



# The Journal

A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES

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***“I am the good shepherd; I know my sheep  
and my sheep know me.”***

***John 10:14***

# The Journal



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## Editor's Musings

Dear Friends:

Can you believe it's already 2007? By now you have survived the holidays and hopefully put away the last of Christmas. A new year seems to ring in a refreshing of our spirits. After the hectic holiday season, the promise of a new beginning is encouraging, and that new energy leads us to new opportunities.

Here at Shepherdess International, we are beginning a new year with the hope of continually improving your magazine. Ellen Bresee and Marie Spangler gave birth to this publication. They were assisted by only an old Xerox machine and a lot of creative cut-and-paste. In faith, they made fewer than 100 copies and mailed them sparingly. But their faith venture has grown into an international publication which is now published in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and French, and many articles are translated into local dialects. We print more than 10,000 magazines each quarter. In the new year, we are working to implement the positive feedback you have given us; you will again see four-color covers, expanded news, and representative articles from around the world.

Of course, the first goal of this publication is to bring each one of us closer to Jesus. Our second objective is to draw closer to one other. Third, we want to serve up practical ideas for better living in the parsonage. So with these goals in mind, we present in this issue inspiration from ministry wives in seven of our world divisions. Robina Townend, originally from Australia and now living in Singapore, comes from a rich missionary background. Her observations from nature begin this issue. Hazel Gordon is retired and writes from Orlando, Florida. Her exemplary life has been an inspiration and encouragement to countless ministry wives. Karen Holford, who lives in London, England, specializes in family ministry and has wise counsel for many women. Tabitha Phiri writes from Africa, and Katarina Kernova contributes from Slovakia. These women and others have written on a variety of issues—spiritual encouragement, lessons from God's creation, and practical aspects of clergy life.

So take a few minutes to feed your souls, clean out your closets, practice a timely children's story, and learn what your sisters around the world have been doing.

Happy New Year! God bless you every one.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sharon". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'S'.

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# When the Owls Spoke



**Robina Townend**

*Robina lives in Singapore, where her husband is the president of the Southeast Asia Union Mission. They have been married and in the ministry for 34 years and have two grown married children—but no grandchildren yet! Robina loves teaching lower-elementary-level children and enjoys sewing and music. She also enjoys gardening, although it is difficult in her present high-rise apartment building with no balcony!*

**H**ave you ever thought it hard to understand why God would ask you to do something? To put it bluntly, you simply felt He was asking too much! As ministers' wives, we are often called to uproot ourselves and follow our husbands to work in various places. It is not always easy. We do not see the blessings God has in store for us in His overall plan.

Recently, my husband and I were shifted back to our homeland of Australia. We had worked for 21 years of our 33-year ministry in other locations. My dream had come true. I was at last returning home!

We had enjoyed life back in Australia for just one year when the unexpected happened. My husband received a call to work as Union President for the Southeast Asian Union Mission based in Singapore. My mind was racing. Why would God do this to me now?

After being away for 14 years, I had been so happy—close to my grown children, numerous friends, and to my aging parents (my mother is 90, and for the first time since I had married, I lived an hour's drive away from her). I had a teaching job that I adored, and to top it all off, we were building a lovely dream home!

I recalled that I had read the book *The Prayer of Jabez* and had prayed that God would make me willing to go wherever He wanted to send me. A very dangerous prayer, I thought!

I struggled within myself. Didn't God want me to feel settled, happy, and content with my family? How would I ever know what He really wanted me to do with such a difficult, emotion-filled decision?

The next day I announced to my husband that I had asked God for a sign. I explained that if God could do it

for Gideon, He could do it for me! Now I know many people would never operate this way, but I desperately needed some reassurance that God really wanted me to go to Singapore.

While our house was being built, we had been living in a beautiful location backing onto bushland. We had enjoyed watching a family of tawny frog-mouthed owls living in a tree near our kitchen window. We observed the doting parents teaching their two little feathered offspring to fly. Then one day they were gone. We had not seen them for more than five months. Someone had told me that owls never return to their nesting place until the following year. So I asked God to send an owl and specified the exact tree. My husband laughed, but I noticed the day after we received the call, he was out with the binoculars looking for owls!

That Sabbath, it was almost uncanny. Of all the Sabbath appointments for the whole year, where should my husband be going to preach? The Chinese Church! We had such a wonderful time, and we both came away feeling positive about the prospects of working with such lovely people.

Sunday morning I was eating breakfast and looking out the kitchen window. I jokingly told my husband I was looking for owls! He laughed and followed me upstairs. I was headed for the shower when he called me to look outside the bedroom window. And there, in the very tree I had selected, sitting less than three meters away, was an owl, eyes wide open and looking at us! I burst into tears! I really didn't want to see it!

Our son was staying with us at the time. He was understandably opposed to us leaving when he felt God had

led us back to Australia. When we told him the story, he stepped out on the balcony and called out, "Mum, there is not one owl, there are three!" The mother and her two grown babies had returned. My son was stunned and impressed. I was overwhelmed. God was really not letting me reason this away as a coincidence, I thought. He was telling me in no uncertain terms what I needed to do! After that day, we booked plane tickets to visit Singapore, so that we could feel more comfortable making an informed decision.

I felt I should be willing to go, but I was still struggling. We had bought lovely new furniture for our new home, after disposing of the old furniture we had had for endless years. In Singapore, I would be living in a Class B apartment, which meant all the furniture was supplied by the mission. It probably sounds materialistic, but I wanted to take my furniture so it would feel more like home. I prayed that God would work that detail out for me.

So we arrived in Singapore. It was hot and sticky. I almost melted! It was the hottest time of the year, and it sure felt like it! We discovered it was too expensive to own a car (just the license cost \$60,000!). I couldn't imagine life without a car. Being a teacher, I was anxious to find a job. There were no available positions in



the Adventist school, and state schools were not interested in Adventist teachers because they were unable to help with extracurricular activities on Saturdays. On the positive side, we discovered that it would be possible to take all our furniture, and the people were really friendly and hospitable. We flew back to Australia. My mind was in turmoil. How could I be expected to go? My husband would be away so much, I wouldn't have my friends and family around for support, and then there was the employment problem. I needed a challenging and interesting job to keep me busy during the lonely times!

Again I was having doubts. Big doubts! I felt a bit like Jonah running away. I had a definite sign that I believed was from God, but having been to see the situation, now I really didn't want to go. I began taking promises out of my promise box. They were all so pointed. My brother-in-law said, "You know the water doesn't part until you put your foot in it." Those words remained indelibly in my mind.

Friday evening, three days after we'd returned from Singapore, I was busily getting the evening meal ready. I heard a "who-who, who-who" noise. "What's that?" I asked my husband.

"There's another owl in that tree," he replied.

We had never heard the owls make a noise. It was as if God was saying, "Don't you forget those owls!" And do you know, we never saw or heard the owls again.

This was too much for me. I stated with tears in my eyes that if my husband felt he should go to Singapore, I was willing to go too! I also added it was up to God to work out the job details for me.

Then the next testing situation arose. The Singapore government, which is renowned for its red-tape procedures for granting employment passes, declared they would not give us permission to come (we think they may have wanted to localize the position). They said we could resubmit information.

I thought that was fine. I was happy to stay! Maybe I had gotten the whole owl message wrong! The new information was submitted, and we were told we would have an answer in 6-8 weeks. Within three days, the message came that we had been granted permission to work in Singapore. It was like God was again telling me, "Look, you may not want

to go, but that is exactly where I want you!"

Our house was completed. We enjoyed living in it for eight weeks. I was so glad. It made me feel that we were the first people to live there, and I was contented then to leave. It was not easy saying goodbye to everyone, but I knew God had assured me He would be with me.

So here we are, settled in Singapore. I absolutely love it! Yes, my husband is away a lot, but God has provided me with so many great friends and a wonderful job at an international school here, a better job than I could ever have imagined!

What if I had said "No," even after being given the exact sign by God that I had asked for? I believe God would have understood and loved me just the same. But I am so glad I said "Yes." God has given me a richness of life, experiences, and blessings beyond my dreams. I've decided God knows what's best for me after all!

And about my prayer asking God to make me willing to go wherever He wanted to send me, I have decided it was not a dangerous prayer but a very exciting and rewarding one! Perhaps the owls were saying more to me than I realized.



# Shooting Our Wounded or Judging Gently



**Hazel Marie Gordon**

This article appeared in the Southern Union Conference *Southern Tidings*. Hazel and her husband, Malcolm are retired from ministry and living in Florida.

Several years ago the *Adventist Review* published an editorial entitled, “Shooting Our Wounded.” It was a thought-provoking essay on the way we often treat fellow soldiers of the cross.

We are all “wounded soldiers”—wounded by the instigator of all hurts, sorrows, and tragedies, by sin in every form. Charles Swindoll writes, “We’re the only outfit I know that shoots its wounded, all too often becoming the most severe, condemning, judgmental, guilt-giving people on the face of Planet Earth.” Let me illustrate.

It happened in one of our churches on a sunny Sabbath day a few years ago. A young man was attending services with his dedicated and devoted parents. As the organ was playing a heavenly harmony, two “sisters” sitting directly behind the young man began whispering, but not quietly enough. It seems they were disturbed by the long hair and the lack of traditional garb the young man was wearing. With much emphasis and a “holy contempt,” they remarked, “Why on earth would a person come to church looking like that?”

Now it so happened that despite his long hair and casual attire, his hearing was quite keen, whereas he turned around and informed them that he couldn’t help but overhear their remarks. He went on to say, “I can assure you, you will never have to endure such unpleasantness in the future because I won’t be coming back to this church again ever.”

Another young man in another place, visiting his home church after years of absence, was happily flanked by two parents thrilled to have their son with them. He was greeted at the door by name, followed by, “It’s about time the black sheep returns to the fold.” I think you can guess what happened in that case too.

In *Christ’s Object Lessons*, page 226, Ellen White says, “Christ longs to have careworn, weary, oppressed human beings come to Him.”

Our church should be a place where those with a physical or spiritual challenge find genuine acceptance, a place where the poor and the out-of-work are given their due recognition and human dignity.

We as soldiers of the cross should look beyond the surface appearance. We must never put tabs and labels on people based on the cut of their suit or the style of their dress. We are to give ourselves to others. The church should be a place of loving, accepting fellowship.

In this sin-sick world, there is one ailment that antibiotics will unfortunately never stamp out, and that is a premature formation of opinion. The God who put the rainbow in the sky also put on Earth a rainbow of colors, cultural backgrounds, and ethnic persuasions. We must practice unconditional love.

There is an oft-repeated but oh-so-true statement: “The church is not just a sanctuary for saints but a hospital for sinners.”

How people need Christ-like love and understanding! An old Chinese proverb states, “Be not disturbed at being misunderstood; be disturbed rather at not being understood.”

In a world that idolizes the beautiful, the wealthy, and the famous and often scorns those less gifted or fortunate, we are to cast none aside, and we must in practice be a community of belonging.

For Christ’s sake, we are to love the unloved and the loveless and help them grow into the divine likeness.

As we think about our family, our church, and our community, let us be inspired and encouraged to never wound but to “judge gently.”

“Pray don’t find fault with the man who limps  
Or stumbles along the road,  
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears  
Or struggled beneath his load.  
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,  
Tho’ hidden away from view,  
Or the burden he bears placed on your back  
Might cause you to stumble, too.  
Don’t sneer at the man who’s down today  
Unless you have felt the blow  
That caused his fall or felt the shame  
That only the fallen know.  
You may be strong, but still the blows

That were his, if dealt to you  
In the selfsame way at the selfsame time  
Might cause you to stagger, too.  
Don’t be too harsh with the man that sins,  
Or pelt him with word or stone,  
Unless you are sure—  
    yea, doubly sure—  
That you have no sins of your own.  
For you know perhaps if the tempter’s voice  
Should whisper as soft to you  
As it did to him when he went astray,  
It might cause you to falter, too.”

—Selected



# What Shall I Wear?



**Karen Holford**

Karen Holford is the wife of Bernie Holford, family life director of the South England Conference. Together they enjoy developing seminars on all aspects of family life. They have three children: Bethany, Nathan, and Joel. Karen has written several books, including *Please, God, Make My Mummy Nice!*, a warm and humorous look at mothering and what it can teach us about God's love for our families. She also enjoys crafts of all kinds.

There is a wonderful freedom in the twenty-first century. You can wear almost anything you like! Hems come in a variety of lengths, pants and skirts come in all shapes and sizes, and you can dress to suit your personality and lifestyle. You can be smart and chic, lacy and romantic, or cozy and comfortable. Sometimes, when I have the stamina, I shop with a friend who takes hours to choose one garment! It may be tedious, but when she's made her purchase, she knows it will see her through at least a decade! It will suit her wardrobe with no regrets, and she always avoids embarrassing or expensive blunders. These are some tips I have learned from her.

1. If you need a garment to last, don't buy the cheapest thing. Shop around and compare prices, but don't sacrifice quality.

2. Choose classic and traditional styles. They may seem more expensive at first, but you'll wear them for many years. I have had some things in my wardrobe for 13 years, and they are just as wearable today, because the styles are so timeless.

3. Learn which colors suit you best, and choose a small range of colors for your wardrobe. It can be fun to buy something bright and colorful, but if you keep your basic wardrobe in a limited range, you won't need so many jackets, shoes, purses, and accessories to match them.

4. Learn what to look for in well-made clothes. Are the seams smooth or puckered? Are the buttons sewn on well? If not, stitch them on securely from the start, to save last-minute panics. A drop of clear nail polish will help to strengthen the stitches. Is the hem straight and securely sewn? If you have to hem a garment, then every four inches, do a few stitches on top of each other. Then, if you ever rip your hem, it won't unravel enough to drop down and show. Does the garment need to be lined? Is it washable? Is the fabric comfortable to wear and easy to care for? Is there

plenty of room for movement? Kneel down, stand up, and stretch your arms over your head to check that the garment won't be restrictive. Lean forward in front of a mirror to check the modesty of the neckline. Rub a white candle up and down the zipper teeth to keep them running smoothly.

5. Ask yourself if you really need a new garment? Will it mean buying more accessories, or will it fit perfectly into your wardrobe? If you travel often, will it pack well and still look good?

6. Go to sales only if you know for sure what you really want, and go only for that item. Check out your favorite stores before sale time to see what might be available, and don't buy without a lot of careful thought. Make a list of your clothing needs and keep the list in your purse. If you find a bargain basement, you will know exactly what to look for. In sales, buy a year ahead. Winter coats are on sale in the spring, summer clothes in the fall, etc.

7. Keep your mending up to date, and make sure all your nylons are intact. Keep a spare pair in your purse or in the car, in case of accidents. Wash all your clothes according to the instructions on the label. Hang clothes on good-quality hangers of the correct size so that clothes are not stretched out of shape.

8. If you haven't worn an item for two or more years, ask yourself why. Was the color wrong or is it now outdated? Does it no longer fit well? Clear out your closets annually, and let ADRA or Dorcas benefit from your unwanted clothes.

9. Learn how to sew your own clothes well, so that you can make just what you want, to suit your budget.

10. Look forward to heaven when we won't have to worry about clothes anymore! No more shopping and laundry, just amazing robes of light, which never get dirty, and never, never go out of fashion!



# Traveling with a Giant



**Katarina Kernova**

*Katarina Kernova was born into an atheistic family. She and her husband were baptized in 1976. She wrote about their spiritual journey in a book entitled, The Beautiful Shock. Her husband is now a Seventh-day Adventist pastor. They have five children. Katarina and her husband live in Slovakia. She works as the chief coordinator in a non-government organization called "Life and Health." She is a lecturer, writer, and radio and TV personality. Katarina enjoys playing volleyball and tennis. She likes to swim and walk in God's nature, read, sing, and cook healthful meals. One of her life's creeds is "Let the people, after meeting you, be happier."*

Hurray, Daddy, Mum's back!" shouted little Johnny happily as he heard my key in the lock. As I entered the house, he threw himself into my arms and hugged me tightly.

"Careful, young man, you are going to strangle me! At least let me take my coat off before you jump on me." I carefully placed my shopping bag on the floor next to me as I tried to get out of his grasp.

"What did you buy, Mum?" he was quick to ask. Without waiting for my answer, he started to look through my bag.

"Slow down, young man! First, tell me how school was today." It is a question I ask him every day after his return from school.

"Nothing really, no tests or anything significant today," he replied.

I took the shopping bag and slowly started to empty its contents. As I took things out of the bag, I said, "Oh, I

have something to tell you. You should have seen what happened to me today."

Johnny's eyes lit up as he curiously asked me what happened. He enjoys listening to all sorts of stories, and he was hoping I would have something special to say.

"Would you believe it, I traveled with an actual giant today."

"Really? With a real giant? Oh, Mum, that can't be. Giants don't actually exist, do they?" he asked with slight disappointment on his face.

"Well, judge for yourself. You can decide after I tell you my story."

Johnny slowly settled himself into an armchair and bid me to carry on.

"I was traveling to a small town called Priedviza, where I was supposed to give a talk about what we can do to improve our health. The bus was quite crowded; I was happy to get a seat! After sitting down and getting



comfortable, I decided to go over my speech. I didn't even notice the people who were getting on and off the bus."

"Did a giant get on, Mum? Was it a real giant?" Johnny interrupted me impatiently. "What did he look like? Was he big and strong? Young or old?"

"Well, actually, he was rather small. He appeared to be quite old. His gray head was bent down, and he wore an old coat. He carried a shopping bag with both hands and the tops of mineral-water bottles stuck out above the bag. When he was walking by me, he stopped, smiled, and asked politely, 'Is the seat next to you available?'"

"Of course, feel welcome to take it. Please sit down," I replied as I moved a bit toward the window so he could have as much space as he needed. He thanked me and sat down. He secured his bag between his legs so it would not fall down during the ride.

As the bus started moving, I began to read my notes. The man next to me began talking and asking me questions. It soon became evident I was not going to be able to go over my speech. Disappointed, I put the papers back into my bag and gave the man my undivided attention.

He told me about the times when he used to be a miner. He spent 36 years working under the earth in mines. Though his lungs filled with dust and he became sick, he continued his work. As he talked, I looked at his hands. It was evident he had worked hard during his life. He told me he was retired. Then, as quickly as he began to talk, he suddenly stopped.

After a few moments, I asked where he was headed. He said, "Well, I'm going home right now. You know, you've got really good mineral water in this town. I went to get some straight from the fountain for my kids."

I looked at him in disbelief. "You mean you traveled all this distance just for a few bottles of mineral water?"

He replied, "I'm not doing it for myself; there is a children's foster home in our town. The children are mostly homeless gypsy kids. But Caucasian or gypsy, it doesn't matter. They're all God's children. Anyway, the government support money gets less and less, so every dime is very important. There simply is no money for fruit juice for the children. So I thought I could help them. I don't go to work anymore. I can get a discounted bus fare because of my age, and your town has really good mineral water. I make a trip here quite often so I can get the kids the mineral water so they don't have to drink the tap water that is full of chlorine."

I looked at him closely. His face was wrinkled and his hair silver. His eyes were the color of a bright summer sky. And in his heart was a piece of heaven. I stared at his scarred hands which held the water bottles.

The bus came to a stop, and the man got up. He gave me another of his friendly smiles and lifted the heavy bag with its precious load. He left with a good-bye. My eyes followed him as he walked down the street.

It was then I realized this man was a giant. I had been traveling with a real giant!

"But, Mum," Johnny complained, "he wasn't a giant. He was just an ordinary man."

I hugged Johnny and asked him, "Son, do you think the real size of a person is measured by his height, the width of his shoulders, or the beauty of his face? Shouldn't the size of one's heart, in which there is love, readiness to help others, willingness to sacrifice one's own comfort, time, or money, really count? Do you think I was traveling with a giant?"

Johnny had a thoughtful expression on his face, and I knew he was giving the question much thought.

How about you? Do you think I was traveling with a real giant?



# Mother Martha



**Tabitha J. Phiri**

*Tabitha J. Phiri and her pastor husband have been in the ministry for 13 years. She trained at Solusi College and graduated with a ministerial diploma. She has worked as a district pastor and girls' dean. Presently she serves as translator, associate Sabbath School director, and Children's Ministries director in the East Zimbabwe Conference in Africa. Tabitha and her husband have two sons, Crux and Peace.*

One Sunday morning I woke up determined to clear my garden and plant new crops. During the week, I go to work and rarely have time for gardening. I had harvested the mature crops; I wanted to plant new ones and rotate the crops.

Early in the morning, my family and I had devotions and then did laundry. I hastily cleaned my house and prepared a big breakfast. It had become a habit for our family to have late breakfasts on Sundays. Friends, relatives, and church members often visit us at home on Sundays. They do not get us the other six days of the week; we are at church on Sabbath and at work the other five days. I planned to work in my garden between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. since few people called on me during those hours. Those who did visit realized I was very busy, and they didn't stay long. They did not even get into the house as they usually do. In a friendly but frank voice, I told them that I wanted to finish my gardening that afternoon.

With much strength and enthusiasm, I embarked on my work. I constructed beds. I planted seeds. The work was interesting and something that I enjoy doing once in a while. My two sons, ages 9 and 6, helped some. They would do a little job and then disappear to play with friends. I didn't need much help anyway. They went into the house a few times. Their soiled feet left marks on my shiny floors. I knew things were not well in the house, but I had set my mind to finish my gardening. I figured I could tidy the house later.

The gardening took longer than I had planned; however, I almost achieved what I had anticipated by late afternoon. Toward sundown I decided to quit my garden-

ing for the day. I was tired and wanted to tidy my house, bathe, and fix supper for the family so that I could go to bed early. When I was gathering my gadgets, a little girl who lived next door leaned on my fence and said, "Mama Phiri, there are some white visitors coming to your house. They have a white Kombi (a van)."

What? I had visitors and I was filthy. Ugh! Things were upside down in the house. I had not thoroughly cleaned the house that morning and worse still, the kids had displaced things all day. I ordered my nine-year-old to sweep the house as fast as he could. I rushed to the bathroom to take a quick bath. I hate cold baths even when it is hot. But I found myself under a cold shower. We don't have geysers, so we heat water on stoves. Our bathrooms are outside the house; as a result, we do not keep toiletry items in there. I had neither soap nor a towel. I called out to the children to bring this and do that. I ordered my six-year-old to get me clean clothes from my wardrobe. He brought a nightie! He just handed it to me through the door and ran away. Meanwhile my visitors already stood at the door. They did not wait for me to settle my mess first before they called out to me. "Mrs. Phiri, we are here. I have visitors for you this afternoon." It was a familiar voice. Mrs. Butler had brought some visitors.

I pretended that I had not heard Mrs. Butler. I continued with my chaos there in the bathroom. I called out to my elder son—who was by then entertaining the visitors—to bring me clothes. Crux also pulled a dress at random and brought a church dress with no undergarments.

My husband was in the bedroom studying, and my son informed him of the visitors. But Mrs. Butler kept asking for me. There was no way I could get to the bedroom without passing through the kitchen via the small lounge where the visitors were. I courageously walked through and greeted them, then quickly excused myself for a few minutes. When I returned, all the seats were occupied and I found myself a place on the arm of a sofa. Noting that the small house was in disarray, I became more nervous and shy. My morale dropped. Mrs. Butler had brought a pastor and his wife from Australia. Mrs. Butler was good to us, trusted our family, and was interested in us. She had also brought her maid and her son with her. So I had five guests. Introductions were made. She apologized for coming without notifying us. I felt uneasy and wished they would not stay long. Instead of making my guests feel at home, I dwelt on impossibilities. I wondered what image I presented to my visitors.

It was toward the month's end, and my stock of groceries was low. On regular months, I keep supplementary foods for rainy days. This particular month; our expenses were more than our salary. I had managed to buy only essentials, so I had very little for snacks except for a little concentrated pineapple juice. We had consumed most of the foods that I had reserved for emergencies. I was anxiously waiting for pay day.

Mrs. Butler enjoyed my husband's music very much. Each time she had visitors from outside the country, she tried to bring them to listen to Pastor Phiri sing two or three songs. Pastor Phiri cracked a lot of jokes. That made our visitors enjoy their stay more. I forced myself to relax and say a word or two once in a while. I don't remember anything we discussed, nor do I remember the names of the visiting couple. Taking my thoughts back to the kitchen, I knew the juice was not enough for five people. It was too hot for a cup of tea. In our culture, it is not courteous to ask visitors if they want food. We just prepare food and give it to them. Should I make tea? My visitors were from a culture which believes in asking, whether they want food or not. At last—insincerely—I asked, "Mrs. Butler, would you like to have a cold drink?"

"Oh, that would be very kind of you. We are very hot, Mrs. Phiri. Cold juice would do us well," she replied.



I went into my kitchen and stood there for awhile. Then I took the juice jar and diluted it to a very weak taste. It took me some time to return to my visitors. I gave the juice to my guests, and they happily drank it. I was really uncomfortable. After they had stayed for

some time, the visiting pastor read some verses from the Word of God. My fellow shepherdess prayed a very touching prayer for our family. Then they bade us farewell. I escorted them to their car. Before we got to the car, the visiting pastor took my hand and thanked me for the warm welcome and for being so hospitable. He opened my palm, slipped something in, and closed it. He thanked me over and over, saying, "It was really kind of you to give us some juice." I was stunned. My thoughts were far from all that was taking place. I kept my fingers closed, so I didn't know what the pastor had slipped into my palm. I walked with them to the car and watched as they drove off. Then I opened my hand to see what he had given me. Guess! Two \$20.00 notes and one \$10.00 note—\$50. I felt bad and started regretting my actions. I wished I had given my visitors a proper welcome.

"Mother Martha," I remembered. Her sister was busy with the Lord while she was busy with the world. I had been busy with my environment and not with my treasured guests. They had been so thoughtful to pay us a visit. The spiritual awakening that I got from my predicament was great. What counts most to me in my life? Who do I first consider, me or others? What is it that signifies my real image? Is it the appearance of my house or my demeanor? I embarrassed myself by not planning my day well. I sat down for awhile and thought about this experience.

Well, friends, thank heaven that we worship a gracious God who understands and forgives. He knows when we are sincere and when we are not. He recognizes our desire to be superior. He allows us to learn lessons from our failures.

Martha, the sister of Mary, was also concerned about things that did not matter much. She hustled about trying to cook this and that for the Master. She forgot the important things. She should have been sitting with Mary at the feet of the Savior. She worried about things that would not last. I worried about things that I could not improve; I made things worse by my attitude toward my visitors. The only solution was to accept reality and give my visitors what was available. They had come for hospitality. The Butlers are now on permanent return to Australia, and I may never have another opportunity here on earth to visit with them or the pastoral couple. That time was precious. An opportunity was wasted.

When Jesus comes to earth, in what condition will He find me? Will I be ready or not? The Bible says He will come like a thief, when I will not be ready for Him. Will I rush into the bathroom and make things right with myself? Will I call out to the children to sweep the house and do this or that? Will I pretend that I am not aware that He has come? Oh, how I pray that the Lord will help me to make things right with Him today when time is still on my side. I pray that the Lord will help us all to be able to distinguish between the perfume and stench. "Mother Martha! Be ready for the coming Guest!"



# Prayer Is the Key in the Hand of Faith

## **Aurea Assumpção de Souza**

*Aurea Assumpção de Souza lives in Vila Jocky Club in Cuiabá, in Mato Grosso, Brazil. Her biography has been published in O Tempo Não Apagou (Time Has Not Erased). Her husband is retired. Her favorite occupation is raising roses.*

“Pray constantly” (1 Thess. 5:17, RSV).  
When I was six years old, we lived on an isolated ranch in Mato Grosso. I was extremely saddened by my father’s sudden death.

One day a girl, a little older than I was, and her grandmother came to spend a few days with us. The girl taught me how to kneel, close my eyes, and pray. It was a great comfort for me to be able to talk to God.

After my father’s death, our life became very difficult. One day after I had cut wood with the axe, I stood under a tree and asked the Lord to send me a Christian companion. This was my prayer many times.

I contracted typhus when I was 16 years old and was very ill. My mother prayed and vowed that if I got better, I would go to the Adventist academy to become a worker. By God’s grace, I recovered.

At age 19, my brother and I went to our college in São Paulo. We did not know how to get there, and the big city scared us. I prayed constantly on the way. God was protecting us because when we stepped off the train, a kind gentleman showed us how to find the bus that would take us to the school, and we arrived without much trouble.

My joy was great when, at the school, I met a lad also from Mato Grosso. Though I had seen him before, we did not know one another. He became my friend. My prayers had been answered. Many years later, after finishing our studies through the sponsorship of literature evangelism, we married. When my husband Alfredo Barbosa de Souza graduated, we went to work in Cuiabá. While there, my little nine-month-old daughter devel-

oped a high fever due to urine retention. The physician prescribed a medication that had to be given every hour, but at dawn, she had not improved much. I went to the backyard, knelt under a mango tree, and prayed to the Lord. The idea to give my child corn-fuzz tea and place her in a basin of very warm water came to mind. Soon she was well.

When I was 45 years old, I contracted the terrible, savage fire illness. I was covered with boils and in excruciating pain. The doctors had given up on me and said I was a hopeless case. Still I fought to live because I had four small children who needed me. On a Friday afternoon, with much difficulty, I turned in bed and said to the Lord, “I know that the way I am, I am no good to my children or to my husband. May your will be done, Lord!” That same afternoon my husband found the remedy that brought me healing, and with that remedy we have helped many people, even today. At 83 years of age, I continue to prepare the remedy for all those who are victims of this terrible illness.

God has heard my prayers for my children, my grandchildren, and my great-grandchildren. God has been with me during 35 years of service. He has been by my side as I went gathering to help the church’s schools where we worked. He has brightened the rooms that once were filled with infirmity and sadness. Even though our resources were few, the Lord has been with us, giving us the strength needed for the work we do with the children and with Dorcas.

For everything, may the name of the Lord be praised!



# Climbing Out of the Clutter

**Vannetta Chapman**

*Vannetta is a freelance writer living in Cedar Hill, Texas. She has four children and two cats. She knows all about clutter and how difficult the climb out of it can be!*

The baby was crying. Dirty dishes filled the sink and threatened to spill over. Clothes covered every square inch of carpet, and there was a distinctly odd odor.

“So how do you like it?” Sarah moved the baby to her other hip and smiled apologetically. “I know it’s not exactly clean. We’ve been trying to unpack a little each night.”

I turned to study a picture to my left. Sarah had been asking me to visit her new home for more than a month. Now that I was here, I didn’t know what to say. The house was beautifully designed, but I’d never seen such a mess. How did she find clothes to wear to work in the morning? I said a quick prayer for wisdom, then turned back toward her and reached for the baby.

“This picture is lovely, almost as precious as your baby.”

Sarah smiled and led me back to the kitchen. I walked carefully to avoid stepping on anything that might be breakable.

The preschool years may be the most difficult time in any family’s life. By definition, it seems to entail too little sleep and too many demands—in short, chaos. Yet there are things parents can do to avoid turmoil and climb out of the clutter.

**1. Choose to have a calm and pleasant outlook.** Your attitude really is more important than what cleanser you buy, how many times a week (or month) you mop your floor, or when you do the laundry. Paul reminded us to think about “whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right . . .” Perhaps Paul had been in a home similar to Sarah’s. He had probably seen that look of weariness in someone’s eyes. Regardless the state of your

home, choose a calm and positive outlook. Once you do, it will be much easier to tackle the mess around you.

**2. Train them young.** Remember the text that says “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not turn from it?” Maybe King Solomon wasn’t talking about housework, but the principle is the same. Teaching your children how to maintain a peaceful home is a wonderful gift to them. Assign daily chores to everyone. Even a two-year-old can fill the puppy bowl with dog food. Four-year-olds love to dust. (Pledge wipes will keep them from over-using the spray.) Any child who can push a scooter can push a vacuum. Involve your children in caring for your home. They’ll learn from it, and you can use the help. Do not fall into the it’s-easier-to-do-it-myself trap. It may be easier at first, but if you train your kids now, you’ll be grateful for their help later.

**3. Set the right example.** What you do really does speak louder than what you say. If you tell your children to always put their dirty clothes in the basket, make sure you don’t sling your dirty clothes across a chair or drop them by the bed. Take your dishes to the sink or dishwasher immediately after you eat and expect everyone else to do the same. You may think your children ignore what you say—and they might—but the majority of the time, they will imitate what you do.

**4. Evaluate your needs.** What items do you really need to bring order from chaos? It’s probably not a weekly maid or a shopping spree at The Container Store (although both would be nice). A few small, inexpensive purchases can go a long way in restoring order. For ex-

ample, it helps to have a laundry basket in each bedroom, maybe even in each bathroom. Go through your house and evaluate carefully what items you could purchase that would help eliminate clutter. Then decide what you're willing to sacrifice to pay for it. Would it be worth giving up pizza one week so you'd have the money to purchase five storage bins? How about skipping lunch out and buying nets to hang your child's stuffed animals in? Make a list and check it twice, then follow through by purchasing one or two items each week.

**5. Seek out friendships that enrich.** Hang around people who have households you admire. Good habits are as contagious as bad ones, and you might pick up some great home management ideas. My sister keeps a grocery list on the refrigerator. When they run out of something, it goes on the list. She only shops once a week—no emergency trips. If they don't have eggs to make omelets, they settle for frozen waffles. This cuts down on impulse spending, puts an end to those after-work shopping stops, and forces her to plan better.

**6. Talk about it.** Do not expect your spouse to know when you need help. I cannot count the number of times women have said to me, "If I have to tell him what needs to be done, forget it." Hogwash. Your spouse is not a mind reader, and he probably doesn't have the same nesting instincts you do. If you want help, you have to ask for it. Don't nag—just ask.

**7. Set goals.** Aim high, but be reasonable. Your home might not look like the cover of *Southern Living* immediately. If you want the house to be picked up every night before you go to bed, make that a priority. Explain to your entire family that it's important to you. Try making a game of it. One full week of a clean house, and the entire family can play miniature golf. If you don't set a goal, you probably won't accomplish anything. An orderly, reasonably clean home is within every family's reach.

**8. Rest is important for everyone.** Frenetic movement is not the answer, so rest when you are tired. If your back is sore, rest. If the baby is sick, rest. Now is not the time to work until you're exhausted and resentful. If a room is really bothering me and I'm tired, I give myself 15 minutes (or better yet, I call the rest of the family in and give us all 15 minutes). It's amazing what you can do in a short period of time if you focus. Don't worry if you don't get it all done every day. It will all keep. As my Granny Ruth used to say, "The dirty dishes will still be there tomorrow." Of course it's a lot nicer if you get them cleaned and put away tonight.

**9. Know when to let go.** Once you've started, you're going to love having a clean house—so much so that you might have a hard time relaxing. It's okay to play games, watch movies, and not clean up every night. Just allow yourself an extra hour the next morning to straighten things back up. Often the reason our house falls into disarray is because we are constantly on the go. Plan time at home. Give yourself time to play, and then schedule an hour to get things back in order.

**10. Enjoy these years.** They really will fly by. Before you know it, you'll find yourself in my situation, contemplating which car your son or daughter is going to drive. It makes me almost yearn for the days when I had to remind my son to pick up his Matchbox cars. Instead of agonizing over the difficulties of the preschool years, remind yourself that they won't last forever. Try to enjoy them. Thank God for them. They really are precious.

The atmosphere of a home is set very early in a family's life, but it's never too late to change. We all want that atmosphere to be a pleasant one. Sometimes we just need a little nudge in the right direction, someone reminding us that it really is possible to have order and calm amidst the chaos. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go pick up the mess the dogs just made. 🐾



# Children in the Worship Hour: How to Tell an Effective Story



**Cheryl Retzer**

*Cheryl Retzer is a pastor's wife and a registered nurse whose specialty is obstetrics and gynecology. Her husband, Gordon, is president of the Southern Union Conference in Decatur, Georgia. They have two grown children, Carissa and Timothy.*

The children's story is usually one of the most interesting parts of the worship hour on Sabbath morning. Most of us still have a corner of childhood left in us, and we love a good story. I've heard many children's stories through the years in our ministry. Most of them have been interesting. Unfortunately, though, many of them have been directed to the wrong age group. As I look at the group of cherubs gathered on a Sabbath morning, many are two- to seven-year-olds. It's fun telling stories to this age group. Their faces light up, and they live the story as you tell it. That is, if they understand it. What many storytellers do not realize is that the words and mental processes necessary to understand the applications of children's stories vary with different age groups.

Following are 10 practical suggestions to make your story reach the pre-school children in your congregation.

1. Choose a subject that young children can relate to. A two-year-old child doesn't relate very well to a science experiment or a walk on the moon. But he does relate to babies, mom, dad, food, toys, pets, Jesus, God, heaven, angels, prayer, home, and love.

2. If you are using a Bible story or a Bible text, hold a Bible in your hand and read from it so the children can see where the text is coming from.

3. When you tell a story from the Bible to young children, make it a positive experience rather than a negative, frightening one. Take, for example, the story of the captive Hebrew maid. You could spend several minutes explaining the gory details of how she was dragged away by the mean soldiers while her mother was crying for

her, never to see her again. It would be better to focus on God's love for her by keeping her safe, to show how she helped to others in her captivity, or to emphasize her helpfulness and willingness to serve.

4. Always have a lesson or aim which your story can teach. You are not here just to entertain. Lessons appropriate for young children include love, kindness, obedience, sharing, happiness, reverence, and safety.

5. The younger the age group, the simpler your story should be. Here's how to simplify your story:

• Use only one incident.

• Use short sentences.

• Keep your story short. Children cannot concentrate for long periods of time. A general rule for the length of the story is to add one to the child's age to get the number of minutes you ought to talk. (For example, 4 years old + 1 minute = a 5-minute story.)

• Use concrete words. Small children cannot imagine things they have not seen, heard, smelled, or experienced. They can understand anything that can be linked to a mental picture developed from some previous experience. Words like *universe*, millions, *years*, or *weeks* are too vague. *Uncle*, *brother*, and *aunt* are just names given to particular people; children often don't understand the idea of relationships.

• Be specific when telling your story. Instead of saying, "God made everything," say "God made the grass, apples, water, and you." Instead of "God loves everybody," say "God loves Judy, Jack, and Kim." Instead of "God takes care of us," say "God helps Tim not to be afraid at night when it is dark."

6. It helps to keep your hero near the age of the children you are talking to.

7. Keep the children physically close to you. Small children cannot concentrate on something that is distant from them; they get distracted.


8. Use attention-getters, such as:

- , Motions
- , Rhythmic words or songs
- , Objects (objects, more than sounds, convey more impulses to the brain).
- , Repetition

, Pictures

, Mimicry. Act out what you are saying. Mimic sounds of trains, wind, or rain.

9. Make the application of your story short and simple. The wrap-up may be only one sentence long.

10. Always bring Jesus into your application. Ellen White says, "Thus may they [children] learn to see Him [Jesus] in tree and vine, in lily and rose, in sun and star. They may learn to hear his voice in the song of the birds, in the sighing of the trees, in the rolling thunder, and in the music of the sea" (*Child Guidance*, pg. 144). 

## *Smell of Potatoes*

A kindergarten teacher decided to let her class play a game. The teacher told each child in the class to bring along a plastic bag containing a few potatoes. Each potato would represent a person that the child hated. The number of potatoes in each would depend on the number of people each child hated.

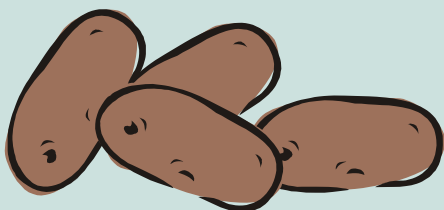
So when the day came, every child brought some potatoes with the names of people he/she hated. Some had two potatoes, some had three, and others had up to five potatoes. The teacher then told the children to leave the potatoes in the plastic bag, and take them wherever they went for one week.

Day after day passed, and the children started to complain about the unpleasant smell of the rotten potatoes. Besides, those with five potatoes complained about having to carry heavier bags. After one week, the children were relieved because the game had finally ended.

The teacher asked, "How did you feel while carrying the potatoes with you for one week?" The children expressed their frustrations and complained of the trouble they endured while carrying the heavy, smelly potatoes wherever they went.

Then the teacher told them the hidden meaning behind the game. The teacher said, "This is exactly what happens when you carry hatred for somebody inside your heart. The stench of hatred will contaminate your heart, and you will carry it with you wherever you go. If you cannot tolerate the smell of rotten potatoes for just one week, can you imagine what it is like to have the stench of hatred in your heart for a lifetime?"

Throw away hatred for anyone from your heart so that you will not carry sins for a lifetime. Forgiving others is the best attitude. Love others even if you don't like them. True love is not loving a perfect person but loving an imperfect person perfectly.



—Received via the Internet





## *Shepherdess International News*

### EURO-AFRICA DIVISION

On September 8-10, 2006, a meeting of all Czecho-Slovakian Union (EUD) pastors and their wives took place in Malenovice, Czech Republic. More than 200 participants of this meeting spent the weekend in the Hotel Bezruc surrounded by the beautiful Moravian Beskyds Mountains right at the foot of the Lysa Mountain. The meeting was brightened by the presence of many children who had come with their parents.

The Ministerial Association of the Czecho-Slovakian Union organizes such a meeting once every several years, always with a specific theme. This time it was a weekend without seminars and visitors from abroad. Sister Maria Gresova, the Slovakian Conference Shepherdess coordinator, preached on Sabbath morning. She mentioned life and service of pastors' families in connection with the experience of David escaping from Saul and finding his shelter in a land of enemies (1 Samuel 27). God couldn't use David until David realized that God was his real protector and help in difficult times.

On Sabbath afternoon, the pastors and their wives discussed in groups the theme of the meeting: "How to balance the pastor's work with care for his/her family." Representatives from every group shared their conclusions Sunday morning, mentioning possible and impossible solutions and suggestions about how to face certain problems. Some of the suggestions were very funny and contributed to a cheerful atmosphere.

Pastors' wives received small gifts from the Czecho-Slovakian Union President, Secretary, and Treasurer as thanks for their service, work, and sacrifices which they make while supporting their husbands and churches.



### EURO-ASIA DIVISION

Below is a pictorial report of various meetings throughout the division.



*Participants from Caucasus Union Mission at the advisory held the end of March.*



*Pastors' wives from the Southern Union who attended the Congress on Family Matters in April 2006.*



*In April 2006, pastors' wives from the North-Western Conference of West Russian Union gathered for three days in Petersburg for seminars, sermons, prayers, singing, and sharing. This event was conducted by Shepherdess and Women's Ministry.*



*In May there was a celebration of 120 years of the Adventist message in Russia in Rostov, Caucasus Union Mission. During the program, the story of the origin of SDA Church in Russia was told, and veterans with their wives were invited to come to the podium. Some of them had been in prison and all had experienced hardships and trials.*



*Paul Liberanky, president of Caucasus Union Mission, and his wife, Aksenia, Shepherdess Coordinator; ESD President Artur Stele with Galina Stele, ESD Shepherdess Coordinator.*



*On June 19-23, there was a meeting of pastoral families from Uralskaya Conference. Special time was devoted to seminars on family matters, the pastoral family as a team, and "Walking With Jesus."*

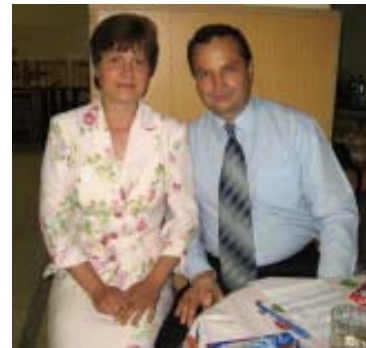


*In June, a special meeting for retired pastors and their wives was conducted by Shepherdess and Ministerial of the Moldavian Union.*



*In July, pastors' wives of the North-Western Conference (West Russia) enjoyed summer meetings together with their families. They had special time together, filled with seminars, sharing, and recreation.*

*Pastors and their wives from Priokskaya Mission gathered at Zaoksky on June 25 and 26. Special topics brought pastoral families even closer. They prayed together, renewed their covenant, and practically applied the seminar "Walking With Jesus Today."*



*The place was beautifully decorated by Vera Limareva, Shepherdess Coordinator for Priokskaya Mission.*



*President V. Stoliar and his wife, Lidia, Shepherdess for the West Russian Union, were the main speakers.*



*Camp meeting for pastoral families of the Central Conference of West Russia took place in July 2006 in the famous Boldino. Nature was beautiful, and food was enjoyed in the open air. The PKs also had their part to play in the meetings.*



*On July 23-26, there was a camp meeting of pastoral families of the Southern Conference of West Russia near Lipetzsk. They stayed in tents and enjoyed sharing, praying, playing, and attending seminars that created stronger bonds between ministerial couples.*



*On July 6-10, forty pastoral families of the Volga-Vyatskaya Conference (West Russia) lived in tents on the banks of the beautiful river Yug. The theme for the meeting was "Garden of Five Roses." The participants were divided into five teams, and each of them presented a special program in the evening. The goal was to bring the spouses closer to each other and to God.*



*In July, there was a meeting of ministerial couples from the Volzhskaya Conference in West Russia that took place near Bolgograd.*



*Pastors' wives in Northern Kazakhstan gathered for their meeting in Astana. Although this is not an easy place to work, they have their courage in Jesus.*



*On August 28 and 29 pastoral kids from the Moldovian Union gathered for their congress. The slogan for this event was "And I Will Serve the Lord." The time of special prayers of children and their families together was very touching. The president of the Moldovian Union, Victor Lotka, is praying for the family of his son, Ruslan, who is also a pastor (photo at right).*



## NORTH AMERICAN DIVISION

Delegate spouse meetings were held at the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists during Annual Council, October 8-11, 2006. The ladies enjoyed a seminar on "Forgiveness" presented by Dr. Lourdes Morales-Gudmundsson, as well as an exercise segment led by Rae Lee Cooper.



*The ladies enjoyed presentations by Dr. Lourdes Morales-Gudmundsson.*



*Ladies enjoy a get-acquainted session.*



*Rae Lee Cooper led out in the exercise break.*



*James Cress, Ministerial Association Secretary, and Jan and Kari Paulsen, GC President and Shepherdess sponsor, affirmed the ladies for their role in supporting their husbands' ministry.*



*The ladies enjoyed fellowship and tea together one afternoon at the home of Sharon Cress.*

## SOUTHERN AFRICA-INDIAN OCEAN DIVISION

### Botswana:

On April 9-22, the Shepherdess in South Botswana Conference conducted a two-week effort in the small village of Mmankodi. The village is near the conference camp meeting site, and the chief is very much in favor of Adventism.

Mrs. Shatani Orapeleng, wife of the North Botswana Field president, was the speaker. Three weeks before the meeting, pre-campaigns were held, and a number of people enrolled in Voice of Prophecy lessons; some are still taking the lessons.

Eight people were baptized. Many were given a Bible and *The Great Controversy*. A dedicated team of young people and two elderly ladies from neighboring villages helped make this effort a success.

The Shepherdesses will continue to visit and nurture the new converts until the new branch is fully established. The first Sabbath after the effort, nearly 40 people congregated in Mmankodi. Honor and praise to God are given for the work that has been done in this village.



*Candidates taking their vows*



*Candidate being baptized*



*Shepherdesses singing*

*Durban:*

The Shepherdesses of Kwazulu Natal Free State Conference held their training at Anerley in Port Shepstone. Sister Denise Ratsara addressed the ladies with wonderful, uplifting, and inspiring talks.

Much time was spent in prayer together. The ladies prayed especially for their husbands, and also for pastors who are no longer in the ministry and those who are facing marital difficulty.

Sabbath afternoon the ladies went for a walk on the beach.

Unfortunately all the shepherdesses couldn't attend the meeting, but those who were there made the best of the weekend. They had a lovely place to stay and could communicate with each other.

Saturday evening all went to the mall in Port Shepstone and had a good meal at one of the restaurants. After that the ladies returned and played games and exchanged gifts.

Sunday morning the meeting closed with Sister Ratsara and Pastor Thyssen addressing the ladies.

Praise be to God the Father for allowing these shepherdesses to have this training. They pray that God's Spirit will always remain with them and their spouses.



## SOUTHERN ASIA-PACIFIC DIVISION

Below is a pictorial report of meetings held in the Bangladesh Union Mission.



*Mrs. Helen Gulfan, SSD Shepherdess Coordinator, and Elder Houtman Sinaga, SSD Ministerial Secretary*



*Mrs. Helen Gulfan and Mrs. Lucena Chambugong, BAUM SI Coordinator, doing presentations*



*BAUM Shepherdess Coordinators with Helen Gulfan (third from left) and Lucena Chambugong (third from right)*



# Ring Out, Wild Bells

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809 –1892)*

*England's Poet Laureate from 1850–1892*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more,  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.