



The Journal

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The Journal



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Editor's Musings

Dear Friends,

My friend Shirley told me a heart-warming story a couple of weeks ago. She keeps her loose change in a jar in the kitchen, and when her grandson visits, she gives the change to him. This past Christmas, her family spent the holidays at her house. Soon after they arrived on Christmas Eve, she realized that she needed some last-minute items from the grocery store. Her family was tired and scruffy from their trip, and Shirley didn't look so good herself, but it was getting late, so off they went.

At the checkout, most of the items were her grandson's picks for treats, so Shirley let him pay with the jar money. As he stood slowly counting out the change and arranging it into \$1 stacks, the clerk waited patiently. But when they handed her all the money, the clerk said, "You owe nothing. Merry Christmas!"

"I don't understand," Shirley questioned. "We owe you nearly \$20."

"The lady in front of you saw it was taking everything you had to pay for these groceries," the clerk responded. "She gave me \$20 before she left and said to tell you 'Merry Christmas.'"

Shirley was so overwhelmed by the stranger's generosity (even if it was misplaced) that she has made it a passion this year to give away that \$20 and more to everyone she sees in real need as the film title say "Pay it forward."

Isn't it amazing that when someone does something spontaneously kind and generous for us, we feel compelled to pass it on. Pay it forward.

God understands. He created the principle. He is good to us whether we deserve it or not. Read the texts we memorized long ago:

"Do unto others . . ."

"Freely ye have received . . ."

"Go and do thou likewise . . ."

Dear sisters, let's really—literally—love others. We might just change the world as we pay it forward.

God bless you, every one.

Ministry to Clergy Spouses Division Coordinators:

East-Central Africa—Milliam Kakembo	South Pacific—Merilyn Webster
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North American—Marti Schneider	Trans-European—Anne-May Wollan
Northern Asia-Pacific—Sally Lam-Phoon	West-Central Africa—Angèle Rachel Nlo Nlo
South American—Evelyn Nagel and Wiliane Marroni	

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Editorial Office:
12501 Old Columbia Pike
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Phone: 301-680-6513
Fax: 301-680-6502
Email: lowes@gc.adventist.org

Coordinator & Editor: Sharon Cress
Editorial Assistant/Layout & Design: Shelly Lowe

Loneliness in the Pastoral Family

Judith Esperanza de Flores

Judith writes experiences from her eight years as a missionary. She has worked for 12 years teaching Adventist primary-school students. She and her husband have two children. She is happy to be a pastor's wife in Venezuela and feels privileged to help in the work of God.

The moment had arrived to move to a new district that we didn't know much about. It was our first experience in managing a district. When my husband learned about the change, he began making appropriate plans on how to run the district. The impetus of my young pastor-husband, the excitement of this responsibility, and the idea that now he could be the administrator of a district caused him to think and plan the work with a lot of expectations.

We had been in the district only a short time when we heard that some members of one of the churches were analyzing the new pastor and thinking of ways to perfect him. My husband heard of their comments and criticism and suffered in silence.

The criticism reached him through church members who respected him. Little by little, his personality was affected. He had been known for his happiness and jovial spirit, especially with the young people. Over time he became pensive and less jovial to the point that his work colleagues asked him what was happening. I encouraged him and prayed for him. Many times he bared his soul to the Lord and prayed and cried in silence. He pleaded for the Lord to transform his personality. He prayed for his defects to be taken away. We suffered in silence; only the Lord knew our condition.

I especially remember one Sunday in those days of silent suffering that touched my husband's soul. It was about five in the evening, and he wanted to go walking in the city where we lived. We had walked for about one hour when we passed a little street filled with cars. This seemed very strange. As we got closer, we saw that the

cars were parked in front of a little Catholic church. My husband was so overcome with loneliness that he asked me if we could go in where there were people. We went in and sat down to hear the priest. The service was just ending, and the priest invited everyone to greet each other. It was a curious moment. We needed to be accepted, and though these people had never seen us before they greeted us and smiled. We returned their greetings and smiles. This was what we were looking for—brotherhood, companionship, acceptance. It was an unforgettable afternoon! And as strange as it may seem, it comforted us.

Now we work in a new district where God has control of our lives. He is allowing us to enjoy a new experience totally different from the one at the other place. My husband has recuperated, although the footprints of his past experience can still be seen. He realizes that if God had not permitted him to go through that experience, he wouldn't have been able to learn so many things needed for his pastoral ministry. God polished and prepared us in many ways to do even better in what He has entrusted to us to do.

Each time I remember this experience, I thank God. I remember the words spoken to Joshua: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Joshua 1:9, KJV). And He was with us, even in the loneliness we suffered as missionaries.

Through our many experiences, we learn and grow and look forward to the blessings God has reserved for us in His providence.



A Day of Small Things



Lois Hoadley Dick

Lois Dick has been writing for over 20 years. She enjoys Scrabble, crocheting, reading, exploring New York City streets on foot, and gardening. She has two labrador retrievers who are absolutely no help when she writes!

It was one of those days. You know the kind: empty, colorless, uneventful. Nothing was happening, at least not to me. All the other Christians in the world were doing exciting things for the Lord. Not me!

Missionaries were trekking through the trackless jungles, reaching natives with the Gospel. Linguists were translating Stone-Age languages into English. Christian engineers were bouncing the message of salvation from a satellite down into China. Even teenagers were busy giving out tracts telling of God's love.

And then there was me—stuck at home, sitting in my chair, crocheting. Desperate to hear another's voice, I turned on the radio. I heard the tail-end of a sermon. It sounded pretty interesting, and the preacher was offering a copy for free. I reached for a postcard. Then I thought, I've heard many sermons. Why not send this one to my friend Liz? I jotted down her name and address on the postcard.

I continued with my crocheting. I thought of my Jewish friend who was moving away. For three years we had engaged in long discussions on Judaic subjects. I wondered who would witness to her after she moved. I sent up a quick prayer, asking that she meet another Christian friend.

The day dragged on. I dropped stitches and picked up extra ones along the way. The scarf was shaped like U.S. Highway 206 as it meanders through the mountains. As I corrected my mistakes, I thought of the new woman who had come to church last weekend. We had all smiled at her, so I imagined she would return. I did copy her name and address from the guest book. I took a break from my crocheting and wrote her a quick little note. I signed it, "Your friend, Lois."

What a depressing day. Another 24 precious hours dropped into my lap, and I did nothing with them. A priceless day slipped off into eternity past, wasted. Well, I did run out for a bite to eat. I offered the waitress a small Christian paperback I had stuck into my purse as an afterthought.

"Want something to read on your lunch break?" She thanked me. End of incident. Maybe the day was not a total loss. But it certainly was a "day of small things," as the Bible says in Zechariah 4:10.

A week later, I learned of the results of my day of small things. My friend Liz received the tape and listened to it as she ironed. The preacher invited everyone to his church. His church just "happened" to be in the town where Liz's sister lived. The sister was going through a hard time, and Liz had been at a loss how to help her. She sent her the tape.

Liz's sister listened to the tape. Her son, who was also seeking spiritual help, listened to the tape. He was attending a cultist-type church. They both decided to attend the new church.

Then I heard from my Jewish friend. She had, "quite by chance," as she put it, moved next door to a Hebrew Christian family who had been missionaries in Israel. They were very friendly and had opened their home to Ruth. Already she and the gracious couple had had long discussions on the question of the Messiah and His kingdom.

That "day of small things" began to look a little brighter. Did I really do something helpful? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," said Tennyson.

I received an invitation to dinner from the lady we all smiled at in church. "I couldn't believe you had signed the note, 'your friend,'" she explained. That note began a long friendship and brought a lovely, talented woman into the church. She taught and worked for the Lord for many years. Oh yes, the waitress. Next time I dropped in to grab a bite to eat, she almost climbed over the table trying to throw her arms around me. "Oh, I read the book!" she cried for everyone to hear. "I couldn't put it down so I read all night long and finished it that same night!"

All that from a "day of small things." Zechariah was the prophet who cried, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" I know I never will again.



Who is the Proverbs 31 Woman, Anyway?

Mrs. Perfection Meets Mrs. Imperfect



Patsy Clairmont

From I Love Being a Woman by Patsy Clairmont, a Focus on the Family book published by Tyndale House. Copyright © 1999 by Patsy Clairmont. All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

Does the Proverbs 31 woman have a name? I vote for “Mrs. Gets-on-Your-Nerves” or “Mrs. I-Have-No-Friends-Because-I’m-So-Perfect.” I know, I know. I shouldn’t think like that, but she is so squeaky clean it makes me want to oil her. Surely her joints must be stiff by now from holding everything together over the centuries. This gal needs a trip to a spa, a masseuse, or at least a visit to the local Jiffy Lube.

P-31 sounds like the wishful conjugating of a mother who wanted only the best of a woman’s qualities for her son. Bible scholars suggest that King Lemuel was Bathsheba’s name for Solomon. You know, a nickname like Lambie Pie or Dumpling. But the name Lemuel had deeper meaning (“belonging to God”). King Lemuel tells us in Proverbs 31 what his momma told him about the kind of cloth an excellent wife is cut from. It’s a heavenly fabric such as none of us has ever donned.

To be kind, I have to admit verses 10 through 31 list a number of worthy goals and a set of excellent standards for women. I know I need examples. In fact, some years ago (23 to be exact), I pleaded with the Lord to bring a woman into my life who would be a mentor, an example to me. His answer at that time was, “I’m not going to give you an example; I want you to become one.”

Don’t think that didn’t set my disorganized, unstable heart to palpitating wildly. I was more than willing to observe another woman living out truth, but to rise to the call of doing it myself—well, that was a mop of a different color. Believe me, a mop was the least of what it would take to clean up my act. I’m grateful that along the way the Lord eventually did send women who were excellent examples for me to learn from. But He also required me to continue to grow up.

In reality I already had examples in my life, but I hadn’t seen them for what they were. Perhaps you know what I’m talking about. For me, it took time, healing, maturing, and personal experience before I realized what an example my mom had been. That insight came to me after I had stumbled over my fair share of personal failures that tenderized my heart and made me more merciful regarding others’ failures. You see, my mom didn’t do everything right, but once I forgave her for not being perfect, I realized she did far more right than wrong.

I encourage women today that, if they have issues with their moms, they resolve them as quickly as possible so they can enjoy their mothers and appreciate them. Before we know it, time flits by, and our mothers are no longer with us.

My mom might not have been perfect like Mrs. P-31, but she sure was handy with her hands. She could organize, customize, and economize. She could take a chicken and concoct a feast. And she could take a nickel and create a bankroll. I don't know how she did what she did with what she had, but perhaps growing up in a large family on a farm, living through the Depression, and marrying a milkman gave her opportunity to be creative, versatile, resourceful, and industrious. Just like you-know-who, "Mrs. Got-It-All-Together-P-31."

Occasionally, I meet women who appear to have it all together, but on closer inspection (the old white-glove test), seldom is that true. I can say across the board that the people I've met are just that—people. They sometimes waste time, break the bank, burn the bacon, spew anger, and lose their way.

But that's what is so wearing about Mrs. P-31; no weaknesses are noted. This I know: If she does exist, I don't want to live beside her. I beat myself up enough already, thank you. You see, some days I leave lipstick in my jacket pocket and then launder the jacket, glazing my washing machine and dryer in Mambo Mauve. Other days I mail our taxes without the check in the envelope. The government, which has no humor, frowns on this. And then I scorch supper beyond recognition. (Actually, we aren't always sure what it was before I burned it.) So I'm not a P-31, or even a B-42 because I can hardly get off the ground to get my day going.

I console myself that I've made progress and, dear sisters, if I understand this journey correctly, measurable, loving progress is what it's all about. P-31, in all her perfection, is an ideal to strive toward. We won't reach her heights, but we're bound to be better just for trying, as long as we don't become tied to the earth by legalistically attempting to be perfect.

Proverbs 31 highlights wonderful ways a woman can effectively and even eternally reach out to others. Six times in this famous passage, hands are mentioned, and many more times they are implied, suggesting the incredible influence of a woman's touch.

I find I must first reach up before I can effectively reach out. So take my hand and let's call on Him together. With His help, we can change our world even if we are less than perfect.

Creative

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivers girdles unto merchants" (Proverbs 31:24).

Evidently P-31 was quite the seamstress. Repeated references are made not only to her designing clothes for

her family and for the marketplace, but also to her enjoyment of the activity. She was creative and happy to be so. Proverbs 31:13 says she worked willingly with her hands.

Now I, too, work with my hands in delight, but you can bet your loose buttons you won't find me zipping along on my Singer. Actually, the only stitching machine I own is my Mamaw's treadle, and I'm not certain where it is. Possibly it's encased in silken spider threads in the storage shed. No, a seamstress I'm not.

Hands to the Task: A Prayer

"Lord, You knew all along how important and how deeply satisfying it would be for a woman to use her hands to touch others' lives, whether that be crocheting a tablecloth or cleansing a wound. You created us with hands that we might work, mend, design, adorn, embrace, serve, cuddle, assure, lift, pray, and praise. The possibilities for our outreach appear endless. How thrilling for us!

"But sometimes there is more to do than time allows. Prioritize our efforts as You direct our steps. We don't want to spread our offerings so thin that no one benefits. We want our touch to heal, soothe, unite, and restore.

"When others look at the fruit of our labor, may it be sweet, appealing, and beneficial. We want to reach out in loving ways like our Proverbs 31 example, who put hands to her faith and enriched all whom she touched.

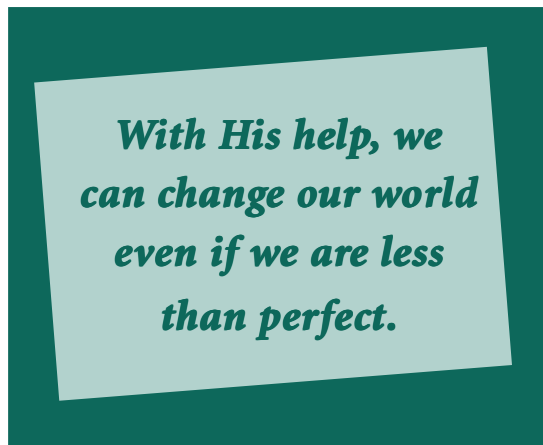
"Sometimes that which needs to be done is so unappealing. Help us to be dedicated to the work at hand regardless of how distasteful it might be. For we are

confident that, if You gave it to us to tend, You have purposes beyond what we see. May no task be too menial or too mammoth for us to put our hand to it with faithful determination. If You find us hesitant, may we be reminded of Your hands, Your nail-pierced hands that reach out to us. Amen."

I'm more into Velcro affixing, staple gunning, or push pinning (a tad uncomfortable with a hemline, though). My hands-on work is more in the arenas of decorating, gardening, and Scrabble (that's work?), although I have been known to hand over loans (miniscule) and hand out advice.

When you think about it, hands are a wonderful part of our anatomy. We can applaud others; hold someone else's hand; embrace our mom, sweetheart, or baby; extend our hands in friendship; wave; beckon; make music; and even whistle louder with them. The possibilities are endless.

Hands are lovely, even old hands. I loved tracing my grandmother's periwinkle veins as they ribboned around



under her paper-thin skin. Thanie died at 97 years old, and her hands had given and received much throughout her lifetime. I remember watching her in my childhood as she smoothed the pages of her Bible, to which she turned in her search for added wisdom. And with fondness I recollect her hands preparing oatmeal and toast with dollops of her homemade peach preserves, which she served to me, her eager, drooling granddaughter.

I love babies' hands with their chubby little digits. Their fingers reach to grasp rattles, hanks of hair, and earrings as they dangle precariously from one's elongated earlobes. Their hands trust ours to steady them as we guide them into their solo steps. Eventually we teach them to grasp a bat, toss a ball, and tie a bow. And before long, they teach us a few things, like handing over our car keys and cash. (I believe this is when we begin pulling out our own hair.) And they call this the circle of life?

A sweet memory for me is my mom ironing. She could have taught lessons on it at the university because her ironing was a work of art. She even refrigerated it. She would fill a basin with a starch solution, soak doilies, roll them, refrigerate them, and then iron them into submission. She would fool with the ruffles until each one stood in peaked perfection. And you should have seen her press curtains, draperies, and bedspreads until they were pleated or mashed just as she wanted them. Yes, Mom worked with her hands in delight—both hers and ours.

My son Jason brags that he received an A in ironing in high school. Now, I've never actually seen any of his handiwork, but I know he doesn't refrigerate it. At least I've never seen any of it parked between the peanut butter and the hot dogs in our fridge. His wife, Danya, assures me she hasn't noticed him, in their three years of marriage, huddled over an ironing board either, or even walking near by. But he's a good son and a fine husband, and Danya and I give him an A also . . . for handing out far-fetched lines that keep us giggling.

Giggling is what filled our home years ago when I inadvertently stitched my husband's pant legs together. He couldn't deny that I had mastered a severe stitch, restricting any hope of entry.

Speaking of entry, I remember the entrance of one Jason Robert Clairmont into our lives on April 22, 1974. This momentous occasion called for a few stitches, too, if my memory serves me well. His daddy was so pleased, he almost popped his buttons but knew I couldn't sew them back on. The doctor handed us our son, who touched our hearts and changed our lives.

I love being a woman, and I'm grateful for the privilege of being a mom as well. I may not sew so well, but I have mended my share of broken toys. I don't iron like my mom, but I have offered a hand during pressing times. And I've learned through the years and the tears the importance of smoothing out the wrinkles in my life with wisdom from the Scriptures—even P-31.



Christian One-Liners

Many folks want to serve God, but only as advisors.

It is easier to preach ten sermons than it is to live one.

When you get to your wit's end, you'll find God lives there.

Opportunity may knock once, but temptation bangs on your front door forever.

If the church wants a better pastor, it only needs to pray for the one it has.

God Himself does not propose to judge a man until he is dead. So why should you?

Peace starts with a smile.

Be ye fishers of men. You catch them—He'll clean them.

God grades on the cross, not the curve.

The will of God never takes you to where the grace of God will not protect you.

Prayer: Don't give God instructions—just report for duty!

What is a Pastor's Wife?



Mary Barrett

Mary Barrett is a writer and speaker. She is also a member of the pastoral team at Stanborough Park Church in England. Mary is married to a pastor and has two daughters. For relaxation, she loves to write and spend time with family and friends.

“Oh, you ministers’ wives, you’re all the same,” my young church friend remarked to me. “You all go around smiling, being friendly, shaking hands, and cuddling babies.” Sarah then went on to list all the pastors’ wives who filled her job description. Listening to her, I felt like we sounded more like politicians than pastors’ wives!

What is a pastor’s wife? One who fulfills the expectations of church members, the conference, and even her husband? Or is a pastor’s wife one who simply works alongside her husband and enhances his ministry?

Be Yourself

Be happy and confident with the individual you are. Remember your self-worth is not based on the tasks you may or may not perform as a pastor’s wife. God loves you for what you are and not what you do.

Look at yourself, the things that are important to you, your time commitments, and energy level. Then take the role of the pastor’s wife and mold it to your individuality. One of the hardest things we struggle with as pastors’ wives is the expectations of what we should be doing. We feel like failures if we cannot play the piano perfectly, sing a solo sweetly, lead out in children’s classes creatively, bake wholesome bread wonderfully, and be a source of comfort continually. We feel the pressure to be like the pastor’s wife who agreed to play the piano in divine service every week, as the church members expected her to do, even though she could play with only one finger!

However, the reality is that we do not have to be like other pastors’ wives. We just need to be the kind of ministers’ wives God asks us to be, whether that be extrovert or introvert, involved or not so involved, career woman

or homemaker. We need to ask God to give us the courage to take the role of the pastor’s wife and make it our own.

Be Happy

A few years ago, we went to the United States for a holiday. My husband Jonathan discovered a wall plaque that he was desperate to buy—so desperate, in fact, that when the sales assistant told him the plaque was reserved for another customer, he persuaded her to phone and ask the customer to let him buy it. Jonathan left the store with a heart-shaped plaque under his arm which was inscribed with the phrase, “IF MAMA AIN’T HAPPY, AIN’T NOBODY HAPPY.” I figured Jonathan would place the plaque above his desk and I would never need to moan again as he would do everything he could possibly do to make me happy. The problem is he has placed it above my desk—reminding me that I have a part to play in ensuring my happiness!

Loneliness and isolation can, at times, make it difficult for pastors’ wives to be happy. A recent survey of 228 pastors’ wives revealed that 45 percent have no close friends in the church.¹ Obviously we need to nurture friendships with our neighbors, church members, and co-workers, but we also need to nurture friendships among our peers, other pastors’ wives.

Linda Riley, who has established a support service for pastors’ wives, says, “One of the best things a pastor’s wife can do is join or form a pastors’ wives’ support group where wives get together, anywhere from every other week to every other month. The program can vary—sometimes it can be topic-oriented, sometimes simply a sharing of prayer requests, or sometimes just a time to get to know each other. The important thing is to have a setting where

they can feel free to voice frustrations about ministry.”² She continues, “Find a support person who cherishes your uniqueness and understands ministry—a soul friend to keep you focused on the meaning of ministry and to remind you of its possible fulfillments. . . . Try to find someone of your gender with spiritual stamina and emotional resilience. She also needs a healthy relationship with God, a stable self-regard, a willingness to listen, and the ability to question self-imposed myths you have about ministry. The goals for this connection are dialogue, hope, prayer, and accountability.”³

Do all you can to nurture friendships that support you in the ministry.

Nurture Your Relationship With God

At times, ministry can be the most rewarding, satisfying, fulfilling job there is. On other occasions, it can be the most soul-destroying, energy-zapping, emotionally crushing, heart-wrenching vocation possible.

What keeps you going at those times? Our relationship with God.

As ministers’ wives, we need to be dependent upon God. We need to know how to draw on God’s vision and vitality. Take whatever opportunity you can to develop your relationship with God. Read, listen to tapes, find a prayer partner, attend weekend retreats, set aside times when you can spend large chunks of time alone with God. Learn how to let God minister to you as you spend time with Him. Ministry is constant giving. Couple that with all the nurturing that we do, and we are liable to feel too depleted to meet the demands of ministry. Give God your time regularly so He can replenish you. Your relationship with God will help to make ministry a positive and fresh experience.

Nurture Your Marriage

For me, the end of the day is the perfect time to share with Jonathan all the things that have happened to me

and my daughters since breakfast—in detail! The problem is that after a day of ministering to the needs of our congregation, Jonathan thinks the end of the day is a perfect time to sleep!

Being married to the minister means there are times when we need to put our needs on hold, to be understanding of what our spouses are going through. However, we need balance. At times we need to remind our husbands of the importance of marriage and children. Ministry demands so much that it is easy to neglect relationships at home. We have our children living with us for such a short time compared to the lifetime we give in the ministry, so let’s not make the mistake of neglecting them. As wives, we need to ensure that regular time is given to our marriages and family life, even if we have to hide our husbands’ diaries to do so!

Serve God With Your Gifts

God calls our husbands to serve Him in a unique way. As ministers’ wives, I believe that God calls us to serve Him by adding dimension to our husbands’ ministry. Use the spiritual gifts God has given you. Do you have the spiritual gift of encouragement, hospitality, or kindness? Do you pray with members? Think of the gifts God has given you and discuss with your husband how best you can use those gifts to enhance his ministry. When we are comfortable with our role in our husbands’ ministry, our effectiveness is multiplied.

So the next time someone tells you, “You ministers’ wives are all the same,” remind that person that even though we share the same role, we are unique in the way we carry it out!



¹ H. B. London and Neil B. Wiseman, *Pastors at Risk* (Illinois: Victor Books, 1993), p. 141.

² *Ibid.*, p. 142.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 149.



Anointing, Healing, and God's Will



Orel Hosken

Orel and her husband ministered in Australia and New Zealand and are now retired in Australia.

A few years ago I developed chronic rheumatoid arthritis. While this is painful and debilitating, it is very common. There are many books about arthritis, there are many herbs and medicines for it, and there are many anecdotes of healing. But there are also many who never get well.

I prayed that God would heal me, but I did not consider being anointed. I didn't have a serious disease like cancer; I was not in danger of dying suddenly. Anointing, I thought, was only to be used for serious illness and as a last resort.

One day I talked to my doctor, a dedicated Adventist physician, about my arthritic condition. She advised me not to stop taking my medication in an attempt to demonstrate my faith; rather, she encouraged me to consider anointing. My husband and I discussed it, and I decided to be anointed.

The minister of our church in South New Zealand, Dr. Graeme Loftus, visited me several times. He was encouraging and enthusiastic. He felt that if the situation was not urgent, it would be wise for us to spend some time in study, prayer, and preparation, much like a new Christian prepares for baptism.

This was a new concept for me, and it proved to be a blessing. I learned that God's healing includes spiritual, emotional, and physical healing, often in that order of importance. Each week we would study and discuss a new topic about healing and God's will. Between the weekly meetings, I continued my own research and prayer. I was searching for answers to a variety of questions. What if I didn't have enough faith? What if I had an unforgiven

sin? Would it show lack of faith to ask "according to God's will?" Do we "ask" or "command" healing? Why does God tell us to anoint the sick? Does the devil perform miracles of healing? What will my reaction be if God doesn't heal me? What will my obligation be if He does?

I decided not to be anointed until I had the biblical answers to all my questions. I studied all Bible passages that mentioned healing and spiritual growth, and I felt I came close to God as a personal friend. I began to pray to Him in a way that I hadn't previously, and I felt His presence in me.

The books *Ministry of Healing* and *Counsels on Health*, by Ellen G. White, were also sources of inspiration. I read other books on healing by Christian authors but only accepted the instruction that agreed with the Bible and Spirit of Prophecy.

A few weeks before the date I was to be anointed, I was in bed waiting for my husband to come home. I had been praying for about an hour when I received positive assurance that God would be with me and bless me. He touched me, and I knew He was in the room with me. He took away all my worry and fear. It was very real and very wonderful.

One day as I was having my weekly visit with a lady in a rest home, I noticed she was very distressed, both with pain and frustration. She had been bedridden for some time with sciatica. We had often talked of the assurance she could have that her sins were forgiven and that she was right with God. But she constantly needed reassurance. We prayed together about that topic. Then I felt impressed by the Holy Spirit for her healing. I placed

my hands on her and prayed to God that if He willed, He would heal her sciatica. I continued to pray for her during the following days.

Two weeks later, I visited her. I was surprised to find her sitting up in the dining room. When I talked with the matron, I discovered that she had gotten out of bed the very morning after our prayer for healing. She had no pain and had been up and independent ever since. We shared a praise-and-thank-you prayer together. I believe that God healed this dear lady for two reasons: first, for her comfort and blessing; second, to assure me He could heal, and I could trust Him to do what was best for me.

Many modern so-called Christian healers promote the theory that we should exercise strong faith by commanding that God heal the sick person. But my study of the Bible and Ellen White's writings has convinced me that this is false. It is presumption, not faith.

Greater faith is demonstrated when we trust in God's will and leave the ultimate decision to Him. Faith becomes even more evident when, if He answers prayer in the negative, we remain His confident, trusting child. So I believe it is right to always pray "according to God's will" and expect Him to heal if He sees it is best in the long run.

When I was anointed several weeks later, it was a private and lovely little ceremony. It was a Sabbath afternoon. I had fasted since the night before and prayed much. The pastor and elders met my husband and I in the church. We read some Scripture and I gave my testimony. God had come to me, touched me, and impressed

me that whether I was healed or not, He would always be with me, and that He had a special work for me to do. They each prayed for me and then stood in a circle, touching my arms or shoulders, and poured a little oil onto my head. It was very solemn and very lovely.

Great spiritual healing came to me through this experience. Although my arthritis did not get better and has continued in a typical up-and-down pattern, God has granted me healing of mind and spirit. I have been able to forgive myself for certain problems and to forgive others for situations which have caused me distress and grief. God has blessed by giving me peace and comfort.

I have rededicated my life and strength to God. I pray that I will never leave Him, and I know that He will never leave me. If I can, I will use my experience to bring encouragement and blessing to others.

Anointing does not need to be regulated to the seriously ill and dying. It can be an experience which can bring about great blessing to the sick. Anointing means being set aside and dedicated to the Lord's service and being submissive to His will.

If you are sick and discouraged, consider following the counsel of James 5:14-16. Spend time with God to know and understand His will. Search your life and your soul and lay them open before your Lord. He is loving and wants what is best for you. Most of all, He wants you to come closer and closer to Him. He promises to bring healing into your life.



*If anyone speaks badly of you,
live so that none will believe it.*

Historical Roots



Hanni Klenk

Hanni Klenk, her ministry husband, and three sons live near the beautiful mountains and lakes of the Bernese Oberland. She is an editorial assistant at the Swiss Publishing House. Hanni loves to read (especially historical novels and biographies) and write. She also enjoys skiing, hiking, swimming, biking, and being involved in children's activities.

Jesus' historical roots are mentioned in the carol "Es ist ein Ros entsprungen"—"There is a flower springing from tender roots it grows."

Jesus, as the "Son of David," had His historical roots in Jesse, Judah, Adam, and finally, God. As I look back in time, I can find many women who lived in similar ways and in similar conditions. When I study their lives and look at their difficulties and victories, I can find help for my personal life with God.

I have always enjoyed reading historical novels, biographies, and stories. When preparing this article, I studied the lives of Katharina von Bora (Martin Luther's wife) and Catherine Booth (the wife of the founder of the Salvation Army). My view of the life of a pastoral spouse has also been influenced by Ellen White and women of the Bible such as Sarah and Priscilla.

Catherine Mumford (1829–1890) experienced her conversion as a 15-year-old girl. Before she agreed to marry William Booth, she insisted on a relationship as equal partners. Until he founded the Salvation Army in 1879, William worked as a successful itinerant evangelist. Catherine was just as devoted as her husband. She influenced and supported him in decisive points. She never let an opportunity slip to preach and to win people to the Gospel. Her efforts for the right of women to preach was a major offense against the behavior codes for women in Victorian England. At that time, it was considered indecent and unfeminine for women to work in

public. In 1890, Catherine wrote in an essay, "We cannot see anything unnatural or indecent in a woman who presents herself suitably dressed in the pulpit. God gave women a beautiful figure, a winning personality, convincing eloquence, and a fine sensibility. All these things seem to be natural qualifications for public work. . . . Thank God that the day is dawning for women. Women are studying things independently. They want to be recognized as responsible persons, responsible to God for the conviction of their duty. Pressed by the Holy Spirit, they are traversing the unbiblical barriers that have been put up by the church. A theologian who still teaches that a woman should be quiet when the Holy Ghost is pressing her to speak will be seen as an astronomer who teaches that the sun is a satellite of the earth." Catherine Booth suffered from a back injury all her life. During the weeks she was obliged to spend in bed, she gathered an impressive knowledge of theology. She was able to deal with the leading Bible scholars of her time in a superb way.


Katharina von Bora (1499–1552) fled from a convent at the age of 24. As a nun, she had theological training, but that was of no consequence outside the convent. Reformed Christians were beating new paths, and it took a lot of courage for Martin Luther and Katharina von Bora to unite and to create a new kind of family, the pastoral family. When their son, Johannes, was born in 1526, their opponents were expecting him to be the anti-christ, a child with horns or something just as terrible. How

could anything else come out of a union of an ex-monk and a fugitive nun?

A letter from Wittenberg in May 1530 allows us to look at their family life. "To my dearest Doctor Martinus Luther, high up in the Castle of Coburg. We received your letter duly. The whole family gathered, including all students, maids, and children, and we read the letter with a loud voice. Particularly little Hans climbed onto my lap and whispered into my ear, 'When is our dear father going to come back?' There is a lot of work in the garden now that everything is growing and blossoming. . . . Our company at the table is content, although they sometimes complain that the soup is too thin or the porridge too thick, and they also want to bargain about the price. If only Reichstag would come to be and you could come back to us! There is so much I would like to discuss with you."

Katharina had given birth to six children in a short time. Times were hard, money and food scarce, and hos-

tility from the exterior great. Her household consisted of many different people: poor relatives, orphans, students, etc. She often complained that although the princes supported Martin Luther ideally, he could not bring himself to ask for money to feed his family. Katharine cultivated several gardens and a farm for which she had to fight after Luther's death, as it was not considered right for her to inherit it, being a woman. She must have been a very energetic woman, and her husband Martin often called her "Mister Käthe," but meant this as a form of recognition. In disrespect, others called her a "quarrelsome woman." During an especially difficult time, Katharina had an accident. During her illness, she said that she wanted to cling to Christ's robe like a burdock. All her life, she had a strong, living relationship with Christ. Her life serves as a model for mine.

When I think of the historical roots I have as a pastoral wife, I find help for my daily life and I do not feel so alone. This gives me power to fight my fight. 

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while the mother called the child to her, and took her on her lap. The little one said, "I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, Mamma!"

"Did you, darling?" the mother said, clasping the child tenderly. "I am so glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote? You and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, Mamma, but I got tired of loving her."

"And why?" questioned the mother.

"Oh, because she never loves me back."

"And this is why you love me?"

"That is one why, Mamma, but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first one and the best?"

"Why, Mamma, don't you guess?" and the eyes were very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back; that's why I love you so!"

Thus, like the girl in the story, we love because we have first been loved.



—By Donald Haynes
Signs of the Times, April 6, 1937
March 2006 Signs of the Times Newsletter

My Witness Today

Mrs. Chor Sochy

Chor Sochy lives in the village of Sochey in Cambodia.

Mrs. Sopheap Horng, a pastor's wife, is also the director of Family and Children's Ministries, and coordinator of the literacy program in Cambodia Adventist Mission. She shared the following regarding this article:

Two weeks ago I went to visit children's literacy classes in Kampong Tom. I really appreciated all the teachers in this province for good work. Even though they do not have a good classroom where their students can study, they still enjoy learning. Of course, they have class in the villages far from the church. Some classes meet under the big tree, other classes study at a church member's house.

While visiting this province, I was very interested in a woman named Chor Sochy. She lives in the village of Sochey. There is no church yet in the Sochey village. Sochy has a small hut, and every day from Monday to Friday, the children gather in front of her hut and study literacy under the big tall tree. They just sit on the tent (tarpaulin) and write on their laps. Sometimes they play funny games to help remember vocabulary. Sometimes they use the Reflect Method to involve the students in empowerment.

I asked Sochy if she would share her life story with people overseas. She was glad to share her witness and secret. The following is her story.

My name is Chor Sochy. I am 23 years old. I have two boys. My husband is staying far away from the family. He works as a house builder. He usually comes to visit home once a quarter. He told me that he has to work from place to place as a builder. Though he keeps busy working, I didn't receive enough money to support the family. I used to invite my husband to go to worship God at the church with me. He said he believes that Jesus is the true God. I wish my husband loved God and kept God's law in his mind. I wish my husband went to church on the Sabbath. It's been two years that my husband works far away from home. He doesn't come home often. Therefore, I really do not know how he lives or how he thinks about our children and me. I can just say that he is careless about the family. Though I told him that the children were sick and we needed some money, he still said that he had no money. Sometimes, I get help from my mother or the pastor when we lack food. I pray that my husband will become more respon-

sible as a good father and husband. This is a secret thing that I keep praying, and I request you who read my story to please help pray for my family. I do not want to get a divorce because I don't want my two children to become fatherless. I do not know how long I can find happiness in my marriage. However, I trust that God will help me and show me how to live in this world.

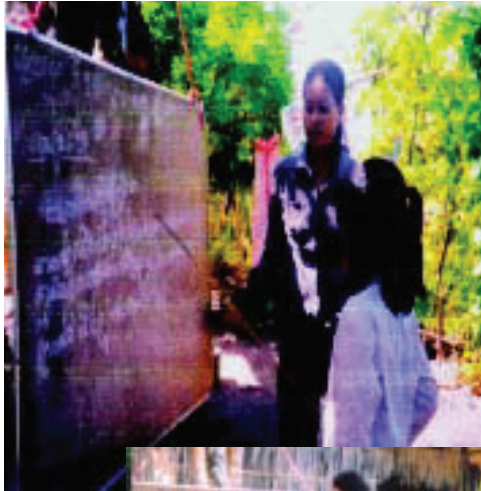
I feel happy when I go to church on Sabbath. My pastor's wife and church elders always encourage me to be strong in Christ and give all my problems to the Lord.

When I think about Jesus, it makes me happy. I had been teaching literacy to the children for two years. For now, I have 15 students attending literacy class. They all come from poor families. Some of them come to class carrying a baby brother because their parents have to work in the rice field. I do not mind helping them learn how to read and write the Khmer language. There are not many people who know how to read in my village. There is a government school also but poor people

mostly stop to find small jobs making money or selling vegetables. So I am teaching these people who have no opportunity to study at school.

Besides teaching the children to read and write, I like to teach them how to sing Christian songs or tell them Bible stories. I am so glad that God called me to be His servant. In 1 Timothy 6:12 it says, "Fight the good fight of faith. Take hold of the eternal life to which you were called when you made good your confession in the presence of many witnesses."


This text encouraged me to live and struggle in Christ. Sometimes I feel hopeless getting my husband to be with the family, but the Holy Spirit strengthens me to be strong in Christ and He comforts me to stand on Christ's side, and take care of my lovely children even though their father is staying away from home.



These pictures are of Mrs. Chor Sochy's class activities. This semester they are studying Khmer book 2. The literacy program provides supplies such as textbooks, white boards, and markers to all classes.

Every morning I get up early to have my own worship, then I make a pot of porridge for my children. Then I take them to my mother's house and keep them there so I can go to the rice field. It is growing well now, but I need to take off the grass. Of course, I don't have to work full-time at the rice field. I need to go home to take care of my children. My husband does not care much about how we live or what we have to eat. I get a stipend from the literacy program. It is not much, but it's enough to buy food for my children.

God is a loving God. He always answers my prayers. Last year I got a special gift from Him. It was the well that I asked Him for. One day the pastor came to me to wait for the well digger. My pastor told me that some special people from far away knew how difficult it was for me to get the water. It didn't take long to dig the well, and now I can get water. I want to give thanks to the Lord for blessing me with a well near my hut. It is a big help for my family.

I believe God is my special friend and He will provide what is needed. I am glad that He loves and cares about me. I love to share my love for God with my neighbor and my literacy students. This is the end of my witness today. Thanks for your prayers. 



One of the students, El Sok Nane, is 12 years old and responsible for taking care of her 6-month-old baby brother. Pray that she will learn to read and want to become a good Christian.

This Is Your Place



Becki Knobloch

As a health educator, Becki Knobloch currently works full-time at Ozarks Family YMCA in Missouri as the Wellness Coordinator, though her heart is fully in ministry. It just so happens she is married to the pastor and they “pastor” four churches in beautiful Ozark Country. Their two girls are in academy, so they are empty-nesters and mostly enjoying it. Becki loves to make friends and keep them. She also likes to garden, write, sing in trios and in groups, play the guitar, and spend time outdoors.

In Sisters, Oregon, one of my favorite shops is called “The Hen’s Tooth”. One year, when I was working as an assistant pastor and was on my way home from the Oregon Women’s Retreat in Sun River, I stopped in at the shop. As usual, I was just window-shopping. One picture caught my eye and indelibly marked itself on my mind. It was a well-known picture of a young woman holding a lamb. The lamb’s mother stood patiently beside the young shepherdess.

The picture was in lovely maroon hues, beautifully framed and matted. I wanted that picture! Being a shepherdess myself, married to a pastor-shepherd, I knew it beautifully portrayed my role, that of caring for the young lambs and the sheep of our congregation. But alas, I had not the \$40 on the price tag.

However, when I got home, the picture stayed in my mind. I must have told my friend, Pam, about it, though I hardly remember doing it. As time went on, the memory of that lovely picture faded from my mind. But not from Pam’s.

Not too long after that, the funding for my position was discontinued, and I was devastated. Because I had so greatly loved my role as “pastor,” I could not imagine

moving on to another job and wondered just what my place would be. It took nine months before another job opened up, a “secular” job and one that I loved but could not compare to that of the spiritual job of a pastor. Out loud, I must have asked my friend Pam, “What is my place?”

In early 2005, when we were moving away from Oregon, Pam stopped by. After we had visited for some time, she produced a carefully-wrapped package, packed-to-move. With care, I undid the long pieces of brown paper, until a beautiful golden-framed picture emerged—the lovely shepherdess with her lamb and its mother. With it came a card with this message: “Becki, this is your place.” I cried, amazed at Pam’s memory and her sensitivity to me.

Here in Missouri, that picture is proudly displayed, along with the note card with its affirming message. The card is always shown along with the picture. Whether paid or voluntary, I am a shepherdess. I care for the women, the children, those new in the faith, and those who have lived their entire lives in the church. It’s an honor and a privilege to love the lambs and the sheep, and it’s the place I most enjoy.



Broaden Your World

God has uniquely wired you for reaching the lost



Tammy McDonald

Tammy and her dear husband James have two beautiful daughters, Kenzie and Kendra. Tammy has a huge desire to help hurting women—not coddle them, but to help shift their vision to see God’s plan and hand in everything from the turmoils of daily life to the most devastating circumstances we might have to endure. For years she read the Scripture that states, “Older women, be an example and train the younger women on how to be godly wives and mothers.” She kept asking God, “Where are these women?” So she decided to become one. We all need to step up and become that for the younger women in our lives!

Many different ideas come to people’s minds when they think of or hear the word “evangelism.” For some the image of television preachers comes to mind; for others it might be an image of the Women of Faith speakers, and yet another may picture a missionary in a foreign land. In any of these circumstances, there seems to be one recurring theme: All these people are theologically educated and seem to be a step above a lay person like myself. Sure, I can work in a children’s division or be a greeter at church, but really, I don’t meet the criteria of an evangelist. I’m just me. It seems as if that should be a job for someone else. The truth is, evangelism can be done by anyone, anywhere!

According to the trusty *Webster’s Dictionary*, there are two definitions of evangelism: (1) the winning or revival of personal commitments to Christ, and (2) militant or crusading zeal. If you think back to the time when you initially accepted Christ as your Savior or when His breath of life came into your soul, you will probably recall a revival of your personal commitment

to Christ, along with a crusading zeal that probably annoyed some of the non-believers (and maybe a few believers). Some of those people were probably intrigued by what had you so fired up, but beyond that abundant zeal, what did you have to offer?

What do you do when the excitement wanes? Do you leave it up to the televangelists, the missionaries in Zimbabwe, or the ladies who travel the Women of Faith circuit? Does your responsibility end with responsibilities at church once every quarter? If you don’t know what the next step should be, maybe you need to think outside the box in which you have put God and your ideas of how He can use you. That is exactly what I had to do!

I have a huge heart for hurting women. I want to love them and show them God’s love. I am a stay-at-home mom of two daughters who are four and six. They occupy most of my time. My husband of nine years works a lot, but when he isn’t working, he manages to occupy the rest of it. I am 35 years old and still



trying to figure out “what I want to be when I grow up.” To be honest, that was a terrifying thought when I was 18, and today it really doesn’t seem any less threatening!


Being a stay-at-home mom whose time is very limited, my world has also been very narrow. The women I’m in contact with on a regular basis are already believers who strive to follow Christ in their daily lives. This provides a wonderful group for personal support and accountability, but how does that help me love the hurting women who don’t know God? What was I supposed to do? How would I find women for my heart to love? And what made me qualified to influence someone else’s life and draw them to a personal commitment to Christ?

Carrying a heavy burden for women and knowing I had no theological education, I went to a “Learn Your Evangelism Style” conference in Houston. They used the workbook *Becoming a Contagious Christian* by Bill Hybels, which specified that God wired you the way you are for a particular reason. He wants to use you just as He made you. This was absolute life for me! I have always looked at soft-spoken, meek women and thought that was how I needed to be if I was going to love on women’s hearts for God. Needless to say, I am not soft-spoken and meek. I am pretty much a loud, direct, Dr. Phil-type personality. It definitely isn’t beyond me to look at someone and say, “Just what were you thinkin’?” From that day of training I realized that God wired me this way for His purpose. I don’t have to rewire the way I relate with people before He can use me. I can be me and love women even with my Dr. Phil-style because God has wired some women to respond to that kind of love. What freedom!

Now that I had that freedom, what was I going to do with it? Love hurting women! I started being intentional. I had to broaden my narrow world, but God, how do I do that? I began with the ladies at the bus stop. Although I see them twice a day, five days a week, I barely say hello. One morning I showed up at the bus stop with donuts—now that is a conversation starter! I truly tried to invest in my relationships with these ladies, but I wanted more time than the few minutes at the bus stop. School was coming to an end, so I decided to open my home for a weekly Bible study. What Bible study would I lead? I hadn’t been

trained; I wasn’t qualified or educated. But I was called, and I had the desire and the heart. The study had to be about healing broken hearts. I remembered a study that I had participated in years ago that changed my life, *Restore My Heart* by Dennise Glenn. I made up fliers and showed up with them instead of donuts. These precious ladies were invited to fellowship with other women while learning about God’s great love for us—childcare provided! (I am sure this was a selling point!)

It’s been six weeks since our study started. There have been seven ladies in my home sharing hearts and lives together. God has given me the opportunity to pour love on hurting women. I have seen ladies turn to Christ with a zeal ignited in their spirits as well as healing for their hearts, and to my great surprise, mine too! I love these women, but more importantly, God loves them. If I hadn’t accepted that God wired me like I am for a reason, I would still be trying to be meek and soft-spoken. That’s not who God created me to be. He wired me this way for a purpose. My heart tells me that purpose is to love hurting women. I realize I can do it anywhere. At the bus stop with donuts, in my home during a study, or anywhere I find myself at the time.

I encourage you to take a look at how God has wired you. He made you for a purpose—His purpose. I challenge you to take Him out of the box and allow Him to lead you where He wants you. If you accept this challenge, I promise it will change your life, and many others in the process. 



Faith

Kudzai Gwasira

Kudzai is a clergy wife from Zimbabwe. She grew up in the Midlands Province and now works for the Zimbabwe Women Finance Trust as a credit officer. She and her husband, Martin, have one son, Kudakwashe. Kudzai currently enjoys serving as the vice president of her Shepherdess organization, camping, cooking, and witnessing for Jesus.

In Mark 11:21, Jesus tells us to have faith in God. He says, “I tell you the truth, if anyone says to this mountain, ‘Go throw yourself into the sea,’ and does not doubt in his heart but believes that what he says will happen, it will be done for him.”

What a blessed promise! That passage concerning faith is staggering. Unfortunately, many of us cannot claim such a strong faith in God.

Many cowards die 10,000 deaths while here on earth because their faith in God is so weak. Unlike the hero whose memory lingers long after his death, these faithless ones are quickly forgotten once they leave this earth.

A person who has faith in Christ can accomplish anything. For example, take the battle between Israel and the Philistines. The Philistines were certainly in control. The Israelites knew they were facing a great challenge. They looked to Saul to lead them. He had all the attributes of a fearless leader. He was well-trained. He knew all the maneuvers, and he knew how to lodge the spears and how to defeat them with his shield. And he stood head and shoulders above any man in his army. He was physically fit for a match against that Philistine giant, and he was a trainer of men. But Saul lacked one important thing: he lacked faith.

Our church is full of “Sauls” today. Many men and women who are scholars, some with advanced degrees, intellectually know of God but often lack that important quality of faith. They talk about God and the wars to be fought on this earth, but when it is time to meet the enemy, their training is inadequate. They know about God, but they do not know Him personally. They do not have faith in Him. They have never experienced God.

A small ruddy boy named David had faith. But people said he was no match for the giant. He was too little; he had never held a sword; he knew nothing about military training. But David knew one important thing. He knew his God. He knew in Whom he believed. So when the giant made his challenge, David knew what was right and wrong; he knew it was wrong for the Philistines to defy the armies of the living God. David had faith that God would help

him do right, so he said these words to the Israelites: “Do you mean to tell me that you’ll let that uncircumcised Philistine stand there and defy the armies of the living God?” What a rebuke to the trained army!

What a rebuke it is today for some little washman who may not know his ABCs to stand before a well-trained clergyman who says the days of miracles are passed and defy his word by saying, “I was once sick and now I’m healed.” He might not know all the ins and outs of theology, but he knows God. After all, that’s what’s required.

Little David, just a youth with his little sheep coat wrapped around him, stood up in front of those soldiers and made them ashamed of themselves. Oh, I love the courageous spirit of David!

Saul tried to educate David by putting him in an ecclesiastical jacket, but it didn’t fit. David said, “Take this thing off me. I don’t fight the way you do. Neither do I know your theology. Let me go with what I have experienced.” Though Saul went to church every Sabbath, and he might have done all the right religious things, he never experienced God.

David, on the other hand, knew God. He said, “When I was tending my father’s sheep out there, when I walked down through the green pastures and by the still waters, I learned of a God who made the heavens and the earth. I was responsible for my papa’s few sheep. A lion ran in and grabbed a kid and took it off. I knocked him down with the sling shot. When he raised up, I grabbed him by the beard and slew him.” He said, “The God that delivered the lion to me, how much more will he deliver that uncircumcised Philistine into my hands.” Certainly David knew what he was talking about. He had faith in God. He had experienced what God would do; therefore, he knew that experience would carry him on to victory.

Have faith. God promises us we can move mountains if we only have faith. Experience God, believe in Him, and like David, you will accomplish whatever you desire. Jesus said, “The things that I do, you shall do also.”





Shepherdess International News

NORTH AMERICAN DIVISION

Nearly 40 Ministry to Clergy Spouses coordinators met in beautiful Tucson, Arizona, for their Advisory. Marti Schneider, North American Division Shepherdess Coordinator, planned an exceptional program that covered a broad spectrum of clergy-wife blessings and challenges. In addition to the agenda items and technical issues relevant to ministry spouses, special time was allocated to specific topics.

Rita Stevens presented a detailed seminar on how to plan and promote weekend retreats. Small break-out groups reported on themes and creative programming. Walt Williams from NADEI led the women through the philosophy and implementation of mentoring programs for new ministry wives. Training for the mentors and

mentees was presented. Marti Schneider and Sharon Cress led a discussion on spirituality, and Sharon Cress gave a lecture entitled "How To Have A Vibrant Shepherdess Organization." Cheryl Retzer led the Union Coordinator group in a planning luncheon. Janet Page focused on prayer time, Jacqueline Ross coordinated musical praise, Betty Trevino led the ladies in a book-sharing, and Sue Patzer and Becki Weigley planned a fun and interactive social on Saturday night. Ann Carlson and Leilani Pitcher coordinated gift baskets for the attendees.



Walt Williams and Marti Schneider





Texico Conference: Shepherdess has been collecting money from the tour groups at the General Conference to help the Navajo Indian children in New Mexico. They have just moved into a new church building, and a recent donation helped them purchase chairs, a felt board for lower Sabbath School divisions, and accompaniment music for the classes as well. Following are some pictures of this project.



SOUTHERN AFRICA-INDIAN OCEAN DIVISION

Below is a picture from the VOP activities sponsored by SID.



SOUTHERN ASIA DIVISION

In October 2006, the Southern Asia Division held a Shepherdess Advisory in Hyderabad. Hepzibah Kore, SUD Shepherdess Coordinator, and Sharon Cress, Shepherdess Director, were the featured speakers. The ladies enjoyed a time of fellowship and helpful interaction. Following are pictures from these meetings.



Sharon Cress, Shepherdess Director, and Hepzibah Kore, SUD Shepherdess Coordinator



Mrs. Zarin Sharon (3rd from left) with Dorothy Watts (2nd from right) and Hepzibah Kore (far right)

SOUTHERN ASIA-PACIFIC DIVISION

Mrs. Helen Gulfan, Shepherdess Coordinator for SSD, shared the following pictorial report:



Dorothy Watts (right) thanking Hepzibah Kore for coordinating this event for the coordinators



Ivy Ng and Helen Gulfan at a farewell program at the division office for Ivy and her husband, who will be working at the General Conference



SUD Shepherdess Coordinators



Korean SIs sharing a special song during the 2nd AIIAS and SSD Shepherdess fellowship and seminars at AIIAS November 16, 2006



A panel discussion led by Glenys Perry from Australia (right). Tsai Tzu-Hsiu from China, Mel Hutabarat from Indonesia, and a representative from Korea also participated.



TRANS-EUROPEAN DIVISION

Narisa Currow reports that the Pastoral Partners at Newbold have been meeting the first Sunday of every month for fellowship and encouragement. Karen Holford spoke on the topic "Building Relationships," Mary Barrett spoke on "I Just Can't Cope," and Anne-May Wollan, TED Minister to Clergy Spouses, gave a presentation entitled "Who Am I?"

Participants were also able to attend a variety of retreats and seminars. For the Christmas season, they had an afternoon tea to brighten up the holiday.

WEST-CENTRAL AFRICA DIVISION

In September 2006, Angèle Nlo Nlo, Shepherdess Coordinator for West-Central Africa Division, did training in the Central Africa Union Mission. This mission covers six countries. In Cameroon there are four conferences and missions. It is not easy to gather all the pastors' wives in one place. Angèle thanks the Lord that most of them were able to attend.



Angèle Nlo Nlo speaking at the meetings



10 GOATS NAMED SHARON

Praise the Lord! The Shepherdess India Goat Project is moving forward rapidly. Mrs. Zarin Sharon, Shepherdess Coordinator for Western India Union Section, has been the immediate supervisor for this project in which a goat is given to a woman in poverty with no other means of support. Over 100 goats and their new mistresses are now involved in the project. The local pastor's wife keeps in contact with the recipient. While the project continues in Western India, the project is now expanding to a second Union.

