

Leaving is Loving

Max Lucado

It seems that goodbye is a word all too prevalent in the Christian's vocabulary. Missionaries know it well. Those who send them know it, too. The doctor who leaves the city to work in the jungle hospital has said it. So has the Bible translator who lives far from home. Those who feed the hungry, those who teach the lost, those who help the poor all know the word goodbye.

Airports. Luggage. Embraces. Tail lights. "Wave to Grandma." Tears. Bus terminals. Ship docks. "Goodbye, Daddy." Tight throats. Ticket counters. Misty eyes. "Write me!"

Question: *What kind of God would put people through such agony? What kind of God would give you families and then ask you to leave them? What kind of God would give you friends and then ask you to say goodbye?*

Answer: *A God who knows that the deepest love is built not on passion and romance but on a common mission and sacrifice.*

Answer: *A God who knows that we are only pilgrims and that eternity is so close that any "Goodbye" is in reality a "See you tomorrow."*

Answer: *A God who did it Himself.*

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Credits:

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Between the Covers

Much of this issue is dedicated to articles about clergy children.

Mary Maxson opens the magazine by sharing a personal experience. Her honesty and openness will touch your heart.

Learn a lesson from "Those Wonderful One-Day Vacations" and take some quality time with your precious family. The memories will last a lifetime.

I was personally blessed and awakened by Jean Coleman's experience at a ministerial convention. All too quickly we rush to judge by outward appearance.

Finally, curl up in your favorite chair and enjoy an old story with a modern message.

May Jesus be very close to each of you.



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To Be Appointed

A Parent's Nightmare!

Mary Maxson



Mary Maxson is an editorial secretary for the Adventist Review. She and her husband have spent 25 years in ministry — 15 years in pastoral/ministerial ministry.

It was on a bitter, cold, blustery day in January 1993 when we received a letter from our teen-age daughter, Laura. "How lucky can you get," I proudly pondered, "she's just 45 minutes away and we get a letter from her! How special! She must really appreciate us." I hurriedly began reading the long-awaited letter. Within minutes my joy changed to horror. I found myself weeping, crying, wailing and shouting out to God, "Where have we failed!" The letter told how depressed, lonely and out of touch with reality Laura was. "I have no place to turn," she pled, "I'm thinking about committing suicide, but I'm just not sure how to do it without it hurting too much."

It was almost impossible to read the remainder of her plea through the flood of tears. The extreme emotional "baggage" I was bearing seemed to blur her message.

A cross-country move, loss of friends, as well as the loss of her peer support group, caused her desperate loneliness. She was crying out for help!

Because her father was employed at the conference office, Laura continued, "I didn't want

to embarrass you with the truth." "So," she anguished, "I tried to carry the burden alone." The burdens of her lonely life became too heavy to bear. Over laden by the weight of the load, she was wanting to end it all. The last paragraph of her anguish cry was: "Mom and Dad, I love you and it isn't your fault!"

Have you ever received a letter like that? What do you do? Who do you turn to? Feelings of failure, embarrassment and guilt seem to blur your view of reality. The thought "What if someone finds out?" pour down on you like thunder crashing and lightning flashing. How could I ever talk about it—all those myriads of questions, crushed feelings, baffled thoughts raced through my mind—and still do. Even as I write, my eyes fill with tears reliving the trauma we went through.

After regaining my shaken and distraught composure, I called a dear Bible teacher friend at the academy my daughter was attending. She had mentioned how much she was impressed by the Bible teacher's classes. Embarrassed and overwrought, I shared with him a brief summary of Laura's letter. I told him, "I can't do anything right now until I

think this through. Perhaps you can keep an eye on her and make sure she doesn't follow through with her threat."

Ben, my ministerial secretary husband, had not yet arrived home from an out-of-town meeting. When he walked in the house, needless to say, one look at my white-ashen face told him something was seriously wrong. Bursting into tears again, I handed him the letter. As he studied each word, he became speechless. Fear marred his face!

The teachers and other personnel at the academy gave Laura time off from her studies so she could obtain counseling. She needed time to restructure her life. I thank the Lord every day for the dedicated academy personnel who so willingly worked with us.

It seemed like we were in a daze for the next six to eight months. Our hands seemed totally bound by circumstances. I ached inside, wanting to fix the problem, wanting to save her, wanting to redo whatever part we had in this. Yet, we had to step back and allow God to heal her and us. Wow! I can still remember the pain!

In our 20+ years of pastor-team ministry we have dealt with many kinds of situations like this, but always from the "other side of the desk." When it comes to your own child—what do you do?

The glue that held me together and gave me sanity through this ordeal was the awareness that God is so reliable through difficulties and trauma. He is the God with SuperGlue who carries us through these situations. My grip on Him was slippery with the

unknown. There were times when I couldn't hang on very tightly because of my fear. However, at that moment when I gave Laura—mentally, physically and spiritually—to Him, I began seeing a change in myself and Laura.

You see, some of us have this "Messiah complex" where we are driven to fix everything that needs fixing—and the hard facts

*It is amazing what
God does when we step
out of the way and give
Him permission to
take control . . .*

are—we can't! We can't BECAUSE we are NOT the Messiah! We don't have the power to save! We don't have the power to fix it! How often we think we can because "we're in the ministry, that's our job." Ultimately, only Jesus has that power!

The next few months were grueling, spent in constant self-examination, a revelation of our family and ourselves. We had to allow God to teach us what steps to take moment by moment. What an awe-inspiring thought. Just when we felt we couldn't see beyond our tears, the Lord brought a special person into our lives. Recognition on our part that we should restructure our lifestyle was one life changing revelation. A pastor expends so much emotional energy and involvement with others, it is easy

to become blinded to situations in the home, even when something is staring him in the face. Some of our spouses feel that it is the "work" that will offer salvation. My observation is that the devil blind-sides us, trapping is into "workaholism" which often leads to the destruction of our own families. What a sin!

The Lord realizes that unless we go to Him for answers, we can self-destruct. Sometimes, however, it takes experiences like we went through to get our attention, to force the fact that we cannot be "Saviors."

Through a series of heart wrenching prayers, submission to our Master and total reliance on the Lord, we, as parents, were able to work through many issues. A good Christian counselor for both Laura and ourselves helped to bridge some chasms in our relationships. We have become more sensitive parents. Now we aren't afraid to be vulnerable with others.

Many of us have the idea that because of our positions, we show a weakness in our walk with the Lord if we talk about our struggles or problems. Yet, by going through this experience personally, we can better understand the anguish some parents go through. God has brought us various opportunities to interact with hurting families.

When Laura started college 3,000 miles away, I again encountered fear, "What will she do if she gets overwhelmed again?" Then I remembered that I wasn't the one who "saved" her to begin with. It was my loving Savior and Lord who cares far more about her than even I do. It's hard to

imagine! Oh, the immeasurable love and compassion my dear Lord and Father has for us—He longs for us to adore Him and to allow Him to embrace us with His strong arms and healing touch. The jewels of God's promises soothed my aching soul like the olive oil healing the gaping wounds of wounded sheep. "I'll never forsake you nor leave you," the assurance of His presence, kept ringing in my ears.

Laura had a rebirth experience during her year in college. I'm constantly letting her go, watching her go through difficulties. Is it back and watch God perform His miracles in each of us. Pleading with God to show us what to do each moment is a freeing experience, although it is not without a struggle.

It is amazing what God does when we step out of the way and give Him permission to take control of our dear children instead of us trying to be a "savior." Too many times, we want our "cherubs" to be an example so we will look good, and others will think we are doing an acceptable job of parenting! In other words we usurp God's kingly power.

Through this excruciating experience, I have learned that God is a much greater, bigger, compassionate God than you or I could ever begin to imagine. Now I experience the love letters Jesus personally writes to me. Claiming His promises, keeping my prayer diary and sharing with others have given me opportunity to tell the story of Jesus as a real, personal, caring, intimate God. He's alive and well! He *still* performs miracles in us and in our children, if we *will* only allow Him to.

I've come across two books that

enhanced my spiritual journey: *The Discipline of Grace*, by Jerry Bridges, and *Embracing God*, by David Swart. These books have helped me realize I must "preach" the gospel of salvation to myself every day.

I would like to share a quote about God's amazing love and longing to embrace us in His life: "God became a man who stood right in front of us, not in some church setting, but in the gritty and exhausting arena of everyday life to show us what He was like. Jesus' teachings, healings, dealings with people—even His death on the cross—show anyone taking a moment to look the deepest concerns of God's heart.

Intimacy: . . . God goes first; the Bible is His diary where His heart is bare on every page. His love for us and disclosure to us make Him vulnerable. But He always thinks the risk is worth it." (*Embracing God*, p. 24).

Have any of you received a suicide letter from your child? Have you had a "parent's nightmare"? Are some of you hurting spiritually, mentally and in your relationships over the "loss" of a child? Read God's love letters. May God give you the assurance of His peace and His love as you allow His grace to penetrate your lives. ✨

Please note that permission has been given by all parties involved to share this story.

Broken Dreams

As children bring their broken toys
With tears for us to mend,
I brought my broken dreams to God
Because He is my friend,
But instead of leaving Him
In peace to work alone,
I hung around and tried to help
With ways that were my own.
At last I snatched them back and cried,
"How can You be so slow?"—
"My child," He said,
"What could I do?
You never did let go."

—Author Unknown



Like Daddy

Marija Trajkovska

When I was a little girl my father used to work hard and did not have much time for me. Rarely did he take the time to talk to me, play with me or take me for a walk. I craved my father's attention and would do about anything to get him to notice me.

I particularly remember one Friday afternoon. I was five and a half. Everyone in my family except my father was preparing for the Sabbath. He was not a Seventh-day Adventist and he was getting ready to go to his barber for his regular hair cut.

I was ready for the Sabbath. My clean, freshly ironed dress was on, my long curly hair carefully brushed and my black shoes polished. I was waiting impatiently.

All of a sudden I got an irresistible desire to go to the barber's shop with my father instead of staying home and having evening worship with my mother and my grandparents. I started pleading with him to take me with him. My mother objected. She did not want me to be late for the Sabbath. There was little time left before sundown. But I was persistent and finally she let me go. I promised to be back in time.

Happily and proudly I took my father's big hand and walked towards the barber's shop.

Marija Trajkovska, a pastor's wife, served as dean of women at the Belgrade Seminary before moving two months ago to Macedonia where her husband is serving as president of the mission.

There were many customers there and there was a long wait before my father's turn. Sitting there among all those unknown men, I thought to myself: "Maybe my Dad and I are not so close because we are so different. If we were a little bit more alike, we would surely be closer to each other. I have to think up something to change that."

Rarely did my father take the time to talk to me.



Soon it was Dad's turn and several minutes later the barber gave him a brand new hair cut. I was delighted. Daddy looked so nice. Then an idea occurred to me. I quickly approached the barber and said, "Do the same to me." He did not seem to understand, so I explained. "Make the same hair cut for me, please." He was surprised and totally confused. So was my dad. I looked up and begged, "Please, Daddy, let me get a haircut like you."

"No way," he objected. "What would your mother say? And your grandmother?"

"Please, Daddy. I want to be just like you. Please, Daddy."

Father was determined not to let me do that. Soon I was in tears begging for his consent. Everybody in the shop

knew what was going on. Finally, father consented to my proposal.

I sat on a big barber's chair. He took off the yellow bow my grandmother put on the top of my head and soon my long curls were on the shop's floor. I did not care at all. A little bit later, I left the shop, my hand in my father's hand. My long pretty curls had been replaced with a short masculine haircut.

I did not care that it looked ugly on me. I did not care that the kids in my neighborhood laughed at me as soon as they noticed me. I did not care for the creased yellow ribbon in my pocket. I did not even care that I was late for the Sabbath.

I was like Dad. We had the same hair cut. We were alike. That was the most important thing for me at that moment.

Remembering this childhood experience some time ago, I asked myself: Do I have the same earnest desire to identify with my Heavenly Father? Do I so eagerly want to be like Him day after day?

God has always had an abundance of time for me. He has waited so patiently for me to come to Him. He uses every opportunity to make sure He is with me day by day. And He is the only One I can imitate and follow in everything without fear. He is my perfect Example.

"To be like Him. Like My Heavenly Father. Like Abba." That was Jesus' motto at the beginning of each new day. Let it be mine and yours also. ❀

Sending Your Children to Meet Goliath

Jill Briscoe

It's hard for pastors' kids to fight Goliath with all Israel watching.



Jill Pauline Briscoe is just that . . . real . . . down to earth, disarmingly honest . . . with a well adjusted, healthy outlook on her gifts, her family, her ministry.

Jill was born in Liverpool, England. She and her husband, Stuart, ministered with Capernwray Missionary Fellowship in England where Jill worked with young people as Youth Director.

Jill is lay advisor to the Women's Ministry at Elmbrook Church now, where Stuart pastors, and she is director of "Telling the Truth" media ministry. She is editor of Just Between Us, a magazine for ministry wives and women in ministry.

This article appeared in Sunday to Sunday, Fall 1988.

When our youngest child was in junior high, he decided he didn't want to go to church any more. He felt he knew it all, his dad preached too long, and none of his friends went. I reminded him his older brother had always attended church, never felt his dad preached too long, and went whether his friends were there or not. I was busy polishing his brother's armor to put on Peter.

Despite my mistake, God was faithful. Peter survived, and at present is a junior high pastor in charge of hundreds of kids who don't want to go to church.

We all tend to think we know exactly the equipment our children need to fight the giants of life. Just as Saul hung his heavy armor on David for his fight with Goliath, we busily hang our expectations, or worse, the church's expectations, all over their little lives. We need to let our children say, "That's not my armor. That's Saul's. Don't hang Saul's things on me. Let me be David."

Pastors' kids are especially susceptible to such well-intentioned gifts. After all, we reason, what do they know about war? We are the veterans who have learned the skills of battle. We forget that David is another

generation altogether and he must do it his own way.

For example, we know our kids need to be in the Bible. So we go to the Christian bookstore, buy out the shop, and hurry home so we can begin to stuff our child into a shield of faith shaped by the contents of the shopping bag. I remember trying to do it with our daughter. It didn't work. She resolutely put the books aside, thanking me politely. She more or less told me I had to forgive her for getting to know God her own way. Eventually she chose a system of study that fit her needs exactly.

Every parent's heart misses a beat as she watches a child select five small stones from the riverbed, fit them in the sling, and step out to face the foe. *Do it the way I did*, we cry, silently if we're sensible, out loud if we're normal.

But our Davids already have five small, ideal stones. These are their weapons, and we rob them at great peril. (1) Our children's natural abilities given by God with their personalities in mind. (2) Their own burgeoning faith. (3) A young person's enthusiasm and incredible potential. (4) The background and heritage of their short past that molded their minds and prepared them in the

school of hard knocks. (5) The spiritual gifts and calling of God.

David's prowess with the sling and stone brought Goliath down. He acquired those skills as the youngest of many brothers who kept sheep. If he had not been left alone to face the lion and the bear, would he have stepped out alone against Goliath?

Our children have a King

within them. Royal blood flows in their veins. It's hard for pastors' kids to remember that, as they fight Goliath with all of Israel watching. Sometimes brothers jeer on the sidelines and parents try to dress them in someone else's armor. But let David be David, and he'll chop Goliath's head right off.

Help David gather his small

stones. Take a risk and give teens responsibility. Put them to work. Don't entertain them to keep them in church. Employ them in the fight. Dare to send them on short-term missions or team them with a college kid to teach a class. Let David be David, and send him out to do battle in the name of the Lord. You won't be sorry—you'll see. ❀

When the School Bus Passes By

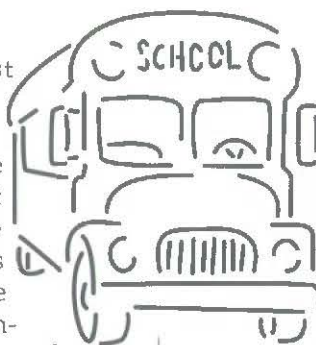
B. J. Funk

School buses are now busy, once again carrying our country's young people to their designated schools. I think about a Valdosta, Georgia, housewife, a retired teacher of 35 years, as she prepares breakfast and looks out of her kitchen window at a new morning. In between placing the cereal bowls on the counter and heating water for coffee, she takes quick glances at the road in front of her house. Soon the school bus will pass, and she will once again pause to pray for each student's day. It's a daily habit, as regular as clockwork in her life.

As she explained to me, "I get a sad feeling when I see

the school bus, just thinking about some of the problems the young people have already faced that morning: Some have seen their parents fighting; others have been screamed at unjustly. How can we expect the students to have good days in school when they're facing so many family problems? So, whenever the school bus passes by, I just stop and pray for all the students on that bus."

That same woman, who is also my mother, has helped me to appreciate the importance of praying for school children. There have been periods in my teaching career when I felt burdened by negative moods permeating my classroom. Unruly students and uncooperative attitudes left me searching for new approaches to discipline, new gimmicks of control. Nothing seemed to work as well as when I remembered my mother's example of prayer.



Kneeling beside my bed, roll book in hand, offering each child's needs to the Lord and leaving my concerns with Him, has changed my focus from despair to faith, and I have witnessed certain positive changes in my classroom.

I know people who automatically pray whenever they see a fire truck rushing down the street or when they see the flashing lights of an ambulance. It's good to form habits of prayer, whispers of praise and pleas that go forth throughout our days.

Our nation's children desperately need prayer. The pressures are tremendous. The struggles sometimes seem overpowering. Maybe this is a good time for you to decide to form a new habit of prayer, a habit of praying for students as they begin a new school year.

And then wait for the school bus to pass by. ❀

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Natasha's Story

Natasha
Ivanova



Natasha Ivanova lives in Moscow, Russia. She is very active in Women's Ministries and enjoys entertaining visitors in her home. She and her pastor-husband, Valore, have three boys.

I was born in Krasnayarsk 26, a secret military city. My father graduated from college as a military officer and was sent to Krasnayarsk to work as the leader of the Communist Party. He supervised a factory which produced secret military weapons. He was also a leader in the Youth Communist Organization; he taught many young people. My father's peer group admired him greatly for his musical ability; he sang and played the accordion. My father and his friends partied every night, drinking and dancing.

One night he saw a Bible at one of the parties and he thought to himself, "I know what Communism says about the Bible. I know I am supposed to talk against it, but now I want to find out about it for myself. I want to know what it says." The Bible belonged to the mother of one of his friends, and when he asked to have it, she refused to give it to him. He continued to beg her, but she was afraid to give it to him because he was a Communist leader. Eventually, however, she did give him a New Testament.

My father and mother began reading the New Testament together at home. Upon completion of reading it, he copied it in its entirety by hand.

Mother and father had many interesting things happen to them

after reading the New Testament. They began to feel it was wrong to go to the movies, parties and dances. They asked the lady who gave them the New Testament what to do. She suggested they pray about it. She also invited them to her Baptist church in Krasnayarsk.

My parents started to attend this church regularly. They had to go through four gates from Krasnayarsk 26 (a factory complex) to the open section of the city. Several men began to question their Sunday trips. When father realized that others were suspicious of his activities and beliefs, he decided to openly hand in his Communist documents and renounce the Communist Party. His superiors tried to discourage and humiliate him by putting him on TV. Newspaper articles were printed about him in an attempt to embarrass him.

Two of his brothers-in-law, also Communist leaders in Khavarosk, put articles in the local paper asking people to save their sister from Christianity.

When the Communists realized my father was serious in his new found beliefs, they gave our family 24 hours to leave the city. There were four of us: my father, my mother, my elder brother, age 5, and me, Natasha, age 2. We left with two suitcases and went to the south port of Russia, Frenzie,

where my father had family. All of my father's relatives, grandfather, three sisters and one brother, were staunch Communists. His brother gave us a three-room apartment.

I have fond memories of a friendly, kind-looking man who came to the house every week and gave coins of Lenin as gifts. One time I remember my father asking this man to leave our apartment and never return. He also told him we would leave the apartment. In later years, I learned from my mother that this man was a KGB agent who was promising my father a good job and a career if he would go to East Germany to work. My father refused all this, left the apartment, and began to build a house for his family.

My father was a leader in the Baptist church and studied the Bible regularly on his own. Based on his reading, he began to question the Baptist teachings like using home-brewed wines for communion and omitting foot washing as part of the ceremony. In my father's church, the church leaders tasted each wine, then chose the best. Some became so drunk they could not go up the stairs. Such actions made my father question the use of wine. When he began to question his fellow leaders they became worried and questioned his allegiance to their faith and removed him as one of their church leaders.

The church had a membership of about 2,000 members. Many of these were youth who loved my father's spirit. They helped him build a new home in two weekends. When the house was finished, he built a barn and made the yard beautiful. Then he purchased cows, chickens and pigs. He also learned the carpentry trade when we moved to Frenzie;

he was able to make beautiful furniture for our home and for others.

It was not possible to buy food for the animals directly from the government, so he had to buy animal feed from people who stole it from the government. My father did not feel this was right.

A conservative Baptist Christian from Barnaul in Siberia came to visit our home and told my father of the wonderful agriculture opportunities there. He said the fairest forests and best rivers were in Barnaul. My grandfather realized my father was going to move to Barnaul, so he went first to wait for us. There he bought a home for himself and my grandmother. He told the local authorities about my father; he said his intent was to save them from Christianity.

We left Frenzie and went to a small village up the river, not far from Barnaul. When we arrived at this village, we bought a house. Soon after we purchased the house, we realized the foundation was being eaten by termites. This had been the only house for sale in this village. This had been the plan of the local Communist authorities.

Sometimes we stayed with my grandfather and when we did, I would ask him to turn off the TV so we could pray! He became upset with me and said, "This is a godly girl. I will never be able to take these ideas away from this child."

When we weren't living with my grandfather, we lived in our own termite-ridden home with no furniture except a table. We lived in this house for two months while my father went to find another home with what little money we had left.

In Bisk we bought a two-room house as well as a foundation for another one next to it. My father

built a house on the foundation himself. I was seven years old and about to enter school that September.

All that summer my father worked on our home and we children tried to help as much as we could. Once again father became the leader of the Baptist Church.

In September, I entered the first grade. In the first grade, a child must be an Octoberist and wear a special star with Lenin's picture. I refused. Another girl refused. Because of our refusal, we encountered many problems. I told my parents about this girl. My father became very interested to know why this girl also refused to wear the star. He asked me to find out about this girl and her religion.

I asked the girl if I could walk her home. Though she was suspicious of my motives, she agreed. Then I asked her if she had a Bible at home. She was a very wise girl for her age and replied she did not. But her reserve left when I told her my family had a Bible. She finally admitted her family owned a Bible too. When we arrived at her home that Friday afternoon, her mother was cooking and the family was cleaning. The mother apologized to me for the family's business, but explained that they were getting ready for the Sabbath. Then the mother invited my parents to visit.

The following evening, which was Sabbath evening, my parents visited my friend's home. From that first Sabbath evening meeting, and almost every evening that following winter, my parents walked three kilometers there and back through the woods in very cold weather to study the Bible. My father had many questions and persisted in having all his questions answered. As he

and my mother would read the texts, he would say to her, "Vera, why didn't we understand this before?"

At the end of winter, our family killed a pig. The family broke out with severe illness. My father asked our new Adventist friends if they could tell him what was wrong with his family's diet! This kind man and his wife were not going to discuss diet with my parents until the end of the studies because they saw we had a big family and knew my parents needed the pig to feed us. Finally they opened up the Bible to Leviticus 11 and showed the chapter to my parents. My father was very upset, not over not eating pork but because the friends had not told him earlier. As it turned out, the kind Adventists were the pastor and his wife. Then came the question about what to do with the remainder of the pig. Father went to the pastor to ask what he should do. As he was returning home, he could see dark smoke coming out of the chimney. My mother hadn't waited for my father's return but had pitched the rest of the meat into the stove! The pastor had told my father we could give it to another family member or to the neighbors, but mother could not wait for an answer.

My parents were baptized that spring along with 12 Baptists from the church where my friend's father was the pastor. Father became an elder in the 100-membership Adventist church.

In the second grade, I began to keep the Sabbath and did not attend school on Sabbaths.

My family has been blessed to learn of the wonderful truth about Jesus. First we became Baptists, then Adventist Christians. I am so proud of my family and our love for Jesus. ❀

A Chosen Vessel

The Master was searching for a vessel to use.
Before Him were many. Which one would He choose?
"Take me," cried the gold one, "I'm shiny and bright.
I am of great value, and I do things just right.
My beauty and luster will outshine the rest,
And for someone like you,
Master, gold would be best."

The Master passed on with no word at all,
And looked at a silver urn, narrow and tall.
"I'll serve You, dear Master. I'll pour out your wine.
I'll be on your table, whenever you dine.
My lines are so graceful, my carvings so true, and my silver beauty
will certainly compliment you."

Unheeding, the Master passed on to the vessel of brass,
Wide-mouthed and shallow, and polished like glass.
"Here, Here," cried the vessel, "I know I will do.
Place me on your table for all men to view."

The Master came next to the vessel of wood,
Polished and carved, it solidly stood.
"You may use me, dear Master,"
the wooden bowl said,
"But I'd rather you used me for fruit, not for bread."

Then the Master looked down on a vessel of clay,
Empty and broken it helpless lay.
No hope had the vessel that the Master might choose
To cleanse and make whole, to fill and to use.
"Oh, this is the vessel I've been hoping to find.
I'll mend it and use it, and make it all mine.
I need not the vessel with pride of itself,
Nor the one that is narrow, to sit on the shelf.
Nor the one that is big-mouthed, shallow and loud,
Nor the one that displays its contents so proud."

Then gently He lifted the vessel of clay.
Mended and cleansed it, and filled it that day.
He spoke to it kindly,
"There's work you must do.
Just pour out to others what I pour into you."

—Author Unknown

Those Wonderful One-Day Vacations

*Marsha Schemmer
Blake*

**They were
inexpensive but
packed with
memory-making
experiences.**



Marsha Schemmer Blake is actively involved in her church, working with children, music and a nursing home ministry.

She and her husband have two grown daughters and five grandchildren. Their latest one-day vacation was with their two youngest granddaughters, ages 4 and 22 months.

This article appeared in Home Life, March 1994. Used with permission

This place sounds interesting," my mother commented as she studied a much used road map. "Wildcat Den State Park."

"When can we go?" my brother and I demanded.

"How about tomorrow?" my dad suggested. And our plans were complete for a one-day vacation.

Those spur-of-the-moment trips became the most fondly remembered experiences of my childhood. My father's salary as a small church minister couldn't stretch for the kind of vacations my friends took. Mountains were too far away, and the commercial extravaganzas close to home were too costly. However, my friends' traditional vacations could not have been more memory filled than our frequent one-day jaunts. And all our enjoyment cost only a fraction of their outlay.

With today's stressful living and economic uncertainty, maybe its time to revive something that worked so well for our family. The elements for success were few; most of them had to do with attitude.

Requirements for a fun day

Spontaneity was the first requirement. We never marked those "vacation days" on a

calendar or worked them into a schedule. My mother knew the time had arrived to explore a new facet of our world when the doldrums set in or my brother and I could no longer stand each other. Without a word to us, she dug out road maps of northwestern Illinois and eastern Iowa. She poured over them until a name or a place caught her imagination. At her mention of an interesting sounding destination, our family was ready to travel.

The second requirement for our excursions was simplicity. We took no cooler or picnic basket. This was also to be a vacation from meal preparation. Close to lunch time we stopped at a small town store to buy a loaf of bread, a package of bologna, four bananas, and four bottles of pop. (Those were the best bologna sandwiches I've ever eaten.)

Occasionally we experienced delightful departures from our usual well-balanced meal. One was the purchase of a ring of bologna and a box of soda crackers. My dad used his pocket knife to cut the meat. We ate our bologna and cracker sandwiches while strolling down a cow lane.

Another time our meal was smoked fish and soda crackers purchased at a fishing village on

the Mississippi River. The tiny settlement had no park, but a weedy spot at the Y in the road worked just as well.

The meal I liked best of all consisted of nothing but watermelon. That was a Labor Day trip down the Iowa side of the Mississippi to Muscatine's watermelon country. My mother did stick a salt shaker and four spoons in the glove compartment for that outing. We bought enough melons to fill the trunk of our 1940 Dodge. Stopping at a country school yard, we ate our fill, then cleaned up our mess before we left.

A third requirement for success was a sense of adventure. We mulled the names and histories of places around in conversation as we traveled to them. Echo Valley reminded me of a book by a favorite author, and I wondered if it were the location of her story.

We were awestruck at the method a tribe of Indians used to cut off another tribe from food and water at Starvation Rock.

Might wildcats still live at Wildcat Den?

We believed fun and excitement awaited us at every destination, so of course it did. The part that attitude played in our enjoyment became apparent the day two younger children accompanied us. Our day's goal was to stand on the highest point in Illinois. The map showed the approximate location; the local inquires pinpointed the exact spot to be in a farmer's field a distance from the road. After securing permission, we traipsed through the barnyard, crawled through several fences, and were chased by dogs that were more friendly than vicious. We finally stood on

the state's highest point, feeling like explorers claiming a new land. The young guests with us, however, whined and fussed the whole time, never catching our enthusiasm and enjoyment.

Benefits reaped

We reaped several benefits from our one-day vacations. The most important was family fun.



*With today's stressful living
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On our first visit to the Mississippi Palisades State Park my brother and I wanted to stand on top of the limestone rock formation towering above the Mississippi River. My mother, who was klutzy even on level ground, didn't want to be left behind, so the fun began. With my dad pulling, my brother and me pushing, and all four of us laughing until we were weak, we made it to the top. The view was breathtaking, but ranked second in importance to the fun we had getting there.

A second benefit from our brief trips was becoming involved with history in a way that made it come alive. We went to Galena because the map identified it as the second oldest town in Illinois. The river community had changed little since the late 1800s. The butcher shop even sliced the bologna by

hand-thick, meaty slices. As we visited the museum home of Ulysses S. Grant, my brother and I learned the part of this historical figure, previously unknown to us, played in shaping our country's history.

A third benefit gained from our trips was finding unforgettable places to take visiting friends and relatives. Iowa's Maquoketa Caves State Park ranked at the top of our list. The destination called for a flashlight for the person leading the way through the caves and a camera to get a group picture under the natural bridge.

Thinking back on those childhood experiences, I realize that some things change with time. Today's family would probably purchase fast-food picnic fare from a mini-mart. But the opportunities for family fun and stress reduction at a nominal fee still awaits those with an adventurous spirit.

Dig out that rumpled road map. Pump enthusiasm into your family members. Some places of intrigue in your area beg discovery on fun-filled one-day vacations that will be long remembered. ❀



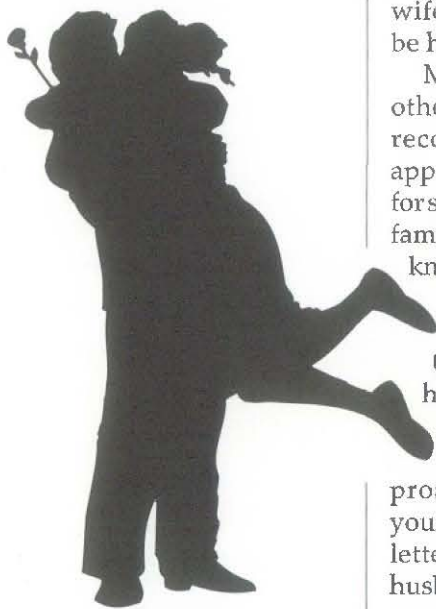
*If you have a need,
ask God.*

*If you don't have a need,
thank God.*



Be Your Hubby's Best Friend

Noemi O. Mactiag



A best friend is someone who appreciates, inspires, encourages and loves you even at your worst. The best thing a wife can do for her husband is to be his best friend.

Men love appreciation from others. They will gladly receive recognition. A man's need for approval is as strong as your need for security in financial matters and family relationships. When a man knows his wife approves of him, he enjoys her companionship. He will find himself spontaneously complementing her in response to the approval she gives. One way to show approval is the "direct" approach—expressing esteem for your husband verbally or through letters, love notes and cards. A husband commented, "When she sends cards that cite specific qualities she appreciates in me, I feel inspired to think about her praiseworthy qualities and reciprocate with a card."

Here are some of the "indirect" approaches to show appreciation for your husband:

1. Be attentive to his concerns.
2. Look as attractive as possible when he comes home.
3. Prepare appetizing meals.
4. Show interest and ask ques-

tions about his job, activities, problems, achievements.

5. Listen attentively by focusing your eyes on him.

6. Don't make him compete when he's trying to talk to you.

A husband once testified: "While in college I dated a lot of different girls. Eventually I met a girl who had a particular quality that attracted me like a magnet. Even though I was still dating others, I called her almost every day, spending an hour or two on the phone with her. The magnetic quality that kept me racing for the telephone was this girl's positive attitude. She was always so much fun to talk to, never doing or even saying negative things. She was always encouraging and positive. Four years later we married and today, after 14 years of marriage, her positive outlook on life continues to be a tremendous source of joy and strength. She uses her alertness and awareness to look beyond surface issues, and she often sees positive benefits in situations that appear dark and hopeless to me."

We usually find it easy or necessary to have a positive attitude around our friends and associates. Don't you agree that our mates deserve the same consideration? When your hus-

Noemi O. Mactiag is a pastor's wife in the Philippines.

band comes home from work, the worst thing you can do is greet him with a negative comment about something he forgot to do or some disaster you encountered during the day. It is not that you should not talk about negative things, but there is a right time to talk about them. Wait until he's had a chance to rest or until the house is quiet after the kids have gone to bed. If a negative situation is so important that you have to confront him with it as soon as he comes home—then use the salt principle: Never communicate information you consider to be important without first creating a burning curiosity within the listener.

Our husbands aren't angels with halos, but they are human beings prone to commit mistakes. This calls for patience, understanding, genuine love, forgiveness, and foremost—acceptance. Knowing that they are accepted, understood and forgiven will encourage them to change for the better and even for the best.

Marriage is for keeps. Season it with much fun and happiness by being a best friend to your hubby and he will be one to you likewise. Always remember the common denominator of all the principles, love.

Love is . . .

*slow to suspect, quick to trust
slow to condemn, quick to justify
slow to offend, quick to defend
slow to expose, quick to shield
slow to reprimand, quick to
forbear
slow to belittle, quick to
appreciate
slow to demand, quick to give
slow to hinder, quick to help
slow to resist, quick to forgive
slow to provoke, quick to
conciliate.*



He Gives His Best in the Morning

Ann Maloney-Halim

As I walked the shores of the lake this morning, I saw God. He came quietly on the mists rising slowly from the glassy surface of the water.

I saw His beauty in the silent music of the magnificently choreographed waltz of a hundred purple martins.

I heard His voice as three wild geese wended their way overhead, honking noisily from their vantage point high above the awakening city. I mused how small and petty our incessant hurrying must seem when viewed from above.

I wondered at His playfulness in the cacophony of the little brown ducks taking their morning baths at the water's edge.

I marveled at His loveliness in the graceful movements of the timid heron silhouetted against the gathering morning light.

The pageant of praise continued as an undulating parade of migrating birds, like a hive of swarming bees, played whiplash high on the air.

Then I saw His smile in an explosion of light and grandeur as the sun catapulted night into day . . . and my soul was warmed.



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Despised and Rejected

Jean Coleman



Jean Coleman authors *The Pastor's Helpmate*, an outreach of *The Tabernacle in Laurel, Maryland*.

This article appeared in *The Pastor's Helpmate*, July 1993.

Have you ever felt like you just needed a break from your church? Recently my husband and I drove down to Tennessee to attend a small conference for pastors. We were seeking a place of refreshing where we could receive ministry from others for a change, instead of being on the giving end. My tank was running on nearly empty, and I longed to be refilled and recharged. Perhaps this is a poor confession, but I had actually become weary in well doing. The ministry had become a burden instead of a delight.

I felt far away from the Lord. And not only that, but I also felt far away from my husband, too! Of course, I talked to them both every day, but it was like we had become co-laborers rather than intimate lovers (whoso readeth, let her understand). My conversations with my Lord, as well as my conversation with my husband, centered on the church and the congregation. Precious few moments were spent expressing love, gratitude, and admiration. I yearned to be alone with God and with Jack to renew my relationship with them. I desperately wanted to return to my first love.

And what better solution than

to go to the beautiful mountains of Tennessee where I could spend time in the presence of the Lord, and also enjoy the company of my husband without interruption. As a deer pants for the water, so I longed for a drink of living water at the conference.

One of the delights of this gathering in Tennessee is that it provided the opportunity to fellowship with other pastors and their wives. It was billed as a pastors' conference, and although a few other church leaders attended, for the most part it was made up of senior pastors. What a blessing! Time with the Lord, time with Jack, and time with others of like mind. My cup was running over!

It was at the very first session that I noticed a young man sitting on the front row. He was dressed in a rumpled purple (!) suit, with his long blond hair pulled back in a ponytail and held in place by a rubber band. In his ear was a large silver earring. I immediately despised him in my heart.

"What's someone like that doing here at this conference?" I pondered. Just then he turned in my direction, and I strained to read the title typed on his badge. I was astonished to learn that he was a pastor.

Imagine that. The man was actually calling himself a pastor. Who would possibly attend a church with a pastor who looked like that? He was a disgrace to the profession. I was so caught up with thinking unkind thoughts about this "intruder" at the conference that I was unable to get my mind onto worshipping the Lord.

The next day he looked even worse. Would you believe that he showed up at the morning session wearing a pair of faded shorts and a tee-shirt? The impostor pastor (for that's what I had labeled him in my mind) seemed to be completely oblivious to the fact that he was improperly dressed and began to worship the Lord. He sang loudly and off key, but that didn't bother him either. Again, I found it difficult to enter into worship because he was such a distraction.

Directly in front of me was another distraction. She was a woman in her sixties who seemed to be attending the conference alone. Her manner of dress bothered me almost as much as the young man's attire. There was absolutely no reason she needed to look so frumpy and unattractive. During the teaching session I studied her carefully, mentally coloring her hair and giving her a modern up-to-date hair style. I applied imaginary make-up to her pale complexion and clothed her in a fashionable dress. As far as I was concerned, she was a total misfit at the conference, and I had no idea why she was even registered.

That session ended without my having taken a single note. I had been so busy being critical that my mind had been far away from spiritual things. It's difficult for me to admit to my pharisaical

attitude, but it's essential that you know exactly how I viewed these two people if you are going to understand what occurred at the final meeting of the conference.

Praise and worship was absolutely glorious as we gathered together in the sanctuary on the last night. The water was flowing, and there was an expectancy that there was going to be a visitation of God. When the speaker began to share from the Word, a holy conviction came upon the entire congregation. In the message the analogy was used of a woman who had recently lost her husband. She looked at his chair, but he was no longer sitting there. She opened his closet, and his clothes were all missing. His side of the bed was empty. He was no longer with her. Finally the question was asked, "Is the presence of the Lord still with you?"

An invitation was given and everyone moved to the front of the church. I found myself at the altar rail kneeling between the young pastor in the purple suit and the dowdy woman. Her head was cradled in her arms, and she was crying. I found it hard to pray, and I must be honest and say that I really wasn't sure that the presence of the Lord was still with me. I felt empty, and my attempt at prayer also seemed empty. I couldn't seem to move into a spiritual mode.

After several minutes, everyone went back to their seats. Only the woman remained at the front of the church. You could hear her sobs over the sound of the piano. I think we were all somewhat embarrassed over the emotion she was showing.

And then the young pastor rose from his seat, and walked over to the woman. Gently he placed his hand upon her shoulder, and I

could see his lips moving as he prayed for her. Then, sitting down beside her, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his handkerchief and dried her tears. As they talked together, her face became radiant and she began to smile. He was holding her hand in his, as they communed, and once he even reached up and stroked her hair.

Finally he stood up and helped the woman to her feet. They looked at each other face to face for a moment, and then he opened his arms wide. Without hesitation, she threw herself into them. They stood before us, the young man and the woman, locked in a holy embrace. Time stood still.

I rubbed my eyes in unbelief. The young man was no longer dressed in purple suit with an earring in his ear. In the spirit, I saw him wearing a white robe and sandals. I was looking at the love of Jesus manifested in human flesh. The very one I despised and rejected, the one I labeled an impostor pastor, was the only one in the midst of a hundred pastors who showed the heart of a true pastor. He was showing me Jesus!

And I knew by the Spirit that the woman, who I had also despised and rejected, was the widow of a pastor. For the first time, I noticed the gold band on her finger and understood her tears. The analogy of the widow contained in the message had opened the floodgates and loosed the grief stored within her heart. Probably she had attended this conference for years with her husband at her side. This time she had come alone.

My critical spirit had blinded me to the needs of others. I had knelt beside this hurting woman but turned my heart far from her.

I had judged her by outward appearances and lost the opportunity to minister the love of God.

Not only that, but I had turned up my nose at a sensitive young pastor who was filled with the love, mercy and compassion of God, simply because I didn't like the color of his suit. I wept before the Lord as the true nature of my heart was exposed.

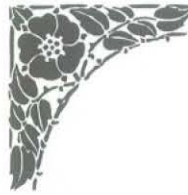
I came away from the conference with a new attitude. Chastened by the Spirit, yes, but knowing the blessed forgiveness of God. He had done a deep work in my heart. How easy it is for us to give place to a critical spirit, looking down on others and thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. But how faithful the Lord is to point out our flaws and melt our hardened hearts.

What about you? Have you been judging by outward appearances? Are you slapping a label on people before you really have an opportunity to know their hearts? How do you feel about long-haired pastors dressed in purple suits? Or frumpy women who have lost their joy? Are you still demonstrating the love of Jesus or have you become a respecter of persons?

Put yourself in my shoes. What would you have done? ❀



*How seldom we weigh
our neighbor in the same
balance as ourselves.*



My God is Real

Gladlyn William

*I see Him in the sunshine,
And at the setting sun.
He's there in every flower,
In grass and tree and shrub.
Just look out there in nature;
God looks right back at you.
He speaks through trees and rivers
and in the gentle breeze.
He walks with me each step I take;
My hand He holds in His.
I feel His touch, I know His voice;
He lives within my heart.*

*Gladlyn Williams is a pastoral wife from Grenada.
She serves as the Shepherdess coordinator for her conference.*



The Thanksgiving Guest

Louise Chandler Moulton

Not going to make any Thanksgiving this year?" Deacon Comstock's face expressed the utmost astonishment of which it was capable. He had come in from doing his morning "chores," and found his wife sitting down with her knitting, on this, the day before Thanksgiving, the day which should, according to all precedent, have been the busiest in the year.

"Want any help, mother?" he had said cheerfully.

And then came a sudden burst of tears that quite startled him; for Mrs. Comstock was not one of the crying kind of women, and she said, amid her sobs, that she wasn't going to make any Thanksgiving this year—why should she? What had she to be thankful for?

Deacon Comstock understood her well enough for all the astonishment in his face and his voice. God's hand had been laid upon them this year, heavily. Three years before, their only son, a reckless, roistering lad, in whom there was less of actual harm than of merry mischief and impatience of restraint, had run away from

his sober, Puritanical home, and gone to sea. They had never heard of him since. They knew not whether the deep sea held him or under what strange skies he sailed, or what far-off shores he roamed.

This blow had been hard to bear, but Deacon John Comstock and his wife called themselves Christians, and they tried to submit their hearts in patience. And when Thanksgiving time came and they missed merry Jack so sorely, his sister, their only daughter, had brought home to comfort them in Jack's stead, her first baby, a little rosy boy, just old enough to laugh up in their faces, and hold out chubby arms to go from one to the other.

Two more Thanksgiving times had come and gone since then, and that child had been their consolation. His baby kisses had soothed away their heartache. With him and his father and mother to welcome, there had been something for which to make Thanksgiving.

But neither baby Joe nor his fair young mother would ever again come smiling home. There had been a few days of terrible illness, and then in the summer twilight the boy had laid his golden head on his mother's breast, and her arms had folded round him; and

so the watchers coming in had found them, lying as if asleep.

They had been brought back to the old homestead, and buried in one grave; and then Martha's husband had gone away to seek solace among strange scenes. He was young and strong, and for him time might bring comfort; but a bitterer woe, for which change of scene would have offered no balm, settled down upon the stricken parents. The mother, especially, mourned night and day with an agony that would not be comforted. She said nothing, but you could read her mutinous misery in the thin, wasting form, the eyes that solitary weeping had dimmed, and the hair turning white so fast. Now, at last, she had begun to speak. Words—bitter, rebellious words—came hotly:

"God has not been merciful, John. To thank Him would be a mockery. I lost Jack, and I bore it, and thought that in some unknown way it must be meant for good. But I had Martha then, and little Joe, and now they too are gone. Shall I make a feast for the dead to eat? Whom have we left among the living?"

"And yet, mother, let us make the feast; for five and twenty years we have not failed to keep this festival together. Let us not pass it over now with thankless hearts,

This article appeared in The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald (Volume 106, Number 7), November 21, 1929.

and it may be that the guests will come. I, too, have mourned for our children, but I see the Father's mercy yet, for He has left me you, my dearest."

He stopped, and his hand rested on his wife's shoulder with a tender touch. His words had pierced through her sullen sorrow, her numb despair, right to the core of her heart. His dearest! Was not he that to her, also; and with him by her side, had she dared to say she had nothing for which to be thankful? What if he, too, had been taken? She looked at him with eyes in whose loving depths he never missed the girlish brightness, and said, with a new sweetness in her quivering voice:

"I have sinned, John. God has been merciful in sparing you. I have yet something for which to keep Thanksgiving. We will make our feast as usual. If no guests come, we can send of our abundance to the poor and the needy, and we will partake together of heaven's bounty with thankful heart—we two—as we used to do in those first years before the children came."

All the rest of that day there was no lack of stir and bustle in Deacon Comstock's house. The mistress omitting nothing of the usual Thanksgiving preparations. She made the pies, the plum pudding, the delicate cakes and jellies—every trifle that Jack or Martha had loved she took pleasure in preparing, as a sort of memorial offering. So busied, the day that she had meant to make one of gloomy, selfish, thankless indulgence in her sorrow, passed quickly; and at night, tired though she was, her face bore a look at once brighter and more peaceful than her husband had seen on it since Martha and her baby had

gone to sleep in the summer twilight.

Through the evening they sat and talked together—peaceful, tender talk about the dead and about those long absent. Especially they spoke of Jack, of his merry, boyish ways, of his loving heart, of his courage and his truth. All that was noblest in him seemed to live again in their memories. They forgot how willful, and obstinate, and hard to rule he was, and only remembered him at his best.

"My mind misgives me often, mother, lest we were too hard on the boy," the deacon said at last. "I think we drew the reins too tight, and his mettle was too high to stand it. And now no one knows what his fate will be!"

"Yes, God knows," the wife answered softly. Since morning, convinced anew of God's mercy to herself, her faith seemed somehow to have grown. "God is as near to him, John, as to us, on the sea as well as on the land. We shall see the boy again—if not here, there, where there is no sea. It is borne in upon my mind that the Lord will hear our prayers, and that when we walk in His heaven, we shall not miss the face of our boy."

And then hand in hand they knelt and prayed for their wanderer, for all wanderers, for all sorrow-stricken and lonely souls, for all those who grope in the darkness of this world—prayed that the celestial morning might break for them by and by, and the

tired feet rest safely where wait the many mansions.

The snow had begun falling with the twilight. The rambling country village was still. Under every home roof the loved ones were gathered in, sheltered from storm, and cold, and care, waiting for the morrow.

There seemed something ominous in the very stillness to a

traveler who walked along the highway. He had stopped at a railway station two miles off, whither he had come on a late train, and he was now making his way on foot, through the softly falling snow, over paths that seemed to be familiar to him. It made him think of cerements folded above the dead—this white, still-falling snow that was covering the cold, frozen shape of hills and valleys.

A fear stole into his heart and chilled the blood in his veins—a superstitious fear, perhaps, born of the night stillness, the gleaming snow, the darkness through which all objects loomed ghostly and uncertain as phantoms. He turned aside from the highway and walked rapidly through a lane into a little country graveyard and on among the graves, until he reached the farthest corner, and stood under a great, heavily drooping willow, in a lot set apart from the rest by an iron railing.

Then he stood and counted the gravestones—grandfather and grandmother, two uncles,

*It seemed to him that
a voice he used to
know and love called
him, as one might call
a lost child through
the darkness. . .*

the tiny slab with his baby sister's name, the sister whom he could just remember as a blue-eyed wonder, with golden curls and lips as bright as red berries—all those he knew; but whose was that other stone, which was not there when last he stood under that willow? He brushed away the snow with his hand, and felt for the inscription that it was too dark to see. But his fingers were almost stiffened with the cold, and he could only be sure of the first letter, a capital M.

His fears sprang up to the stature of convictions—it was the initial letter of his mother's name. This, then, was the work these years had wrought—the home he was coming to was one where no mother's face would smile, no mother's voice would welcome him. And if his going away had killed her, what hope was there that his father would ever forgive

him? Might he not as well go back in the night and the storm, and carry his sorrow with him—vanish, as he had come, in the darkness, making no sign? For a moment, standing irresolute among those graves, under that willow, he argued the question with himself; and then it seemed to him that a voice he used to know and love called him, as one might call a lost child through the darkness:

"Come home, boy, come home!"

He hesitated no longer, but walked on swiftly through the falling snow, until he stood before Deacon John Comstock's door, and lifted the ponderous knocker with a hand that trembled despite the brave courage of his young manhood. He drew his soft hat close over his eyes, and wrapped his coat around him with its collar turned up so that only a straight nose and a bit of brown beard were in sight when the deacon

opened the door.

"It is storming," he said. "Can you give me shelter?"

It was not the boyish voice that used to ring so merrily in Martha Comstock's ears; it was fuller, deeper than that other voice, and less smooth, but there was something in it which made her heart beat chokingly. Then the stranger crossed the threshold, and the light fell on the little of his face that was in sight. She had kissed a beardless boy the last time she bade merry Jack good night; but no change of voice, no bronze or beard deceived the mother's heart.

"Our Father has sent the guest!" she cried. "Oh, John, He has sent the guest!" as she sprang forward and took her own boy, snow and all, into her close, trembling arms. "My boy! my own boy Jack!" sang the voice he had longed to hear. He was indeed home. ❀



Time to Move

*Too many a discontented mourner
Spends her days on Grumble Corner—
Frow and sad—whom I long to entreat
To get a house on Thanksgiving Street!*





Shepherdess International News

Eastern Africa Division

Angeline Musvosvi hosted the following speakers: Mary Maxson, Adly Campos, Rae Patterson, and Claire Eva, as they itinerated through the Eastern Africa Division. The ladies held meetings and seminars for pastoral spouses at the Conference and Union Ministers' Meetings, before all convened at the World Ministers Council in South Africa.



Zambesi Union pastors' wives.



Zambesi Union pastor's wife models the new uniform.



Elsa Masuku, Union Shepherdess Coordinator, and Claire Eva, at the Zambesi Union meetings.



Mary Maxson with East Africa Union Mission Shepherdess Coordinators



Mary Maxson with pastors' wives in Tanzania

General Conference

Division Shepherdess Coordinators met for five days in Washington, D.C., for their quinquennial advisory. Representing their respective Divisions were: Leola Whaley, Africa-Indian Ocean; Marilyn Johnson, Asia-Pacific; Angeline Musvosvi, Eastern Africa; Geri Muller, Euro-Africa; Olga Murga, Euro-Asia; Evelyn Omana, Inter-American; Frances McClure, North American; Kay Winter, South Pacific; Frances Campbell, Southern Asia; Beautiful N. Wakaba, Southern African Union. Also, Sharon Cress, Margarita Sarli and Anita Folkenberg were present from the General Conference. The Trans-European Division is in the process of appointing a new coordinator since Gaya Currie moved to Australia. Vasti Viana, from the South American Division, was unable to attend due to a death in the family. The moving reports, from the different parts of the world, inspired everyone.

North American Division

Ellen Bresec was named 1995 Adventist Woman of the Year in ceremonies held at Collegedale, Tennessee, in October. Ellen served for 45 years as a pastor's spouse. She is best known for establishing Shepherdess

International as an official organization for the church in 1989. Along with Marie Spangler, Ellen was instrumental in broadening the work for pastoral spouses and traveled the world ministering to them. Congratulations, Ellen!

✿ *Upper Columbia Conference* held their 10th Annual Helpmate Retreat April 19-21 at the Cozy Cottonwood Lodge at Camp MiVodcn in Idaho. The theme for the retreat was "Special in Our Uniqueness."

✿ *Northern California Conference* held their Pastors' Family Retreat at Rio Linda Academy. The attendees felt inspired by Dr. Philip Samaan's sermon. They were exhausted by ten-mile canoe trips. And they were overcome with laughter at the Talent Olympics. Judy Crabtree and Judy Osborne, Shepherdess leaders, worked their magic in changing a recreation room into a scene from the antebellum South. And they all enjoyed a banquet of Southern food. Carol Ann Retzer's talk climaxed the occasion.

✿ *Arizona Conference* clergy wives met at Camp Yavapines (near the Prescott Resort and Conference Center) during their camp meeting. They ate a beautiful meal and enjoyed Kay Kuzma's message.

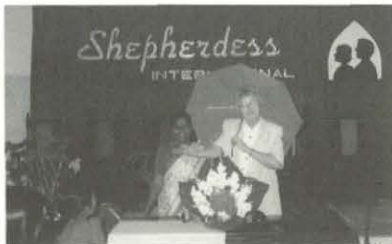
Southern Asia Division

The World Ministers Council for the Southern Asia Division met in three locations in India (Pune, Bangalore, and Roorkee) during April and May. Division Shepherdess Coordinator, Frances Campbell, hosted the meetings. Over 500 ministry wives attended these events, which lasted four or five days and included seminars, health features, and business sessions. At each location, Dorothy Watts presented seminars about *Dealing Positively with Negative Emotions*; Adly Campos spoke on *How*

the Pastor's Wife Can Do Soul Winning; Rae Lee Cooper addressed *Women's Health Issues* and presented a seminar on *Ministering to Those Who Have Experienced Loss*. Sharon Cress presented the business sessions for Shepherdess International. The women enjoyed the time of fellowship and refreshment.



Pastors' wives who attended the Roorkee meetings.



Dorothy Watts illustrated her seminars for the Shepherdess ladies in Pune.



Wives of the ordination candidates at Pune are presented with flowers.



Pastors' wives in Pune enjoy the Shepherdess Meetings at Salisbury Park.



The Shepherdess choir provides special music. Mrs. Mike Harris is directing.



Rae Lee Cooper presents a lecture on women's health during the Shepherdess Meetings in Pune.



Above and Left: *Southern Africa Union pastors' wives enjoy their Shepherdess Meetings at the World Ministers Council in Anerly.*

Southern African Union Conference

Beautiful Wakaba, the South Africa Shepherdess Coordinator, was hostess for approximately 150 pastoral wives who met together in February for five-

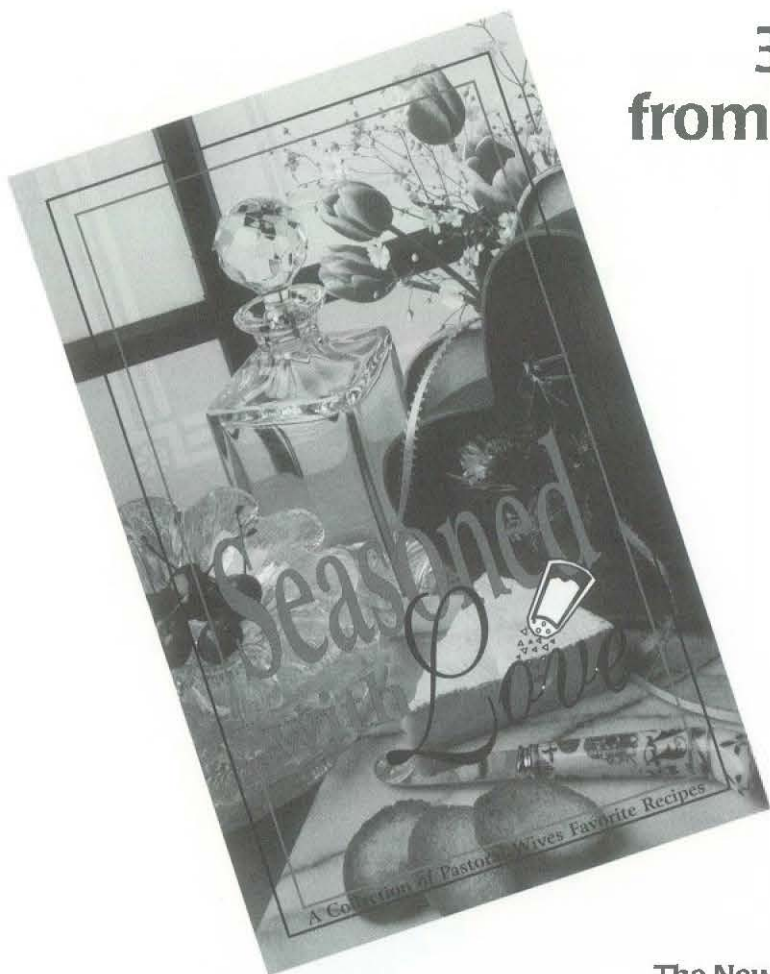
days at the World Ministers Council in Anerly, South Africa. Despite the record heat, their spirit were high. Seminars were presented by: Mary Maxson, from the *Adventist Review*; Adly Campos, evangelist; Claire Eva, educator, and Sharon Cress, from Shepherdess International. During the meetings, the women presented many

special music numbers. The highlight was the Shepherdess' choir that sang for the Sabbath services.

Sharon Cress met with the administrative wives and theology students for an all-day Sabbath meeting at Helderberg College near Cape Town. Mrs. Shirley Allen, Church Ministries Director, and Charlene Bainbridge hosted the events.

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