

The Journal



A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES

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Strength

A strong woman works out every day to keep her body in shape . . .
but a woman of strength kneels in prayer to keep her soul in shape.

A strong woman isn't afraid of anything . . .
but a woman of strength shows courage in the midst of her fear.

A strong woman won't let anyone get the best of her . . .
but a woman of strength gives the best of herself to everyone.

A strong woman makes mistakes and avoids the same in the future . . .
but a woman of strength realizes life's mistakes can also be God's
blessings and capitalizes on them.

A strong woman walks sure footedly . . .
but a woman of strength knows God will catch her when she falls.

A strong woman wears the look of confidence on her face . . .
but a woman of strength wears grace.

A strong woman has faith that she is strong enough for the journey . . .
but a woman of strength has faith that it is in the journey that she will
become strong.

—Anonymous

The Journal

- 3 All Stressed up . . .
With No Place to Blow
- 5 Let's Pray for the
Pastors' Children Who
Have Left the Church
- 6 Pastors' Wives I Have
Known
- 8 Must They Go to
Church Twice?
- 9 The Minster's Wife
- 10 The Life of a Pastor's
Wife
- 11 The School I Love
- 12 The Shepherdess
Coordinator
- 14 The Maidservant of
Naaman's Mistress
- 15 Father's Day—
Resurrection Style
- 17 So Why Not!
- 18 Hang Up Your Jacket!
- 20 Simple Requests and
Memory Loss
- 21 Elvis and the
Marketing Factor

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Editor's Musings

My father had a heart attack in March. It was his second in two years and the cardiologist said it was going to take a triple by-pass surgery to correct the situation. No more diet and exercise therapy to try and remedy it. This was a radical situation and for the life blood in his body to flow as it should a radical measure was needed. Surgery is always serious business and this particular surgery is a miracle of modern medicine. Years ago there would have been no hope of correcting the situation. He would have simply been sent home to await the consequences. It occurred to me the other day that Daddy may not be the only one who needs a triple by-pass operation to get things back into proper working order.

Maybe our ministry families (and I am thinking of myself in particular) could use a few radical procedures to get the life-giving blood of Jesus back into our hearts and lives. We go about our business of proclamation and pastoral nurture even though blockages to our life-line to Jesus are slowly building up. The One whose cleansing power needs to be a major part of our body each day is being choked out and we are clogged up. We squeeze Jesus through with a quick worship or prayer and then struggle through the rest of the day without the spiritual energy that continually makes us strong. Finally we need a "bypass". This is radical and it is serious. We need to simply replace the old clogged ways with clean new arteries that are clear of the debris we have let accumulate in His place. We may need one by-pass or six. But however many things we need to go around to get to Jesus, lets take the radical step to make it happen.

Years ago Jesus performed the miracle of Salvation for us and now, Praise the Lord, we don't need to sit around and wait for the consequences, we can be healed and become completely His. This is my prayer for each of us today.

God bless and keep you!



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All Stressed up . . . With No Place to Blow

Doug Dickens

Which of the following situations would you consider to be stressful? Being audited by the Internal Revenue Service; unexpectedly inheriting a large sum of money from a friend; discovering that your child is on drugs; or being promoted to the job in the company you've always wanted. The fact is, all of these events are stressful because they represent major changes.

As Christians, we would like to believe our faith in God would keep us from tension, trouble, and stress. But we quickly discover that the Christian life isn't like that. Consider, for example, the life of Jesus. He was born into poverty; He was constantly criticized by other ministers; He was often treated with ridicule; He was forsaken by His friends; He died a horrible death. He was to be, as the Prophet Isaiah said, "A Man of sorrows . . . acquainted with grief."

Where does stress originate? What does "stress" mean? It has become a catch-all synonym for the problems, pace and pressures of life. In everyday conversations we talk about "feeling stressed out," "being under stress," or even "facing stress-producing people." In Latin, "stress"

is translated *strictus*, "to be drawn tight." In Old French it is *estresse*: narrowness or tightness.

Modern stress experts define stress as a reaction to any change in the environment. It usually comes from changes in our environment, from conflictual relationships, or from pressures we create for ourselves.

It's moving to a new pastorate. It's changing pastors! It's moving to the next grade. It's failing a grade! It's the changes and responses to life. Stress is an inevitable part of your life and mine. Good stress has been called "eustress," and painful difficult stress has been called "distress." Since we can't escape stress, we must learn to live with it. In some concert grand pianos, over 240 taut strings exert a pull of 40,000 pounds on the frame. Think of the tremendous tension in the piano! If the tension is too great, the strings will snap. If the strings are too loose, no wonderful music can be created.

When we meet challenges and pressures successfully, we feel a sense of pride and accomplishment. The happy feeling that often comes with facing problems and effectively coping with stress is eustress. It comes when we identify our stress

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and take constructive steps to face it, feeling some sense of control, and not being overwhelmed.

Distress occurs when life seems out of control, when we see few options, when we don't really understand what is happening, when the stress lasts for a prolonged time, or when several problems exist at the same time.

Remember the tight feeling you got in your stomach when you had a painful disagreement with your teenager? When was your last headache or the awful tension you felt after an unpleasant situation? Medical textbooks say somewhere between 50-80 percent of our maladies are stress-related. Stress affects our bodies, our budgets, our minds. If we fail to handle the distresses of life we may internalize it in our bodies. American industry spends more than \$26 billion every year in disability payments and medical bills.

The impact of stress on our "peace of mind" is likewise troubling. "Stressed out" persons often feel inadequate, guilty, or shameful, have lots of anger, and loads of anxiety. From this standpoint, every Christian should see stress as a spiritual challenge.

What can the Christian do to more effectively handle stress?

Earlier I suggested that stress can even come from the internal pressures and anxieties we create for ourselves. You might respond, "I would never be the source of my own stress!" How do you answer the following questions:

Do I frequently worry about situations over which I have no control? Do I expect perfection from myself or others? Do I feel I have to compete to win in every situation? Do I focus on faults rather than strengths? Where do I find my emotional and spiritual security?

Do I "check out" what other persons want and feel, or merely make assumptions? Do I frequently feel powerless, failing to see the choices I may have? Am I always pushing myself, in a hurry to perform faster and better? Do I constantly compare myself and my achievements to others? Do I always expect the worst from life?

If you answered, "Ooops, yes . . ." to most of the questions, what can

Take Charge of Your Life

- ✧ Get organized
- ✧ Take breaks and vacations
- ✧ Anticipate and rehearse difficult situations
- ✧ Don't procrastinate
- ✧ Know your limits
- ✧ Learn to say "No"
- ✧ Schedule your stressors
- ✧ Take care of your body
- ✧ Believe God can work

you do? All of us have heard the typical (sometimes appropriate) suggestions:

Take charge of your life, get organized; take breaks and vacations; anticipate and rehearse difficult situations ahead of time; don't procrastinate; know your limits; learn to say "No"; schedule your stressors so they don't all have to be faced at once; take care of your body; believe God can work effectively through you.

Most of the suggestions we hear fall into two categories: "Take it easy

. . . be happy . . . think positively!" Or, "Try harder . . . get tough on life . . . Fight back!" But a John Wayne jaw won't make your stress go away.

I recently heard William Hull, provost at Samford University, discuss how Jesus faced His stress. Look, he suggested, at the schedule of our Lord during "Holy Week," the most stressful week of His life. A genuine clue is found in John 12:27, where Jesus prayed not to be delivered "from this hour," but rather, "for this hour . . ."

Monday, He cleansed the Temple, and asserted His deepest convictions about life. This was not impulsively done. He had spent a lifetime defining Himself, committing Himself to what really mattered.

Tuesday at His anointing service at Bethany, He let people love Him. Even facing His greatest challenge, Jesus refused to wallow in self-pity.

Wednesday, He took a day off. The Gospel writers are silent. Apparently He did not try to fix things, but to ready Himself for the cross.

Thursday, He went to dinner with His friends in the Upper Room. While His disciples were fussing over greatness, Jesus was anticipating the future, with a bold "Remember me."

Friday, just before the cross, He offered it all to God in prayer. "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done!"

In almost every case, Jesus faced His pressures and stress by doing the opposite of what we usually do. Thus, His example becomes a challenging one for us:

Take a courageous stand, open myself to love, find privacy to heal the soul, accept the friends I've got, and offer it all to God.

On His last day, when everyone else lost it, Jesus came center stage with the Victor's shout on His lips. We, too, should pray not to be spared from the stress, but saved in the stress by the Savior's strength. ☞

Let's Pray for the Pastors' Children Who Have Left the Church

Lyobka Zlateva

God works faster.

Lyobka Zlateva was born in a pastor's family. She met her future husband in the same town where her father was the pastor. She began her life as a pastor's daughter, and after her marriage, she became a pastor's wife. She and her husband have two daughters. Lyobka's time is spent working for those dearest to God—the little ones in the church.



At a seminar I attended recently, an old pastor proposed that we have a prayer meeting for those pastors' sons and daughters who had left the church. That proposal touched all of us, and a very exciting prayer meeting took place. We cried and prayed for those precious children who had grown and lived in the church, been fed at God's table, and had suddenly found the world so attractive they left the church.

Upon our return to our homes, we decided to seek and pray for these lost children in the places where we lived. We wanted to win them back to God.

In a small village near the town where we worked, there lived Nadya, the daughter of the former president of the Seventh-day Church in Bulgaria. While she was a student in high school, she ran away from home with a schoolmate and married him. Then she went to live in the same village where her husband's parents lived. Her husband and all his family were atheists. Nadya became a heavy smoker, and though her husband begged her to stop, she refused.

Heavy and sorrowful days came for the pastor's family, his colleagues, and the church itself, as well as for his daughter. Nadya had four children; the first died in his early days; the second had speech difficulties; and the third had retarded development and was later sent to a special institution.

Before we located Nadya, she and her husband were jobless. She was looking for a job in the town where my husband was a pastor. There she found a temporary job—selling something at a street stand. Her master proved to be a very cruel and dishonest woman who badly exploited her and gave her a very small salary. One day Nadya couldn't bear it any more and cried bitterly. The woman from the neighboring stand noticed and tried to comfort her. "Stop crying, dear, and come to church with me!"

Startled, Nadya asked "What church?"

"The Orthodox Church, of course. Each time I have some difficulty, I go to the church, light a candle, make the sign of the cross, and God helps me."

Nadya remained silent and thoughtful all that evening. Nobody could make her speak.

Later she told me that all that time she asked herself, "Where have you come, Nadya—to be asked to light a candle to God? Where is the God of your father and mother? Why did you leave Him?" She decided, "I will arise and go to my heavenly Father, and then I'll go to my white-haired earthly father."

The most exciting thing was that the first Sabbath when Nadya came to church was the first Sabbath after the prayer meeting of the seminar! God had forestalled us! We had planned to visit her two weeks later; however, God had worked faster!


We did not know her right away. Ten years had passed. She looked quite different, she had become an "old" young woman with completely white hair.

Her shame was so great that it was necessary to work with her with much love, tact, and wisdom. We did not tell the church that she was the former president's daughter; however, the older members of the church knew her.

Her baptismal service was very exciting. Nadya brought the woman who had invited her to the Orthodox Church. This woman came to me. "Please," she said, "let me first meet Nadya when she comes out of the pool and let me take her hand, kiss her, and congratulate her on her new birthday."

I agreed, though as a pastor's daughter, I also wanted to be the first to greet her. But this privilege belonged to Nadya's colleague, and even her mother had to give in.

At the last seminar in Sofia, carried out by Brother Cress (from the United States), we shared with the brothers and sisters how God had almost immediately answered our prayers from the previous seminar.

We again thanked God for His wonderful work. 

Pastors' Wives I Have Known

Delores E. Bius

Pastors' wives are like any other group of church women. They do not fit into stereotypes. They are individuals not super-saints. They do not long to be on every committee or tackle every job in the church. They do not feel called by God to minister to every need. Their temperaments and talents vary widely. I have had the privilege of getting to know a number of them myself and learned a lot from them. Perhaps their experiences might help wives of new pastors in realizing they are not alone in encountering problems.

Mrs. Hospitable

This woman seemed to epitomize Romans 12:13: "Given to hospitality." Bernice embodied the graciousness of being a perfect hostess. Despite rearing seven children, she always had time to talk with me, a mother of small children myself at the time I knew her.

Picking up on the fact that I longed for her undivided attention, she would invite me, "Sit down and we will talk over hot chocolate." Then she would fold her hands as if she had all the time in the world and look at me while I shared my problems with her.

Delores E. Bius, mother of five sons, is a freelance writer from Chicago, Illinois.



Bernice always comforted me with her understanding heart and gentle words. Never did she give the impression that I was disturbing her. Yet I know she obviously had a lot of chores waiting for her with her large family and church work.

All things to all people

A young woman with four small children, one of whom had a severe medical problem, Julie still tried to be all things to all people in her husband's congregation. She taught a Bible school class, played the piano for worship services, led the women's fellowship group, and a group for teenagers. She just couldn't say no, or at least she thought she ought not to.

After several months of non-stop activity, Julie began to lose weight and looked pale. When anyone inquired as to how she was feeling though, Julie would respond, "Fine, just fine," with a wide smile. Then one day she collapsed and ended up in the hospital. A very perceptive physician informed Julie's husband that she was worn out physically and on the verge of a breakdown.

Julie's husband announced a special congregational meeting and told everyone about the doctor's diagnosis. He went on to say, "When you called me to be your pastor, you hired me. I should have realized that my wife was not part of the package. From now on, she will be a full-time wife and mother, and we will entertain visiting missionaries and speakers in the parsonages as before. However, Julie is relinquishing her many positions in the church indefinitely."

The congregation took the news with good nature, for they had realized that Julie had been over doing it. Julie herself felt she was letting down her husband and the congregation, but she soon found out otherwise. The church members began to rally around and offered to

babysit, bring in meals, and generally be more supportive. They also took up the slack by taking over her church duties. Julie had learned that she could be a receiver, too, not always a giver.

Mrs. Longsuffering

This woman has had to cope with the criticism, complaints, and questions of the members of her husband's church. Lois is a sensitive



person who soon learned to put on an invisible shield of armor to protect her feelings. One parishioner in particular was her constant critic. This woman would tell Lois that her clothing was too drab or too bright, her skirts too short or too long, etc., ad infinitum.

Then one day Mrs. Critical's husband died. Lois took care of the

woman's children, cleaned her house, took her meals, and generally made herself very helpful at this time of tragedy. Mrs. Critical later turned into Mrs. Nice and they ended up having a marvelous rapport. So Lois' longsuffering won out in the end.

Mrs. Loving

Gwen sought advice from an elderly minister's widow in her home congregation a few weeks before marrying her preacher-husband. The only bit of advice she was given, though, was "Love the people."

In an attempt to incorporate this prescription into her life, Gwen expressed it in some unusual ways. Instead of sitting in the same pew each Sunday, she would intentionally sit down in a pew with a different person each week and thus get to know them. She also introduced herself to visitors and made them feel welcome.

When her children's behavior was criticized, she would respond, "Thank you for pointing this out to me," but she would not get angry at the person.

Gwen learned the names of all the little children in the church and talked to them often, especially those who came to church without their parents.

When Gwen was told personal family problems, she made it a point to file them in a far recess of her mind where they would not be repeated. All in all, Gwen epitomized the prescription of love in all her words and actions.

Being a pastor's wife is far from easy. I have had the privilege of knowing a number of them in my lifetime and loved and prayed for all of them.

The main thing that seemed to epitomize all of them is the same prescription Gwen was given—love. "Love suffereth long and is kind" (1 Cor. 13:4).





Must They Go to Church Twice?

Veronica Crockett

Helping Preachers' Kids Cope with Multi-Church District

Veronica Crockett was born in Nairobi, Kenya, where her parents were missionaries. She is a registered nurse and has a B.A. in Elementary Education from Wayne State University. Veronica and her husband, David, have four children: Allison, Jessica, Benjamin, and Abraham.

In a multi-church district it seems that where the pastor's wife and children spend their Sabbaths is almost as important to his congregations as where the pastor, himself, preaches each Sabbath. So how do his wife and children keep everyone satisfied without the children dreading Sabbaths as the day they get taxied from church to church?

This was the dilemma we faced when my husband, Dave, assumed the responsibility of a three-church district. Dave's schedule was fairly simple. He would preach every week in the largest of the three at 9:45 a.m. (Church A), and alternate between Church B and C at 11:15 a.m. If the family travelled with him, we would all have to sit through two sermons. Not only would this be a lengthy and difficult assignment for the children, but it could drive their mother over the edge. On the other hand, if we stayed at one church every week, we would miss getting to know the members and visitors at the other two churches.

We finally came up with a plan that has worked for our congregations and our own family as well. The children and I now spend the whole day at Church B the first and third weeks of each month; Church A, the second week; and Church C, the fourth week. The fellowship meals

are also held on these weeks. Dave always starts out at Church A but ends up at the church where his family is spending the day, so we all eat Sabbath dinner together.

How does being in a different church every week affect the children? I had children of varying ages—three, six, eight, and nine—and particularly wondered how our toddler would adjust. For the first month or so he was shy about all the new people, as most young children are. I spent several Sabbaths with him in his Cradle Roll division. Once he became acquainted with his teachers and the other children, he made himself at home and has since been observed chatting on a variety of subjects without any symptoms of embarrassment or restraint. The older children ask every week, at least twice, "Where are we going to church this week?" If I say Church A they are happy because they will see their friends from church school. If I say Church B they are pleased because they have a special Sabbath school project they're working on. If I say Church C they look forward to seeing some of their friends that I occasionally babysit. They have learned to enjoy each church and all the different friends they have made.

I try to maintain a positive attitude about our Sabbath schedule. I might mention, "This week we'll be at


Church B and you'll see your friends, Adam and Angela," rather than saying, "Since your dad is a pastor you just have to put up with being at a different church every week." It's the same principle I use about certain food items. "After you finish that awful roast I made, I'll give you some wheat germ, bran, and raw oats," is much less inspiring than "if you hurry with your delicious roast, you can have a cookie."

I, too, have gotten a chance to make friends with members from all three churches. Although I help out in the different Sabbath Schools, I do

We feel we're a real part of the church family in all three congregations, instead of being considered as infrequently seen distant cousins.

not have a permanent assignment in a children's department for the first time in nine years. This has also proved a blessing because I can meet the visitors and get to know the members.

A few weeks ago one of the members at our smallest congregation surprised me after church with a pretty potted plant. "We just want you to know how much we appreciate you and the children coming and taking part in our Sabbath School too," she explained.

Our plan may not work well in your situation, but now we feel we're a real part of the church family in all three congregations, instead of being considered as infrequently seen distant cousins. 

The Minister's Wife

adapted and formatted by

Bonnie Reynolds Johnson



As a minister's wife
I will not devote my time and strength to any pursuit
nor to one helpless mortal*
that would require constant attention,
thus voluntarily tying my hands.

Rather, I will
dedicate my time and strength to
engage in gospel-medical-missionary work
outside our home . . .
be a true helper to my husband
assisting him in his work:

educate others . . .
Help give the message . . .
Visit those in need of help . . .
Shed light into discouraged souls...
Lift up the bowed down . . .
pray with them and point them to Christ . . .

I will
cultivate inclination and fitness for this work . . .
Consecrate my powers to God as a Christian worker . . .
Improve my intellect . . .
And be humble, consecrated, and dignified
by the grace of Christ.

—E. G. White

The Adventist Home, pages 169, 170

**counsel to the childless pastor's wife who is considering adopting but whose interests and natural gifts qualify her for ministerial service*

Bonnie Reynolds Johnson lives in Loma Linda, California where she is Associate Director and editor of Academic Publications. In her spare time she enjoys composing/arranging music, writing poetry and essays on spirituality, and working on two books.



The Life of a Pastor's Wife

Juliana Istánné

I am Mrs. Stephen (István) Jávor, Julianna Garai. I was born into a farmer's family on July 31, 1928. There were nine children in my family. We were Lutherans, and our mother taught us to pray, read the Bible and believe in God.

While reading the Bible, I found the verse that said: "I saw an angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God . . . sealing the servants of the living God on their foreheads" (Rev. 7:1-8). In my heart there arose a desire to receive the same seal from the same angel, because I wished to belong to the servants of God. I was 13 years old then, and I could not imagine how this "sealing on the forehead" could take place. But God, the Holy Spirit, saw to it that I learned.

I met a Seventh-day Adventist, and after a short conversation I asked him, "How does the sealing take place?" In response he read to me Ezekiel 20:12: "Moreover also I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them," and 20:20: "And hallow my sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord Your God." It was wonderful. I had never heard such things. I received this as an answer to the sincere longing of

my heart, and I was very happy with this knowledge. It was very hard to separate from my Lutheran Church and from the Lutheran Youth group. I remember crying: "What will be their future?"

In 1948 I heard about the truth, and in 1949, I was baptized with one of my younger sisters in the city of Nyíregyháza. We were very happy. In 1950 my mother and two of my younger sisters were baptized. The church was nine kilometers from our home and for years, first by walking and later by bicycles, we went to church. In the church we were happy to serve in any capacity including choir member, visiting deaconess, Sabbath school teacher, children's teacher. Those times are unforgettably deep in my memory.

In 1956 I married Stephan (István) Jávor, a Seventh-day Adventist pastor, so I became a minister's wife. At that time my husband pastored six congregations. I made every effort to help him in this work. Each morning we started the day by studying the written Word and reading some Ellen G. White books. Then together we went to visit and help where help was needed. We worked together in renovating the church, taking care of the elderly, shopping for them and doing whatever else needed to be done. There was no bus transportation, so we

Juliana Istánné was born in Eastern Hungary. She was one of nine children reared in a home where reading biblical literature was encouraged. Today she is a pastoral wife in Hungary.



traveled the shorter distances by bicycle; we traveled by train to the longer distances. When no train was available, we walked. But we did this with joy.

Two years later, we moved to Budapest. I worked in the pharmaceutical (medication distribution) industry headquarters. During this time we were able to save for future needs. After 11 years of marriage, we were blessed with two sons. They brought change in our lives. I stayed home with our children. While our children were growing up, God entrusted me with new responsibilities.

There was a sick person in our community who needed to be taken care of. For months he lived with us. Later, we took in two older sisters from the church, and we took care of them until their deaths. One of these two had no children; the other had four, but they had pushed her out. As our children grew, they too helped take care of these elderly people. They helped with the shopping, the cleaning, bringing in the coal and water. They did whatever they were capable of doing.


On Sabbaths we had a fellowship meal in our home for those who stayed at the church after the noon hour to wait for the afternoon service. The meals were simple, but the joy and thanks the guests felt were ours too. Nothing appeared to be difficult, for mercy and sympathy supplied the joys that lifted us.

In our lives we have experienced many tests, difficulties and struggles, but God has always given us assurance, peace and much happiness. Our greatest joy was when we were preparing individuals for baptism. We have gained much experience with the Lord, whose advice, leading and caring we still experience daily.

My husband is 69 years old now and retired. I am 67, and in good

health. We live in the church parsonage. I clean the church and handle the literature. When time permits, I set up a display area near the street and try to sell our books. I am very happy I can still work as a pastor's wife, and with my husband,

prepare for the second coming of Jesus Christ. We both are thankful to the Almighty God that our children and grandchildren are all members in the church.

I bless God for calling me to such service that I may carry His Seal. 

The School I Love

Mrs. Samaan Fangary

On Sabbath wherever I happen to be,
I find a school so dear to me.
I love this school but pay no fee,
For all its classes are for free.

We praise the Lord on this great day,
And study the Bible to learn and pray.
Discuss and speak and read and say,
Thus saith the Lord, the truth and the way.

I tell my friends far and near,
About this school which is so dear.
To come and join and have things clear,
And pray for guidance without any fear.

I wish my favorite school will grow,
And preach the gospel that all might know.
Our goal and aim and love and so
Donations increase and overflow.

Just come and visit on Sabbath Day,
Please don't hesitate and don't delay.
For this my school which I do love,
Will help us prepare for the school above.

Mrs. Samaan Fangary is a pen name.

The Shepherdess Coordinator

Orel Hosken

If you think it's tough being a minister's wife, you ought to try being a Shepherdess Coordinator!" a friend exclaimed to me once. She was the wife of our new president and she declared she would never again take on the role of Shepherdess Coordinator. Some of her reasons for this decision follow:

- ✿ You usually have to deal with your husband to get money or support for the wives to attend ministers' meetings.
- ✿ The wives of the ministers are so fraught with over-work and over-burden syndrome, you have to be the feminine version of Solomon to minister to them as they really deserve.
- ✿ There are many ministers' wives who feel totally unworthy of the calling in which they find themselves and react to that feeling by withdrawing from any participation in Shepherdess activities.
- ✿ Some ministers' wives just don't like the concept of Shepherdess and don't want to have anything to do with it.

Is It a Difficult Job?

Such reasons support the idea that being a Shepherdess Coordinator is a very difficult job. However, it is difficult only if you allow it to be. If you are newly appointed to this position, it is a good idea to do some

personal soul-searching. The following are some suggestions:

- ✿ Jot down your own reactions to previous Shepherdess programs and activities and sort out why you responded negatively or positively.
- ✿ Ask the Shepherdess Coordinator at the Union or Division for a copy of any constitution or guidelines there may be.
- ✿ Work out some goals or priorities for yourself during your term of office. This will take some thought and prayer, because your goals should be oriented towards ministry to others' needs, not your own. When you have written down your goals, scrutinize them and choose only the one or two most important and concentrate only on them.
- ✿ Remember ministers' wives are very individual women. Often the only thing they have in common is that they happen to be married to ministers. So they must not be taken for granted. The Shepherdess Coordinator must treat each lady as a special and individual person.
- ✿ Keep Shepherdess activities to a minimum. Ministers' wives are very busy people and too many activities become a chore rather than a pleasure.
- ✿ Not every minister's wife will want to participate in what the

Orel Hosken is Shepherdess Coordinator for the South Australian Conference. She and her husband have been in ministry for 31 years. She enjoys observing God's creation. Her hobbies include music and photography.



Shepherdess Coordinator plans. Remember, they don't have to come. Some may not be able to come; some may not want to come; some may not feel they fit in. So the Shepherdess Coordinator must not be offended nor take it personally if some ladies don't attend the programs.

Activity Suggestions


The following are some ideas for activities you may want to plan:

- ✧ Form a committee. This is a good idea for larger conferences. It allows for lots of input and generates plans which an individual coordinator cannot do alone.
- ✧ Send newsletters. Monthly or quarterly communications are a wonderful idea, especially for isolated ministers' wives. *The Journal*, edited by Sharon Cress for the Ministerial Association of the General Conference, can be sent out with a quarterly letter. It is greatly appreciated.
- ✧ Create telephone friendships or prayer partners. These can be organized by sending out a letter inviting those interested to respond. Ask respondents to list interests and hobbies. Then partnerships can be arranged for a six-month period. At the end of that time, the partnership can be swapped around. Sometimes lasting friendships are formed from this. The country ladies are so grateful for the occasional phone call from a friend.
- ✧ Plan fellowship afternoons. Once or twice a year, a time of fellowship can be planned. It is best to keep the activities and topics at a light level so as not to be threatening, especially if the group does not know each other very well. Activities may include a devotional talk. Each person may quote her favorite Bible

promise or share wisdom tips learned from past experiences. The setting may be in a park or at a pretty café.

- ✧ Prepare a special dinner for ministers and their wives. This type of activity can't be done too often, but perhaps it could be planned during workers' meetings or camp erection. But don't forget to plan for the children. Either include them or arrange for child care.
- ✧ Include camps for ministers' wives. Some conferences run

these every couple of years, some annually. Small conferences can combine with larger ones. These retreats offer spiritual enrichment, social bonding, and a refreshing break from home and church duties. The ladies who are able to attend gain a great blessing.

If you are asked to be involved in Shepherdess, consider it seriously and prayerfully. If you are able, accept the challenge. It fulfills a great ministry for some of the most wonderful of God's true daughters. 



Someone Who Understands

A store owner was tacking a sign above his door that read "Puppies For Sale." Signs like that have a way of attracting small children, and sure enough, a little boy appeared under the store owner's sign. "How much are you going to sell the puppies for?" he asked. The store owner replied, "Anywhere from \$30 to \$50." The little boy reached in his pocket and pulled out some change. "I have \$2.37," he said. "Can I please look at them?" The store owner smiled and whistled and out of the kennel came Lady, who ran down the aisle of his store followed by five teeny, tiny balls of fur.

One puppy was lagging considerably behind. Immediately the little boy singled out the lagging, limping puppy and said, "What's wrong with that little dog?" The store owner explained that the veterinarian had examined the little puppy and had discovered it didn't have a hip socket. It would always limp. It would always be lame. The little boy became excited. "That is the puppy that I want to buy."

The store owner said, "No, you don't want to buy that little dog. If you really want him, I'll just give him to you." The little boy got quite upset. He looked straight into the store owner's eyes, pointing his finger, and said, "I don't want you to give him to me. That little dog is worth every bit as much as all the other dogs and I'll pay full price. In fact, I'll give you \$2.37 now, and 50 cents a month until I have him paid for." The store owner countered, "You really don't want to buy this little dog. He is never going to be able to run and jump and play with you like the other puppies."

To his surprise, the little boy reached down and rolled up his pant leg to reveal a badly twisted, crippled left leg supported by a big metal brace. He looked up at the store owner and softly replied, "Well, I don't run so well myself, and the little puppy will need someone who understands!"

We *all* need someone who understands!

—Unknown

The Maidservant of Naaman's Mistress



Olive Kujur

As the guest room coordinator and wife of the Northern India Union President, I consider myself to be like the maidservant of Naaman's mistress. Guests come and go at all times and I have no set office hours, so I seldom get a chance to go out of Delhi. Sometimes I regret that I cannot even go out for the witnessing program. However, I do consider my humble work as God's work and always look for opportunities to speak to my guests about Jesus.

The Iranian Embassy is nearby, and once a family from Iran came asking for a place to stay. Although I had no guest room available, they pleaded that I somehow accommodate them. My husband was away, and I was reluctant to keep them in my house. However, seeing their need, I invited them into my house. Their two small children became very friendly, and the lady even used my kitchen to cook their food. The following day the lady felt comfortable enough to remove the burkha covering her head. She asked me which church I belonged to. When I told her, "I am a Seventh-day Adventist," she asked what that

meant, and why I believed that Jesus is the Son of God.

This gave me an opportunity to tell them more about Christ and His saving power. On the third day, before they left for Calcutta, I gave them the *Signs of the Times* and some literature. They read all the literature and were impressed by the teachings of Jesus Christ. On their next visit to Delhi, they came again to my place and stayed for a couple of days. We cooked food and ate together as one family. Each morning they took part in our worship. My husband gave them some studies on the life of Jesus Christ. They were so interested that they requested an English Bible. Since I did not have a new one, my husband presented them his own Bible. They readily accepted it and said that they would read some every day.

Only eternity will tell the result of my witnessing. I am still doing the work of my Master, just as the maidservant of Naaman's mistress when she told about God's prophet and the power to heal.

On another occasion, I accompanied my husband on his official trip to Himachal Pradesh. Since he was busy with administrative work, I took the opportunity to meet women and talk to them about Jesus Christ. At the remote village of Ani, some Himachali women smiled at me and

I smiled back. Soon we became friends, and they poured out their family problems. I told them about Jesus and His saving power, pointing them to Christ for the answers to all their problems. They listened carefully and promised to come to church the following Sabbath. I was happy that I could lead them to Jesus.

Our next stop was at Roga, which is about 8,000 feet above sea level. Women there, mostly elderly, took me inside a house and poured out their problems. "We are old and alone," they told me. "Our children are not with us, and we may die at any time." This was the best opportunity for me to talk to them about Jesus and His coming. In a short time I told them the Bible story, from creation through Christ's second coming and the hope of heaven. Many of those hill women gave their hearts to Jesus and obtained peace through faith in Christ. I look forward to visiting the cordial and loving Himachal Pradesh women again soon and telling them more about the love of God.

Through experience I have come to understand that the best way to witness is to tell what Jesus has done in your own life. I am happy that I can be like the maidservant of Naaman's mistress, leading people to Jesus.

Olive Kujur lived in New Delhi, India, when she wrote this article. She has since passed away. She enjoyed gardening, walking, interior decorating, reading and cooking.

Father's Day— Resurrection Style

Anne Sather



Dear Dad:

You wanted to finish medicine and become a doctor, and people doubted that you could. After all, you were 45. What school of medicine had ever accepted a student at that age?

At 40 you graduated from academy taking tutored night classes and studying when you could, still carrying on your part of a prosperous plumbing business. That year I too graduated from academy, but you got the better grades.

Continuing your work by day, you went ahead with night classes at the university nearby, until one day you had completed all of the premedical requirements, except a few Bible subjects.

Seeming more certain of the direction you were going, you talked mother into selling out-home and business—and moving into one room at La Sierra. Your business partner bought your half of the business and told you, "I hope that you make it, Frank, but at your age I think your chances are very slim."

Later, one of your professors at La Sierra echoed the same opinion when he said to you, "Frank, you have to plan on not making it. Our school of medicine just doesn't accept men of your age. And if it did, you probably couldn't make it."

Such remarks seemed to be a challenge to you. You kept in close postal contact with Dr. Shryock, even sending him your grade cards so when the actual decision time came, they knew who you were, and what you had been doing. Sure enough, they accepted you into the class of much younger men and women. These students had somehow come together just at the close of the second world war—a sort of potpourri class. But you had one provision in your acceptance—you could not fail any subject and expect to repeat it.

Anne has been a missionary in Singapore, Sumatra, and Philippines. She has a BA degree in music and plays the organ regularly at two churches in California where she now resides. This article was originally printed in the Review June 13, 1974.

Oh, we talked about how proud we were of you. But I didn't really understand the difficult task you had undertaken. You bought a little rough architect's shack and assembled it in backyard of your rented Loma Linda home. You took me out to see it one day—a tiny little room with a heating unit in it and a desk hinged to one wall with a blackboard hanging above it. A tall, unfinished wooden stool completed your study—the place you spent hours studying into the mysteries of medical science.

But I remember the time I came out while you were studying in the evening and found you on your knees, talking to God. Like that time I found you on your knees in the big, walk-in closet at home, when a house wouldn't sell, and it was so necessary that it sell at just that time—and it did.

So, even if you expressed your concern about the young men in your class having an edge on you in sharpness and good memories, you had a Partner who supplied your lacks and needs.

About this time there appeared a certain attractive woman who arranged a little dinner for two—you and her—but you put her off, explaining that you loved your wife very much. She became huffy and reported something untrue about you to her influential husband. He made things a bit difficult for you for a short while, but it all blew over.

And you did circumcise the wrong baby that one time. His parents seemed to take it very hard. But at least, you finished the prescribed course and the big day came—graduation!

Soon you had your own office on Seventh Avenue in Phoenix, Arizona, on borrowed money, inherited optimism, an underlying enthusiasm, and Mother's help as office nurse. In a short time, the two of you had that waiting room as busy as a small Grand Central Station. People loved you! Why not? You made each one feel so special.

You saw Ben Adams, that thin, sporty man, with no known relatives in the whole world, grow thinner and thinner and finally die of cancer. But not before you had him safely secured as a baptized member of the Phoenix Central Church. Did anyone ever know how many nights you spent with him in his tiny little apartment, easing his pain and studying the Bible with him? And how after he died, you settled his estate, finding it devoid of dollars. But you paid all of his bills, including his funeral expenses.

I remember little Tim, a blond five year old, hating to be in the big, austere St. Joseph's Hospital, where he was confined with valley fever. He asked if you "would come up and play" with him. So, you spent one of your very short lunch hours playing with him in his hospital room, making roads and hills in the bed-clothes for the little cars you had taken along for him.

We knew you really wanted to be a missionary to Borneo. This dream you gave up because of family responsibilities. The grandparents needed your support and help, and you gave it freely to them.

Then your "Borneo" became Sedona, Arizona, where there were no other Seventh-day Adventist doctors. You had to drive an hour to reach the nearest hospital, but soon in your Sedona office you had a constant stream of patients. You showed deep concern for the priest from the Chapel of the Holy Cross nearby because his living quarters consisted of dame, cold rooms, chiseled out of the stone mountain; he frequently suffered from colds, that you treated without charge.

Then, one Sabbath morning, after getting up to make three house calls during the night in the cold of December 31, you were on your way to church. A car stopped on the road in front of you. You pushed hard on the brakes. They grabbed on the right rear side, flipping your tan station wagon over, throwing you out and

then crushing your chest.

Mother, unable to move because of injuries, and because of a foot caught under the dash, called out to you and got no response. She felt sure that you were dead, and you were.

She couldn't attend your funeral, but she heard about it. The conference decided to have it in an auditorium because patients and friends wanted to pay tribute to you. We knew you would have been embarrassed at the things they said. You believed so much in putting the other fellow first and always taking a back seat.

Margo, the blonde mother of two babies you delivered, insisted on putting a long-stemmed red rose in your hands as she passed by your coffin.

The priest from Sedona sent us a card saying that he would never forget your kindness to him.

Today, I have two of the little notes you wrote to Mother. One of them dates from Loma Linda days.

"Darling,

It is not time for discouragement now. The victory is almost won. Let's push on. I know we can make it. God is no respecter of persons. David did—we can—same Advocate.

Lovingly, F"

The other one, written more recently, is my favorite. You left it in the middle of the bedroom rug for Mother when you went out on a night call.

"Darling,

Loving you dearly. You mean everything to me. You and I and the children must gain heaven, mustn't we? F"

Yes, you did what you set out to do. You became a physician and served others. You set high standards and lived up to them yourself. I feel honored and fortunate to have had such a father.

But I miss you very much. Let's meet on resurrection day! So much has happened. See you then.



So Why Not!

Navelle Bove



Have you ever been asked what Bible character you can identify with? Have you chosen Daniel, Esther, David, Martha or Paul? Well, I can identify with Trophimus. You don't know him? Neither did I until I read of his fascinating story—all six words of it! Let me tell you how it happened.

Sabbath morning is a time of fellowship worship and Praise to God—right? That's what I wanted to do. My minister husband was having a special music program. I like music and I was going to sing in the program and despite my nervousness I like singing. Instead, I was home by myself and I was not singing. I was mumbling and grumbling.

Bed rest was not new to me. I have my own pet virus that from time to time over the years has pulled me down and made bed rest a must. The doctor who finally recognized it, said it was a rare syndrome. What distinction to be rare! This morning such was not comforting. I wanted to be normal. I wanted to be cured.

Navelle is a pastor's wife in New South Wales, Australia, where her husband pastors two churches: Wodonga English and Wodonga Slavic, both in Victoria. They have two boys, ages 8 and 10. She is a teacher but hasn't worked since the children came so spends full-time being mum and wife. Her hobbies are art and music. As a family, they love the outdoor sports, swimming, bike riding and roller blading.

Therein lay the source of my grumbling. I knew someone who could cure all disease, but He had not cured me. I had asked Him often and my arguments were sound: I could be a greater help to my husband, a better mother, a more useful worker for Him. So why not? I also knew the intellectual answer. God knew and He knows best.

However, I had read about all the miraculous healings that Jesus performed and later the disciples and apostle Paul. I could not help asking; "Why not me?" I won't admit to how long I wallowed in the poor-little-me puddle as I talked to God that morning. Finally, I let a little whisper of Him get through to me. Shame replaced the defiance and grumbling. Like a repentant child asking for comfort I asked God if He could not give me some word of encouragement, some answer to the pain that was in my body and even more, that stronger pain in my heart.

The open-your-Bible-at-random is not the best or most logical method of Bible study but I wasn't exactly in logical mode. I did at least bias my opening toward the New Testament because I realized I would have less chance of getting a passage about judgement on Jerusalem, prophecies against Edom, Cush, etc. or genealogies of this King or that. When I opened my study Bible I gave a slightly bitter laugh. One side of

the page was study notes for the next book. The left hand side had about three verses. Those bits at the end of Paul's letters where he sends greetings. But one must give prayer a proper chance. So I read the three verses and there was the story of Trophimus. 2 Timothy 4:20 (2nd half) "and I left Trophimus sick in Miletus." Now wait a minute. Paul was one of those with quite a gift of healing. What was he doing leaving Trophimus sick in a little seaport a good fifty miles away from his home?¹ From what Paul has been saying in Chapter 4, he could have done with some companionship. So why didn't he heal Trophimus? We do not know. Nothing more is said of Trophimus. But I do know that God guided me to Trophimus' story to tell me gently I was not forgotten or even neglected. He does not always cure every ill even when it seems to make sense to do so. But he is always there with Trophimus in Miletus and with me home in bed on Sabbath.

When we all get to heaven and sickness is no more; when people are lining up to talk to Moses, David, Daniel and Paul, I will find a quieter corner and tell Trophimus how his story helped me. Won't he be surprised?



¹ Trophimus was from Ephesus (see Acts 21:29). Ephesus was about 50 miles north of Miletus.

Hang up Your Jacket!

Joseline Chigogora

Joseline Chigogora lives in the East Zimbabwe Conference, where her husband pastors the Hatcliffe District. She enjoys the challenges of team ministry, especially ministering to children.



As we can clearly see from the signs all around us, the coming of our Lord Jesus is going to be soon. However, we must reach a much higher standard of character if we are to have a place in His heavenly home. We are to live as Jesus lived.

As I have reflected on the nature of our husbands' work, I have realized that theirs is not an ordinary work. They go through stresses that we cannot explain. As we try to soothe them, support them, and love them, we are growing and attaining the standard that Christ has set for us. I would like to share with shepherdeses worldwide my thoughts on 1 Corinthians 13:4-8. The passage starts, "Love is . . .

Patient

It's too much! How many times do you tell your husband, "Please put your dirty clothes in the wash basket. Hang up your jacket! Put your..."? The list is endless. And when he does not do it, you grumble and maybe even think up ways of punishing him. Talk to your Jesus. Even cry if you feel like it, and then put your husband's things in their right places. Jesus did not sin even in thought.

Kind

Suppose you have prepared a small meal for yourself, and then your

husband comes home unexpectedly. You can see he is hungry, but so are you. Learn to be kind, give thanks to God, and share with him the little that you have. He will see kindness in you. Jesus shared five loaves of bread and two fishes among more than 5,000 people.

It does not envy

Envy is brought about by discontentment. It breeds bitterness toward your husband as well as loss of respect for him. "You are not organized." "Look, Pastor Smith already owns a car, and Mrs. Smith has a dressing table and a big stove." But Jesus did not envy those around Him. He had only one coat.

It does not boast, It is not proud

You come up with a bright idea or a solution to a problem concerning your Conference or District. Then you share it with your husband. He in turn brings it up in their special meeting to solve the issue. Everyone is impressed, and your husband is thanked again and again. Do you go to your husband and tell him, "It was my idea, not yours"? That really makes him feel small. Maybe you even insist that your husband tell the committee that it was your idea, not his. Jesus was a king, but He left that splendor of heaven and dwelt humbly among men, not seeking to be honored or praised.

It is not rude

You are doing the best you can to prepare supper quickly, but because your husband is very hungry, he feels as if he has waited forever. So he asks, "Still not finished?" Do you answer, "The microwave is not working," when you know very well that you do not even own one? Or do you rudely ask, "Do I have ten hands?" Jesus was asked many times if He was the Son of God. Even though the people's doubts hurt him, He did not answer them rudely. He gave a quiet, gentle answer.

It is not self-seeking

When it comes to the kitchen, do you feel that you are the boss. You cook what you want. Too bad for your husband if he prefers something different. And you complain when he tells you he does not want what you cooked. Give your husband a chance to say what he wants to eat, and let him cook it if he wants. If you prepare it, put your heart into it, and give him the best. Jesus did not live according to His own will, but according to the will of His Father.

It is not easily angered, not irritable

I remember one time when we were going to an engagement party. It had just stopped raining, and the driveway was very muddy. As I was closing the gate, Michael was reversing the car and splashed mud onto my nice skirt. I got really angry, but it was not his fault. He did not make the rain, nor did he intend to make me dirty. I felt bad afterwards. But even if it had been his fault, my anger was not justified. Imagine Jesus naked on the cross. What if He had gotten angry? Ask yourself how easily "easily angered" is.

It keeps no record of wrongs

"Yes, I told you. It serves you right. You did it again last week. You never listen to me." Jesus forgives our sins,

and it is as if we had never sinned. He does not remember they ever happened but buries them in the depths of the sea.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices in the truth

How many times have you told your husband, "It's okay. Forget it." But you know it's not over, and an evil thought is brooding in your heart. You are delighted because he thinks it's okay, but you've told a lie. Say what you really feel. Tell the truth, even though it may be to no avail. "Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life."

It always protects

Your husband needs both physical and emotional protection just as much as you do. When was the last time you gave him a hug when you met him at the door? Don't you think he feels protected in your arms? And when he is sick, do you show compassion? Do you pray so that he is healed? When he comes home depressed, feeling as if he has failed, how do you respond when he tells you about it? Do you encourage him? Or do you say, "Yes, you thought you were Mr. Know Everything"? Jesus showed compassion for the sick and always tried to lift people's spirits when they were depressed.

Always trusts

Always trusting that your husband is doing the best he can for you is important. Sometimes you may feel that he is being selfish when he spends money to fix the car when you need to go to the hairdresser or you need new clothes. You will find, however, that after the car is fixed, you will want to ride in it, and you will need it to take you around your district. Even though he may have failed to provide what you felt you needed at that time, trust that it was not deliberate. If you look on all

sides and assess the situation, you may well see it the way he saw it. Every time we fail, Jesus trusts that we will succeed next time. That's why He gives us choices. His grace is always available for us. He sees things through our eyes because He has met every temptation that we will ever meet. He trusts us to seek help from Him.

Always hopes


"I never want to hold his hand again. He no longer wants to hold mine. Let me forget we ever held hands." As time progresses in marriage, there are some things that couples wrongly outgrow. For example, your husband used to faithfully kiss you good night or good morning, but now he has stopped. Or he has neglected cuddling you and noticing when you are not well. Your hopes of restoration of those early attentions are shattered. Love does not give up or lose hope. It continues to show love and keeps hoping that those early attentions will be restored. Jesus always continues to love us, and He has the hope of saving us. And we have the hope of salvation.

Always perseveres

There are many trying situations in marriage. Children get sick. The car breaks down just when you need it. Your husband may lose his job or feel he is a complete failure in the ministry. Do not feel that you are alone. Jesus was a man of sorrows. He persevered through many trials as He walked on this earth, and He will give you strength to do the same.

Love never fails

Because Jesus had love, He defeated the devil on the cross. He gave His very life for those whom He loved.

May Jesus help us to love more perfectly as we prayerfully seek to be fitted for His kingdom. 

Simple Requests and Memory Loss



Tina Krause

Okay, listen up everyone. After you shower, wipe the tile down!" It wasn't an unreasonable request—a simple gesture to save me time so I could engage in other activities besides scrubbing, disinfecting, and polishing.

For two whole days the men of the family adhered. Then it became too much for their bulging muscles to handle. That's when the excuses flowed faster than it takes time to evacuate the kitchen after mealtime.

"But I wasn't the last one to shower," teen-age son, Jeff protested. "Besides, I'm running late. I'll do it later, Mom."

I've heard that before. Later, as in: sometime-maybe-long-after-

Mom's-buffed-the-tile-squeaky-clean-and-it-doesn't-need-to-be-wiped-down-anymore later.

Somehow simple requests are the hardest for my family to follow. Sudden memory loss occurs when they're asked to take out the garbage, feed the cat, or stack the dirty dishes in the dishwasher instead of piling them, dripping with food scraps, inside the sink.

"Oops, sorry I forgot," is a common phrase that is supposed to trigger immediate clemency from me. Yet these same guys have photographic memories to recall all the words to their favorite songs, baseball players' individual batting averages, or what recreational activities they have planned three weeks from Saturday.

But perhaps they are not so different from the rest of us. For God has a few simple requests too: Read the Bible, pray, obey God, love one another. Not unreasonable requests, yet most of us are much like my family members when it comes to following through.

"Too busy," we say, "Later, when I have the time." "Oops, sorry Lord, I forgot..." we half-heartedly confess, hoping to invoke God's immediate

approval. Yet invariably we remember to watch our favorite TV program, or recall what hours the mall is open, or what day we have off of work next month.

We know what we *should* do, but we often don't. Jesus discerned: "... The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" (Matt. 26:41). Thus, when our guilt leads to conviction and we finally resolve to obey God's commands, it is often short-lived. Consequently, our good intentions are meaningless without corresponding actions.

Much like my son's false promises. So I wiped down the shower tile . . . again. Seems my request needs some incentives. This time, I thought I'd try the memory loss excuse . . . be apologetic, yet insincere.


When my son returned home he asked if he had any phone messages as he scanned the stove top for signs of dinner. "Oops, sorry I forgot," I responded wide-eyed and innocent.

"Forgot my messages or dinner?"

"Both. I just didn't have the time."

"Well, when do we eat?"

"Later Jeff . . . much, much later."

Amazing. He suddenly regained his memory. 

Tina Krause is an award-winning newspaper columnist and freelance writer. She has over 600 published columns, feature stories, editorials, and magazine articles. Tina is the mother of two grown sons: Jim, 26, and Jeff, 22. She and her husband, Jim, live in Valparaiso, Indiana.

Elvis and the Marketing Factor

Valerie J.
Smetheram

Val Smetheram lives in Queensland, Australia, where she is passionate about environment, justice, all growing things and loves animals. Her ambitions are to become superfit, learn to swim, and write a book. She has been a minister's wife for 18 years.



Marketing is a very exact science, especially in today's marketplace. A product is continually assessed, upgraded and modernized in order to appeal to the customer. After all, there are a million other items out there to capture the potential buyer's interest. After a market research analysis, vendors know exactly how to successfully target their products to Mr. and Mrs. Public. And never forget, everything is marketable, whether its vehicles, laundry powder, rock stars or religion.

The "floating voter" has a supermarket of offers to tempt him or her. The "possible pew occupier" has a smorgasbord of religious delights to choose from. Apart from the mainstream churches, groups of all possible persuasions jostle for attention, offering a wide range of alternative worship styles. Some use tongues, some offer spectacular healing, some worship prostrate while still others worship through dance. There is something to suit everyone.

When I was eight-years-old, I remember asking my mother why such "old" language was used in church. She answered, "I don't know, child. Ask your father." When I asked

my dad, he simply said he didn't know, that was just the way things were. I found it to be a very unsatisfactory answer then and I still do today. Is such quaint language used in church because it is holy? Does it have special significance? Does it matter that I can't understand it?

A young girl recently modernized the Lord's Prayer so it could be better understood by her peers. Some found fault with that. A Dutch friend of mine shared with me the fact that though she could remember the Catholic services of her childhood, she didn't know what was being said since everything was said in Latin. I have to wonder why there is such a reluctance to update our church services. Doesn't this blind adherence to the past tend to push people out?

Many people feel secure retaining a touch of tradition and most groups offer this. However, clinging too strongly to obviously out-of-date vestiges of "how it used to be" simply because "we've always done it" is surely counter-productive to growth. Each time a hymn of at least centurion age is announced, I wonder just how much meaning the words have in today's world.

Each week, I listen to a radio talk-back show hosted by a language

professor. It has been very enlightening. Discovering the origins and meanings of words has been fascinating. Learning about word development has made me yearn to learn how best to use words.

Some words are left behind forever, victims of a changing world. Meanings alter too. So just how significant are lines such as “. . . to Jesus I repair” (one tends to think of car repairs) and “. . . in this my concord find” (immediately airplanes come to mind). And how about archaic terms such as naught, art, hast, doth and canst? These are dated and belong in the past. Wasn't the Gospel originally spread in the common everyday language of the ordinary people? Shouldn't the message be clearly understood by everyone, from the most learned to the most humble?

Of course, outdated terms are not used only in church settings. The law profession needs to simplify many of its terms so the ordinary John and Jane Citizen can understand the terms used. And what about our National Anthem? I wonder how often people sing “girt by the sea”? I often wish someone would update the song. Old language should be used when reenacting historic events but it has no place in the modern world. Plain, modern English is essential for instant understanding; therefore, it should be used in our everyday world.

Most hymns can be updated with little difficulty. Though some hymns are magnificent and invoke a feeling of awe, most would be improved by modernizing the language. So many ancient words are meaningless today. Many people who visit our churches hear these hymns and perceive that the Church has not moved with the times.

Of course, this is a very subjective topic. Most people have a preference for certain worship styles and


particular types of music. Though I feel like I'm being transported backwards 100 years when I sing some of the old hymns, I realize some people get blessings from such songs. Everyone is entitled to his or her own opinion.

The multiplicity of people within a system gives life and color. Trying to make them all fit into the same mold is like attempting to make all flowers alike. It can't be done. Many types of music and worship styles are necessary to accommodate various cultures and personalities. People should feel free to express their opinions without the threat of others getting mad. What is important is the belief in Jesus Christ.

When a visitor enters the church, is he welcomed at the door? Or does she enter a place where people are chatting in their own little groups, oblivious to fact that a visitor has arrived? An

impression is made at once and many times that first impression colors every other experience the visitor has in the church.

Religion, like everything else, is marketing, whether you realize it or not. People who don't feel welcome in a church will not return. A successful church is like a good marriage. You have to work at it. As church members we need to pay attention to “marketing” our church. Whether it be modernizing the language, accepting others with opposing views or making an effort to warmly welcome visitors, we need to actively participate in making our church a welcome haven for others. Only then will we grow.

Marketing . . . perhaps we need to look at the successful methods the world uses. Certainly Elvis's manager knew how to sell his product, didn't he? 

People are unreasonable, illogical, and self-centered.

Love them anyway.

If you do good, people may accuse you of selfish motives.

Do good anyway.

If you are successful, you may win false friends and true enemies.

Succeed anyway.

The good you do today may be forgotten tomorrow.

Do good anyway.

Honesty and transparency make you vulnerable.

Be honest and transparent anyway.

What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.

Build anyway.

People who really want help may attack you if you help them.

Help them anyway.

Give the world the best you have and you may get hurt.

Give the world your best anyway.

—Unknown



Shepherdess International News

North American Division

✧ **Oregon Conference**—Ministry wives from the Oregon conference met together at a church retreat center south of Portland for their annual Shepherdess meeting. The country setting in the middle of large evergreens made for a tranquil environment. And, the sheep farm down the road added a bit of authenticity! Conversations by the fireplace, praise services and testimonies made it a weekend to remember. Corleen Johnson, coordinator for the ministry to pastoral spouses at the conference office, and Claudia Griebel, Shepherdess president, organized the event. Sharon Cress was the guest speaker.



Singing and praise and testimonies at the Oregon Shepherdess annual meeting.



Food and fellowship were the key words for a good time!

✧ **Texico Conference**—The Shepherdesses from the Texico conference enjoyed a weekend of relaxation and stress-relief compliments of the conference and planned by conference Shepherdess sponsor, Rita Stevens. The pastors' wives enjoyed a weekend in a delightful hotel. A nighttime communion service opened the special activities on a note that brought us all closer to



Panel discussion and questions and answers at the Texico Shepherdess meetings.



Communion was a special event for the women.

Jesus. A formal banquet gave the opportunity to have laughs at life in the ministry and there was always time for fellowship. Seminars were presented by Sharon Cress.



Texico Shepherdesses.



Dressed up for the banquet.



Rita Stevens, Carla Baker and Betty Trevino

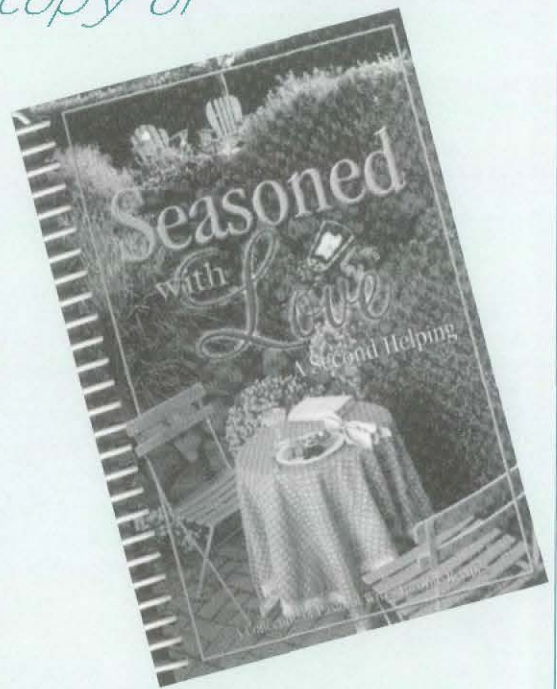


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