



The Journal

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The Journal



- 3 Elijah's Cloak or My Father's Shirt
- 5 Communication the "CHEAT's" Way
- 7 Things for Families To Do Together at a Church Family Day
- 8 Square Pegs in Round Holes: When Your Gifts Don't Fit Your Role
- 10 Fill My Cup, Lord!
- 12 Kitchen Kindness
- 13 My Father's Hug
- 15 Never Beyond Repair
- 17 PKs—The Positive and the Negative
- 19 Shepherdess International News

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Editor's Musings

Dear Friends,

Have you ever been physically lost, not knowing where to go, looking frantically for road signs and familiar landmarks? It's a frustrating, frightening experience.

Trying to make Jim's life a little easier, I bought him a Global Positioning System (GPS) for his birthday. For the most part, it works, but even with this little computer, I still sometimes feel lost. I worry about making the right decision. I try to determine which plan of action would be best. We live in troubling "lost" times that leave us anxious and scared.

The good news is that we don't have to purchase something in a store to find the solution. The answer is free to all of us. The Godly Problem-Solving solution is even better than Jim's GPS, and it works on the same principle. You tell God where you want to go, and He gives you the best route, custom-designing His roadmap for your life. Although the computer gives fairly instant answers, God sometimes isn't so quick. In a world where Oprah solves her guests' major problems in less than an hour, we often have to wait longer to know what God wants for our lives. It is so difficult to wait for God to show us the best way.

As we begin this New Year, it is my prayer that we will keep our Godly Problem-Solving devices in good working order. By spending time in prayer and meditation, we can keep our GPS batteries charged and ready for action. God can guide us in the direction He wants us to go.

Happy New Year!

God bless us every one,

*I got up early one morning and rushed into the day,
I had so much to accomplish that I didn't have time to pray.
Problems just tumbled about me and heavier came each task.
"Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered. He answered, "You didn't ask."
I wanted to see joy and beauty, but the day toiled on grey and bleak.
I wondered why God didn't show me. He said, "But you didn't seek."
I tried to come to God's presence; I used all my keys at the lock.
God gently and lovingly chided, "My child, you didn't knock."
I work up early this morning and paused before entering the day;
I had so much to accomplish—I had to take time to pray!*

Author Unknown

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Elijah's Cloak or My Father's Shirt



Hannele Ottschofski

Hannele Ottschofski is editor of the TEAM newsletter for pastoral spouses in the Baden-Württemberg Conference. A native Finn, she has lived in Sweden, England, France, Africa, and Germany. She has four daughters who are still able to laugh about life in the parsonage. Hannele loves music and books.

When my father died, I flew to Sweden to be with my mother. After all, my sister and brother live still farther away, and I was the only one who could come right away. So many things needed attention. We went to the nursing home where my father had lived for the last four years of his life and gathered his personal belongings. While packing his things, I found a lovely soft flannel shirt he had often worn in the last few years.

"I'll take this along," I said to my mother.

I love to wear this shirt at home. I feel safe and cozy. I have often wondered why I feel so good when I'm wearing the shirt. I think it has something to do with my father's heritage. I'm talking about his spiritual heritage, something his father passed on to him, too.

My father found the Lord as a young boy and was baptized with his whole family. His parents made it possible for their sons to get the best education possible in Adventist schools so that they would be able to serve the Lord. And that is what my father did. He served the Lord with all his might. His faith in God was not shaken. And he passed on this devotion and dedication to us, his children. I always wanted to serve the Lord like he did; there was never a doubt about that.

And now that my father's life is over, I can say that my father, like Paul, has fought the good fight. "I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord . . . will award

to me on that day—and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for his appearing" (2 Timothy 4:7, 8).

And that brings me back to my father's heritage, something I have symbolically put on with his shirt. My father gave my life a goal, a sense of service. He fulfilled his duty, and now it's my turn to fulfill mine. My mission is different from his. But his dedication to the Lord is what made the most indelible impression on me.

And so the shirt has become a symbol of my heritage, just as Elijah's cloak was a symbol of the spirit and mission that Elisha inherited from his master (see 2 Kings 2:2-16). Elijah was a man of great faith. He had divided the waters of the River Jordan with his cloak to cross to the other side. And then he asked Elisha if there was anything he could do for him before he was taken away. Elisha asked him for a double portion of his faith, double in relation to what the other prophets would get. Elijah couldn't guarantee it—it was God who gave the Spirit. When Elijah was taken up in the fiery chariot, Elisha tore his cloak as a sign of mourning. But then he saw Elijah's cloak on the ground. He picked it up. As he had torn his own cloak, so he could tear this one.

But now he was on the other side of the river, and he wanted to go back. He did exactly as Elijah had done: he rolled up the cloak and struck the water with it. The water divided, and he crossed the river on dry ground. When the rest of the prophets saw him return, they recognized

Elijah's cloak and said, "The spirit of Elijah is resting on Elisha." And so Elijah's duty and responsibility passed on to Elisha.

My father's duties as a treasurer have passed on to other people long ago. That is no concern of mine. But his spiritual heritage, his dedication to God, is something I want to retain.

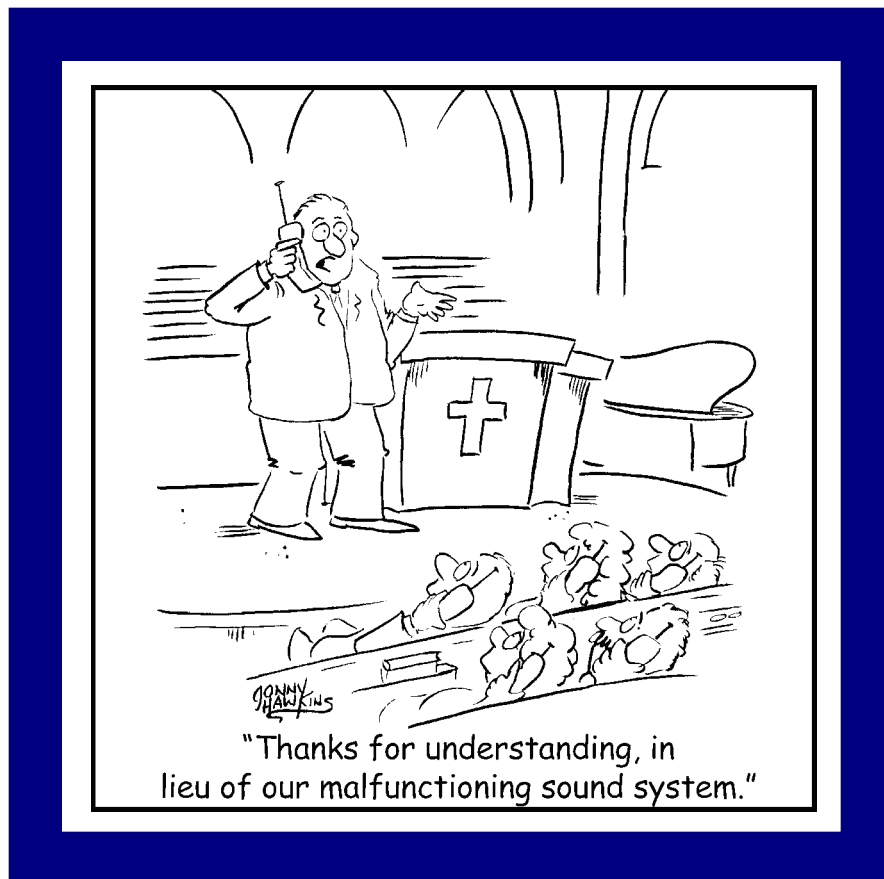
There is a word that I want to mention in this context: mentoring. A mentor is an (older) experienced teacher or counselor. It is his duty to encourage, inspire, and challenge others to make the most of the gifts they have been given. As women we should be an inspiration to other women. The older woman has a special role in this. Ideally, she has successfully navigated her boat through the storms of life, whereas younger women are still battling the storms. With their experience, older women can be like lighthouses, giving hope to younger women that there will be solutions for their problems as well.

Maybe you are thinking now of a woman who has been an inspiration in your life, who believed in you and your possibilities and encouraged you. Maybe you could write a note to her or call her (if she is still alive) and express appreciation for her help. Maybe you are thinking of somebody in your neighborhood or among your friends for whom you can be a mentor yourself. Such relationships often develop spontaneously, but we could even start looking for somebody to encourage.

This is something that is very important for me as a mother with four daughters. The relationship between mother and daughter is not always easy, even though we mothers try to delicately pass on our values to our daughters. Now and then I notice that some seeds I have tried to plant in their hearts are beginning to grow. But I am happy when my daughters find a "second mother" in the church. I thank God for the women who have lovingly cared for my daughters. Positive relationships have grown and good memories have been made that will support them in hard times when everything else seems to crack.

Do you need a soft, warm cloak? I do. Do you have a cloak to pass on to somebody else? In my case, there is a cloak hanging in God's wardrobe, waiting for me. All I have to do is to go and ask for it and put it on, leaving my old filthy clothes at the foot of the cross. We read in Isaiah 61:10, "My soul rejoices in my God. For he has clothed me with garments of salvation and arrayed me in a robe of righteousness." We need these garments of salvation and the robe of righteousness. Without them we'll never make it. We would freeze in this cold, hostile world.

My father showed me the way. When I wear his shirt, I'm reminded of his example. Do you want to wear a soft, warm cloak? Come with me to God's storehouse. There's a robe and a crown waiting for me, "and not only [for] me, but also [for] all who have longed for his appearing" (2 Timothy 4:8).



Communication the “CHEAT’s” Way



Barbara V. Shelley

Barbara V. Shelley is a clergy wife from Norfolk Island in the South Pacific. She works as a part-time counselor and does a 30-minute weekly radio program. She is the director of Dial-a-Prayer, and writes articles for the monthly local paper Family Living. Barbara and her pastor-husband, Barnabas, are involved in the leadership of courses in Weight Management, Personality Plus, Crisis Seminar, Communications Seminar, and Managing Life’s Relationships.

When my children were young, there was a time when I was certain our third child must surely have a listening problem. Unlike his sister and brother, Paul seemed to have difficulty listening to me—even if my voice was raised by several decibels. He would give me an innocent look, and then off he would go to do his own thing! Finally, in frustration one day, I got out an old T-shirt and painted the words “read my lips” on the front and “because I’m the mum, that’s why” on the back. I felt sure that would put an end to the whole frustrating experience.

Alas, it was not to be, because the problem was not really Paul. It was his mother—me! I was not communicating properly. What had worked for my other two children could not be relied on to work for Paul, who had a different temperament. It was time to take action—on me. I added much prayer as well as “communication” to my university studies. And the first thing I discovered was that communication is not just a topic to be studied for a semester or two. No, it’s a life-long process.

From the moment we are born, we communicate. Babies cry to communicate their hunger, loneliness, fear, or discomfort. And they continue to communicate right on into childhood, youth, and adulthood. It never stops.

Communication is:

- * Never a solo effort.
- * A transaction that involves both *giving* and *receiving* between two or more people.
- * Not just words. When I speak to you, only 7 percent of my message is communicated by my actual words; 38 percent is communicated through the tone of my voice, and 55 percent is communicated through body language.

When I stop talking to my husband, children, family, or friends, I may appear silent, but I am still communicating. Those who know me well can tell by my silence if I’m angry, sulking, or just plain hurting. My body language will betray me every time.

If you ask me a question but I avoid the answer and chatter on about something else, I am *communicating* the fact that perhaps I don’t want to answer the question.

How often have you, after a discussion, wished you “hadn’t said it quite like that,” or maybe you wished that you had thought of saying such-and-such at the time? How many of us keep wailing, “I’m just not a good communicator,” “I’m too shy,” or “I can’t be bothered”?

Just *how* does one communicate “correctly”? If we are all individuals—with variations not only in looks but in personalities as well—how can any one way of

communicating be “correct” for everyone? Realize that communication is actually based on several principles that, when learned, can do much to enhance our relationships and our lives.

Here is one simple set of guidelines that I discovered several years ago. I’ve called it “Communicating the CHEAT’s Way.”

The CHEAT’s way? Yes. Looked at as an acronym, it comes out this way.

Commitment—We have to be committed to the person. We must practice listening to, reflecting on, and trying to understand the other person’s point of view.

Honesty—Essential for communication. Not the kind of honesty that says, “That hat is really ugly,” but the kind of honesty that says how I feel and takes responsibility for my feelings instead of blaming the other person.

Empathy—Not sympathy. Empathy is a commitment to understanding how you think and feel and reflecting on what you have said to me, rather than standing there with my mouth open, waiting to interrupt.

Alertness—Really paying attention to what you are saying and listening to your feelings, not just your words. It is watching for the entire message, i.e., words, tone, and body language.

Trusting—Controlling my own need to reply, waiting until I have fully understood what you are saying. That’s the quickest way to build trust in a relationship.

And then, discover the magic of the “T” word by looking at the two sentences below. Which one is more conducive to open communication, and which one is more likely to lead to a big argument?

“You make me so mad every time you come home late; the dinner gets spoiled, and it’s all your fault.”

“I feel worried and angry when you don’t tell me that you will be late for dinner, and I would really appreciate knowing when you will be late.”

You see, what determines the success of any communication is not only what the message does *to* the listener but what the listener does *with* the message. Think about your communication over the next few days. Take note of how often you finish a conversation and are left feeling cheated, puzzled, hurt, or maybe just wondering what happened.

For example, you come home from work and your mother or wife yells, “Wipe your feet!”

What she means is: “Let’s keep the floor nice and clean.”

What you hear: “Nag, nag, nag!”

This is just one example of how important it is to understand not only the words but also their meaning. Then, if we’re not sure what is meant, we need to calmly ask for clarification. How many hurt and angry

feelings would be spared by this simple method of checking the facts!

Do I hear you saying, “It’s too late to change”? What if the apostle Peter had uttered those words when he became aware of his denial of Christ? He could have said, “Oh, it’s too late. I’ve already said it.” But he didn’t. Instead, he repented, confessed his wrongdoing, asked for forgiveness, accepted it, and then went on to be a speaker (communicator) for Jesus as he had never been before.

Look at the life of the apostle Paul. What a transformation took place in his life when God got his attention in a dramatic way on the road to Damascus. Saul, tough-minded and zealous in his persecutions of the Jews, underwent a transformation not only of his heart but also his life. Saul became Paul, a spokesman for Jesus in the highest places on earth. I don’t remember reading anywhere that he said, “It’s too late to change.” No, he also repented, confessed, then asked for and accepted God’s forgiveness. And the books he penned in Scripture are a testimony to his improved communication skills and total life-changing experiences.

In Scripture we find principles for communicating. If I truly want to have better communication with you, my *unconditional love* will be obvious through my words, my body language, and my tone of voice.

James 3:8 (NASB) tells us clearly, “No man can tame the tongue.” How true it is! I discovered that when I tried to communicate my message in my own way to my son. Handing the problem tongue over to God, then practicing the guidance He places in our path, produces faster results than anything you or I could ever do in our own strength.

When John the Baptist heard that Jesus had begun His ministry, his principle was, “He must increase and I must decrease!” (John 3:30, NASB). That’s another good attitude to have in our search for more meaningful communication.

As the words of an unknown author put it:

“If we settle for less than we can be
(In our own strength and not God’s),
We spend the rest of our lives justifying it.”



Things for Families To Do Together at a Church Family Day




Karen Holford

Karen Holford is the wife of Bernie Holford, the family life director of the South England Conference. Together they enjoy developing seminars on all aspects of family life. They have three children: Bethany, 10; Nathan, 7; and Joel, 4. 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.

Church family days are special days. These days should be eagerly anticipated. Children and adults love to get together with other families. Organized games and skits can usually increase the pleasure of such family get-togethers. Following are some ideas to make your family days special.

1. Let each family design an imaginary machine to help them with a recurring problem. This can be a fun way to look at family needs. For example, a finding-things machine may have a comb (to comb through all the junk), a bin for all the rubbish you find when you're looking for other things, a magnifying glass (to find those really hidden things), etc. Talking about the problem by designing a funny machine is a lighthearted way to help families come up with better strategies for the everyday problems they face. Perhaps your family lacks organization, and things are always misplaced. Use your imaginary machine to help find lost items, and then use it to organize them.
2. Let each family draw a picture of themselves. Then have the families swap their pictures with the other families. Each family then writes something special about the other families. At the end of the game, each family will have a picture of themselves with several good things written about them that will make them feel special.
3. Give each family member a large piece of paper and some felt-tip markers and ask them to design their own coat of arms. Or let each family create a poster advertising the family or Jesus.
4. Outside activities are extra-special. On a sunny day, have each family plan a game to share with others. Bring a jar filled with cookies or beans and let everyone guess how many are in the jar. Let the winner take the jar home. Have a bucket throw to practice throwing skills. Make a clock-golf game (hit the ball from each number to the hole; the person with the lowest score wins). The ideas are endless. Charge a few pennies for each game, and give the money to ADRA or let each family keep what it makes to offset any expenses it may have incurred.
5. Cut heart shapes out of paper, and let each family member write a love note to each person in the family.
6. Provide materials for each family to make a kite together, then have a kite-flying contest. Kites can be made from a simple pattern, polythene bags, cellophane, and garden sticks. Find a library book to show you how.

Planning fun family days takes little effort, and the rewards are great. Memories are created, relationships are strengthened, and friendships are made. 

Square Pegs in Round Holes: When Your Gifts Don't Fit Your Role



Jill Briscoe

Jill Briscoe serves as executive editor of Just Between Us and has an active speaking and writing ministry that has taken her to many countries. For more than two decades, she and her husband Stuart have served at Elmbrook Church in Brookfield, Wisconsin, where Stuart is senior pastor. Jill has written more than 40 books and currently serves on the board of directors for World Relief and Christianity Today, Inc. In 1994, she was named Layperson of the Year by the National Association of Evangelicals. A native of Liverpool, England, she has three children and eight grandchildren. Just Between Us, Winter 1995. Used with permission.

Reflecting on my past experiences in ministry, I remember trying to find my niche, my role, and my gifts. An excerpt from my first book, *There's a Snake in My Garden*, sums up the challenge—the best way to begin is to begin. Twenty-five years later, I'm still developing the gifts I've discovered and delighting in the gifts I didn't know I had.

In my early days of ministry I noticed that at social gatherings, I was introduced as “the pastor's wife.” Each time it happened, the snake snickered and pointed out that the other ladies present were not introduced as “the grocer's wife” or “the road sweeper's wife” or “the garbage collector's spouse”!

“You're stuck with it,” he hissed happily. “Every time you're given your title, a preconceived notion flashes across their minds. All of them will have varied ideas of just *how* you ought to perform, and as each

will differ according to their church and cultural backgrounds, you will have to be a freak to keep them all happy!”

It was true. I had had my own preconceived notions of a lady with such a title. I imagined a shadowy, mouse-like “personage living in the parsonage,” skulking about in the wings of a dilapidated creaky house—hair firmly screwed into a bun, flat shoes facilitating the many errands of mercy she must run. These “errands” were as vague in my mind as the personage herself! What was she so tirelessly and piously doing? Succoring the dying, mending other people's cast-off clothes for the poor missionaries (only the best for God's frontline workers!), pressing the parson's Sunday suits all day Saturday, and helping with the annual sale of work to pay for a new church steeple to house more mice and bats?

“Help!” I gulped. “Please, Lord, not that!”

The snake was really enjoying himself now. He’d been working in his underground darkroom and had produced not only a set of pictures of the pastor’s wife at “home,” but also a set of pictures of the pastor’s wife at “work.” These he proceeded to share with me.

“You must please the church,” he intoned. “This is your first duty.” Of course, the snake doesn’t care who you please as long as you don’t bring pleasure to the heart of God. The church is an excellent substitute, especially if you are “religious” and wouldn’t be tempted to please “the world.” “They have a right to expect certain things of you,” he continued. “First of all, you *must* play the piano!” At this he nearly swallowed his horrid forked tongue in mirth!

“Well, that’s *one* way I’d be certain *not* to please the church,” I commented, “unless they want all their hymns played with one finger!”

Quite carried away, the snake continued. “A pastor’s wife must sit in the leadership chair at *every* women’s gathering. She must teach in the Sunday school (whether or not she has an impediment in her speech) and must never correct her children in public!”

I’d had enough. I decided the first funeral to be conducted by me, *not* my husband, would be a final ceremony when I would once and for all bury the image of “the pastor’s wife” under the life-giving soil of the Word of God.

What did God’s Word say about the matter? I turned to 1 Corinthians 12 and found that the apostle Paul didn’t want us to be ignorant about our spiritual gifts. I knew that the pastor’s wife had the same responsibility toward God as every other church member—to discover her spiritual gift and to exercise it. But I also knew there were certain “duties” that went along with her privileged position for which she might not be gifted.

I didn’t feel altogether ignorant as to my gifts. From past experience I knew that I had been blessed in starting things, dealing with explosive situations, and moving into new areas of evangelistic outreach. I knew I had gifts of teaching and speaking and a gift of creative ideas for children and teens. But I was not a gifted administrator or committee member; I was *not* a good listener; and I could produce little “small talk” in company. Seeing that the latter gifts seemed to be required for my pastoral duties, I had considerable trepidation in my heart.

“Maybe these gifts would develop as I exercised them,” I mused. Maybe I did possess them and just didn’t know it. I thought back to my early ministry days and the maxim God had taught me then: “The best way to begin is to begin.” So I decided to begin and see!



Satan’s Beatitudes

Author Unknown

If Satan were to write his beatitudes, they could possibly go like this:

- Ⓒ Blessed are those who are too tired, too busy, too distracted to spend an hour once a week with their fellow Christians in church—they are my best workers.
- Ⓒ Blessed are those Christians who wait to be asked and expect to be thanked—I can use them.
- Ⓒ Blessed are the touchy; with a bit of luck, they may stop going to church—they are my missionaries.
- Ⓒ Blessed are those who are very religious but get on everyone’s nerves—they are mine forever.
- Ⓒ Blessed are the troublemakers—they shall be called my children.
- Ⓒ Blessed are those who have no time to pray—they are easy prey for me.
- Ⓒ Blessed are the complainers—I’m all ears for them.
- Ⓒ Blessed are you who read this and think it is about other people—I’ve got you!

Fill My Cup, Lord!



Hepzibah Kore

Hepzibah Kore is the Shepherdess Coordinator for the Southern Asia Division in Tamil Nadu, India, where she lives with her husband, Gnanraj.

(This sermon was presented at the International Women's Day of Prayer 2002. It has been slightly modified.)

A husband and wife lived a very happy married life with their two sons. The father was a God-fearing man and nurtured his family in the fear of the Lord. He did everything possible to provide for his family and keep them happy. Then tragedy struck. Unexpectedly, the husband died. The wife had depended on her husband for every little thing, and she became a total wreck. She felt lonely, empty, and saw no reason to live.

How would she earn a living? How would she feed her children? She was not used to working outside the home. She was helpless and did not know what to do. To make the situation worse, a money-lender came to her home one day and demanded that she repay the money that her husband had borrowed. She did not want to be a laughingstock in the neighborhood, so she gave away everything she had in the house. But it was not enough to clear the debt. The creditor gave her a deadline and threatened to turn her sons into slaves if she did not repay him by the given date.

What would you do if you were in her shoes? Where would you go? To whom would you turn? In desperation, she cried to the Lord, "Lord! You alone can save me from this situation! Oh, Lord, who else can help me but you?"

She heard the Lord say, "Rise up, go to my representative. He will help you."

Immediately she rose up and went in search of the man. Fortunately, he was at home. She poured out all her troubles to him. The man listened patiently. You and I would expect the man to give her some money to clear her debt because that is what you and I would do to help someone in such a situation. But this man was different. He was none other than the prophet Elisha. We find the story recorded in 2 Kings 4:1-8.

He asked the widow, "What do you have in your house? Do you have anything at all?" She didn't have to think hard to remember that all she had in the house was a little pot of oil. Then the prophet Elisha asked her to do something strange. He said, "Go around and ask all your neighbors for empty jars. *Don't ask for just a few.* Collect as many as you possibly can. Then, go inside and shut the door behind you and your sons. Pour the oil into all the jars and, as each is filled, put it to one side."

I imagine her sons went from house to house collecting all the available empty jars, vessels, and pots in the neighborhood. Then the woman did as she was told and shut the door.

What lessons can we draw from this miracle? I find this miracle to be a symbol of the inexhaustible divine grace and power of God. All of us are in the same condition as that poor widow. We are destitute. We are empty and void. But God is eager to fill us with His power. This miracle made me realize that:

Humanity is reduced by sin to a state of spiritual bankruptcy and ruin. Like the poor widow, we are

hopelessly in debt, and we have nothing with which to clear our debts. In Romans 3:23, we read that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. The more we yield to sin or indulge in sin, the greater the moral ruin, and the more we are spiritually indebted.

God the Father loves us so much that He made every provision to restore humanity to His original righteous state of indebtedness. God sacrificed His Son to restore and redeem fallen humanity. Romans 5:15 reads, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." This reveals to us that restoration is possible even to the most abandoned—to the chief of sinners. It has been said that heaven itself is too narrow for the full display of the Divine goodness. Its streams flow down to bless and replenish the neediest on earth. The apostle Paul assured the Philippians, saying, "My God shall supply all your needs—both spiritual and physical needs—according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ" (Philippians 4:19).

Faithful obedience is demanded in order to receive ample supply of Divine grace or power. The widow not only sought Divine help but also implicitly obeyed all the instructions. Her first act of obedience occurred when she and her sons collected all the available empty jars. She asked and she received. We do not have because we do not ask. God expects us to treat others as if they are empty vessels for us to use, so as to glorify God in their salvation. By bringing the empty vessels into her house, the woman implied she had something with which to fill them. She had faith that the Lord would provide. Waiting in faith is a high form of worship.

Her second act of obedience happened when she went inside and shut the door. Why would Elisha ask her to go inside her house and shut the door? Could it be because she was going to begin a new life and every new life begins in darkness—like the germination of seeds in the soil and the babes of the animal kingdom in their mothers' wombs? Or could it be that she might be more free to pray and act when undisturbed by the unbelief of others? Or could it be so no one would think that the oil was brought by another and secretly given to her? Whatever the reason may have been, she shut the door behind her as she was instructed.

The third act of obedience is that she poured the oil into the jars. Without the slightest moment of hesitation, the widow took the jar in her hands, tilted it over the first empty container, and watched as oil flowed out and filled the vessel. She brought the oil jar to an upright position and saw that it was full again. Imagine the look of astonishment on her face. The human mind cannot comprehend how the oil multiplied. The poor widow's faith and implicit obedience triumphed over all difficulties.

The supply of divine power is limited only by the capacity of the receiver. Every available vessel was filled with oil. The oil flowed as long as empty vessels were available. The oil stopped only when there were no more empty vessels. God's power is inexhaustible. It is not limited in

itself but by the capacity of the individual receiver. The enjoyment of spiritual goodness increases the desire for more. If we have the feeling of want and desire God's help, that very want or desire will be to us what the pot of oil was to the widow—an abundant supply of all we need.

The vessels were exhausted, but the hand of God was not emptied. It is never God who fails but always man who comes to the end of his capacity. In Psalm 81:10 we read, "Open wide your mouth and I will fill it."

As long as there is an empty, longing heart, there is a continual overflowing fountain of God's power. If the oil ceases to flow in any place or at any time, it is because there are no empty vessels, no souls hungering and thirsting to be filled with God's power.

The reception of Divine power furnishes the highest motives to an upright and useful life. Go, sell the oil and pay the debt. You and your sons can live on what is left. One of the first and simplest principles of true religion is honesty—it teaches a man to pay his debts. The obligation to our neighbor should be our first priority before we enjoy God's blessings.

All that the miracle needed was empty vessels. Full vessels were of no use. Many do not receive God's power because they have no empty vessels. Their vessels are full of their own self-righteousness, intelligence, and strength. These things that are utterly useless and shut out the power of God from our hearts. God wants to fill our emptiness with His power. The shape, size, or material of the vessel does not matter as long as it is empty, open, and ready to be filled. We, the empty vessels, are created to be filled with God's power; otherwise, the purpose of creation is lost.

Charles Spurgeon, the famous preacher, uses the following illustration to demonstrate this need:

"Do you see that beautiful tree in the orchard loaded with fruit? It is a pear tree. From top to bottom, it is covered with fruit. Some boughs are ready to break with their luscious burden. As I listen to the creaking boughs, I can hear the tree speak.

"It says, 'Baskets, baskets, bring baskets.'

"Now then, who has the baskets?"

"'I've got one,' says yonder friend, 'but it is of no use, for there is nothing in it.'

"Bring it here, man; that is the very basket the tree wants.

"A person over there says, 'Oh, I have a basket, a splendid basket. It is just the thing. It is full from top to bottom.'

"You may keep the basket to yourself. It is of no use to my loaded tree.

"What the Lord wants is our emptiness, for He wants to fill us."

Fill my cup, Lord, I lift it up, Lord!

Come and quench this thirsting of my soul;

Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more—

Fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole!



Kitchen Kindness



Patti Higgs

*Patti Higgs is married to Pastor Jerry Higgs.
They live in Tennessee.*

Many of the events of the past few years have brought sorrow to our world. The deaths of Princess Diana and Mother Teresa prove that death is no respecter of persons. Yet it was reassuring to see millions of people show their love for these two women in the form of flowers and written condolences. Those who are in bereavement or suffering illness need to know how much others care. Your kitchen is a great place to retreat when trying to show someone you are concerned.

My husband is a minister. Being a pastor allows him the privilege of visiting and comforting the sick, the dying, and the families left behind. Because I work outside the home, I am not always able to accompany him on his visits; in fact, it is a rarity. This doesn't mean I don't care; I do. Going to my kitchen and creating something that will fill another's need enables me to be part of the comforting process.

In the South, the tradition of taking covered dishes to the bereaved family when there is a death has long been practiced. I hope that never changes. It frees members from the work of feeding a family. Life truly does go on, and whatever we can do to make life easier for the survivors is a worthy endeavor and must continue. Preparing food for a family who has a sick family member is also a great comfort. I know, I've been there. Several years ago I had two very serious surgeries within one week. My family would have suffered a great deal more had it not been for all the wonderful food people brought to them. After all, the cook was out!!

The one thing I like to give in times like these are muffins. Homemade muffins. Muffins that are hearty, moist, and warm. Muffins that are all snuggled in a tea towel and bedded down in a basket create a sense of caring. And muffins can be eaten any time of the day! Sometimes I include some herb tea (my favorite) to have with the muffins. I always try to send my food in something that doesn't have to be returned. If I do want the container back, I take care to put my name and phone number on the bottom of the container.

When preparing food for a family, consider the members. Are there small children? Teenagers? Elderly people? Different age groups like different kinds of foods. Include any cooking instructions right on the dish—temperature, time, etc. If you know others who are contributing food, call and ask what they are sending—you can only eat so many chocolate cakes! Last but not least, ask the family if they need someone to help clean up. A dish-washing angel will always get to heaven first!

Remember, funerals are for the living. Do something that helps the bereaved family. Remember the good things about the person who has passed away. Share your thoughts. Reminisce with family members. Show them you care.

Don't deprive someone of something good from your kitchen or yourself of a real blessing from sharing. Bake muffins for a friend. There doesn't have to be a reason. Give them for no reason except love. But before you send them out—have one yourself!

Harvest Apple Muffins

1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup wheat germ
1/2 cup oat bran
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar, packed
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup oil
2 eggs
3/4 cup vanilla yogurt
1 1/2 cups chopped unpeeled apples
1/2 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Put all the dry ingredients in a bowl and blend well. Add the oil, eggs, yogurt, and apples. Mix with a mixer until well-blended. Stir in the dates, raisins, and walnuts. Fill muffin cups 2/3 full. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes. Makes 6-8 extra-large muffins; can also be baked in three or four mini-loaf pans.



Banana Nut Muffins

2 cups flour
1/2 cup oat bran
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1/3 cup oil
1 1/2 cups mashed ripe bananas
1/2 cup vanilla yogurt
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts

Place all the dry ingredients in a bowl and blend well. Add the eggs, oil, mashed bananas, yogurt, and vanilla. Mix with a mixer until well-blended. Stir in the nuts. Fill muffin cups 1/2 full. Bake at 375 degrees for 20-25 minutes. Makes 12 extra-large muffins.

NOTE: You can add a topping of 2 tablespoons each of dry oatmeal, sugar, and finely chopped nuts to the muffins before baking. Blend the topping with your fingers and sprinkle a scant amount on each muffin.



*As the deer pants for
streams of water, so
my soul pants for you,
O God.*

Psalm 42:1

My Father's Hug



Milca Casli de Sand

Milca lives in Brazil and is the wife of Pastor René Sand, who works in the Sabbath School and Personal Ministries Department of the South American Division. They have three grown children. Besides being a grade school teacher who has worked in Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay, Milca developed a manual of 13 topics about the 10 plagues of Egypt to the crossing of the Red Sea. She is now finishing another manual on how to prepare sermons for children ages 7 to 12 (primary and junior departments) that includes 15 detailed sermons and some suggested outlines. Her hobby is sewing, and she makes most of the clothes for her family.

I am a daughter of Italian immigrants. I lived with my parents and grandparents in a big house in the country. Many Italian immigrants lived in this area. Practically all the families had the tradition that one of the children (generally the youngest) would get married but live in their parents' home and care for them in their old age.

Besides my father, my grandparents had five children. My aunts and uncles would often visit their parents, so we cousins spent many unforgettable moments together. One could almost feel and touch the love found there, even though this was not expressed much through hugs and kisses. Love was seen in conversations, laughing together, and even our enthusiastic arguing.

The years went by. My grandparents died. My cousins married. My parents aged, and then an illness entered their lives.

My husband, children, and I were on vacation at our country home where I had been raised. My father told us that he had gone to look for the animals to bring them to

the corral for the night, but he got lost and didn't know how he got back to the house. North seemed to be south, and east looked like west.

During one of those days, he lost his balance. We felt there must be something seriously wrong with him. He decided to visit one of my cousins who is a doctor. We went to church and came back home. Mother got out of the car with a serious look on her face. She told us that after the Sabbath services, my cousin talked with her. Most likely my father had a cerebral tumor, and he would need to be taken to the city for further tests.

So Dad was transferred 700 km. to the home of one of my brothers who was also a doctor. Tests confirmed that my father had a tumor. My brother found a specialist (who had been his professor) to do the operation.

As it was necessary to do some special treatments days before the operation, my brothers and sisters took turns being with my father. It was very important to be at his side, not only to help him not feel alone, but also to converse

on any topic besides sickness. According to my brother, being of good courage was fundamental in having a quick recovery.

Early one morning, it was my turn to be with my dad. I laid my head on his bed as I waited for him to awaken from his night's sleep. I felt him move in the bed. He put his arm around my neck and held me close, and there were tears in his eyes. I didn't want him to become depressed. I had to struggle to get out of his grasp and reassure him that nothing bad was going to happen. Everything would be fine, and the operation would be a success.

My father lived three years after that morning. I often think about my dad's hug that I interrupted. How many times do we shut up what our heart wants to shout! Why don't we sense or value the expressions of love from our own families? We speak courteous words. Why do we not take advantage of this before it is too late? Why do we believe in our parents when we are children but as adults feel that it is unnecessary to say things like "I love you so much" or "You are so valuable to me."

What a pleasure it would be if we used these words more often!

In Song of Solomon 2:6, we are told the importance of the physical embrace. It expresses the desire of the whole heart: "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me."

My father's hug meant so much to me. What about a hug from the Heavenly Father? Do I feel His hug when I return home repentant, like the son in the parable? Is there a reason that I interrupt God's hug? Do I desire to have His hug each day?

There are many occasions in this life when we can enjoy hugs from our dear Savior, Jesus.

I always enjoyed the story of Jacob, whether it was listening about it, reading about it, or sharing it with others. Thinking about the ladder that touched the earth and went up into heaven, with God's angels climbing up and coming down, always chased away my fears when I was a child. It spoke to me of God's tender care and told me that He would

protect me at all times and under all circumstances. The story is God's way of saying that He is interested in having each of us as His children.

Jacob did not interrupt God's communication. It led him to later exclaim in Peniel, "I will not let you go unless you bless me." And what a blessing he received that same day! Genesis 33:4 describes Jacob's encounter with his brother. Esau had been his enemy for many years. "And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." A hug can speak volumes!

How many times did Jacob recount this story to his children? What did his children think when they heard the account? What impact did it make on Rachel's son to see his father with his uncle?

Was it this and the ladder that made Joseph decide that he would not "cut communications with the God of his fathers?"

What about Joseph and his brothers? Their decisions were so different, and the results were different too. There in Egypt, when the right time came, Joseph let his brothers know who he was. At first his brothers

"could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence" (Genesis 45:3). Then he asked them to come close. He hugged and kissed all of his brothers. How many words, prayers, and speeches can be summed up in a sincere hug!

Let's not lose the opportunity to offer hugs from our hearts. Perhaps in doing so, we are hugging Jesus' feet, as the women did who went to the tomb early in the morning. The ladies thought they would find Jesus; they didn't know they would find an empty tomb. And an angel in shining clothes told them that Christ had been resurrected. They believed his words and ran with great joy to give the news to the disciples. And Jesus went to meet them! So that's why they hugged His feet—to praise Him!

What will be my first reaction when I come face to face with Jesus? I will accept His hug and refrain from interrupting the wonderful act that shows His loving, tender, and patient care for me.



Our Apologies:

In the 4th quarter 2007 issue of *The Journal* in the pictorial report on page 19 it should read Southeast Asia Union Mission instead of Peninsular Malaysia Mission. Our apologies for this error.

Never Beyond Repair



Jean Coleman

Jean Coleman is a pastor's wife from Laurel, Maryland. She is the editor of The Pastor's Helpmate, a newsletter for pastoral wives. This article first appeared in The Pastor's Helpmate, July 1995. Used with permission.

“I can’t believe this!” I cried out. “Everything we bought is broken! Absolutely everything! There’s not one thing that isn’t in pieces!”

Jack and I had just returned from a two-week ministry trip to Peru, and I was unpacking the suitcase that held the many souvenirs we had purchased. Peru is a souvenir shopper’s paradise! In the capital city of Lima, we had visited the Inca markets where dozens of exciting shops were filled with beautiful native handwork unequalled anywhere in the world. What fun! I went from shop to shop delighting in the unique articles that were displayed, trying to decide which ones to buy. I was particularly taken with the lovely pottery pieces that had been crafted into small delicate figurines.

But the window shopping was only the beginning! You were expected to bargain with the vendor for the best price. As a peacemaker, I detest quibbling over prices. With my rusty Spanish and non-aggressive spirit, I didn’t stand a chance. But I wasn’t shopping alone. My Peruvian friend drove a hard bargain, and soon I was loaded down with numerous treasures to carry back to America.

My favorite souvenir was a native boy riding on a donkey. Larger than the other figurines, it stood about a foot high. I thought it was truly exquisite. The boy was wearing a little sombrero, and his tiny hands held reins made of string. The beautifully sculptured donkey carried two water barrels. It was definitely one of a kind, and we agreed to pay \$25 for it—an extremely high price by Peruvian standards. There were also many other purchases. Jack laughingly remarked that I was taking home a whole village of pottery people. I just couldn’t resist their charm.

The evening before we left Peru, we spent hours carefully packing the souvenirs for the trip home. Each little figurine was padded with crumpled newspapers, and then meticulously rolled up in our clothing. Everything appeared to be completely jar-proofed, and we had total confidence that our treasures would make the journey home without incident.

How wrong we were! Tears rolled down my cheeks as I surveyed the carnage that filled the suitcase. It looked like a massacre had taken place. Tiny hands and legs were scattered everywhere. I cringed when I saw the decapitated

bodies, their heads buried among the newspapers. Not one piece was intact. Fearing what I would find inside, I began to unwrap the donkey with his rider. It was even worse than I had expected. All four legs had been broken off the donkey, the boy was missing his head and one arm, and the water barrels were shattered into a dozen pieces.

“How could this have happened?” I wept. “We should not have put anything so fragile in a suitcase! Now we don’t have even one souvenir left from our trip. They’re all ruined—destroyed!”

Jack put his arm around my shoulder. “Let me see what I can do,” he responded. “I think that many of them can be repaired with a little glue, time, and patience.”

But there was no consoling me. “It’s no use! I don’t want these things if they’re broken! Just toss them all in the wastepaper basket. I don’t ever want to see them again.”

Jack tried to reason with me. “I really think they can be fixed, Jean. We can just glue this hand on here and put the head back on. They’ll look fine!”

But my mind was made up. “I’m not going to put a bunch of broken things on my shelves. Throw them away!”

Jack left the bedroom carrying the suitcase with its hopeless cargo. I concentrated on unpacking the remaining suitcases, hanging up clothes and sorting laundry, trying to forget the broken souvenirs. After all, I tried to convince myself, what difference did it make? It was crazy to get upset over something so trivial.

It was nearly an hour later when I walked out to the kitchen. There stood Jack at the counter, tube of glue in hand, patiently repairing the figurines. All four legs had been reattached to the donkey, and once more he was standing straight and tall. And the rider was no longer the headless horseman! His head and arm were once more in place. It was a miracle! I looked in amazement at all the little people who had been made whole.

Jack smiled. “I told you they could be repaired, and unless you look closely, you can’t tell that these things were ever broken. It just took some time.”

Hesitantly, I picked up the donkey and examined it carefully. A faint line could be discerned on each leg, but it was hardly noticeable. A miracle had taken place. No one would ever guess there had been a problem. I had to admit that Jack was right. The things I thought were beyond repair had been restored.

“I’m going to work on the water barrels now,” Jack informed me. “All the pieces seem to be here, and I’m sure I can get them back together.”

As I walked back to the bedroom, I heard the still small voice of God speaking in my heart. “Your attitude toward real people is often like your attitude toward the pottery people. You don’t want to devote the necessary time to see them restored. If they’re not


perfect, you’re inclined to cast them aside. This should not be.”

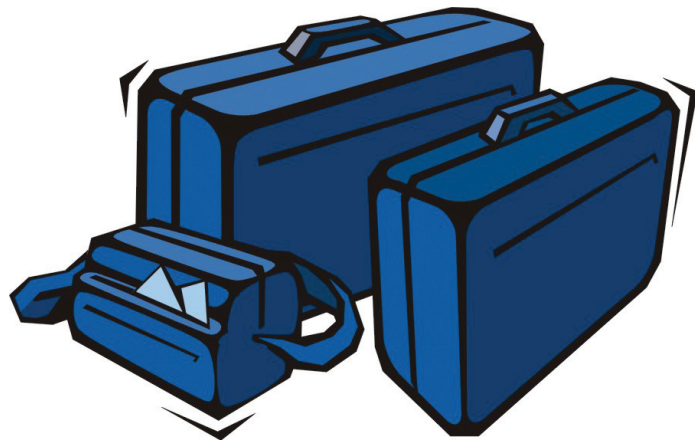
How true, how true! I may weep over broken people and their problems, but do I really care enough to take the time to bring about the necessary restoration? Sometimes it’s so much easier to teach a Bible study lesson or coordinate a church picnic than to spend time encouraging those who are hurting and whose lives are in turmoil. There are so many men and women in our congregation with shattered lives, and though I grieve over the horrendous situations they are in, I often lack the patience, compassion, and love to attempt to reconcile them. At times I even try to avoid these broken people because I don’t want to be reminded of their seemingly insurmountable problems. Out of sight, out of mind!

Oh, that I might be more like my husband, who patiently puts these shattered lives back together again, spending hours healing the brokenhearted with words of counsel and encouragement. It is obvious that I need to have some major repair work done on the flaw in my heart that makes me more upset over some broken figurines than over the condition of real-live people.

Who would have ever thought that a suitcase full of broken souvenirs would cause me to be thrust into the School of the Holy Spirit to learn some very important lessons about myself and my attitude toward others? God forbid that I should view the hurting in our church as throw-away people. I need to be ever-mindful of the words of Jesus who said, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out” (John 6:37). Jesus is not discouraged by broken people.

Yesterday I took the repaired donkey and rider down from the shelf to admire my wonderful souvenir from Peru. Yes, the little lines where the breaks had been were still there, looking like tiny scars upon the donkey’s legs. And once again I heard the Lord speak to my heart: “Remember, scars are simply evidence that healing has taken place.”

Stand firm, little donkey, as a constant reminder to me that the broken can be repaired, the crushed restored, and the shattered made whole again. 



PKs—The Positive and the Negative



Carole Brousson Anderson

Carole Brousson Anderson is a Christian counselor and psychologist; she works in a university counseling center for students with personal and career concerns. Her husband, Don, is the associate pastor of the Vancouver Central Seventh-day Church in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. They have their own PK—eight months old.

As a new bride, I was happy to be married to a minister and excited about working as a team, but it was only weeks into our first pastorate that I sunk into depression. My husband was welcomed by all and had instant friends, but for many weeks, I felt like running from the sanctuary in tears. I was surrounded by people, yet I felt terribly lonely.

Expectations. Potential criticism. I remembered the time my husband wasn't so successful, and it still stung. My energy and hopes for pastoring disappeared. Was this what God required—to live 2,000 miles from home, friends, and family, to be alone and depressed—for life? My first thoughts turned to my future children. If ministry was this difficult for me, what would it be like for them?

When I returned to graduate school, it was easy to decide on a research topic—pastors kids (PKs). To my amazement, while PKs were assumed to be goody-goodies (or the opposite extreme, wild), little research had been done to find out if this was fact or fiction. PKs were virtually ignored.

After sending out just over 900 questionnaires to adult PKs, I was amazed to receive nearly 600 back. PKs were anxious and willing to talk about their experiences. In some ways, the pain and difficulties expressed were similar

to my own, but this bleak picture did not hold true with all PKs. As one PK put it, "I had a wonderful upbringing—there is little I would change—the positives definitely outweighed the negatives. My wonderful parents made it work!" Another said: "I enjoyed our life. I was happy and content. My folks did an awesome job of creating a healthy environment." Yet another said, "I enjoyed all of it. If you would like to talk to a perfect pair of PK parents, call my mom and dad." She gave their telephone number, too!

Many other PKs had positive things to say about their experiences. The most frequently mentioned area was the opportunity to meet many people. The PKs felt their lifestyle of moving, entertaining, and active involvement in the church gave them the opportunity to meet and make many friends around the world. Often people already knew who they were or there was a connection that got them introduced, and this made making friends easy—for both the shy and the outgoing. According to them, everyone knew someone you knew. They described this as an enlarged "family."

Other church workers' families also became extended family—especially other PKs. One put it this way: "I always feel a certain kinship with other PKs. I thought it would be nice to marry one and did."

Another area frequently mentioned was the status associated with being a PK and having a father as a pastor. These PKs felt respected, looked up to, like a celebrity, and that they were never a nobody but always a “somebody.” They felt they were appreciated, accepted, popular, the center of attention, and that everyone knew who they were. This special status gave them advantages like meeting the GC president, having lunch with the Heritage Singers, or being in the loop of authority, information, and caring.



*PKs married each other:
Honey (Gulfan) and Erwin Tecson*

They also spoke of feeling very proud of their father and his accomplishments, whether it was his great sermons (one said she liked her father’s sermons better than any others; another said that his father gave the best sermons he’d ever heard) or his decision to help people reach the kingdom of heaven. One PK wanted to be just like his daddy, and when he was little would “preach” out of his Bible and storybook. He described his dad as his hero and best buddy.

PKs also frequently talked about how they liked the moving and traveling their dads’ job required. They felt it made their lives educationally rich, both in terms of meeting many people from different cultures and subcultures and in experiencing different parts of the country and world.



PK: Monica Wollan Bruvik

One was thankful for the opportunity to learn a second language, another for learning about several different cultures and seeing places others only dream about, and yet another for the range of experiences that gave a wider “horizon.”

Some PKs just liked moving. They felt each move was a new and fascinating adventure. One described the excitement of looking at the map to see where they were going next. Another liked the opportunity to start over with a clean slate.



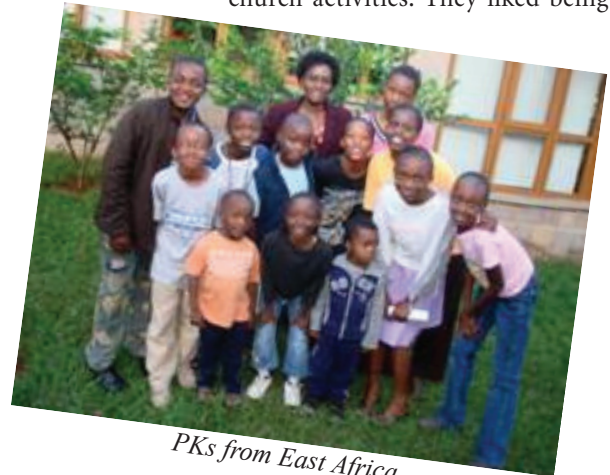
PK: Mary Ratsara

They sometimes expressed how moving and travel had influenced their develop-

ment and helped them to be more flexible and adaptable. Moving had created a greater tolerance for change and a better ability to cope.

In addition to the positive aspects mentioned above, many PKs simply gave examples of what they liked about their dad’s job that did not fit neatly into any category. Examples included the education subsidy that helped them with their schooling, camp meetings, workers’ meetings, camp pitch, General Conference sessions, and their father’s flexible schedule that allowed him to take them to school or make their lunches.

They also mentioned always having something to do—sunshine bands, potlucks, socials, and all the other church activities. They liked being



PKs from East Africa

involved with their dad in Bible studies, visitation, or being his pianist, and the fact that he could baptize them, marry them, and be the one to dedicate their children.

Some PKs enjoyed being kept up-to-date on church news and religious concerns, and liked having a father who knew so many answers to their questions regarding Christianity, religion, and spirituality. Another liked having father as a pastor because it made church a “normal” place to be; he never felt intimidated by a church because it was his father’s workplace, and he was often there after hours. He got to explore the church, the baptistry, and behind and under the rostrum, which, he felt, removed some of the mystique.

However, not all PKs had positive things to say about their experiences. Some, when asked what they liked about being a PK, responded, “Nothing. I chose to marry someone who was not in the preaching profession because I didn’t want my children to go through what I did.” Another said, “I did not like being a PK—when we moved to a new academy and my father was a union evangelist, I did not tell anyone that I was a PK.”

Many dislikes were listed, but none with the same degree of frequency and emphasis as the extra expectations heaped upon PKs. Nearly half of the PKs mentioned this area and mentioned it with such great emphasis that a summary of their feelings is difficult. Here are some examples, using their own words, of their feelings about the extra expectations placed upon them:

“The expectations that my parents and church placed on me still haunt me.”

“Having people expect me to be either really bad or extremely good and I was neither.”

“If I wasn’t perfect, people scolded my parents for it. It hurts so much to continue to live a life of ‘do not cause the church member to stumble.’ I have an unbelievable amount of anger inside of me that I cannot resolve.”

“Constant scrutiny—people intruding in my life—no privacy. To this day, I cannot stand for anyone to know my business.”

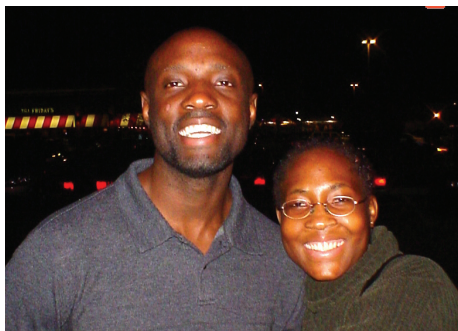
“The high expectations of others, especially my teachers. The church was my father’s whole life, and we were its slaves!”

“I felt stifled inside, afraid to let out my feelings in case I became a poor example to others.”

“I couldn’t be a ‘kid’ because my dad told me that everyone was watching me.”

“I got a ‘F’ in Bible one semester in boarding academy. It was like the president’s daughter giving information to the Soviets.”

“I tried so hard to be perfect, (1) because I was



Brother and Sister PKs:

Steve Kakembo and Caroline Adekanmbi

expected to, and (2) because I was trying so hard to earn my father’s acceptance. Now, at 28, I still don’t know who I am or what I want. I’ve done what others wanted me to do for so long, I’m going through a painful process that I believe other kids go through in their teenage years: discovery of myself.”

“I despised having to get good and holy simply because it was expected of me and not because I believed it!!!”

“Felt I lived in a fishbowl with constant criticism, felt unable to live up to everyone’s expectations. Still have problems to this day of expecting perfection from myself and loss of self-esteem for never being ‘good enough.’”

“I learned to be the kind of daughter he expected me to be when I was around him but another person when away, and he never realized it. I constantly sought his approval and still do. If he knew the real me, he would be very disappointed initially.”

While these comments make growing up in the pastorate sound rather bleak, there were also comments that



*PK Brothers:
Paul and Moïse Ratsara*

gave hints as to how to deal effectively with the problem of extra expectations. Certainly many parents must have dealt with it in a positive manner because although half of the PKs complained about the expectations, the other half did not mention this area at all.

One PK stated clearly how her parents handled the extra expectations: “Some church members expected perfection. And I hated it when I ‘overheard’ statements about our family. I always wanted my folks to be proud of me and the way the ‘church critic’ viewed me. It was not possible, my

parents helped me see, that my personal best was good enough, and they taught me that God didn’t judge me through the ‘critic’s eyes.’”


These wise parents helped this PK see a picture of God that was different than her experience on earth. God was not a harsh, critical God who expects perfection. If this PK had continued to write, I’m sure he would have described how his parents helped him develop a personal, saving relationship with Jesus Christ. This relationship, not just the PK’s behavior, would have been emphasized as the most important aspect of the Christian life.

Another PK said, “I didn’t feel that decisions about me, my personal life, my morality, my spirituality, and my mental state were left up to me. They were already taken care of by my parents, my church, my religion, or some other unchangeable and unwaivable outside force.” This PK expressed the lack of a second principle. Decisions in the pastoral family should be based upon biblical principles, not on outside expectations. In addition to this principle, every PK, including this one, needs the freedom of choice God so abundantly provides, even if this means making a mistake. This freedom, rather than the conflicting choiceless demands of the church and its members, should be emphasized.

A home where the many positive aspects mentioned



PK: Raymond Wollan

earlier are emphasized, where a picture of a loving God who wants a personal, growing relationship with His followers is presented, and where family decisions are based upon biblical principles with the freedom of choice God provides, creates a home very different than some described here. Homes such as these have great potential for passing on positive values and a saving faith. 



Shepherdess International News

East-Central Africa Division

Shepherdesses and elders' wives met at camp meeting at the Najjanakumbi Church in Uganda.



North American Division

The Pacific Union Conference held their Ministerial Council August 19-22 in Ontario, California. The theme was "Ministry—More Than You Can Imagine!" Presenters for the pastoral-spouse meetings were Cheryl Simpson, Anita Roberts, and Karen Martell.

Southern Asia Division

Orissa, India: There are 15 adult literacy centers in Orissa; nine facilitators are pastors' wives, and six are lay women. According to the statistics, there are 402 students from various religions, including Muslim and Hindu. The women are learning to read and write, how to care for children, and various other subjects.

A few facilitators have encouraged some income-generating projects which attracts many women. In the Lanjipalli Center, each member brought 300 rupees to start a small-scale business to raise income for poor people.

In the Rourkela Center, a lady named Sunni attends classes regularly. Since she takes care of her grandchild she sits with her to learn her lessons while her grandchild studies her lessons. Sunni has learned to write her name.

An older lady at the Pahirsirgida Center did not have a chance to attend school when she was a girl, even though she had a desire to learn, because her parents were too poor. She is now a regular member of the class and anxiously

waits for the bell to ring so she can start studying. Her children are excited that she has this opportunity and help her study at home. She can read now, so she carries a Bible to church.

Phulomoni Suren, a 48-year-old lady who attended the Kadilpal Center, is a quick learner and can read well. She used to hide her books and slate so no one would laugh at her going to class, but now she proudly carries her materials. Her husband also encourages her to attend the adult literacy classes. She never dreamed she would be able to learn to read and write. She is thankful for this facility.

Naiveli Cahnga, facilitator, conducts classes for two groups. One day several government officials visited the village. Hearing about the adult literacy classes, they came into the church to see what was happening. They questioned Naiveli to see if she was conducting classes in the church to convert the students to Christianity. She answered clearly that it was convenient for her to keep the teaching materials safe inside the church after class. They watched for some time, realized that she was telling truth, and left quietly.

Between April 11-14, 2007, 15 new adult literacy classes were conducted by the pastors' wives. They taught classes in health and hygiene, the futility of witchcraft, and other subjects. It is already making a difference in the lives of nearly 400 women and their families.



Adult literacy training; Hepzibah Kore, SUD Shepherdess Coordinator leading out.

Following are various activities with the adult literacy program in Orissa.



a Bible. The shepherdesses are so enthusiastic and eager to serve the church.

On April 11, 2007, evangelistic meetings were held at Adventist Hill-Tracts Seminary and School in East Bangladesh. Prior to this meeting, eight people accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. There were 46 men and women attending the meeting.

It is becoming very difficult to have baptisms in Bangladesh. Sometimes instead of a river or pond, mission leaders use drums for baptism. But still the people trust God and appreciate prayers on their behalf.



Southern Asia-Pacific Division

Bangladesh Union Mission: On October 4-6, 2007, a Shepherdess evangelistic meeting and elders/shepherdess training seminar was held at the Mushuria Village in South Bangladesh Union Mission. About 250 people attended the meetings; among them were Muslims, Hindus, Baptists, Catholics, and Assembly of God believers. On Sabbath, 29 people were baptized. Each baptismal candidate was given



Pastor Bonowaree performing a baptism in a plastic drum

North Philippine Union Mission: Eleanor Roque reports from North Philippine Union Mission that a Pastoral Partners Continuing Education Program (PPCEP) was launched by the shepherdesses of the North Philippine Mission in the Southern-Asia Pacific Division, which was attended by 90 pastoral wives from missions and conferences. Dr. Eleanor V. Roque, NPUM Shepherdess Coordinator, was inspired to organize a similar program in her Union territory after PPCEP was shared with her by Merilyn Webster, Shepherdess Coordinator of the South Pacific Division.

After undergoing a full group study, shepherdesses who enrolled in the program earned seven continuing education units for four basic courses, two electives and one ministry specialty. Launching the PPCEP as a seminar is only an initial endeavor. Subsequent courses to be offered in the next two years will be done on a home study basis. A certificate of achievement was issued to those who attained full certification.

Serving as resource persons were experienced and highly knowledgeable pastors wives' and women leaders such as Mrs. Helen Gulfan, Dr. Miriam Tumangday, Dr. Joyce Dy, Dr. Eleanor Roque, Mrs. Esther Daquila, Mrs. Cynthia Faigao, and Dr. Francisco Gayoba, the Union Ministerial Secretary.

Meanwhile, an SI Quest was also conducted during the break time of PPCEP. This exciting oral quiz tested the pastoral wives' knowledge of the Bible and fundamental Adventist beliefs. Nine shepherdesses were recognized as "SI Quest champions." A celebration fellowship banquet served as the culminating activity of this special program.



Daddy, do you have the time?

Anonymous

The man came home late again, tired and irritated, to find his 5-year-old son waiting for him at the door.

"Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

"Yeah, sure, what is it?" replied the man.

"Daddy, how much money do you make in an hour?"

"That's none of your business! What makes you ask such a thing?" the man asked angrily.

"I just want to know. Please tell me, how much do you make an hour?" pleaded the little boy.

"If you must know, I make \$20.00 an hour."

"Oh," the little boy replied, head bowed. Looking up, he asked, "Daddy, may I borrow \$10.00, please?"

The father was furious. "If the only reason you wanted to know how much money I make is just so you can borrow some money to buy a silly toy or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room and go to bed. Think about why you're being so selfish. I work long, hard hours every day and don't have time for such childish games."

The little boy quietly went to his room and shut the door. The man sat down and started to get even madder about the little boy's questions. How

dare he ask such questions in order to get some money!

After an hour or so, the man calmed down and started to think he may have been a little hard on his son. Maybe there was something the boy really needed to buy with that \$10.00. Besides, he didn't ask for money very often.

The man went to the little boy's room and opened the door.

"Are you asleep, Son?" he asked.

"No, Daddy, I'm awake," replied the son.

"I've been thinking. Maybe I was too hard on you earlier," said the man. "It's been a long day, and I took my frustration out on you. Here's that \$10.00 you asked for." The little boy sat straight up, beaming. "Oh, thank you, Daddy!" he yelled. Then, reaching under his pillow, he pulled out some crumpled bills. The man, seeing that the boy already had money, started to

get angry again. The little boy slowly counted out his money, then he looked up at his dad.

"Why did you want more money if you already had some?" the father grumbled.

"Because I didn't have enough, but now I do," the little boy replied. "Daddy, I have \$20.00 now. Can I buy an hour of your time?"

