



The Journal

A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES

VOLUME 25
SECOND QUARTER 2008
NUMBER 2



The Journal



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Editor's Musings

Dear Ones,

Here is the latest copy of your magazine—*The Journal*. When you picked it up, you began to read. Reading and writing are two gifts we now pretty much take for granted. We learned at an early age the importance of written communication.

Did you ever imagine what life would be like if you could not read or write? I'm not talking about the conveniences of emails but basic information for a comfortable survival.

Last month, Hepzibah Kore, Shepherdess Coordinator for Southern Asia Division, and I met with many pastors' wives from central India and the students in their literacy classes. These pastors' wives have a God-guided ministry in their towns and villages—providing hungry folk with the gift of literacy.

To watch a 65-year-old woman read from a primer, to hear the story of a woman who after decades of being consistently lost is now able to read bus schedules and move about town with security. To listen as a man tells about finally understanding if he is being cheated at the vegetable scales. To watch as a woman signs her name and writes a note of thanks to her teacher. These are the moments I will never forget.

These pastors' wives are following the example of Jesus—find out what a person needs and help them find it. Women (and a few men) are learning to read because these clergy wives love them enough to teach them.

I don't know what your neighbors need. But you can find out by just getting to know them. My neighbors don't need reading classes, but they do need God. It is my job to find the road that will lead them there. That's your mission/ministry, too.

Most of us aren't the up-front, preach-on-the-platform type. That's okay. Don't try to be something you're not. While Jesus did public proclamation, it was not a three-week blitz. Most of His ministry was one-on-one and in small groups—finding a need and pointing the person to the answer. We can all do that.

Blessings to you all,

P.S. Look on the back cover for pictures that tell the stories—without words!

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Euro-Africa—Maeve Maurer	Southern Africa-Indian Ocean—Denise Ratsara
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The Journal A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES is a quarterly publication produced by Shepherdess International, an entity of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists Ministerial Association.

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12501 Old Columbia Pike
Silver Spring, MD 20904-6600
www.ministerialassociation.com/shepherdess
Printed in the U.S.A.

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Masks



Reingard Schwenger

Reingard and her pastor/husband have two boys. She enjoys sports (jogging and swimming) and reading. She lives in the Black Forest in Germany.

As a child I was very shy. Most of the time, I was very quiet and did not dare open up. I behaved in a way that would not be noticed. However, at one point in my life, I had a very interesting experience. The children of our church were asked to perform a drama. I had the role of an old lady. I had few lines, but I had to dress in a long, washed-out pullover, long skirt, and old worn-out shoes. I carried a handkerchief and a cane. As a matter of fact, I looked so much like an old lady, many people did not recognize me! When it came time for the play, I was not very nervous because I thought no one would recognize me. I learned that I enjoyed performing. I also realized that I became less introverted when I became someone else. I was able to hide behind a mask.

This childhood experience was a revelation. I could hide behind a mask and no one would see the real me! Since I've reached adulthood, I still find myself hiding behind a mask. Do you sometimes feel that way? Have you ever played a role that really wasn't you? Why do we feel we need to be something we are not? Perhaps we are afraid. I fear that fellow humans may detect something in me which they do not like. I fear that people will despise me, gossip about me, laugh at or reject me because I am different from them. I wonder if I will be accepted if people know the real me.

Why do people compare one another? Is it important to fit into a certain mold? Do we all have to look a certain way, be a certain size, and be as successful as our friends? Do we need to own homes like our friends or wear clothes like models? Should we have the same gifts as our friends?

Who created these expectations? With whom do we compare ourselves and why do we compare at all? When we try to answer these questions, we notice that as soon as it comes to our exteriors, we fail. Even if I let my hair grow, color it blonde, and try to become thinner, I will never look like Claudia Schiffer. With a fast car I can speed on Germany's highways, but I will never be as fast as Michael Schumaker. I can work until I almost suffer a heart attack, but I will not become as rich as Bill Gates.

Do we encounter the same problems with our inner beings? We compare our external selves with others, but do

we compare our internal selves as well? So often we are afraid to voice our opinions and thoughts because we are afraid of others' reactions. Like the little girl I once was, I have found myself afraid to speak because I was worried about what others would think of me. Too often, we try and hide our real selves.

God intended us to be different from one another. He wants us to be happy with ourselves, both externally and internally. God made each human being. I imagine He deliberated about our appearance, character, temperament, and gifts even before we were born. God desires for us to be the way He created us. After creation, God said everything was good. That included Adam and Eve, even though they were different. In Isaiah 42:2, God says each individual is so important that He knows him or her by name. God knows our feelings and thoughts. In His eyes, we are "very good." We should not be guided by human opinions, but rather by the fact that God's opinion is the only one that counts.

The fact that we are all God's creation influences the way I think of others. I am filled with reverence. God created and loves every individual, even those who do not appeal to me, those who get on my nerves, those who do not agree with my ideas, and those who are not on my wavelength.

It is my wish that we learn to accept others in their totality, for if we do not accept others, we criticize God's creation. However, we can rejoice that others are different from us, and we can admire their abilities without being envious. The different gifts can be complimentary, and we can support one another. Let us encourage others to be what they are by showing them that we love them. Let us make them aware of the fact that it is not necessary to hide themselves or pretend to be something they are not. By accepting others, we can help free our friends and ourselves from pressures and fear. We can make room to develop our gifts. We can let our unique personalities shine as God intended and forever shed our masks.



PKs and the Traumas of Moving



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.

She was 13, carefree, popular, and making plans for entry into the local academy. All was well in her world until the announcement came—the family was moving. Dad had received a call to pastor a church on the opposite side of the country. She protested loudly and made it very clear she did not want to go, but God was calling Dad and there was nothing that could be done.

The family packed their belongings and made the long trip to their new home. But from that day forward, she left behind the carefree, popular self of her childhood. Only after she had completed academy, gone to college, and started her own career did she ever feel she belonged. Years of loneliness, feeling like a misfit, and an attempted suicide predominate her teen memories.

Such was the story of one particular PK in describing one of the most difficult periods of her life. While this story was one of the more extreme examples, she is not alone. Many of the hundreds of PKs in this research described extremely difficult periods, often in the teen years, due to family moves. Many of these PKs were moving every 2-4 years throughout their childhoods.

One of the reasons moving was so difficult was having to leave friends behind—especially difficult for teens. One PK described how moving became unbearable when she was in her teens. She finally expressed to her father that she

was not going to make friends anymore until they stayed put so she wouldn't have to say goodbye. Another PK felt it was so hard changing schools and leaving friends that he remembers going to a new church and turning to the wall refusing to speak to anyone. Another PK made no comment except to say "Moving—too, too many times!" One PK even felt that moving should be classified as cruel and unusual punishment!

Not only were moves frequent, but PKs also said the moves were sometimes mid-school year. The disruption this caused for them was extremely difficult. For teens, even moving during the summer months may mean graduating from academy with a different group of friends that, due to the move, the PK may not really know.

Teens are especially sensitive to fitting in and belonging to the group. Frequent moves, along with moves across the country or from one culture to another, make fitting in and belonging almost impossible for some. One PK, who moved across the country at age 13, says, like the introductory story, that it took years to recover from the unhappy move and described it as a culture shock with many painful memories.

Some PKs said that moving was difficult because it made them feel they had no place to call home, no roots, and didn't belong anywhere. They dreaded the question

“Where are you from?” because they didn’t know how to answer. This situation may be felt most acutely in adulthood. One PK said that going to visit his parents didn’t feel like going home because he had no roots there. Another PK said bitterly, “I couldn’t have roots or lifelong friends—no sense of belonging anywhere. It caused a lot of depression, and of course we couldn’t grieve over the losses with each move because that wasn’t appropriate; God Almighty was calling us elsewhere.”



PK Sisters: Janene and Janelle Saul-Chan

While moving was sometimes difficult and disruptive, many PKs pointed out positive aspects of moving and made suggestions on how it could be made easier. One of the biggest ways to make it easier is to make moving a family decision. One PK described how her parents had family conferences regarding moves and how her parents decided to move closer to an academy so she could live at home. She has never forgotten the sacrifice this meant for her father.

The timing of moves can also impact how disruptive a move will be. Preventing mid-school year moves or those in the middle of the academy years or simply moving less frequently may help to make moves easier for children who find them difficult. Even preventing moves that require changing cultures during the teen years could be helpful.

One way to make unavoidable moves easier is to stay in the same conference as long as possible. This way children can maintain contact with friends at campmeeting or meet up with friends in academy. This may also give them roots and an answer to the question “Where did you grow up?” Pastors do not always have complete control over their moves, but certainly they can keep these areas in mind and be sensitive to their families’ needs.

Perhaps more important than worrying about the timing or quantity of moves is listening to your child.

Not every child finds moving difficult. A sensitive parent can listen for when a move will be appropriate and when it will not, and, when a move cannot be prevented, help the child maintain contact with friends in the previous church district or go through the necessary grieving essential to adjustment in the new place.

In addition to the moves required of pastors in the Seventh-day Adventist Church, the demands upon their time are enormous. They are on-call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Establishing family time and time away from church demands is probably one of the biggest day-to-day challenges.

Many PKs talked about this area and what it was like to have a father who was so busy. Their comments are so clear and describe so much hurt and pain—even to this day—that their comments are simply listed here:

- “The thing I hated the most is and was the way it affected my parents and my inability to spend time with my father. It took more than 21 years for my Dad and I to establish a father/son relationship and friendship. My anger has been vented toward the church, not my dad or mom.”

- “I really never knew my dad loved me or cared about me until after I left for college. He was never home. Even when he was, he spent spare time with my two brothers, not me and my sister.”

- “Church was *always* first. He could drop anything to go help a member but would not drop anything to interact with my brother and me.”

- “The phone rang day and night—your dad belongs to the church first, not his family—at least that’s what church members seemed to think!”

- “My dad was not there for me, which I have recently discovered had a major affect on my dating/relationship life and also negatively colored how I saw God, i.e., wonderful and caring for everyone except me.”

- “During my pre-teen years and throughout my teens, I overachieved academically and socially and spiritually to the point of exhaustion and burnout—all to win some, if not more, attention from my dad. I sensed and now *know* that I am nowhere near the top of his priority list.”



PK Brothers: Leonard and Robert Leahu

• “As a teenager and young adult, I vowed that I would never marry a minister—which I didn’t. I saw ministers as absentee fathers and husbands—family came second.”

• “My dad’s mission is to save souls! But what about relationships and friendships—what about his own children? I know my parents love me, but saving souls seems more important.”

• “When I was in academy, my parents seldom came to my programs or activities due to meetings, etc., in the church. The church always came first. I think family closeness suffered, even now when it comes to their grandchildren.”

• “I wish my dad would have chosen to be with me or do something with me and break an appointment for any church-related function. I have always wanted to be an important part of my dad’s life or to be important to him. However, he chose to spend his time and energy on things he felt were more important. As the MV secretary, he seemed to receive enough affirmation from other children that he didn’t need mine.”

• “I wish my parents had not lived so exclusively for the church. I have few memories of things we did as a family because my father was totally enveloped in and devoted to the church.”

• “I wish my parents had given of their time for a child’s world—play, go places that a child would like, given love more than a pat and hug, which the rest of the church kids got, too. As my own two daughters (now ages 4 and 6) say—‘Why does grandpa have time for church but none for us?’”

• “I wish my parents had spent more time with me as an individual. I wish my Dad had had personal Bible studies with me just like he did with other church kids. He baptized me [when I was 11] but never talked to me personally about what [baptism] meant to me.”



PK Sisters: Michelle Yien-Ai Phoon-Choi and Rachel Yien-Ching Phoon



PK Twin Brothers: Jack and John Sinaga

Much time could be spent giving suggestions as to how ministerial couples can make more time for their families, but the bottom line is: IT MUST BE DONE. Children are sensitive and know when they and their lives are important or whether other things come first.



PK: Nadege Ava Nlo Nlo

When children feel that their parents’ first priority is the church, it can negatively impact their relationships with their families; it can also affect their relationship with God, who is often seen as synonymous with the church.

One PK described how, when his father had to miss an important event of his, his dad made a point of doing something special with him that was even more fun than the missed event. Another minister kept track of his hours daily so that unavoidable busy times could be made up with a day or two off with the family later. Others used answering machines while spending the day with their families or to keep meal times a family event.

According to many PKs, family vacations gave the family a sense of importance and priority. One PK said their family camping vacations are a treasured memory because, as she said, “We had Dad *all to ourselves!*”

Parents who made time to develop relationships with their kids received glowing remarks from their children. One PK said, “My parents were busy, and we never seemed to have much money, but they always made time to be with us or support us in activities, whether it was intramural softball or buying that first car or going on that dreaded first date.” Another PK said, “No matter how busy Dad was, he always took time for *us*. Family togetherness was always a priority, and to this day, we all are very close. Many people have asked me about how unbelievably close our family is. After eight years, it still shocks my wife. Although close, my parents do not interfere, and above all else—*no matter what*—I knew they would always love me.”

The bottom line? Love your children by making time for them and developing a relationship with them. Save their souls first.



Chance Counsel or Waste of Time?



Patricia Navarro de Márquez

Patricia Márquez holds a degree in textile design from the Universidad Autónoma de Caribe, and after graduation, she was the youngest professor offered a job at that university. Her husband, Jonathan, pastors the Central Church in San Andrés. Patricia and Jonathan write a Sabbath School program help series, which is published in Colombia.

“Pastor, I need your help.” Since the tone of voice didn’t seem urgent, the pastor just looked at him and asked him to wait, as he was attending to another church member; then he would be glad to listen. When he said good-bye to the lady, the pastor invited the young man to sit on the church pew and tell his story.

Some time ago, the young man knew a young lady. He had a sexual experience with her and she became pregnant. Under these conditions, the parents “suggested” that they get married soon. He felt he didn’t have an excuse because he loved her very much. They began their marriage expecting a baby and with their own expectations. The pregnancy was normal, and soon a beautiful baby came to add color to their garden of life. Everything went well for a time. Then friction arose and developed into offensive arguments. The man felt his wife had changed her comportment and attitude toward him. The arguments became more frequent, and she’d say, “I don’t love you. You’re such a little thing” and soon things worsened when her parents intervened and “suggested” that it would be better if they separated.

One time the father-in-law tried to attack him, and her brothers and sisters insulted him too. He told them all, “Considering the situation, if she would have a dif-

ferent attitude about me, the separation would not need to take place.” But she said, “I want to continue with it; I do not love you.” When it was finally decided, he went to live with an aunt.

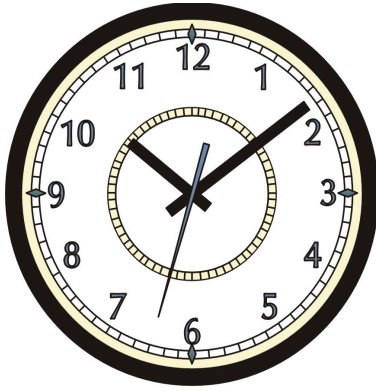
He asked, “What should I do, pastor? What is your concept of everything that has happened?”

The pastor thought a bit and remembered the psalm of love written by the apostle Paul in 1 Corinthians 13: “Love believes all things, hopes all things. Where there is love, there is hope. But where there is no love, there is nothing.”

So the pastor said, “Brother, if things are as you have described, if your wife no longer loves you, if you are constantly being offended, if your in-laws hate you, then the best thing to do is to separate from your wife because you are being damaged emotionally and spiritually. That is my opinion. But I suggest that you continue seeking God and stay true to your marital vows.”

When he finished, the young man said, “Thank you, pastor. This was what I was hoping you would tell me,” and he left.

Later the pastor, who is my husband, told me the story, their dialogue, the advice he gave, and the young man’s reply. My husband admitted that he was so caught up that night in counseling so many people that he didn’t



seriously consider his reply to this young man; he'd only known him for a month and didn't know how the man's wife felt about the conflict.

My husband isn't a bad counselor, but this experience set me to thinking about how careful we should be when we listen to others' problems. We must not forget to

listen to both sides of the story. There are three points to remember: two sides to every story and the truth.

What caught my attention was what the young man said; "Thanks, pastor, this is what I hoped you would say."

Where had I heard those words before? Then I remembered a Bible story that is registered in 2 Chronicles 18. Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, visited King Ahab. The wicked king tried to convince him to join in the battle against Ramothgilead (verse 3). Jehoshaphat feared God, but he said yes. However, Jehoshaphat said they needed to talk to God about it first. Ahab gathered 400 prophets together and asked them, "Should we go up against that city?"

The false prophets replied, "Yes, God will give you victory."

Jehoshaphat wasn't convinced by this united response. He asked Ahab if there wasn't a prophet of God that they could ask. Ahab answered, "Yes, there is one, but I hate him as he never prophesies anything good; it's always bad." He referred to Micaiah, the son of Imla (see verse 7).

A messenger was sent to call Micaiah and tell him about the positive predictions and what the other prophets had said. He begged Micaiah to say the same thing and to say only what Ahab wanted him to say.

If the prophet had paid attention, he surely would have heard Ahab say these words, "Thanks, Micaiah, that's what I wanted you to say." However, Micaiah didn't do that.

"And the king of Israel said to Jehoshaphat, 'Did I not tell thee that he would not prophesy good unto me, but evil?'" (verse 17). And the king sent Micaiah to prison.

The next time we counsel someone and they tell us, "Thanks, this is what I wanted you to say," let's ask ourselves, "Did we think about what we said? Did our advice help the person?" If not, then, quite simply, our advice was a waste of time.



B-I-B-L-E

A father was approached by his small son, who told him proudly, "I know what Bible means!"

His father smiled and replied, "What do you mean, you know what Bible means?"

The son replied, "I do know!"

"Okay," said his father. "So, Son, what does Bible mean?"

"That's easy, Daddy

"It stands for **Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth.**"

Leave it to a child to figure it out!

Ministry Life: When I Quit Doing the Holy Spirit's Work

Eileen Lantry

*This article first appeared in Ladies in Service,
a publication from the Oregon Conference.*

As a young minister's wife, I had great zeal. I felt compelled to share with others what I had learned. When I saw Christians living far below my ideal of good standards, I endeavored to share the "truth" with them. In situations over which I had no control, such as the inconsistent life of a conference leader, I became judgmental. In fact, I remember a period in my life when, every time I prayed, one man's hypocritical, double-standard life flashed into my mind and blocked out God.

Trying to solve the problems in the lives of others wore me out. Stress and frustration robbed me of peace and joy. I knew that my own relationship with Jesus fell far below my ideal. I studied harder, prayed more, worked beyond my strength, thinking God had called me to be the "Watchman in Zion." Then a friend said, "Eileen, when are you going to quit doing the work of the Holy Spirit?" Her statement shocked me.


Through this friend, God showed me that as I set myself up as a standard for others, I made everyone uncomfortable. I made my opinions and views of duty a criterion for others. I condemned them for not reaching my ideal.

Horror-stricken, I realized that my mistaken zeal for Christ had made me a little "anti-Christ." I begged Jesus to forgive me for taking His place as judge of all the universe.

What a difference in my life since I began to learn to stay out of God's way. I understand that my duty is to pray that His Holy Spirit will bring conviction and

conversion to those in our ministry. Not only do I have wonderful peace and joy—and much less stress—but God has brought remarkable conversions. Now I plead for the Holy Spirit to take control of the lives of those I love. Sometimes the Holy Spirit works through me upon the minds of others. At other times, He fills the mind and heart of the one for whom I pray.

This drastic change in my attitude has freed me, so that I can now enjoy and appreciate people who differ from me. I no longer feel compelled to change these people. I can accept them as they are, knowing that God will finish His work for them without my help.

More than that, I am content with wherever He puts me. I'm not striving to achieve, to win approval, for I know that with God, I don't have to prove anything to others. I find great joy in little things, such as taking church members' children on a wildflower walk, listening to a divorced mother's problems, praying with a grandmother for her wayward grandchildren, teaching a Sabbath School class, or opening the wonders of Revelation to a neighborhood study group. My knowledge and love of God allows me to let Him carry the heavy burdens. My joy is to accept the sweet peace and rest of being yoked with Him. Whenever I feel uptight about something, I am aware that the Holy Spirit is saying to me, "Eileen, you're slipping back into your old rut. Didn't I tell you in Matthew 11:28-30 that your burdens will always be pleasant and light? Relax. Turn everything that bothers you over to Me." 

A Bitter Pill to Swallow



Faith Hwarari

Faith Hawarari and her husband live in Zimbabwe, Africa. She works as a private secretary at a private company.

When a pastor's child is censured in the church, it is a painful ordeal. Unless the Holy Spirit intervenes, the spirit of the child can be broken, and the parents' hearts can harden against the church. I know. My child was censored, and I vividly remember the day my heart began filling with bitterness and my spiritual life began declining. It was December 26, 1994.

Before that date, I fasted once a month for the future of my child. It was common for me to wake up at least twice a night and pray for my family. On the day my child was disciplined, I plunged into a bottomless pit where the devil lurked.

At the time I was conducting youth seminars around the district. I spent my time counseling youth and their parents. It did not matter if they belonged to our church; I did it out of love and a growing need to share God's message with those around me.

My work was gratifying, and appreciation for my dedication was shown in many ways. Community leaders and fellow church members thanked me for the concern I showed to the community's youth. Discipline among our young people was evident, and I felt good about my life.

Then the devil brought disaster upon our family. My daughter came to me, eyes swollen from crying, and informed me that she was pregnant. I was in a state of

deep discouragement. I opened my Bible and read the verse that says to train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. I felt like a failure. I asked myself what I had done wrong. I felt guilty for working with other children and their parents when it seemed that I had neglected my own. I was convinced I was a failure.

When my daughter came to me with her news, she begged that I keep it a secret from everyone, including her father. I declined. Her father, my husband, the church's pastor—they were the same, and I knew he had to be told. The news shocked him so badly that he fell to the ground and began sobbing. I worried that I had made a mistake in sharing such terrible news.

My daughter, who heard her father crying, burst into the room and fell to the ground. I feared she was dead. I rushed to her side to make sure she was okay. My husband summoned his strength and lifted himself off the ground. He walked to our daughter, stooped to pick her up, and placed her on our bed. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he began massaging her face. He whispered to her, "I'm sorry, Trish. May the Lord forgive you. I already have."

When Trish was coherent, the three of us knelt down and prayed. My daughter confessed her sins and prayed a

beautiful prayer. It touched my husband's and my broken hearts.

As pastor of the church, my husband felt an obligation to go to the church board and tell them of our daughter's circumstances. The head elder hesitantly took charge of the situation. On the day he announced my child's censure, I gave a speech. I told the church body that I strongly disagreed with my child's behavior. Afterwards many church members, old and young alike, praised me for the courage I had shown.

This experience has made me realize that anyone can make a mistake, yes, even someone in the pastor's family. I now know that church members are ready to forgive and be understanding if the pastor and his family are willing to repent to handle the problem openly.

I have learned that protecting children from their mistakes does not prepare them for reality. Sooner or

later, we all have to make our own decisions and suffer the consequences.

God has taken this situation and taught my family some valuable lessons. I have become much more sympathetic to those who experience heartbreak in their lives. Our family knows we must stand up for what is right and moral; we must hold high the principles of the Master. The devil works tirelessly to mislead our children, but through Jesus Christ, we and our children can become victors.

I swallowed that bitter pill of despair and disappointment and turned my anguish over to the Lord. My daughter married the man who fathered her child, and they have begun a new life together. I have a grandchild, and I praise the Lord for His blessings and the lessons I have learned.



A Child's Faith

At a country church it was decided by the members to assemble together at a given time and pray for rain, which was badly needed for the growing crops. At the appointed time the people began to gather, and one little fellow came trudging up with an umbrella almost as big as himself.

"What did you bring that for, youngster?" someone asked him with a smile.

"So I wouldn't get wet going home," was the confident reply.



*Hearthstone, Signs of the Times
July 18, 1895*

God Knows Best

Elizabeth de Higuita

*At the time this article was written,
Elizabeth lived in Cali, Colombia.*

When I first went to church, I was 14 years old. My mother felt that her life lacked the Holy Spirit. She went to two churches, and she always invited me to go to one of them with her. I felt confused; instead of finding tranquility, I came away nervous and sad because I saw men and women pretending to find the Holy Spirit under their chairs—they beat their bodies too. I went there just once. Some time later we were invited to some meetings at the Adventist Church for a Stop Smoking Plan. I did not smoke, but I attended the meetings. The speaker, Pastor Bernardo Rodriguez, touched our hearts (today, he is working at the Inter-American Division). It was at the end of a Week of Prayer that I was baptized. I felt happy and sad too. I was sad because the woman who invited me to go to the meetings read cards (like a fortune teller). I prayed that she would return, because it was her invitation that resulted in my mother being baptized the following month.

In my walk with the Lord, I attended many meetings, retreats, campmeetings, and congresses. I was church treasurer, Sabbath school teacher, an active member of the Master Guides and Youth Society. But I never understood the meaning of my baptism.

I also attended the youth congress in Medellin where I met a young man, but I really wasn't interested in him. Seven years went by. One day a minister came to our home, as my mother was a lay worker and the church treasurer. I found her talking with the minister in our living room, but I failed to notice that he was the young man I'd met years before.

Later I heard him preach. I liked him but felt he must already have someone. I didn't believe that I had the prerequisites to be the pastor's girlfriend.

One pastor that we highly respected and who loved our family mentioned this pastor to me and said how nice he was. This friend thought that perhaps my involvement in the Colombian Military didn't allow the pastor to think much about me. About the only time the young man saw me was when I was coming to and from lunch. I was always in a hurry so as to be on time to my job. Three months went by. The young pastor's mother came to visit him. He asked my mother if it would be all right for his mother to stay with her while he worked. I suggested that we invite him for lunch too. In this way, we all met together. Thus he and I became friends and frequently went out together. Yet, he didn't ask me to be his girlfriend.

One day as I was looking at photos, I remembered where I had first met him. I told my sister how surprised I was when I saw a photo of him. He was on the extreme left and I on the extreme right. It was a photo from the congress. I shared this with him, and we reminisced about that time. We decided to become special friends. We talked about how God had not permitted me to marry someone from the military and how he didn't have a girlfriend in Icolven.

That's when the trials began for me. I asked God to show me if he was really the man for me; people at church and pastors' wives grumbled that I wasn't the right woman for him. These people also said that I shouldn't

be in the ministry because I didn't meet the requirements of a pastor's wife.

The young man also prayed that God would show him which girl would be best for him. The Lord gave us a reply within a month, and three months later we were engaged. We decided to get married in October. In this lapse of time, my blood sisters fought with me about this. They were all against this, but I realized the big responsibility that I would have. Satan tried to take my eyes off of Jesus. I had trouble at work. My colleagues said I had reneged on protocol and the friendships we held. I became very unhappy. The worst came, when my future husband hit me with the idea that he had found another lady.

Every morning was very hard for me. My sisters were anxious and fearful. I knew the enemy was doing this—manipulating my sisters because they didn't know the Lord. The day of my wedding came. Just a few hours before the wedding, my fiancé's ex-girlfriend called me. She tried to persuade me not to go ahead with the marriage. She said that I would be unhappy because the pastoral family is always sad and suffers a lot as they can't have the things they are used to having. I considered what she said. Then I gave God my life. I told Him that He knew what was best for me.

God gave me the strength to get ready to go to church. I felt worried, but I was also happy as I arrived at church. Nervousness and fear swept over me as I was about to take the step to become a pastor's wife.

The crisis passed and my fears vanished—that was 14 years ago. I am a happy pastor's wife. I have understood how wonderful our God is to me. The Holy Spirit came to me without my noticing His presence. I don't know if you had this experience when you were baptized; when I was submerged in the baptismal waters, I left behind many anxieties, fears, and problems, and when I came up out of the water, it was as if a big load came off me. I felt light, happy, and at peace.

This is a little of my life. I share the ministry with my husband. God has given us a great gift in the form of a baby. One of my greatest joys is to read the Bible and the cradle roll Sabbath School lesson and tell the story of Daniel.

There's another experience that I would like to share about God's marvelous love.

My husband had to leave for a new district and because of my work, I had wait a few months. I stayed with my mother. We felt it was necessary to sell some items so that we could buy a small car that would be of great help to us in the work, to get to the places where the gospel was unknown. One day as I played with the baby, I listened to the radio. The announcer told of a place to sell articles, so I called and got more information. Two calls came, and I gave my address. In the afternoon a car drove up. A good-looking, well-dressed man stepped out. He wanted to buy some of the things we were selling. We talked about the price, and he agreed to buy some other things too. He wrote me a check.

"I want to call the bank to validate this check."

"Sure, no problem," he replied.

However, the cashier told me that the check didn't belong to her branch office. When I told him that, he got nervous.

"You must have called the wrong place," he said as he put his purchases in the car. And strangely, I didn't try to stop him. My mother and I felt we were being robbed. We were scared, but we silently prayed that God would help and protect us. I felt very sad that the things we had sacrificed to have were now been taken from us.

Then I said, "I am going with you to the bank."

"Oh, I am in a hurry. I have spent a lot of time talking."

He looked hot but pale, but he finally agreed to take me. I went as I was—in shorts and slippers. On the way, I prayed again that God would not let anything happen to me and that I would not lose my things. I had told the man that I worked for the Army, that my husband was the pastor of the Adventist Church, and that we just had a baby. I told him I was selling things in order to buy a car so we could do the Lord's work. As I looked around the car, I noticed there were no handles to open the doors. I felt very afraid then, but I trusted the Lord to help me. I kept talking. Then the man told me that he would drop me off at the bank as he was in a hurry to get to an appointment. He was mad at me because I told him that when a person makes a purchase, he isn't supposed to be in a hurry.

Meantime, back at home, my mother was worried but praying for my safety.

When we passed the Battalion, the man told me, "We are going back to the house. It will be better for me to cash the check; you keep the things for me. I will return for them tonight." I agreed.

He turned the car around, and we went back to the house. The man took the things out and left.

In this moment we saw God's love. He protected us from being robbed and saved our lives. The Lord tells us in His Word, "Believe in the Lord and he will bring it to pass. He will protect you from all danger."

There were many attempted robberies in our neighborhood, but the Lord had always taken care of us. When we told this story to our neighbors and friends, no one believed us. It seemed incredible that a thief would return the things he stole! But this showed us that God loved us and that the Holy Spirit had taken care of us.

Colossians 3:2 tells us to put our minds on things above, not on things of this earth. Second Timothy 2:12-13 tells us the same thing.

Every morning I seek God and consecrate myself to Him as the book *Steps to Christ* says we should—making it the very first work of the day. I am sure that if we had not been living in communion with God, we wouldn't have had such a successful ministry. Through this ministry—14 years of it—I have come to know the Lord, and each day I want to learn more from Him.



Line Up a Good Year: Helping Pastors' Children Get the Most Out of School

Wilma Atkinson

Wilma Atkinson has been a principal/teacher for decades. She has a M.A. in Elementary Education. Wilma served on the Curriculum Committees for the Ohio, Iowa-Missouri, and Columbia Union Conferences. Writing is her favorite hobby, and she co-authored guides for teaching Missouri history and Iowa history. Her husband, Ron, is a pastor. Wilma wrote this article from the simultaneous perspectives of parent, teacher, and pastor's spouse; it was first published in Praxis.

A clothesline stretched jauntily across the classroom bulletin board I had just finished. Its cheerful caption invited the students to “Line Up a Good Year.” Pinned to the line were doll clothing reminders—“Dress neatly,” “Sock it to poor study habits,” “Pair up for helpful understanding,” “Dish out teasing sparingly.”

I wish a good school year were really as simple as the bulletin board made it appear. Parents must be willing to put forth great effort to achieve good school years, and pastoral families often must exert greater effort than other families. Like it or not (I never have liked it and neither did our children), the pastor’s family sets the pace for others in the school. Although we wish our kids could be treated just like any others, we must recognize that they are looked to in a special way. In fact, as I’ve grown older, I have almost decided this is not all bad. Observers expect our families to model what we preach.

For example, the reminder to “dress neatly” is for Mother as much as for the children. Let your children make choices about what they will wear, but be sure the choices you offer are suitable for school. Don’t let them choose between ragged, dirty, or ill-fitting clothing. Help them understand that school is sufficiently important to

dress differently than they would for a day of recreation. Making choices about what to wear builds a child’s self-confidence and strengthens self-esteem. But how can they choose from disorganized closets? Perhaps you could show your child two or three equally appropriate outfits and ask, “Which do you want to wear today?” Then your child has the satisfaction of choosing and you know he or she will look good in whichever is chosen.

I remember a second grader from another classroom who often came to school needing a bath. One day I saw him looking particularly cute, but I couldn’t determine what was different. Finally I asked his teacher if he had a new haircut. “No,” she said. “He’s had his hair, body, and clothes scrubbed. He’s so clean he squeaks, and it’s hard to recognize him. If his mother could see how much better he is accepted today, she would keep him clean.”

Unless a child is taught to appreciate clean, neat apparel, he may not recognize that a person’s character is often judged by the style of dress. The pastor’s wife who wants to “line up for a good year” for her children could read again the chapter in *Education* called “Relation of Dress to Education.” Ultimately we can help our children make choices that will lead them to choose the “royal robe

woven in heaven's loom—the 'fine linen, clean and white' which all the holy ones of earth will wear" (p. 249).

"Sock it to Poor Study Habits" may be as much Dad's responsibility as Mom's. A pastor who plans too many evening events which his spouse is expected to attend may be contributing to poor study habits. Too often, however, it is not attendance at church functions which encroaches upon study time. Television, records, radio, or any other sounds in the home may make it difficult for a child to concentrate and study. Although the child may be able to write out answers, the material may not be penetrating his mind because of these distractions. Song lyrics are often remembered better than memory verses.

Provide a specific place for your child that is conducive to quiet study. Be ready to give help if it is needed, but don't do the work for your child. Teach your children that "diligent study is essential" (*Fundamentals of Education*, p. 228) and that "by superficial study, the mind gradually loses its tone" (*Ibid.*, p. 258). Remember, good study habits are best instilled in children by their parents. You cannot depend upon the teacher for the total development of good study habits. Teachers are often so pressed for time that they cannot monitor every aspect of each student's study habits.

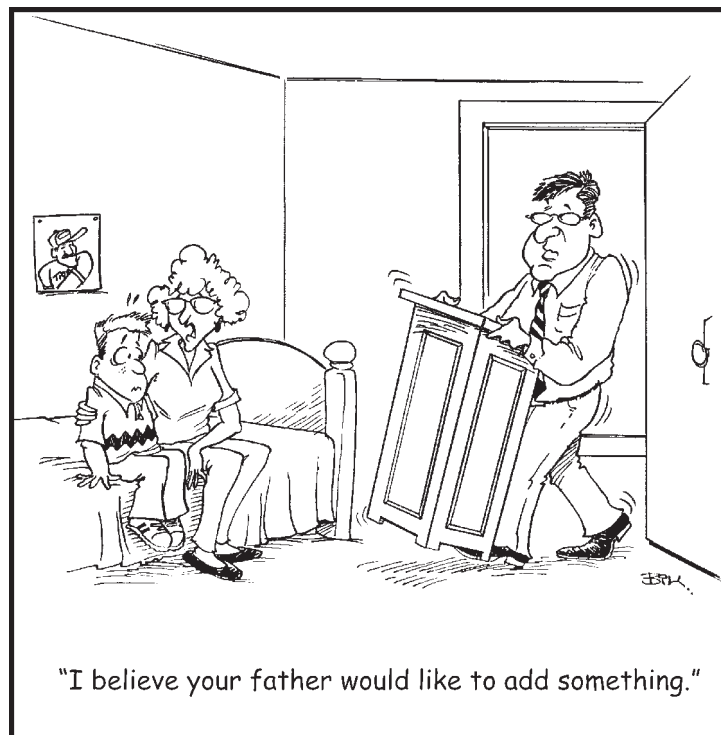
"Dish out teasing sparingly" is an important concept to teach your children. Often young people "gang up" on one child and make his or her life miserable with their teasing. Help your children learn to protect the feelings of others and to understand that teasing is not a license to bear false witness. Joke-telling is closely connected to teasing. Many youngsters become addicted to off-color

jokes, and those who live in the parsonage are not immune. Teach your children that purity in language and thought is to be like Jesus, and remember that you often teach as much by example as by precept.

"Pair up for good understanding" referred to peer tutoring on my bulletin board, but let's consider another paired relationship—the teamwork of the pastor, the pastor's family and the teacher. Censure or criticism of the teacher encourages insubordination in children and teaches them bad habits (*Education*, p. 248). The teacher is a professional educator whose job is to direct the learning of the children and to prepare them for the time ahead when they will have to earn a living. Try asking what you can do to help share the burden of education rather than telling the teacher what you want done.

The children's salvation is the foremost goal of both the pastor and the teacher. Too-frequent pastoral intervention can wreak havoc with a school program. Don't consider that the school exists for your convenience to obtain Ingathering or baptismal goals. Any teacher expects reasonable amounts of time to be taken for these activities, but help your educators keep most school hours sacred for learning. Teachers and pastoral parents will be encouraged and strengthened if you work together.

Stretch a clothesline in your mind and hang from it the necessary reminders that will help you make your child's school year a good experience. Not every day is good for hanging things on clotheslines, but if you will air these suggestions often and follow them, you can "Line Up a Good Year."



The Lord Answers Prayer: Two Pastors' Wives Report from Tanzania



Eliada Maiga and Juliana D. Balula

Eliada Maiga is the Shepherdess Coordinator in the South Nyanza Conference in Mwanza, Tanzania. She is married to Pastor Isaac Maigo, Ministerial Secretary of the South Nyanza Conference, Mwanza. Juliana D. Balula is the wife of Pastor D. Balula of the Buhungukila District of the South Nyanza Conference in Mwanza, Tanzania.

The Lord answers the prayers of His workers. Two Shepherdesses from the South Nyanza Conference share stories of God's guidance in their lives.

Eliada Maiga

As I endeavor to do the Lord's work, God constantly bestows great wonders on me. Even when I am discouraged, I see His hand leading me. Such an event occurred in 1997 when my husband, Pastor Isaac Maiga, went for further studies. I stayed at home with our children.

During that time, the local church appointed me to conduct a three-week evangelistic effort. The effort was going well, and attendance was satisfactory. I felt the Lord was leading me, and I prayed that many people would come to Him through the meetings.

One day, a visitor arrived at my home. She was very sick, and she stayed with my family for several days. On Sabbath, she became seriously ill. I was scheduled to preach the Sabbath sermon, but I knew I could not leave such a sick person alone. I called my children into the patient's room, and we sang to her. We read some of God's promises from the Bible and prayed with her. Then there was a knock at the door. The Lord had sent the Health Services Supervisor to my house. This man was on his way to Musoma, the city where the patient lived. He took her home, and I was free to preach the Sabbath sermon.

My children praised the Lord for the wonderful miracle He had performed. The effort was not stopped, the Sab-

bath message was delivered, and, best of all, 49 people were baptized!

I look back on such experiences and think of Isaiah 41:10 (KJV). The Lords tell us not to be afraid. He says, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." As Shepherdesses, we must claim the promises of God. He will be at our sides as we face the problems of this world.

Juliana D. Balula

My husband and I were sent to a primitive area where the Gospel had never been preached. We were excited about sharing the love of Jesus with others, but we were also concerned about our daughter. She is mentally and physically disabled, and we worried about her care in our new home.

When we arrived, we learned that many of the people believed in their own gods. We were in a locality where old traditions and cultures were still practiced. Only eight people in the entire district were Seventh-day Adventist Christians.

My husband and I prayed constantly. God heard our prayers. Our daughter's care was not sacrificed by the move. We held numerous gospel crusades, and my husband continually visited the people of the district. Many people were brought to Christ. We now have five churches with over 600 members. Praise God for His blessings.



A Noisy Little Beggar



Pat M. Fretten

Pat Fretten is a retired ministry wife living in Queensland, Australia.

Over the centuries, God has called many “small” women to His work. Two that immediately come to mind are Ellen Gould (Harmon) White and Mother Teresa. Both women, though frail, worked effortlessly to share God’s love. As I was sitting in Sabbath school one Sabbath morning, I had no idea I was soon to learn of a more current version.

Because I had recently arrived from “Down Under,” I was still experiencing jet lag and had seriously considered not going to church that day; however, I decided to attend. Upon arrival, I found that a memorial service was being conducted at the divine service. I thought it quite odd but soon was told that the remaining family member had not granted permission for this person to have a burial service in our church.

Still, I wondered, who was this lady, Peggy Hollingsworth, that she should warrant such special attention? It was only later that Sabbath morning, when Pastor Lesley Hill proceeded to reveal this woman’s life, that I realized how privileged I was to be present. Her life was one of love and concern for others.

To the casual observer, she probably looked just like any of the other little old ladies taking their places at church each week. But within this small woman beat a heart of love. Having never married and with no children of her own, Peggy had a special soft spot for disadvantaged children.

Her birth had not been one of wealth, fame, or privilege. In fact, she was born to parents who were in service to a large farming estate in the county of Bedfordshire.

Her father, of whom Peggy was very fond, died while she was still a child. This caused her great sadness. After

her mother’s remarriage, she found herself often caring for the younger members of the family. At an early age, Peggy showed a special skill in caring for others. It was a gift she continued to use throughout her life. Before World War I, Peggy spent 15 years in Egypt as a children’s nanny. Later she held several positions where her caring spirit was put to use.

In 1977, Peggy was baptized and took her place as a member of the Bournemouth Seventh-day Adventist Church. Then, in 1985, at the age of 75, when most people would be content to take life easy and “put their feet up,” Peggy accepted the position of welfare leader. It soon became clear that she had a talent for making and keeping contacts with those in the local Volunteer Services. She always seemed to be aware of the needs of others.

Peggy never spoke of herself or her previous life with any sense of pity or regret. In fact, when asked to sum up her early beginnings, she admitted with typical English expression to being a “noisy little beggar.”

But this “noisy little beggar” became an advocate for those in need. Pastor Lesley shared with the congregation how enlightening Peggy’s conversations were. She always had a fascinating story to tell, and her dry humor was delightful. He said church business meetings would never be quite the same without Peggy’s “interesting” welfare department reports.

He told of accompanying Peggy to a Volunteer Service meeting in the town hall. There he found evidence of the joy she gave to others. Everyone knew her and loved her.

No activity in the church, be it the Harvest Festival or Christmas Toy Services, passed without highlighting

Peggy's concern for the needs of the local community. She always had some special project going. Her loving encouragement kept "her" ladies busy knitting items from baby jackets to knee blankets. Peggy didn't know what the word "discouragement" meant. She was constant in word and action which sprang from her genuine interest in others.

When speaking of their meetings with Peggy, people used such phrases as "like a mother to me," "her observations were a gift to us," and "she was a warm presence." She gave the word "kindness" its full meaning and held

nothing back. The Lord's love was reflected in her being. And when, at the age of 90, she was being escorted to an ambulance to go to the hospital, she gave the pastor a pile of beautifully washed and ironed clothing to give to another person in need.

At the end of the service, I felt blessed by learning of this joyful and kind woman who spent her life doing God's work. God bless the many "small" women who make a difference in the lives of others.



The Preacher's Wife

Author Unknown

You may think it quite an easy task
And just a pleasant life;
But really it takes a lot of grace
To be a preacher's wife.

She's supposed to be a paragon
Without a fault in view,
A saint when in the parsonage
As well as in the pew.

Her home must be a small hotel
For folks that chance to roam,
And yet have peace and harmony,
A pleasant home sweet home.

Whenever groups are called to meet,
Her presence must be there;
And yet the members all agree
She should live a life of prayer.

Though hearing people's troubles and trials,
Their grief both night and day,
She's supposed to spread but sunshine bright
To those along the way.

She must lend a sympathetic ear
To every tale of woe,
And then forget about it all,
Lest it to others go.

Her children must be models rare
Of quietness and poise,
But still stay on the same level
With other girls and boys.

You may think it quite an easy task
And just a pleasant life,
But really it takes a lot of grace
To be a preacher's wife.

The Power of the Tongue: Are you building or burying your child's self-esteem?

Linda Karges-Bone

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also a writer and a radio program host.*

The more I write about families and marriage, teach future teachers about teaching, and struggle with being the mother of two small children, the more I am convinced the Scriptures are more on target about relationships than any Ph.D. or talk-show host could ever be.

Self-esteem is a building block of confident, committed families. However, self-esteem is not built with empty promises and fancy toys, but with love, physical warmth and closeness, and carefully chosen words.

Why are words so important? Why should parents choose their words with care? Consider a few teachings on self-esteem found in Proverbs.

“The tongue has the power of life and death, and those who love it will eat its fruit” (Prov. 18:21).

“The tongue that brings healing is a tree of life, but a deceitful tongue crushes the spirit” (Prov. 15:4).

“A cheerful heart is good medicine, but a crushed spirit dries up the bones” (Prov. 17:22).

The sound of those words, “a crushed spirit” (17:22) makes me sad. I think about the broken

hearts of the children I have taught; children my student teachers at the college cry over; children I see at the grocery store, playground, and yes, in my own church.


In our headstrong race for career success and in our self-centered focus on being trim, popular, and powerful, we inevitably take down some innocent victims. Too often those innocents are our own children. Our careless words, benign neglect, and lack of time for children may seem harmless at the time; but over weeks, months, and years, the results are broken spirits, and often broken families.

Words and making time for children are important. But what about physical affection such as hugs, pats, holding, snuggling? They are more important than you may know. The results of a 36-year study conducted by three Boston social psychologists is provoking. They began the study in 1951 when the children were five years old and followed up in 1987 when the original children were 41 years old. The most important finding was that children who had affectionate parents grew into better adjusted adults than those who didn't. Specifically, adults whose

parents had kissed and cuddled them when they were children tended to have long and happy marriages, be parents themselves, and have strong friendships outside of marriage. Also, these adults reported “more zest for life and less psychological strain than their peers who were not blessed with affectionate parents.”

Building self-esteem is both a biblical and a developmental priority for parents, but it is not always easy to do. Parents get tired, cranky, and depressed too. Maybe you need encouragement. Clip these “Ten Tips for Self-Esteem” and keep them in your wallet, on your refrigerator, or on your desk. They helped me.

This morning, as I struggled to finish this article, my five-year-old daughter, Audrey, became clingy and upset. My first reaction was to tell her I needed to finish this work and that I would spend time with her later. But what does that mean to a five-year-old, and what does that say about my attitude? So Audrey spent the next 20 minutes in my lap “helping” compose these words of wisdom.

Is it easy? Not always. Am I perfect or should you expect to be? Not a chance! But we are blessed by the Lord in our work as parents. Remember these words if you don’t remember any of the 10 tips below: “I can do everything through him who gives me strength” (Phil. 4:13). 

Ten Tips for Building Children’s Self-Esteem

- S** Set realistic, age-appropriate expectations for behavior.
- E** Encourage every small success.
- L** Love the child just for himself.
- F** Focus on the positive.

- E** Exercise restraint with loud tones and angry words.
- S** Say something nice about your child daily.
- T** Try to be consistent with your discipline.
- E** Enter each day with a hug and a smile.
- E** End each day with a hug and a smile.
- M** Make your family your number-one priority.





Shepherdess International News

North American Division

Indiana Conference: The Shepherdesses in Indiana regularly have area luncheons. The ladies enjoy the fellowship and good food at these get-togethers. Below is a pictorial report from several of these functions.



Attendees of the 2007 Shepherdess Retreat



Weekend speakers (starting top left, clockwise): Sandi Case, Trish Thompson, Karen Peckham, and Daniela Ortiz

2007 Shepherdess Campmeeting luncheon



Workers' Retreat in Bloomington

Fort Wayne area luncheon



Carrie Nennich and Rae Ann Ulangca try eating with chopsticks at the Fort Wayne luncheon

Northern Asia-Pacific Division

In Mongolia in November 2007, 28 pastoral couples renewed their vows or experienced a real “church” wedding for the first time in their lives. This was held at the Ulaanbaatar 2 Hotel in Terehj. Away from everything, the couples had a great time bonding with each other, particularly those who were able to leave their children behind. Some had to bring their kids, but babysitting was provided.

One couple who had been married for over 20 years remarked that they needed to make changes in their marriage. The husband was suddenly made aware that his wife had needs which he was totally unaware of all this time! Below are pictures of some of the happy couples and the special dinner they enjoyed.



Sally Lam-Phoon, NSD Shepherdess Coordinator, with her husband Pastor Chek Yat Phoon



Couples renewing their vows



South American Division

In November 2007, pastors’ wives met in Gramado, RS, near Port Alegre, Brazil. Wiliane Marroni, SAD Shepherdess Coordinator, planned the event and Sharon Cress conducted seminars. Following is a pictorial report of the meeting.



Ladies enjoying the meetings

Elder and Mrs. Quadrado, South Brazil Union Ministerial Secretary and Shepherdess Coordinator



Ladies portraying biblical women

South Pacific Division

North New Zealand Conference: In April 2007 all pastors and their wives were invited to attend a ministers' meeting. A "Pastors' Kids" camp was provided for PKs over 8 years at Tui Ridge and a crèche in Rotorua for those younger than 8 years, which the wives greatly appreciated.

The program focused mainly on the concept of a healthy Adventist church. Eddie Tupai is advocating this concept in all North New Zealand churches. This includes physical, mental, social, and spiritual health, with the health of the pastoral family being a primary focus. Ministers were encouraged to make time with their families a priority, much to the delight of the spouses. The guest speaker was Pastor Lyn Webber, who gave very practical talk that all appreciated.

As the pastors and wives arrived, they were given a health assessment. This included a questionnaire; a weight, height, and blood pressure check as well as blood tests.

Bevin Hokin came from Sydney Sanitarium to do the tests. The results of these tests were given on Wednesday evening, and Bevin explained what they meant. Some were presented with some unacceptable results, and the challenge was given to them to commit to ongoing lifestyle changes that would help them improve their health.

One afternoon the pastors were given \$50 to spend on or with their spouses. They had the afternoon to do something of their choice. How they spent the money was up to them. Then everyone joined together for a meal at a restaurant that was accessed with a gondola.

The pastors' wives (including one brave male) had a separate meeting where they spent time getting to know each other personally. The spouses voted unanimously to have the same format for the ministers' meetings next year. One pastor went so far as to suggest that he would be happy to pay part of the cost from his wages if the same thing was done next year.

Pastors and spouses enjoy meetings together



Pastors' Kids Camp (left) and PKs (below)



Pastors and spouses go out for dinner

Pastor and Mrs. Timothy



The ladies give a response during the meetings



India Literacy Project

In January 2008, Hepzibah Kore, SUD Shepherdess Coordinator, and Sharon Cress traveled through India to visit some of the Shepherdess literacy projects. Below is a pictorial report.

