardest part of our body to control is certainly true for me. I will freely admit that the ratio of times I wish I had spoken up when I kept silent is very low compared to the times I wish I had kept my mouth shut. There is an old saying "*Experience is a hard teacher, she gives the test first and the lesson later.*" How true that is. If you are like me, it seems the testing is never over, and many times I fall short. I just pray I learn the lesson the first time!

In this issue of the *Journal*, Jean Coleman deals with words spoken lightly that come back to haunt us as pastoral wives. There's probably not a one of us that hasn't wished we could recall words carelessly spoken.

It is my hope that between these covers you will find spiritual and practical blessings just for you. As pastoral wives, our challenges are great, but remember Jesus loves you individually, and understands all things.



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For Administrators' Wives



You Can Make a Difference

Gloria Bentzinger



Gloria Bentzinger has served as a soul-winning pastoral wife, evangelist's wife, and administrative wife. She and her husband, Dan, currently serve the Adventist Media Center as an evangelistic team. They have two children: Brooks and Beth.

—Via Shepherdess International

Administrators' wives for the most part, are admired and respected. Because of this, there is a great potential for you to make an impact on the lives of the pastoral wives around you! Some administrators' wives have actually helped make the difference between success or failure in the lives of other ministers' wives. By wisely using the gift of influence with which the Lord has entrusted you, *you can make a difference!* This article deals with three groups of pastoral wives the administrators' wives can reach and nurture: other administrative wives, pastoral wives, and evangelist wives.

Nurturing other administrators' wives

Have you ever noticed when circumstances are favorable, administrative wives "clump" together? This is because there is an unspoken understanding between administrators' wives. They know what a life of family sacrifice and loneliness is all about. You have your own little group for emotional support. Try extending this support across conference, union, or division

boundaries to uplift another administrator's wife who may be going through a similar crisis.

When my husband told me about a conference president in another state who was anxious because his wife had been diagnosed as possibly having breast cancer, I put myself in her place. Sometimes we don't feel comfortable opening up to the people who live close; however, emotional support is desperately needed. When I heard about this crisis, I got out my Bible and stationery and wrote her a letter of encouragement. I marked the upcoming date of her evaluation on my calendar and called to pray with her. It didn't surprise me that no one in her conference knew of her anxiety—she hadn't told them. As she cried softly over the long distance phone line, she thanked me over and over again for caring enough to reach out to her.

I've never met Ann, a treasurer's wife from a union on the other side of the world. I've only heard about her. I don't have to meet her to appreciate her unselfish qualities and life of sacrifice. Her husband is home only two days a week, and it is only then that he eats good home-

cooked meals. The rest of the week he sleeps on a cot in his office at the union office eating only bread and drinking milk and herb tea.

When I heard about this administrative wife, I sent her some clothes from my wardrobe, a watch, hair spray, and bubble bath (which she'd never heard of). I watched for things on sale and picked up items for her. I was able to send her a beautiful coat and scarf for winter. Before Christmas, I had a letter translated into her language and enclosed money for her family. We may never meet until heaven, but it's a wonderful privilege to be able to emotionally and financially help an unselfish, uncomplaining administrator's wife.

Nurturing pastoral wives

The life of the administrative wife and husband is vastly different from the daily life of a pastoral family. You get tired of eating alone and carrying on a phone relationship with your husband. You long for a few days together with no out-of-town trips. You're a widow, of sorts, handling unforeseen crisis calls and the demands of managing a household without your husband.

The typical pastoral wife cannot fully relate to your lifestyle. She sometimes longingly wishes for time to herself, without having to cook and care for anybody! If she doesn't travel much, flying and traveling sound like "glory trips" to her.

Sometimes it's better not to try to explain your fast paced life in administration with hectic schedules. In doing so, you run the risk of being labeled as a complainer—pastoral wives really don't need a whiner for a role model. Or you are quickly surmised as a bragger—flight sched-

ules can become a source of envy to a home-bound pastor's wife with toddlers.

Young pastoral wives tend to look at administrative wives as having "achieved," because of the administrator's position. These young women may look at you as a role model and seek your advice.

It is very encouraging to witness administrative wives taking young pastoral wives under their wings and nurturing them. This works especially well if they have the same gift clusters. Some of these women may not know what advice to ask for, but a wise administrative wife can give from the wealth of her experience and knowledge without making it sound like advice.

I'd like to suggest more than emotional support for the young pastoral wife. Many times she also needs practical steps to equip her for life in the parsonage.

After I became acquainted with all the pastoral wives in my conference, I realized several had musical talent and were eager to use this gift to benefit the church. I suggested, encouraged, made

personalized backup tapes, provided music, and practiced with them.

Another group consisted of eight young pastoral wives who wanted me to share step-by-step methods to start a young mother's group in their churches. I shared with them how successful it had been in our previous district and gave them specific ideas that had worked for me such as bringing in guest speakers like pediatricians, beauticians, etc., and inviting young mothers from other churches from the community.

In training and equipping young pastors' wives, always keep in mind that the more you emphasize having "outreach eyes," the more people can be brought to the Lord in the future. Many young women don't realize the potential of a simple wedding shower. A sharp pastoral wife will keep track of the non-member relatives who attended the party, and invite them to church or upcoming evangelistic meetings.

Determine to emotionally support *all* pastoral wives. To do this you will need to intentionally put yourself into *several* different cluster groups of women who have different gifts and talents.

Encourage pastoral wives when they are not expecting it. Mail birthday cards to every pastoral wife. Call them occasionally. Send a card just to let them know you are thinking of them. It will mean a lot to them and take the pressure of remembering special occasion dates off of you. If birthday and anniversary cards are sent, make it consistent; no wife should be accidentally forgotten. Women do compare notes!

Reach out to pastoral families who may be going through crisis, illness, or family deaths. Keep a tickler file of the date of the death and remember it with a

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card or phone call a year later. The fact that someone remembered on that date will never be forgotten.

We all tire of hearing about being an example to the young pastor's wife, but *it's true!* Each one of us can name our heroes and role models. Using your gift of influence wisely will help produce happy, self-confident, trained, and equipped pastoral wives.

Nurturing evangelists' wives

This group is sometimes forgotten. They may not be high in number, but I've found them to be extremely high in dedication and sacrifice. When administrative wives remember to reach out to evangelist wives with a prayer over the phone before opening night, it gives affirmation to one of the highest callings in ministry.

Evangelist wives are some of the most uprooted women in ministry and some tend to get very lonely. I am the type of person who loves change and enjoys a life of constant travel and making friends all over the world. I think this life is grand, even if I do have to endure many inconveniences. However, some women find it difficult to adjust to the life of full-time evangelism. They tell me that they feel "left out." They would so much appreciate being included in all Shepherdess newsletters and events, even if they're unable to attend.

As an administrative wife, I marked my calendar with the dates of all the evangelistic meetings scheduled in our conference. Knowing the opening night date and dates of specific calls and appeals, I could encourage and pray with the evangelist's wife. As an evangelist's wife, I've found that I have prayer support because I've started calling the

administrative wife and asking for prayer while we're in their conference for six weeks. Most evangelists' wives are not as bold as me, so you really have to be the one to reach out!

I've been a pastoral wife, administrative wife, and evangelist's wife. (Yes, all with the same husband!) I've loved my role in each. Serving in all three categories helps me relate personally to all of them. No one is better than the other. None have

"achieved." Even though we're different in many ways, we have this in common: We love the Lord, we love our husbands, and we have a desire to be an asset to His church.

Influence is a gift from God and whether we like it or not, it has automatically been given to us when we became an administrative wife. Take this gift seriously and responsibly—*make a positive difference* in the lives of other ministerial wives! ❀



To an Experienced Shepherdess . . .

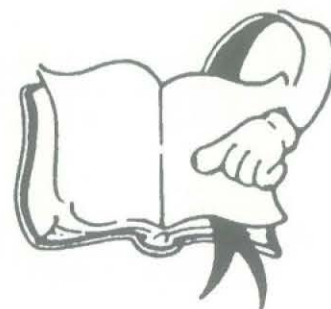
*If you have learned to walk
A little more sure-footedly than I,
Be patient with my stumbling, then,
And know that only as I do my best and try
May I attain the goal
For which we both are striving.*

*If through experience, your soul
Has gained heights which I
As yet in dim-lit vision see,
Hold out your hand and point the way,
Lest from its straightness I should stray,
And walk a mile with me.*



—The wives of our interns

Pastor's Page



The Tomorrow Diet

Jim Buchan

A painless way to accomplish nothing!



Jim Buchan and his wife, Mary, have three children and live in Columbus, Ohio. Jim serves as senior pastor of Christian Community Church East, one of the five related congregations in the Central Ohio area. Jim is also the founder and director of Focus Ministries, an outreach of encouragement and vision to pastors in all 50 states and over 70 foreign countries. Someday he hopes to get around to writing a book on how to overcome procrastination.

This article appeared in *Psychology for Living*, July-August 1993. Used with permission.

—Via Shepherdess International

Tomorrow my new diet starts!" I said with a smile, downing another bite of strawberry cheesecake.

I really didn't feel too bad about the cheesecake, reasoning that at least I was getting some food value—protein from the cheese and vitamin C from the strawberries. At least it wasn't pure junk food.

"Yeah, Jim, you said the same thing three weeks ago!" my friend retorted. "If I remember right, we were pigging out at Tom's Smorgasbord at the time."

I didn't recall the conversation to which he referred, yet his statement did have a certain ring of authenticity.

"But this time, I'm serious," I asserted lamely.

My friend didn't press the issue further, but his grin clearly communicated his skepticism—as if to say, "Sure, Jim."

Later that evening while reflecting on my friend's disbelief about the diet I was planning, I realized that, indeed, I had been "planning" to diet for six months. Well, maybe it was a year! During that time I had put on about 25 extra pounds.

It wasn't that I didn't have good intentions. My problem was

that I never started *today*. My diet was totally painless, for it was based on "The Tomorrow Diet."

Maybe I should write a book about The Tomorrow Diet. It would probably be a bestseller! Our society is filled with painless and procrastinating methods that never produce results. They are blown up with wonderful-sounding, so-called solutions that never work—ways to be self-indulgent and undisciplined while always claiming that our behavior is only temporary.

Not just food

The Tomorrow Diet principle extends far beyond the issue of self-control in our food consumption; it affects every other issue of our lives. Have you ever promised yourself any of the following?

Tomorrow I'm going to balance my checkbook.

Tomorrow I will spend more quality time with my wife and children.

Tomorrow I'm going to start getting up earlier so I can spend time in prayer and Bible study.

Tomorrow I will write those notes of encouragement that I've been putting off.

Tomorrow I'll begin my new exercise program.

Tomorrow I'll go to visit my neighbor so I can share the gospel with him (or her).

Tomorrow I'll get busy on those home repairs (or mending) that have been waiting so long to be done.

Tomorrow I'm going to make a clean break with that sinful habit in my life.

Tomorrow I'm going to start a program to help myself get out of debt.

Tomorrow sounds like a pretty busy day! How tempting it is to deal with unpleasant situations by simply postponing them to a later time.

The Tomorrow Diet approach is the route so unwisely chosen by our national leaders who continually put off dealing with the budget deficit and other nagging issues. Yet, the procrastination practiced by our government is but a minor image of the lack of honesty and resolve among individual citizens in dealing with personal problems.

Very few difficult situations improve with procrastination! Instead of going away, most problems keep getting bigger the longer we take to confront them. Weeding your garden isn't very difficult if you do it every few days, but after two or three months of putting it off, the weeds are likely to be taller than the crops!

The Bible has much to say about the importance of hearing and acting on God's word *today*, and not putting it off for some time later.

The Holy Spirit warns: "Today if you hear His (God's) voice, do not harden your hearts. . . . But encourage one another daily, as long as it is called today, so that none of you may be hardened by sin's deceitfulness" (Heb. 3:7, 8, 13).

"As God's fellow workers we

urge you not to receive God's grace in vain . . . I tell you, *now* is the time of God's favor, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:1, 2).

Today is the day! God is speaking to us today, and His grace is here to enable us to take the action that is needed. He wants to convert us from The Tomorrow Diet to *The Today Diet!*

Jesus dealt with this same procrastination issue among several would-be disciples. They stated their intent to follow Him, but said they had some pressing matters to attend to *first* (Luke 9:59-62). Surprisingly, Jesus showed very little sympathy for their requests, knowing that those who insist on procrastinating have never truly committed themselves to His Lordship.

The devil may be unable to convince us of out-and-out lies but he subtly continues working the old argument that there's no urgency.

No hurry?

An illustration often cited in evangelistic messages deals with procrastination. The devil, so the story goes, is said to have sent one of his agents to whisper in an unbeliever's ear that there is *no heaven*, but the person doesn't believe the demonic messenger. Again the demon was sent, this time trying to convince the per-

son that there is *no hell*. But once more his lie was rejected. Finally, the devil said to his discouraged warrior, "I've got just the solution when working with hard cases like this. Tell him he has plenty of time—that there's *no hurry!*"

The devil may be unable to convince us of out-and-out lies but he subtly continues working the old argument that there's no urgency. "There's still plenty of time to obey God," Satan soothes. "Tomorrow will be just fine." This deception, so appealing to our old unregenerate natures, draws us deeper and deeper into apathy and complacency. As the old saying goes, tomorrow never comes.

Why is it so important that we obey *right away*? This is a lesson my children helped me learn. They didn't always think they needed to heed my orders immediately—they thought it would be O.K. to obey after they had finished whatever it was they were doing.

From dealing with my own children on this issue of prompt obedience, I now recognize a very important principle: *Delayed obedience is disobedience.*

Right now why not ask the Lord to show you those things you are to take action on *today*?

One of the reasons we sometimes procrastinate is that our list of unfinished projects has become so long, we feel overwhelmed. But with God's help, we can sort out our priorities for this present day, and need not feel guilty about the things He would have us leave until another day.

"Lord, teach us to number our days aright, that we may gain a heart of wisdom!" (Ps. 90:12).

P.S. I wish that I had written this article years ago . . . but it took me awhile to get around to it. ✿

Giving Children Their Fair Share

Joanne Thompson

*Ministry kids don't
have to feel
shortchanged by
the church.*

Our van was finally packed. The AAA maps were scrunched in the bulging door pockets. And the miles stretching from Denver to Prince Edward Island lured us to escape. "Dad has a sabbatical!"

We never did explain to our daughters, Jill and Shelly, the footnotes in Leviticus 25. For them *sabbatical* just meant family time, from Sunday to Sunday, conversation to conversation, with a relaxed mom and dad away from the demands of ministry.

For me, the sabbatical was all that and more. Nine weeks to celebrate rest and the Source of all productivity. A gift from our wonderful church family and, ultimately, from the God who long ago commanded Israel to rest one year in seven. Since our busiest day is the Sabbath, the sabbatical was a welcome opportunity to rest in God and strengthen our family ties. For once, family concerns didn't have to fight with church responsibilities.

But all too soon we were home again. Church burdens swept over us before we cranked the last roll of memories out of the camera. As soon as we returned, my husband, Roger, was at the bedside of a dying woman soon to orphan her 17-year-old son. A pastoral staffer resigned because of a family cri-

sis. The demands of parenting and ministry both seemed to need us full-time.

A few weeks later we took Shelly on a dinner date. She ordered a Belgian waffle, chatted about school, and negotiated about where we were going to shop afterwards. Halfway through the meal, Roger and I drifted into conversation about ministry—not urgent, just normal stuff.

"Dad and Mom, let's not talk about church," Shelly chimed in. We knew she was right. This should be *her* time.

We couldn't return to the leisurely pace of Prince Edward Island, but Roger and I determined to balance our lives better so our daughters wouldn't feel shortchanged by the church. What did we do?

Setting boundaries

We started by deciding to set boundaries around our conversations and lifestyle. Now, we work hard to keep from squandering our limited family time on ministry data. We banished the six o'clock greeting, "How was your day, dear?" and the adult litany that inevitably follows. This was hard. I treasure being a ministry wife and am glad my husband depends on my partnership. It's easy to talk about ministry entirely too much because we enjoy the reporting, de-

This article appeared in Sunday to Sunday, Spring 1989. Used with permission.

—Via Shepherdess International

compressing, and evaluating. But we don't want it to be the first thing we talk about.

In *Parents and Teenagers*, B. Clayton Bell says, "If children receive concentrated time and if their questions are answered reasonably with understanding and love, then they will feel that they have the place of priority in a parent's life."

When Jill and Shelly know they can get our undivided attention when they need it, they give us space when *we* need it. Every weekend they let go of Dad as he retreats into silent preparation for Sunday worship. Far from warping their childhoods, it encourages them to prepare for worship themselves.

Four attitude adjusters

Here are several other things we do for our children.

1. We don't let our church problems become *their* problem.

I don't think we could or should shield our children from church concerns. Vicarious pressures *will* inadvertently spill into their lives. But they need to know that we are depending on God for solutions—not on them. Each day Shelly and Jill join us in praying Roger through his greatest weekly challenge: sermon writing. They empathize with Dad when he's still struggling on Saturday night, but they know he isn't counting on his own eloquence; he expects God's Spirit to speak through him.

2. We love our children unconditionally and try to free them from having to live up to other people's expectations.

Our children live in a highly visible arena because their dad is the church leader. Whether we like it or not, that automatically places outside expectations on them.

I try to stress that only God's expectations count. And in many ways He's more understanding than any congregation, and more

demanding. He knows when we try and when we are honestly seeking to obey Him.

When I must discipline Jill and Shelly for acting rowdy at church, I focus on their character, not their conduct. I don't ask them to act a certain way so that they will reflect well on us as parents. I say that I want them to learn self-control and respect for God's house because that will please the Master.

3. We emphasize the positive aspects of ministry.

We make sure we value the ministries our children are excited about. We don't drag our kids to boring business meetings or on disturbing hospital visits. Rather, we support their participation in things like kid's choir and Pioneer Girls. I volunteered to do the reception after the Christmas concert not because I was Roger's wife, but because I appreciated Shelly and Jill's choir ministry—and I told them so. By sharing their excitement, we help them see that the community of faith is a joy and that everyone's part is special.

Roger and I like this comment by a little girl named Martha Taft: "My name is Martha Bowers Taft. My great-grandfather was President of the United States. My grandfather was a United States senator, my daddy is ambassador to Ireland, and I am a Brownie."

We want each girl, with Martha Taft, to feel her job is worth mentioning in the same breath as the jobs of her illustrious forebears. It's the job God has given her!

4. We make sure the whole family values and explores the worth of play.

Play is our word for our recreation and diversion—whether that means the girls' playing after school, Roger's playing in his wood shop, or my playing tennis. Recreation is a necessity; it brings balance to our work.

We encourage both individ-

ual and shared play at our house. We can't afford to imply that the Christian life is a lonely walk down the Jericho road. Jesus spoke of the cross, sacrifice, and costly obedience. But he also asked his disciples to take him along fishing. He broke from his ministry agenda to affirm the favorite pastime of some of his best friends, perhaps because play is more than recreation; it is a reflection of who we are.

And for children, play is their language—an expression of their inner world. In his book *Play Therapy*, child psychologist Garry Landreth says, "In the process of growing up, children's problems are often compounded by the inability of adults in their lives to understand or to respond effectively to what children are feeling or attempting to communicate. Play is to the child what verbalization is to the adult. It is the medium for expressing feelings, exploring relationships, describing experiences, and disclosing wishes and self-fulfillment. . . . Adults communicate more effectively than through language by their participation in the child's play."

Our 12-year-old is quiet, disciplined, and reflective. She loves to cook, and she devours books. When Roger is home at her bedtime, she will often say, "Dad, tell me a story about when you were a little boy."

Roger retrieves past memories, and for a few brief moments, Dad's fatigue is transfigured into the carefree world of a child—scooters, chocolate-covered cherries, the clay pits, and Christmas morning. In the glow of the night light, Jill participates in her father's life. This time, he's not the pastor. It's a shared moment of play for a dad and daughter—beyond the pulpit and ministry expectations.

In times like these there is rest and refreshment, and the very scent of Prince Edward Island. ❀

Miracle at Kler Ko Clinic

As told by Rebecca Dee
to Lila Tidwell



Rebecca Dee is a pastoral wife originally from Burma. She has a nursing degree and worked at the Rangoon Adventist Hospital until the government took over and she had Sabbath work problems. Currently she is in charge of the maternal-child health program at Kler Ko clinic where she and her husband, Schwae Leong, serve. Lila Tidwell is Associate Director, ADRA Thailand.

This article appeared in the Far Eastern Division Outlook, May 1993. Used with permission.

—Via Shepherdess International

On November 9, 1992, a couple from Kho Lu village brought their two-year-old daughter with high fever and convulsions to the clinic.

Blood tests showed that she had malaria. Immediately we gave her medicines by intravenous drip and cooled her fevered body with water. The convulsions soon stopped, but the child remained unconscious all that night and the next day.

The following night the child started convulsing again and again. This time even the medicines did not help much. Now I started worrying. All our workers took turns watching the child throughout the night.

In the morning the convulsions were less, but the child was still unconscious and looked very pale. We watched her all day to see if she would improve, but her condition remained the same. While watching the child, we prayed that God would make her better if it was His will.

On the third night the child was still unconscious and the parents were very worried. I was worried too. I asked the couple if they would like to take their daughter to the hospital at Mae Tan. They asked, "Can't you do anything more for the child?" I

told them this was all I could do. I explained to the parents that she might need a blood transfusion since she was very pale.

To myself I thought, "This child's condition is so serious. What if I take her to the hospital and she dies on the way? Or even if we do get to the hospital before she dies, what will the doctor say to us for bringing the child so late?" I had a hard time deciding what to do; I asked God to help me decide what was right in His sight.

Then the child's father said, "Never mind, we will just keep the child under your care. The hospital in the town will give the same treatment you are giving her here anyway."

I thought to myself, "I have done everything I can in this case and I will leave it in God's hands and He will do what is best according to His will."

The mother looked at her child and cried. Her husband, an animist, said to her, "Don't cry; you are still young and you will still have many more children. It depends on her fate." He continued, "If she has good fate, she will live. The medical staff have done everything for her, so we should be satisfied."

I told the parents, "Since we are Christians, we believe in God. God can do anything and there is

nothing impossible for Him. I am sure if we leave all our troubles and difficulties with Him and ask Him to make your child well and trust Him completely, He will hear us."

I prayed for the child. Then the father said to his wife, "Now, you don't worry. God will care for the child." I reassured them that we were leaving the child's life in God's hands.

The child's grandfather came and looked at the child. He was so upset that she was still unconscious. He said to his son (the child's father), "You must go home and offer a chicken as a spirit sacrifice." He told his son to feed the spirits, and to build a new house. "Then only will your child get well."

The son answered him, "Spirits have nothing to do with the malaria parasites. The spirits cannot kill the malaria. Only the malaria drugs can kill the malaria parasites." His father went home angry saying that his son was disobedient.

Finally, on the fourth day, the child started moving her hands and legs. She blinked her eyes but still did not respond when we talked to her. Gradually, she improved. It was not long before she started asking for food!

We discharged her from the clinic on the fifth day. We gave her some liquid iron for her anemia and advised the parents to feed her good food. The parents were very happy and the husband said, "See, the Lord is helping my child get better."

I believe that God answered our prayer and performed a great miracle for those who did not yet know Him. I am glad that we have the opportunity here at the Kler Ko clinic to let the people know about our wonderful God and how He can help them in their times of greatest trouble. ❀

The Prayer of a Realist

Lord, Thou knowest I am growing older.

Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject.

Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs.

Keep me from the recital of endless details. Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. They are increasing with the years and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful but not nosy, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it does seem a pity not to use it all. But Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

This appeared in The Shepherdess Voice, Mountain View Conference, April 1981. We regret that we don't know the author's name.

—Via Shepherdess International

Polishing Our Jewels

Nola Deffenbaugh



Nola Deffenbaugh has been married to a minister 38 years. Together they raised two boys and two girls, all graduating from college and now on their own. For 13 years, from the time her youngest started to school, until her husband, Jerry, decided in 1989 to begin an intentional interim ministry, Nola worked outside the home. Nola now enjoys writing, researching genealogy, counted cross-stitch, exploring new towns, and meeting new friends.

—Via Shepherdess International

Long ago a wise man compared a good woman to precious jewels (Proverbs 31).

Like all women, we ministerial wives begin as a gem in the rough. However because being a ministerial wife positions us in a place of prominence, others are bound to notice whether the grit of life in the parsonage scratches and mars our gem's beauty or polishes it into even greater brilliance.

I never felt called to be a minister's wife, but I did feel called to follow Jesus. Because I'm the pastor's wife, I realize my words and actions are in the spotlight more than if I were a Christian married to a man in another profession. Thus, I have both the opportunity and responsibility to be an example to others—a model. If I am a jewel as the proverb says, then I want to cut, refine, and polish myself to bring beauty and God's light to others, and I would like to share some truths I've learned in my 35 years as a minister's wife.

The self-image facet

Start by being yourself. If you are an agate, don't try to change into a pearl. Rather seek to bring out the unique beauty of your agate self. Are you shy or quiet? Quiet people may not find it easy to be in the public eye as is often required of a pastoral wife, but

people respond to quiet people just as warmly as they do to extroverts, only in a different way.

I am quiet and shy in large groups and prefer one-to-one contacts or small groups. The first six months to a year after we move to a new church is especially difficult for me. For a long time I feel like I stand out at the potluck dinners, fellowship activities, or other assemblies like a knife in a drinking glass. One day I realized very few people were really paying attention to me, so I made my uncomfortable situation a time to look around and observe who else was not a part of the group. I approach that person and start a one-on-one conversation that makes us both comfortable.

I learned many people needed a listening ear. I found it easy to minister in this way, because it fit in with my quiet nature. The more I listened and shared, the sooner I realized that large groups no longer frightened me because I felt comfortable and close with so many more people in that large group.

Are you an extrovert? You can use your love of people and outward exuberance to enliven groups, cheer shut-ins, and publicize Christianity. How I appreciate the fun and laughter I share when being in the company of extroverts.

Once you accept who you are,

don't try to hide your imperfections, which require cutting, grinding, and polishing. To be helpful to yourself and to others, be honest about your doubts and struggles, sins and frustrations. Others will then feel free to share their struggles, and together you will grow more brilliant. (Besides, trying to be something you're not takes tremendous energy.)

The motherhood facet

I dislike the popular jokes about the ministerial children, because I know minister's kids are on the average no better or worse than the elder's or editor's kids. However, rearing and disciplining the minister's children is a matter that does not miss the public eye.

With gratitude I remember a special service of appreciation a church held for us after ten years with the congregation. It was a period in which all four of our children graduated from high school and left for college. Several people spoke kind words, but the one remark that especially stands out in my memory was made by an elderly lawyer. "It has been such a joy to watch Jerry and Nola's children grow up and leave their home to take their places in society. Usually we only hear negatives about the preacher's kids. Well, they weren't like that at all, but good examples for us all."

Of course, I realize our four kids had minds of their own and could have chosen any life style, but I, as a minister's wife, (but more importantly as a Christian mother), did my best to see that they learned to behave properly from the time they could toddle. I didn't just follow my parents' ways of child rearing, but gained new skills by regularly reading current books and magazines. In

that way I learned some of the psychology and techniques that work better with each age. I used Ephesians 6:4 as the standard to measure any new idea, "Parents, do not treat your children in such a way as to make them angry. Instead, raise them with Christian discipline and instruction" ("TEV). I strove to motivate them to do right because they wanted to and not because I forced them to or shamed them.

As a pastoral wife, your children are your first mission. Teach them patience, faith, kindness, and tolerance of others from your example. How you cope with life and respond to others is the greatest lesson you teach your children.

Do not allow your children to be disruptive, disrespectful, or destructive at home or in public. Those deadly D's infringe on their future and scratch away the influence you may have on them

Any time spent strengthening the marriage helps you each personally, helps the family, and improves your duo ministry to the church.

or others. As you smooth their rough corners, your jewel will also be further polished.

The marriage facet

A pastoral wife becomes more priceless when she ministers to her husband. Just as a jewel can be an accessory to make an

outfit look better, so a good pastoral wife supporting her husband enables him to be more effective in his ministry. She can do this by not criticizing her pastor husband to others, but more importantly, she can do this by building up her husband to himself.

Pastors spend so much energy meeting the needs of others and dealing with their crises, conflicts, and cares that they are sometimes drained when they return home. They need the assurance of comfort, love, and support from their wife. This need to have their own cup refilled is very crucial. Pastors are often in intimate emotional settings with their parishioners, and are vulnerable to affairs if their wife is not loving and supportive. Thus, any time spent strengthening the marriage helps you each personally, helps the family, and improves your duo ministry to the church.

The social facet

Common courtesies and good manners are never out of style for anyone but are essential for a minister's wife. They are the traditions that keep the wheel of life oiled and running smoothly. Ignorance of etiquette and manners is no excuse to blunder and will only cloud the beauty of an otherwise sparkling jewel. No one finds good manner objectionable, but the more knowledgeable of your parishioners may be offended by brash errors or crude actions. To prevent ignorance of some bad habits that may offend someone, I'd suggest reading an etiquette book. I've learned things I didn't know needed learning.

The following are some areas that should be closely heeded by pastors' wives to create a more polished surface.

a. Be sure to send thank-you notes or express appreciation for the many kindnesses and gifts given to the pastor's family.

b. Be prompt to meetings and services.

c. Follow through on commitments you make.

d. Dress neatly and in good taste. That doesn't mean you have to dress expensively.

e. Use good grammar.

f. Always keep confidences.

g. Display good table manners at home and in public.

h. Be friendly to all and speak, even if you don't remember their names.

Kindness and love are always "in." If you can face that angry woman with love in your heart and listen to what is irritating her, you will gain understanding of a different viewpoint and perhaps a friend as well. Not all people

A minister's wife is many faceted and needs to develop her own interests and dreams.

we encounter are ground smooth. Many are still gems in the rough with sharp corners. How we confront them results in either our surface being scratched or it being polished smoother.

The stewardship facet—parsonage care

If you live in a parsonage, take care of the property. Many parishioners take pride in the home they furnish their pastoral family. They meet for work days before the minister moves in and

paint, carpet, clean windows, etc. Thus, you can see why they react negatively to critical remarks or to a minister's family who carelessly let it get filthy or unkempt. I don't mean your house must be immaculate, if that is not your style, but keep a regular cleaning schedule, including an annual "spring cleaning" of windows, cabinets, walls, etc. If you or your husband enjoy flowers to beautify the yard, all the better.

This may seem like irrelevant or unnecessary advice, but I have known pastoral wives who lost the respect of many in the congregation, and thus the chance to be a Christian influence because of their slovenly-kept homes.

I'll be the first to admit I am not addicted to housekeeping. My home usually has that "lived in" look unless I'm expecting company. However, I take pride in whatever home I'm living in and always leave it in better shape than when I moved in. That way no parishioner will have any disillusionment about providing a nice home for the minister's family.

Stewardship of time

Mostly I've mentioned what a "polished" minister's wife does or does not do to perfect her jewel in order to inspire others and gain their respect. But a minister's wife is many faceted and needs to develop her own interests and dreams. By all means pursue or express your interests. Go to aerobics, join in the writers' club, or participate in an art class. Find some time to spend alone reading, praying, studying the scriptures, or just day dreaming. Develop all areas of your life. This broadens the scope of people who can get a reflection of God's light through you.

Do you want to work outside the home (or need to)? Most con-

gregations understand and accept that this is necessary. Working women may even be interested in how you juggle your time and set your priorities.

When I worked outside the home, I learned to say no graciously to some jobs, even jobs in the church. I picked out what I felt I could do well or enjoyed, or what was the most needed or worthwhile and spent my energies there. Never feel like you must take every church responsibility that no one else will do. Neither feel like you must join every group, just because it is a part of the church. Be a responsible steward of your time according to your talents and abilities.

If you don't work outside the home, volunteering in local organizations can give you an outlet as well as a ministry of your own. Whatever you do for a neighbor, you do for Jesus.



The true value of a gem is measured by its hardness, color, brilliance, rarity, and demand. The way light is refracted through the gem's many facets determines the brilliance.

A pastoral wife fills this unique position. She is a model emerald, or diamond, or ruby set upon a hill to reflect God's light through her many facets into the community. She complements her husband's ministry just as a jewel complements an outfit. A person's dress and the accessories should not call attention to themselves but to the wearer. In like manner, a minister and the precious jewel to which he is married should always reflect God. ✿

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Watch Your Words

Jean Coleman



Jean Coleman is a pastoral wife from Laurel, Maryland, and the editor of *The Pastor's Helpmate*, a newsletter for pastoral wives.

This article appeared in *The Pastor's Helpmate*, February 1994. Used with permission.

—Via *Shepherdess International*

Why have you been telling people that I'm a basket case?"

the young woman asked, glaring at me with unrestrained anger. "I know what you said! Do you really think I'm a basket case?"

Reeling from the unexpected barrage of words, I struggled to keep my composure. What could possibly have happened to cause this usually meek and submissive woman to lash out against me so vehemently?

Such had called several hours earlier, asking if she could come by and see me. There was a problem, she explained, and it was important that she talk to me about it. I naively assumed she was encountering some difficulty in her marriage, and needed a "mother" to give her some wise counsel. Little did I suspect that her problem was with me!

"Why are you telling people that I'm a basket case?" she demanded emphatically for the second time.

A basket case? Had I ever said anything like that about her? Sue was definitely an emotionally disturbed young woman who was constantly

plagued by fear and rejection, but I certainly didn't go around discussing her problems with others. I sought to remember any indiscreet slip of the tongue that I might have made to someone that could have twisted into labeling Sue as a basket case.

"Who told you I said that?" I asked her point-blank, not really expecting an answer to my question.

She paused for just a moment, and then replied, "It was Mary Bailey. I met her yesterday at the mall, and she shared some of the things you told her about me! I certainly don't appreciate being called a basket case!"

Suddenly there was an instant replay in my mind. I remembered all too clearly! I had said those exact words to Mary Bailey concerning Sue. It was a direct quote that I couldn't deny. I had no defense.

Mary Bailey—my spiritual daughter, my friend, my confidant, a mother in Israel, a trusted elder's wife. And now, Mary Bailey—my betrayer. She and her husband had left our church the preceding year for greener pastures, and although I knew she was filled with bitterness and resentment at the time of her de-

parture, I never thought that she would let it spill over onto an innocent like Sue. I couldn't believe that Mary had revealed things to Sue that had been spoken in confidence. But obviously she had.

Mary had been a natural to minister to the young women of our church. She had a motherly way about her and the heart of a counselor. She had met the Lord at our church and grown to spiritual maturity under our care. We were of one heart and one mind. When the time came to select someone to lead a weekly meeting of our young mothers, Mary met every criterion. The young women loved her, and she loved them, clucking over her little brood like a mother hen. I rejoiced to see her move into leadership, and the fruit of her ministry was very good.

I didn't just turn her loose but worked closely with her. As the months passed, the young women began to look to her more and more for counsel, and everything went very well. She was faithful to keep me informed and up to date on those to whom she was giving counsel. It was a wonderful arrangement and I rejoiced in spirit.

When Sue showed up on the scene with all her many fears and insecurities, Mary was uncertain as to how best to minister to her deep spiritual needs. One afternoon she came to me expressing her concern over Sue's emotional state, and we talked together at length about Sue's many and varied problems—problems which were even hindering her ability to function as a wife and mother.

That was the setting when the casual remark was made to Mary, "Sue's a real basket case." I then added the words: "I don't have the vaguest idea what the answer is, but God does. He promises to give us wisdom and knowledge,

and we really need His guidance right now." Then Mary and I joined hands and prayed together. I remembered the conversation all too well.

During the summer months, a slow erosion took place in my relationship with Mary. She seemed to draw away, not only from me, but also from the church. There was really nothing that I could put my finger on, but she seemed to be avoiding me. Finally she called to inform me that she had taken a job as a receptionist, and would no longer be able to work with the young women.

*No matter how
trusted the friend or
how loyal the leader,
whenever you discuss
others, use discretion!
Beware of
uncomplimentary
comments.*

It was the beginning of the end. She dropped out of everything. I could sense that she harbored resentment against me, but I had no idea why. Her husband faithfully continued to attend the elders' meetings, but he, too, was sullen and withdrawn. When confronted, he insisted that everything was fine. We knew it was just a matter of time. His letter of resignation arrived on Christmas Eve. No reason for their departure was given.

And now Mary was going about relating things that had been shared in confidence. If you can't trust an elder's wife, who can you trust? If you can't share on an intimate basis with a proven church leader, in whom can you confide?

How easy to blame Mary for betraying a confidence and talking out of turn. And how convenient to condemn her for permitting bitterness and resentment to take precedence over discretion. How spiteful it was of Mary to sow seeds of discord upon Sue. Everyone knows that's an abomination to God. Obviously, the solution is to declare Mary guilty, and myself completely innocent of any wrongdoing.

But when I referred to one of our precious sheep as a basket case, how much discretion did I use? Whether I was talking to an elder's wife, my husband, or someone else, I am guilty of poor judgment in my choice of terms. I forgot to ask myself the all important question: Would Jesus say what I am about to say?

Certainly there are times when it becomes absolutely essential to discuss some very personal matters concerning others with your church leaders. Sue had major problems, and Mary and I needed to talk them over as we sought a solution. But without extreme caution, these times of discussion can turn into gossip sessions where our own opinions are freely tossed into the ring without "judging righteous judgment." And then, by our own words, we are condemned (Matt. 12:37).

No matter how trusted the friend or how loyal the leader, whenever you discuss others, use discretion! Don't say anything that could possibly be used against you. Avoid slang expres-

sions. Shun put-downs and belittling remarks. Beware of uncomplimentary comments. Assume that anything you say is going to be repeated.

It's one thing to state that someone has an emotional problem, and quite another to brand her a basket case. Jesus cautions against calling your brother a fool (Matt. 5:22). I wonder what He thinks of referring to a sister as a basket case? Remember, words once spoken can never be retrieved. This is why we must learn to guard the words of our mouth.

What a seemingly unimportant thing—five careless words spoken in haste. Five careless words that wounded a young woman who was already hurting from previous wounds. Five careless words that gave opportunity for "an enemy" to strike out against me. Five careless words that compromised the light of Jesus shining through me. Five careless words that spoke death instead of life. I stand guilty as charged.

But God in His infinite mercy has forgiven me, and so has Sue. And I have also forgiven Mary for her part in communicating my indiscretion. And this has now become my constant prayer:

*Let the words
of my mouth,
and the
meditation of my heart,
be acceptable
in Thy sight, O Lord!*



Sick and Tired of Being Sick and Tired

**Elizabeth Cody
Newenhuyse**

Warning: There's a secret spiritual danger out there. It's stalking our homes, our workplaces, and—especially—our marriages. It's not sexual temptation or materialism or the latest offering from the Fox Network. It's fatigue.

Not the tiredness you feel after a night of fitful sleep. That can be remedied with a good eight hours' rest. It's the underlying weariness that comes from too many years of too many responsibilities and too much drivenness and too little attention to our need to rest in the Lord. It's the hidden exhaustion that gets papered over by busyness and adrenaline.

You think you're doing all right. You go to church, try to pray and read your Bible, keep up with work and chores and the kids. You might even boast of your many activities. But things start to go wrong, and you realize the joy is missing. You start feeling like you're emotionally

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—Via Shepherdess International

"skimming," not living with richness and depth and enthusiasm. You're just going through the motions.

This has happened to me, and I'm only now beginning to work my way out of it. A few months ago I quit my job as senior editor of this magazine because I wanted more time to write books, be with my family and live a more balanced life. I felt as if things were out of control and I needed to restore some sanity to my pace.

For a while, I had that sanity. But I guess I'm a slow learner. Partly out of pride (watch Superwoman fly), partly out of an overdeveloped sense of duty, I said yes to 67 different commitments. ("Oh sure, I'm at home now so I can help out at school, help out at church, read your manuscript, do lunch with you, take care of your dogs....") To complicate matters, my husband started a stressful new job. And my computer went on the blink, making it impossible for me to meet a major writing deadline.

One day at lunch with my family I had just about had it. I had been working at Amanda's school that morning, collating newsletters and hating it. We had about 20 minutes to choke down our sandwiches. My daughter said something—quite innocently—that didn't sit well. I burst into tears and ran into the bedroom, flinging myself on the unmade bed. "I can't do it!" I wailed. "It's just too much!"

That wasn't like me. Well, I do burst into tears a lot, but this time it was a defeated, end-of-my-rope sort of weeping. I was discouraged, disheartened, all the "dis" words that Satan loves to taunt us with. I had been giving out more than I had been taking in, and I felt like I was rattling

around like a dry husk.

Constant fatigue and busyness can sap our joy in the Lord. It opens the door for the Destroyer, he who can only tear down. It imperils everyone, including the respectable citizen who gets so busy and carries so many responsibilities that he or she barely has time to sleep, or to sit and ponder the stars. Life feels flat, marriage seems stale.

We can even wonder if God really cares about the burdens we bear. Well, of course He does, and intellectually we embrace that truth and even cite Scripture to back it up. But one thing

You cannot simply will yourself out of the fatigue mode. You cannot decide, "Today I'm going to start replenishing myself."

I'm learning (the hard way, as usual) is that you cannot simply will yourself out of the fatigue mode. You cannot decide, "Today I'm going to start replenishing myself and resting in the Lord."

Changing your circumstances, as I did a few months ago when I quit my job, helps; but that sort of change brings its own problems and is not an option for most people. (Lesson number one in the Christian life: You never arrive once and for all, and the believer who understands that has taken a quantum

leap toward authentic growth in Christ.)

Cloistered monks and ordinary Christians

Growth in Christ. The phrase brings to mind rows of cloistered monks lined up for pre-dawn prayers; or even ordinary Christians rising early for a daily, hour-long "quiet time." But when we're feeling overbusy, stressed-out and fatigued, who has the time or the energy for an hour in the Word every morning?

We may try using that hour for other important activities. But sacrificing time in the Scriptures in order to catch up on other projects is a false economy. Regular immersion in the Word energizes and restores us, enabling us to be *more* productive, giving us "strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow."

As with so much else in my spiritual life, I haven't "arrived" yet. But I'm discovering that my tank is most filled when I read a chapter, or half of a long chapter, at a time—but probably not every day, because when I open the Bible and begin reading, I find I don't want to put it down.

Recently I was looking up some Psalms for a book I was working on. I had intended to spend only a few minutes on the task, but found myself reading and underlining for *hours*. And, as so often happens, the Word not only spoke, but shouted at me!

This time, what struck me with special force was David's longing for deliverance from his constant fatigue. David's long life was never easy; even the mantle of leadership probably felt like a noose some days. Here are his words:

"I am exhausted and crushed; I groaned in despair"

(38:8 TLB).

"Save me, O my God. The floods have risen. Deeper and deeper I sink in the mire; the waters rise around me. I have wept until I am exhausted . . ." (69:1-2 TLB).

These are the cries of a tired and defeated man searching for his God. Who *wouldn't* feel exhausted? Yet Psalm 69 continues:

"All who seek for God shall live in joy. For Jehovah hears the cries of his needy ones, and does not look the other way" (32, 33).

This is the great "even though" of the Psalms: Even though I am weary and discouraged, yet I will praise you!

The lesson is not only that David felt discouraged and exhausted. The lesson is a continual *turning to God*, almost an ongoing private conversation. David spoke to the Lord in terms both personal and reverent, intimate and majestic.

And so can we, through prayer, worship and continuous awareness of God's presence. We can pray very specifically: "Give me energy for this task, Lord." Or, to borrow from St. Francis, "Give me the wisdom to accept the things I should take on, courage to say no to the things I shouldn't and the discernment to know the difference."

When fatigue takes over, we open our hands to God, weakly, helplessly, and say, "I can't do it anymore, Lord. I'm turning this one over to you, however you choose to act."

And we wait, and He acts. Not necessarily as we would expect, but He acts.

The surprise of everyday angels

In the midst of my fatigue, I was talking to Karen, a friend at church. I complained about my

full plate of book deadlines. Karen is quiet, an open-hearted listener. Finally she said, "I want to start doing some typing at home. I'll do this work for you to help you through this crunch."

"What do you charge?"

"Nothing. You're just starting out, so you don't have any money."

Got that right, I thought. I stared at her. "You'd actually do this for me?"

"Sure," she said.

In that easy "sure," I heard the singing of angels!

I kept pressing her: "Do you know what you're getting into? This project will take forever! What can I do for you? Make a meal? Babysit your kids so you and Jeff can go out together—alone?"

"Wait till you're through your worst deadlines," she said.

God used Karen to help bear my burdens.

On another occasion, I had just dropped Amanda off at school. My hand was throbbing from two bee stings I had received the day before, and I was feeling sorry for myself. I heard someone call to me from across the street. It was Judy, another friend from church. We stood

We need to remember the great 'even though' of the Psalms: "Even though I am weary and discouraged, yet I will praise you!"

talking for a long time; she shared some of her stresses and I shared mine. She told me what to put on the bee sting. We asked each other for prayer. Judy said, "Let's have coffee sometime, just on the spur of the moment."

Another pair of hands to lift the burden.

A third example. Lunch with Louise, the most organized individual on the planet. I should have postponed the lunch, should have been working, but Louise gave me an invaluable piece of advice about organizing my chaotic days—something I could actually apply to my life.

Sometimes my husband turns out to be the "everyday angel." When I'm running on empty, he helps fill my tank, checks me if I'm taking too much on. And I do the same for him. Perhaps what a mate can do best is provide comfort, a place of welcome and solace when the discouragement piles up. One of us can send the other to bed early and say, "Get some sleep and don't worry about a thing. I'm praying for you."

I'm still too busy. But those God-sent people have helped fill me up so I'm no longer simply running on fumes. They may even have been agents of spiritual protection.

Now I'm trying to learn to look for God's provision in all things to keep my sensors out to feel his hand brushing me, and that's something we all can do—before we run out of gas and sit uselessly on the shoulder, waiting to be picked up, vulnerable to danger.

The world tells us that busyness is good, that the most successful people are those who learn to live with little sleep and can accomplish 50 things in a day. But God says something else. Are we listening? ❀

Cup Fillers

H. J. Harris

Tears welled up as she exclaimed, "No one has ever done that for me before."



This article appeared in The Adventist Review, May 22, 1986. Used with permission.

Jack Harris has retired from his responsibilities as vice president in the North Pacific Union. He is a minister who will never really retire however, because he is currently serving as a hospital and retirement center chaplain. Jack is the proud grandfather of two exceptionally intelligent grandchildren!

—Via Shepherdess International

The western sky had a crimson tinge as Northwest Flight 642 took off from Spokane for Portland, 52 minutes away. I sat in an aisle seat, as far forward as possible, for easy exit.

The flight attendant, a trim young woman, tied on an apron as soon as we leveled off, for she had a plane full of people to serve in 52 minutes. When she laid a sandwich on my tray, I knew at a glance it was not vegetarian, so I kindly asked if I had a choice. Apologetically she explained that they were all the same. Quickly I told her not to worry, and on down the aisle she went busily serving the other passengers.

In a few minutes she finished, came back up the aisle, picked up the sandwich still lying on my tray, and disappeared into the galley ahead. Engrossed in reading, I dismissed the incident from my mind.

Suddenly the flight attendant approached my seat. With a smile she whispered, "I copped this from the first-class area," as she placed a lovely fruit tray in my hands. It looked delicious, and she seemed so pleased. Needless to say, I was too, and quickly set about tangibly proving my delight.

As soon as I finished I went to the galley where the attendant was busily storing leftover food and trays. As I handed her my

tray I also gave her my card, explaining that I wanted her name and the name and address of her personnel manager. "I want to tell him how thoughtful you are and how well you represent his company," I said.

Her hand flew to her mouth; tears welled up. "No one has ever done that for me before," she exclaimed, as she squeezed my arm.

Weeks later I received a letter from her personnel manager assuring me that my letter had gone into the attendant's file. The next day I received a short letter from her. "You made my day," she said. "I wasn't even tired anymore."

The experience started me looking for kind things people do, the "extra mile" sort of deeds. Why don't you look for them, too—the waitress, the gas station attendant, the lady who wraps your purchases, the Sabbath school superintendent, the pastor whose sermon especially blessed you, the conference president who went out of his way to be helpful. Do you notice the extra things they do for you and let them know you appreciate them?

When we pay someone a compliment or express appreciation, we fill his cup of happiness and ours, as well. Then we can both feel like the man who said to me, "I'm drinking out of the saucer, because my cup is running over." ❀



Shepherdess International News

Euro-Africa Division

- ✿ Hanni Klenk, from the Swiss-German Conference, sends the following report on the Shepherdess Coordinators meetings held for three days in Diepoldsburg, Germany: Three years ago the work of coordinating the various German-speaking Shepherdess groups began under the leadership of Elder Johannes and Gudrun Mager (Ministerial Secretary and Shepherdess Coordinator for the Division).



Diepoldsburg meeting

Thirty Shepherdess coordinators from Germany, Austria, and the German-speaking part of Switzerland along with the Czech-Slovakian Union met with Jim and Sharon Cress, from the General Conference, and Johannes and Gudrun Mager. The ministerial secretaries from the represented confer-

ences were also present. The mornings began with devotionals and included seminars by Hanna Beir and Jim and Sharon Cress. Most of the areas represented hold regular meetings for their pastoral wives and publish their own newsletters.

At a meeting, such as this one in Diepoldsburg, many ideas are presented, experiences are exchanged, and translated materials are shared. Even more important are the personal contacts made. Elder and Mrs. Mager and the Division leadership are to be commended for providing this time for Shepherdess planning.

- ✿ The North France Conference Shepherdess organization, CEP, *Convention de Epouses de Pasteurs (Convention for Pastors' Wives)*, was organized in 1978. Lisette Massa is the coordinator for the group. The current organization has a choir and performs for special occasions.



CEP organization

- ✿ Shepherdess Coordinators and the Ministerial Secretaries from the Latin-speaking Conferences in the Euro-Africa Division, gathered for three days of meetings at Saleve Adventist Institute in Collonges, France. Gudrun and Johannes Mager, from the Division office, led the group. Jim and Sharon Cress, from the General Conference, were also present. Besides devotionals, times of prayer and seminars, each evening the representatives shared thrilling reports of Shepherdess activities. A highlight was the participation from the Romanian delegation; this was the first time Shepherdess coordinators from this area have been allowed to attend because of government restrictions.

Romanian pastoral wives are active in spreading the good news of Jesus throughout their Union. During 1993 every pastoral wife in the

Union held either an evangelistic outreach meeting or Revelation Seminar, in which she did the main speaking and coordinated the program. This 100 percent participation by the Union is believed to be a first! Other reports included weekly radio broadcasts and health seminars conducted by pastoral wives. Many people in Romania have been won to Jesus because of the faithful work of these pastoral wives.



Euro-Africa Shepherdess coordinators at Collonges



Romanian Shepherdess coordinators

- ✿ Special meetings were held for retired pastors and their spouses March 19-22 in Monte Real, Portugal. Seeing again old friends from the Lord's work is always pleasant for

those, who because of age or lack of health, find themselves no longer active in the ministry. Irene Ribcero reports that a relaxing and pleasant atmosphere prevailed among the 20 pastoral couples gathered in the Thermal Residence. Pastor and Mrs. Ezequiel Quintino, Ministerial Secretary and Shepherdess Coordinator for Portugal, led the retreat. The seminars, "The Risks of Retirees" and "The Values of Retirees" helped bury some myths that are generally held about retirees and enabled the couples to focus on potentials that are still there for them. Guest speaker, Pastor Joaquim Dias, Union President, addressed this special group. A second meeting is planned for next year.

Euro-Asia Division

- ✿ Olga Murga, Division Shepherdess Coordinator, reports that pastoral wives met together in Minsk, Byeforus, on March 4-5 for the first time in this region and again on May 19-21. Seminars were also held in Kishinev, Moldavia. Meetings are being planned for pastoral wives in the Russian Union in Moscow.

North American Division

- ✿ Lois Jaecks, from the Washington Conference, planned a special meeting for pasto-



Irene Ribcero

ral wives and 30 attended. Held in the Conference office at Bothell, the women enjoyed a special time of sharing and fellowship in the assembly room decorated with baskets of primroses. Barbara Aufderhar presented the devotional, "Pic-

ture of Peace." Dorothy Watts, the featured speaker, presented the topic, "Positive Partnership in Team Ministry." The ladies enjoyed a delicious buffet luncheon during the noon break.

- ✿ Mid-America Union Shepherdess Coordinator, Peggy Tompkins, has experienced a very tangible reward because of a burden she had for a church in India. She had been praying for a special personal mission project. During a Global Mission presentation in Lincoln, she was impressed by the needs of the Peenya Church in India. The thought of building a church in memory of her parents, Robert and Grace Green, appealed to her. This past October, she and her husband, Joel, president of the Mid-America Union, visited Peenya and participated in the dedication of this new church which she made possible. Peggy reports it was an emotional experience for her when she saw the beautiful polished black marble stone which reads:

Seventh-day Adventist Malayalam Church, Peenya, Bangalore was dedicated on October 2, 1993 by Elder Joel Tompkins in memory of Robert and Grace Green.



Peggy Tompkins and the plaque of black marble

Peggy has demonstrated the sweet essence of what a pastoral wife can do to further Global Mission projects. Peggy may you be an example to every pastoral wife to help spread this wonderful message that Jesus may come soon!

- ❁ Wanda and Dan Forbes, of the Florida Conference, have a very active team ministry geared to those who hurt. They use grief recovery seminars and counseling. Their ministry includes those dealing with death, but they also help people cope with losing a job, moving, divorce, loss of bodily functions, and more. They have helped scores of families with children who have disabilities. Dan has a degree in counseling. Wanda



Wanda Forbes

is a nurse practitioner, with training in grief recovery as well. She presents seminars and often speaks at retreats and camp meetings.

- ❁ Gerald and Ana Fuentes, who pastor the Tallahassee district in the Florida Conference, were a highlight at Florida Campmeeting. They presented "Windows to the Past" covering many events in the 100-year history of the Florida Conference. Ana opened each evening with the poignant statement, "God's leading us in the past assures us of His presence in the future." She closed each presentation with "We've been here 100 years, let's finish the commission."

Ana dressed in period costume. A hundred years ago, dresses would often weigh up to 90 pounds. In hot climates, carrying that heavy weight around compressed many internal organs. Women fainted so often that "fainting benches" were a standard feature in many homes. Both in 1893 and today, pastoral wives living in the Florida heat can appreciate Ellen



Ana and Gerald Fuentes

White's counsel on Victorian fashion!

South Pacific Division

- ❁ On March 12, Narelle Love had the special privilege of being welcomed to the ranks of ministers' wives at her husband's ordination by her own mother, who is also a pastoral wife. Mrs. Shirley Hankinson presented a bouquet of flowers to her daughter at the service. Narelle is a high school teacher. She and her husband, Ken, have two children.



Shirley Hankinson presents flowers to Narelle Love at her husband's ordination

Southern Asia Division

- ❁ Mrs. Procena Mundu, Shepherdess Coordinator for the East India Section, coordi-

nated special meetings for the pastoral wives during the East India Section Constituency Meetings from March 29-April 1. Forty-three pastoral wives attended the morning meetings. They enjoyed the meetings so much that the meetings were extended to include afternoon sessions. "Parenting,"



Pastoral wives of the East India Section

"Child Evangelism" and "Relationships," were among the timely topics presented. Margaret Nathaniel, Shepherdess Coordinator for the Southern Asia Division,

presented a seminar entitled "How to be the Best for God." There were devotionals, special songs, exercise sessions, and prayer and sharing time. The highlight of a special prayer time was when the ladies



Pastoral wives of the East India Section sharing with each other

went under the trees and wrote out their secret petitions, then burned them all in a glass bowl. The pastoral wives felt overjoyed and truly blessed to be together and share. They left determined to do a mighty work for God in each of their churches.



❁ New Shepherdess International Volunteer

Sometimes I am amazed at how blessed I am! Here at Shepherdess International, we have been given a blessing I especially want to share with you.

Mrs. Margarida Sarli, has offered her services to Shepherdess International on a part-time volunteer basis. She is the wife of Elder Joel Sarli, an associate in the GC Ministerial Association, and a Brazilian by birth. She holds a B. A. in Theology and another in Education. The Ellen G. White Estate in Brazil was privileged to have her as their curator for a time. When the Sarli's moved to Toronto, Margarida served as a Bible Instructor in the Ontario Conference. She has spent the last ten years as a pastoral wife in a local district.

Margarida will travel with her husband and conduct seminars for pastoral wives. She is especially interested in pastoral children. She brings a wealth of experience from her years in the local church. Margarida and Joel will be a blessing to each field they visit. We are pleased to take advantage of this gracious gift.