



# The Journal

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Resource for Ministry Spouses





# Editor's Musings

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A while back, I realized a lifelong dream—the adventure of an African safari. Each day we saw many animals, and we even saw my favorite—the elusive leopard. She was the most magnificent creature I had ever seen, and being in her presence seemed surreal. But she was also shy, and having three cubs to protect and nurture made her even more secretive.

Every day's agenda was the same: find the leopard. We didn't just hope we might accidentally stumble upon her; we began looking where we had last seen her. From there we would slowly walk or ride, looking for signs—a broken twig, a footprint, the roughed-up bark of a tree—that we might be getting closer. We were always looking up—leopards spend a lot of time in trees. And each day our diligence was rewarded. We knew her territory, and we followed the signs to find her.

At night, looking at the brilliant stars, I reflected on my other pursuit—spending time with God. I thought about how I search for God and how I want His presence in my life. I realized that to find Him, I need to tune in to the signs that will lead me to Him: spiritual study, reflection, quiet time waiting for Him, and always looking up. If I begin looking where I last found Him, I can follow the signs that will bring us together.

If, like me, you sometimes feel far from God, try a different approach. Look where you last found Him and begin there. Put yourself on His agenda, follow His signs, and He will lead you into His presence.

God bless every one of you,

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# Biblical Principles To Foster Personal Healing

Five months after my husband and I married, we received Christ as our personal Savior. Only seven months later, John received God's call to full-time ministry. While John received theological training in seminary, I received advice on how to be an effective pastor's wife.

Seasoned ministry leaders shared heartwarming stories about their church experiences. They'd frequently say, "Just love the people in your congregation, and everything will turn out fine."

So, for the past 30 years, I've intentionally loved our church members. I've cried with heartbroken moms of pregnant teenage daughters. I've prayed with angry women whose spouses

were addicted to pornography. I've comforted grieving widows and I've prepared a multitude of meals for new mothers. For the most part, I've experienced tremendous joy in strengthening, blessing, and encouraging these women.

However, after loving these sheep, I was hurt by some when they left the church for what I considered trivial reasons: someone spoke unkindly to my son at youth group; the pastor didn't visit me when I was in the hospital; the worship is too long, too short. And though their complaints had nothing to do with me personally, I still felt betrayed.

Other times, I've been hurt by church gossip. Knowingly or unknowingly, these "sheep bites" are just as common in the

church as mosquito bites are in hot, humid weather.

I tried ignoring my hurt and disappointment, but the longer I stifled it the more I learned it only provided a seedbed for resentment to keep me from loving others.

That's when I began to apply biblical principles to foster personal healing.

## **Don't be surprised**

"Beloved, do not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you" (1 Peter 4:12, NKJV).

Jesus likened His people to sheep. Jesus experienced betrayal and misunderstandings from His flock. If Jesus experienced "sheep bites," should we expect any less?



**Pam Enderby**

*Pam Enderby has assisted her pastor-husband, John, for 30 years. They have planted churches throughout the U.S. and currently pastor a newly-formed church in Shawnee, Kansas. They have five children and three grandchildren.*

*Pam is a freelance writer and uplifts ministry women through her speaking. Her biggest thrill in life is cultivating relationships with unbelievers and loving them to Jesus. Pam has written *Everyday Light: Inspirational Stories of Real People Sharing Their Faith*, which shows believers how to overcome their outreach obstacles. You may contact her at [enderbyhome@gmail.com](mailto:enderbyhome@gmail.com).*

We're not alone. Jesus knows and understands.

### **Admit your sin**

“Confess your trespasses to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much” (James 5:16, NKJV).

In addition to going to God, talk to a spiritually mature person you can trust. Confess your bitterness, resentment, and anger. While experiencing a hurtful situation, I called another pastor's wife. She prayed healing prayers for me and offered biblical counsel. She said, “Whenever you begin to entertain a negative thought about the person you've forgiven, practice audibly saying, ‘I forgive you.’” It helped.

Journaling also provides a safe, healthy outlet for wounded emotions.

When we're tempted to slump into self-pity, Max Lucado says, “Quit focusing on what others did to you and start focusing on what God did for you.” When we see ourselves standing with our congregation in the same degree of unworthiness, in need of a Savior, we're compelled to stop pointing fingers.

### **Embrace the pain and feed on God's Word**

“The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth” (Ecclesiastes 7:4). “My soul melts from heaviness. Strengthen me according to your Word” (Psalm 119:28, NKJV.)

Pain will benefit us as we take it to God. With our hearts laid open to God's Word, we

meet our heavenly Father. In His presence, “Abba” rejoices over us with singing and quiets us with His love (Zephaniah 3:17). He is our Mighty God, who offers to rescue us from sin and self. He draws near to broken hearts (Psalm 51:17).

In our sorrow Jesus soothes our hurt. He is our “royal husband” (Psalm 45:11, NLT) and a friend that promises to stick closer than a brother, sister, mother, father, husband, or church member.

With our hearts in God's Word, the Holy Spirit comforts us. He whispers words of truth that set us free from guilt, shame, and discouragement. Most of my comfort has come from meditating on Psalm 139:17-18; and Romans 8:1, 32, 38-39.

God bestows on us a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. And as we begin to praise God, we lift our eyes off ourselves, and discouragement leaves.

### **Be a blessing**

“Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good” (Romans 12:21, NKJV).

During my healing process, there were moments when I felt like retaliating or alienating myself from others. One morning I didn't want to go to church because someone had made some cutting remarks about me. The Lord encouraged me to do good to her. He whispered, “Take Janet's place in the nursery this morning.” Janet accepted my offer, and a miracle happened. My heart softened toward her.

I also attempt to build bridges of love with estranged

friends by sending an occasional note, a birthday card, or a Christmas letter. When these friends come to mind, I speak and pray blessings on their behalf.

After Jesus humbled Himself, God exalted Him. Likewise, when we walk in humility, God will lift us up. Francis Frangipane says, “The gateway to resurrection power is crucifixion. God will arrange opportunities for you to die to self. You must discern them. Dying to self and its ambition is the means of reaching true spiritual fulfillment. If you react to the opportunity to die with fleshly anger or resentment, you will fail to reach fulfillment. However, if you can maintain your vision even while dying to your fleshly desires, you will succeed.”

### **Develop an open handed posture**

“For every house is built by someone, but He who built all things is God” (Hebrews 3:4, NKJV).

Keep reminding yourself that your church and the people in your church belong to God. Love them and loosely hold onto them. The Master Builder is in control. Trust Him to build your church.

Healing requires time, patience, and persistence. A wonderful missionary friend once encouraged me, saying, “Successful ministry is enduring.” If you feel fainthearted in the process, remember God's kindness to King Hezekiah, who faithfully led God's people with wholehearted devotion: “I have heard your prayer and seen your tears; I will heal you” (2 Kings 20:5).





**Daniel Wahlen**

*Daniel Wahlen enjoys playing the guitar, traveling, writing, and making films. Last summer he worked as an intern at the Hope Channel, the official Seventh-day Adventist television station. Some of his favorite places include Singapore, Indonesia, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Australia, and New Zealand.*

# Home Sweet Airplane

Where are you from?” is a question that’s hard for me to answer. Often I’m tempted to say, “The airplane!”

I got my first passport when I was 6 months old. My family’s destination? Russia, a country few grown men dared to visit. I went with my family for “religious work,” as described on my visa.

While my parents taught at Zaoksky Adventist Seminary, I spent six of the best years of my life in love with the nearly year-round blanket of snow—building caves in the snow, skiing, having the biggest snowball fight ever. I grew up in a country that hated America and all the people having anything to do with it. Yet somehow I managed to make friends with the

Russian children, master the language, and attend first grade in an all-Russian elementary school.

I thought it normal when the KGB (now called the FSB) would visit our house, asking us why we were really in Russia. My parents were very open and always told them that we had nothing to hide.

After years of gaining people’s trust, we were able to develop close friendships and share Jesus with the Russian people by helping them with their medical and scholastic needs.

God was holding my hand throughout my time in Russia, and when it came time to leave, my 6-year-old mind couldn’t quite comprehend what I was leaving behind.

The next stop in my journey was England—my first experience with culture shock! The Russian and British worlds are so far apart, it’s like comparing Saturn to Venus. However, I quickly became enveloped in the richly intriguing British culture. Going to formal banquets and taking fencing lessons was fun, but



walking along the bulwark of ancient castles, exploring morbid torture chambers, and receiving squire training from a knight was even more fun.

In England there were different challenges from the watch-your-back intensity of Russia. While attending a prestigious prep school in Cambridge, every social event and extra-curricular activity fell on Friday night or Sabbath, but somehow I still remained a very social second- and third-grader.

My Friday-night and Sabbath absences provoked a lot of questions from my classmates, which in turn opened up opportunities to witness. Before long I had many friends. And often they scheduled their parties on days other than Saturday, and they also respected my choice not to eat meat.

Three years was not nearly long enough for me to gain all that could be absorbed from such an incredible country. When it came time to leave, I was old enough to feel an intense sadness at being pulled away from what I then called home. God had a master plan, however. Two years later—after a brief pit stop in Nebraska—I found myself living in the tropical Philippines.

This move was the hardest for me, as I had only just adjusted to the fast-paced environment of America. The Philippines was completely opposite from everywhere else I'd lived. The climate alone was a huge adjustment. Being so near to the equator, the temperature never drops below 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Sunset times are nearly constant year round, ranging from 6:00–

6:30 p.m. The beaches are incredibly beautiful, and the people are overwhelmingly warm and friendly.

It's a very strange feeling to be stared at wherever you go, and in Asia I stuck out like a flashlight at night. Daily life in the Philippines included going to the market, staring at looming coconut palms, and riding on a jeepney. Jeepneys, the main form of transportation, are like a cross between a bus and a jeep.

It's striking to see the harsh difference between the rich and the poor. In Asia you can often tell the status of people by their weight. Yet, with all the poverty, the people are such an incredible inspiration because they remain positive and friendly, in spite of difficult circumstances.

After four years of living in the tropics, I took the flight for

boarding school in California. Everyone there kept asking me, "Aren't you glad you're finally coming back home?" But America didn't feel like home, not after having lived here for only two years. Airplanes—with their flight attendants, crowded seats, and insipid food—felt like my real home.

Looking back on my childhood, I can honestly say growing up in different countries has impacted me for the better. A knowledge and understanding of other people and cultures helps me to better understand what it means to be like Jesus and love everyone.

As the saying goes, "Once a missionary, always a missionary." I hope to be able to bring my experience to the mission field someday and do the work that God is calling me to do.



## Are you a TCK?

Third-Culture Kids, or TCKs, are people who've spent a significant part of their developmental years in a culture other than their parents' culture. They've developed a sense of relationship to all cultures without full ownership of any.

If you're a TCK, go to [www.tckforum.com/tck](http://www.tckforum.com/tck) and register to communicate with other TCKs from around the world. No one understands a TCK like another one!

Psalm 139 is the perfect psalm for Third-Culture Kids. Check out verses 7-10: "Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise on wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast."

# Family Budget: A Powerful Financial Control Instrument!

Generally when someone mentions the word “budget,” the thought that immediately comes to mind is, “Somebody wants to control me. I will not be able to spend my money on this or that without his or her knowledge or permission.” According to Altagracia Méndez, “The budget is not a straightjacket. It is a picture of you. In the photo you can see how you look, if the color is appropriate, if you need to fix something, and so on. Of course, in order to know where your money is going, you must think about budgeting. Then you will be able to avoid falling into the serious danger of debt or economic deficit” (Dominican Adventist University, Budget class, 1992). This principle could be applied in a personal

area (family budget) or to any kind of private or public company.

Now, just for a moment, let’s take a look at a situation in the Bible. A poor widow was in trouble. She was in debt. She couldn’t pay off her loans, and the creditors were demanding her children as slaves. Without her children, her debt would only increase. She would have no one to help her earn a living. In desperation, she begged the prophet Elisha to save her family. The answer that the man of God gave her was, “Sell the oil and pay your debts. You and your sons can live on what is left” (2 Kings 4:7; read entire chapter). If you are ready to start taking control of your family’s financial future, you must do it through the family budget.



**Alexandra Hichez-Alvir**

*Alexandra Hichez-Alvir, from the Dominican Republic, is the wife of a pastor who serves the Ontario Conference of Seventh-day Adventists in Canada. They have two lovely little children and are currently living in Berrien Springs, Michigan, where her husband is working on his master’s degree in divinity at the seminary.*

The budget is essentially a summary of all expenses and expected incomes. The aim is to strike a balance between income and expenses. Certainly, one of the aspects of family life that people rarely enjoy dealing with is setting a family budget. However, a detailed budget can save a family thousands of dollars which could enable mothers to stay home with their young children. The truth is that raising a family with a small income is not easy.

Before I got married, I worked at an Adventist institution for over 10 years. One month after our wedding, I was pregnant. Later, I couldn’t continue with my job. From that time until now, we have lived on just one income. We have two school-age children. They have always attended

a private Christian school, where we must pay for their tuition. And we can say, with all authority, that with God, this is possible because of our family budget. It is not enough just to have an idea of income and expenses. It is necessary to write everything on a piece of paper, to think about it, and to make necessary adjustments. Another important thing is to differentiate between what we *need* and what we *want*. Sometimes those facts look the same, but there is a difference. It is possible to not have any idea how much money is wasted before families prepare a budget.

In fact, setting up a family budget can differ from one family to another based on each family's specific needs. While one family might feel content to save a certain percentage of their income to buy a car, another family would be satisfied with the idea of keeping their older vehicle and dedicating those funds to an annual family vacation. And not all family budgets are reached in a cozy atmosphere around the kitchen table. Some family budgets are designed by experienced financial planners and agents. But the intent is always the same: planning for present expenses and preparing for the unexpected. When you establish a family budget, it is imperative that you consider the financial needs and goals of each individual and also of the family as a collective whole. Therefore, it is important to



include the cost of items such as children's college funds; a new home or home improvements; retirement savings; and the unforeseeable, such as car repairs or loss of employment.

If you have already read the Bible story mentioned above about the widow, you will notice that Elisha didn't call the creditors and speak on her behalf. He didn't give her money to pay off her debts.

He just asked two simple questions: "How can I help you? Tell me, what do you have in your house?" (2 Kings 4:2). As she appraised

her situation, she identified the only asset she had: a jar of oil. As this widow faced her situation and rationally identified her strengths and weaknesses, she became part of the solution by following Elisha's advice. As a result of her faith, she watched God miraculously meet her needs. Because she was willing to look beyond herself, she saved her family from poverty, her children from slavery, and herself from utter isolation.

Finally, the family budget can, over time, save you a substantial amount of money. Everybody likes to be able to provide for their family. With a reasonable budget in place, money worries can be a thing of the past. It is possible to say, "I cannot do it," but remember what the Bible says: "I can do everything through him who gives me strength" (Philippians 4:13). It just takes planning and dedication.



## *Out of the Mouths of Babes*

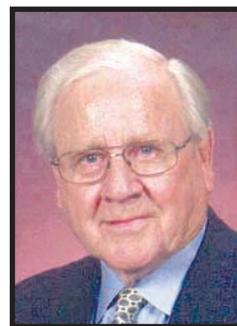
A mother was telling her little girl what her own childhood was like: "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

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A little girl was diligently pounding away on her father's word processor. She told him she was writing a story. "What's it about?" he asked. "I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."

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A new neighbor asked the little girl next door if she had any brothers and sisters. She replied, "No, I'm the lonely child."



**Lowell Bock**

*Lowell Bock, author, retired pastor, and retired General Conference vice president, looks back at a special time when Providence guided his life.*

## The Summer of '42

During the summer of 1942, my connection with the Ed and May Hall family became an act of Providence. In September 1941, in answer to what I felt was a call to the Gospel ministry, I enrolled in the School of Theology at Walla Walla College. December 7 and Pearl Harbor seemed to change everything.

For summer break, I knew I was needed on the family farm at Ellensburg, and I was home but was feeling somewhat restless. One Sabbath early in June, my parents and I drove to Yakima. We admired our pastor, Elder Bresee.

Elder Bresee's sons, Wilton and Hardy, were employed at the Hall Glenoma Tie Mill and had come home for the Sabbath. They told my parents that Ed Hall was looking for another worker. On the drive back to our farm, my unrest was discussed, and mom and dad decided a summer in the woods would be good for me—and I agreed!

The mill site and logging operation is still a vivid memory. The spar tree stood at the focal center, commanding the main line between timber and the steam “donkey”

engine. I recognized academy schoolmate Stan Hall, who had an experienced hand on the engine throttle. Ted Roberts was operating a steam saw, sizing the logs for railroad ties, and rolling them down to Hardy Bresee. Hardy's job was to roll the logs onto the carriage and turn them for the various cuts.

The heart of the whole operation seemed to be Dick Hall, riding the carriage, setting ratchets (code words for heavy arithmetic) and taking orders from old and rather salty Uncle Charlie. Then there was the “off-bearer” who handled the slabs and ties as they came off the saw.

The ties were counted for inventory and aimed toward the stack. Slabs were sent down rollers to the wood saw, operated by another college theology student, “Tex” Callender. In addition, there were two seldom-seen mystery people beyond the creek and out in the woods: Uncle Les, who set the “choker,” connecting logs to the main line; and Wilma, who handled the delicate operation of good signals.

Ed gave me my first assignment, which was to level the sawdust pile. It was by far

my softest job, and it lasted for only one day, but my woodsman internship had begun.

The next day I was asked to “punk the whistle.” It was not a good day. The wind was against me, and I yanked twice when Les meant once. That job lasted one day and left me more respectful of Wilma.

I cannot find words for the humiliation of the next day. I had observed how easily Phil Coleman was able to cut wood, fire the steam boiler, and even sit down to rest! He had fallen ill and opened a spot for my continued internship. I had noticed Phil, who was mostly blind, place his eye close to the center of the log, then with deformed fingers, place the wedge at a careful angle from the heart to the outer edge. One or two solid blows from the sledge hammer opened the log like a book. I should have paid more attention.

This was day three and I was handed sledge, wedge, and axe. Stan pointed to the already-full steam gauge, adding that it was my job to keep it there. “Piece of cake!” I went to work. The steam gauge started falling and kept falling, then Stan let the balance of steam out through

the whistle! Now the whole world knew that this farm boy didn't even know how to cut wood! With time, however, the job became easy and fun, and I managed to maintain a full head of steam.

Day Four. Apparently Hardy wasn't feeling well, but Ed had a farm boy back-up in mind. I had watched Hardy and noted the job of rolling logs would call for some brawn but little mental stress. Was I wrong! The important working instrument was called a "cant-hook"—a sharp, heavy steel hook attached to a heavy handle which was used to turn logs for the saw. As I was about to turn a log, I forgot to remove my left forefinger from between the hook and handle. The brawn did its part in breaking my finger. The rest of the day and for some days after, I was too embarrassed to show my badly swollen finger—especially to Uncle Charlie!

My next job was tailing the big saw. Working only 1 to 3 feet from the main saw was at first a very frightening experience. Very large logs often produced large, first-cut slabs that needed to be taken away with care. The situation was safe as long as Uncle Charlie left the carriage and face of the log against the saw, but sometimes the long, experienced sawyer became a bit impatient. A time or two, with temerity, I asked him to give me a little more time with the big slabs. Those whining and huge saws offered no solace—neither did Uncle Charlie!

On an early Sunday morning it happened—the wet bark on the upper edge broke from my hand, letting the slab fall back into the open saws. With lightening speed the 8-foot sliced slab shot between Dick and Hardy, out of the

mill and into the hillside. Ed didn't fire me, but as the mill resumed to full speed, I began to reflect on haying season back home on the farm. Then I saw Wilma coming in from her job in the woods. I decided to stay! Wilma not only understood my safety concerns but also offered helpful counsel regarding school and my call to ministry.

Housing was primitive but adequate. Hardy and Ted lived in a box cabin on the side of a creek, and the mill ran off a load of 2x4's and 1x12's so Wilton, Tex, and I could build our place. With tar paper on the roof and a stove in the corner, we were in business. But food was another matter! The work schedule, due to high fire hazard, required starting the mill at 4 a.m., which meant breakfast at 3:30, lunch at 8:00, and out of the woods by noon. Tex, Wilton and I took turns fixing breakfast, giving the other two a little extra sleep. Wilton showed real culinary promise, but on his turn, Tex felt a bowl of corn flakes with toast should be sufficient! My farm background offering was oatmeal mush or potatoes and eggs.

After two or three weeks, Tex had to leave for school, so I thought of academy friend Bill Norton, who I was sure had the spirit of a woodsman. Ed said, "Try to get him." Bill and his wife Zena were more than ready to join us but would need about a week to move. Upon arrival, they would live in a now-vacant larger cabin across the creek. It had a kitchen-living area, bedroom, and lean-to shed large enough for me. This looked like a gift from Heaven, and with Zena as cook, we had a solution for the food problem! With great respect for my buddies in "bachelor haven," I moved across the creek.

A week later, Bill and Zena arrived in their aging and loaded car. We agreed to go 50/50 on groceries and headed to the Glenoma store. Bill was a natural woodsman and a perfect match for the wood saw, but we would soon be part of an accident which, but for God's grace, could have been tragic.

As Bill found time, his job included climbing down to straighten the growing pile of railroad ties. I cautioned him to always be in clear sight, as from above I needed to get rid of ties coming off the saw. With an 8-foot 7x8 in hand, I looked for Bill, and seeing the way clear, let the heavy tie go, just as Bill walked out from under the mill. The tie hit him in the back of the neck and drove him to the ground. I thought for certain that I had killed him. Again the mill was shut down as we all rushed to his aid. I was sick to my stomach, and again I had cause to wonder. We witnessed a miracle as Bill stood up, dusted himself off, and went back to work—albeit with a stiff neck!

Sabbath was a very special day as we met at the most hospitable Hall home. Bible study and prayer always focused on God's love, care, and guiding safety in the woods and mill. During workdays we often heard the wail of an ambulance siren, but it never came to the Hall camp.

At 85 years of age, I am writing this to describe how beautifully God cares for His children! The Hall camp was a garden experience. To sort out one's dreams, goals, and direction for life at age 19, no experience can equal a quiet walk through a beautiful forest, where one can feel the touch of God's hand! That is what happened to me during the summer of 1942. 

# Doris Evelyn Sorensen: Remembering a Loving Shepherdess

The smell of fresh bread baking, fruit soup, caring for three children who all had measles at the same time—these are some of the many memories associated with Doris Evelyn Sorensen, a special woman who served alongside her husband in pastoral ministry for many years. She passed away on September 1, 2008.

Doris was born in Maplewood Township, Minnesota, on November 10, 1914. She grew up in Minnesota and met her future husband, Edward Daniel Sorensen, there; they were married in 1936. Her husband served as a Seventh-day Adventist pastor for many years and the family lived in various places, including Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, and Northern California. In addition to supporting Pastor Sorensen in his responsibilities, Doris was a dedicated and loving mother.

Their daughter, Patricia, remembers her mother walking across town during a cold North Dakota February so that she

could visit Patti in the hospital after she had an appendectomy. During the summer Doris worked in the camp kitchen so that her children would be able to enjoy junior camp. When money was really tight, Patricia remembers her mother sometimes making lettuce and mayonnaise sandwiches, but Doris would always welcome her children home from school with a big hug and after-school snack. Another fond memory for Patricia is her mom playing games with her brother while Patricia played dolls with her sister, Margaret.

Doris Sorensen was known as a very tender-hearted,



**Patti Mitchell**

**as told to Gina Wahlen**

*Patti is Doris Sorensen's daughter. She is a retired pastor's wife living in California, where she enjoys spending time with her husband, Chuck, their children, and precious grandchildren.*

gentle, and resourceful person. Knowing that Patricia liked chocolate, she always made her a chocolate cake with chocolate frosting for her birthday, and continued the tradition even when Patricia was away at academy and college. Doris always found a way to deliver those chocolate cakes!

Family was very important to Doris, and even after her children were grown and married, she kept in touch with them via Friday-night phone calls, as well as giving support, encouragement, and lots of cookies to the grandchildren.

Doris Sorensen was a long-time member of the English Oaks Seventh-day Adventist church in Lodi, California. Her children Robert (and wife Carrol), Patricia (and husband Charles Mitchell), and Margaret (and husband Vernon Holthouse), along with nine grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren, eagerly wait to see their loved one again when Jesus comes.



# A Tribute to My Angel Mother

Yes, she was my angel mother, not my biological mother. She was a shepherdess—a good shepherdess—who cared not only for the sheep but also for the lambs. To me she was an angel sent by heaven to pull me out from darkness—from heathen beliefs and practices—to the marvelous light of Jesus, the truth.

She, along with her husband, Pr. C. N. John, came and settled down close to my home after retiring from active service in the mission field. I, the third of five children of an Orthodox Hindu family, was only a school-going girl at the time of their arrival. Though many other Christian families lived near my family, I noticed a difference in the newly-arrived family. The most important factor that caught my attention

was that they worshipped God on Saturday, unlike the other Christian families in the area.

Besides, while the other Christians never bothered about the neighbors, Mrs. John tried to be friendly to everyone in the neighborhood, especially the women, irrespective of religion, caste, creed, or financial background. She invited them to her home and entertained them at times. She became “Ammachi” (beloved mother) to both young and old in and around the place. She befriended me, too. Through this friendly relationship with the members of the community, opportunities for Bible study classes developed, which were taken up by her husband during his retirement days.

Her efforts paved the way for spreading the three angels’ message, especially the Sabbath

truth, which was very new around the place where she lived. The Bible study classes which started in her home led to several effort meetings which resulted in many baptisms and the establishment of a church near our home.

Mrs. John had a unique way of attracting people to the truth. Her simple, sacrificial living was one of them, which attracted me to the truth. She was a well-disciplined person, neat and clean in her deportment and in her behavior. She worked with her hands—she did all the household chores by herself, saving the money which could have been spent on servants and using it for alleviating the sufferings of the people in the community. She never had a telephone, a washing machine, a television, or any of the gadgets we considered luxury items



**Ramani Kurian**

*Ramani Kurian has served the church as a teacher, headmistress, and principal of higher secondary school and also associate professor at Spicer College in Pune, India.*

*At present she is the associate director of women’s ministries and Shepherdess International at the Southern Asia Division in Pune, India. She has three sons. Her hobbies are reading, writing, and visiting neighbors and friends along with her pastor-husband to pray for them and encourage them.*

those days, though she could have afforded to have them all. All the money saved and gathered from her rich relatives and friends was used to meet the needs of the unfortunate ones in the community. She was a Dorcas, stitching clothes with her own hands for the needy ones. That was my angel mother—a wonderful woman, a shepherdess.

She accepted the truth in spite of the objections raised by her rich and elite family; she had a great burden to let the people know the truth. Whenever there was an opportunity, she made use of it to reach out to the downtrodden, poor, and elite alike in her own unique way. Until she became bedridden in the last two years of her life, she kept in contact with society's elite by sending them tracts and books. The fruit of her tireless labor will be seen in eternity.

For more than six years, she worked patiently with me to convince me of the living God and His plan of salvation for humanity. When I took my stand for the Lord, my family and friends rejected, insulted, and ridiculed me. She took me in and hid me under her protection from all kinds of ridicule and rejection. She has been my mother ever since, my angel mother who was sent by Heaven.

She found a pastor husband for me (which was also my wish), that I would be able to continue learning about the living God. My husband and I have been happily married for 32 years, and God has blessed us with three sons who are grounded in the truth.

Mrs. John was my strength in times of difficulties and trials. As I moved out from her care, serving the Lord in the mission field, she never forgot

to write me. I received a letter or two weekly from her with words of encouragement and assurance from the Word of God that strengthened me and my family spiritually through the past 40 years. My angel mother is none other than Mrs. Sosamma John, who passed away on May 18, 2008, at the age of 89 in the residence of Dr. Lissie George, her beloved daughter.

She now rests, waiting for the melodious words of her Master: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Father." I know I must live a holy life to reach eternity to meet my angel mother in the presence of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. So I pray to the Lord to lead me through His righteous ways that I will be able to be a part of that joyous reunion. Would you like to be there?



# The Impossible Became Possible!

An evangelistic effort was scheduled, and the Women's Ministries team would be organizing the event. In the past, a preacher led out during the three-week event; however, my pastor husband thought it was time for the "mother" to preach!

As a young pastor's wife with, at the time, only eight years of experience in the ministry, I was quite nervous about such an assignment. I had never preached before. My husband always preached for church, and elderly women led the Women's Ministry events. Sure, I had taught the youth at our church and given cooking classes, but preaching in such a public forum? Never!

But God had other plans. One day some people came to our home looking for my

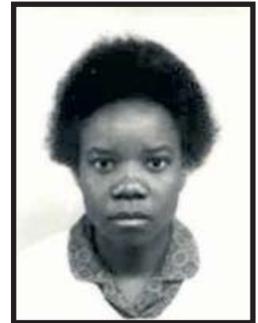
husband. A relative had died, and they needed him to preach at the funeral. Unfortunately, he and all the elders of our church were gone. So the family asked me to preach. How could I refuse? I rushed to the library, borrowed the book *The Truth About Death*, and outlined a funeral service. I was so nervous, but God knew my heart was in the right place. I believe He knew I was willing but not quite ready to preach in such a public place. As we proceeded to the funeral location, we happened to pass a lady evangelist as we proceeded to the funeral location. I asked her if she would lead out at the funeral service, and she agreed. I was so relieved!

But now, the evangelistic meetings were approaching rapidly. I was assigned the topics of baptism and Judgment. I

was busy caring for my four-month-old child and had little time to prepare. But I knew I could offer no excuses—I was a pastor's wife, and it was my honor and duty to be involved in the evangelistic effort.

I managed to prepare the two sermons. I prayed constantly. When the day came for my first sermon, I was so nervous, I remember very little about what I said! I did notice, however, that seven people gave themselves to Christ. I felt more confident when I gave my second sermon on the Judgment.

Through this experience, I concluded that God will use us if we have willing hearts. As you share God's Word with others, I encourage you to remember that you are His instrument, and He yearns to guide you as you tell others of His love. 🙏



**Chayedza M. Bundo**

*Chayedza M. Bundo is a full-time housewife in Zimbabwe, Africa. She and her husband have been in the ministry for 18 years; they have three children. Chayedza's hobbies are cooking, gardening, sewing, and witnessing.*



**Rae Lee Cooper**

*Rae Lee Cooper is a registered nurse. She and her husband, Lowell, have two adult married children and three adorable grandchildren. She spent most of her childhood in the Far East and then worked as a missionary with her husband in India for 16 years. She enjoys music, creative arts, cooking, and reading.*

## **BEWARE!** **Caregiving May Be Hazardous To Your Health**

### **WANTED:**

Individuals needed to care for a personal friend or family member with a chronic illness or severe injury. No training available. Responsibilities include setting up and meeting multiple medical appointments, periodic hospitalization of patient during crisis episodes, long hours of bedside care, little sleep or time for personal needs. High levels of stress resulting in friction at home and work can be expected along with deterioration of personal health and emotional status. Expect few benefits and work schedule includes 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, with no pay or remuneration.

**U**nless you or I were a member of Mother Theresa's order, there would be a *very* slim chance we would ever volunteer for such a position as mentioned above. Yet most of us, can expect that at some time, we will find ourselves in a position of providing care for someone—child, parent, relative, or a even a close friend—with health-care needs.

### **I've Become My Mother's Mother**

Even though my very talented, gentle, and caring mother had been showing increasing signs of forgetfulness and periodic confusion, it was still a shock when she received the medical diagnosis of Alzheimer's—a debilitating, untreatable, eventually terminal brain disease. Why was this happening to someone who

enjoyed life so much, who loved people, and who had a life history of good health? Even though a health professional, I struggled with these questions.

As my mother progressed from occasional confusion, to forgetting how to dress, bathe, or use the bathroom, to forgetting a stove could be hot, to wandering away and getting lost, to forgetting friends and family, to hallucinating frightful

things, to bouts of anger and striking family members, to forgetting how to eat, then forgetting how to talk, to forgetting who I am, I was even more unprepared at my own profound emotional reaction along the way as I lost her little by little.



During my years working as a nurse, caring for sick people with all manner of illnesses and health conditions, I periodically found myself emotionally involved with particularly sad or critical cases. But even this did not prepare me for the effects I experienced personally as my own mother progressed through her illness. While mother had always been my strong support, my advisor, my advocate, and my spiritual teacher, slowly I realized our roles were reversing. She was now the helpless, dependent child, and I had become her parent, helping with her care as I would my three-year-old granddaughter. There is nothing in life that prepares one for such a transition, and the emotional effects are beyond description.

At one point I became depressed, with symptoms including inability to concentrate, bouts of tearfulness, and a feeling of loss and hopelessness. I was amazed at the psychological and physical effects such an ex-

perience could have, and even more amazed to realize that it was happening to me!



### CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF CARE-GIVER STRESS

When I worked as a nurse in the Emergency Room, our staff often kept a watchful eye on family members of any patient who came in with severe injuries, illness, or a life-threatening condition. It was not uncommon for a family member or friend to develop simultaneous symptoms themselves profound enough to need emergency treatment. The physiological effects of illnesses and injuries are not limited only to the patient. A number of studies have recently been dedicated to determining the effects of illnesses and injuries upon those close to the patient—family or friend caregivers. What causes these effects and what can help? What exactly are some of the stresses caregivers can experience, and why?

#### Financial Strain

The cost of medical care, medications, and comfort measures can put a strain on household finances. A sense of duty, obligation, and guilt often encourage feelings of needing to show care and support through financial avenues even though this means added debt burdens.

#### Emotional Stress

Feelings of increased sadness, irritability, fatigue, guilt, and helplessness are not uncommon. These feelings, if left unaddressed, can lead to depression. Women (more often the primary caregivers) are more prone to lower levels of subjective well-being, life satisfaction, and physical health than men caregivers.

#### Depression

Day-by-day demands with a doubtful prognosis can create a sense of hopelessness resulting in depression. Caregiver depression and burdens increase as the patient's functional status declines. Depression and anxiety disorders found in caregivers can increase significantly when a loved one has to be placed in an institution or nursing home. Depression can become a serious clinical condition needing attention and treatment to avoid further psychological complications, including self-destruction.

#### Harmful Behaviors

In an attempt to cope with increased stress, caregivers are more apt to engage in substance abuse. Prescription medications and psychotropic drugs, even alcohol, are often used. Behavioral episodes of hostility, anger, profound sadness, and social isolation are not uncommon as the caregiver struggles to meet and solve all perceived issues and needs.

#### Physical Health Issues

Stress and insufficient rest, inadequate diet and lack of exercise can result in worsening preexisting health issues or the creation of new ones.

Symptoms can include: acid reflux, fatigue, sleep changes, headaches, obesity or weight-loss, slower wound healing, heart disease, increased blood pressure, diabetes, higher levels of cholesterol, body pain, increased susceptibility to illnesses, decreased energy and stamina, and sometimes, in the case of elderly spousal caregivers, earlier mortality.

### TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF

With everything going on, it's easy to forget an important rule: *We need to take care of ourselves.* Burnout can happen even when caring for a dearest loved one. Here are some suggestions to avoid this and other potential problems:



#### Be Kind To Yourself

Delegate duties. With the help of family and/or friends (and even professional respite agencies), some personal time can be made available for you to get away, rest, recharge, and relax. Get a massage, go out to eat with a friend, attend a concert—do something to encourage a sense of normalcy.

#### Express Your Feelings

Keep in touch with close, understanding friends. Confide in them. It's healthy to express yourself and harmful to keep everything bottled up. Keeping a journal is another way to deal with feelings, emotions, and fears. Talking with a financial advisor, counselor, pastor, or health professional can be

helpful in dealing with stress, worry, depression, and feelings of inadequacy. Join a support group.

#### Care For Your Body

While fixing special meals for your loved one, pay attention to your own healthful diet. Drink plenty of water. Get some exercise every day—this alone is a great aid in maintaining good mental health. Remember to care for your own health-related issues.

#### Prioritize

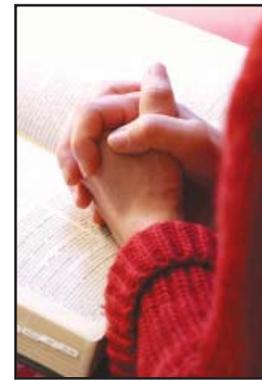
Focus on the essentials each day, one day at a time. The world won't end if the house didn't get cleaned this week or if you can't invite guests over for Sabbath lunch.

#### Stay Connected

As a caregiver, it is easy to become so focused on the sick person that a strain is placed on relationships with spouse, children, and friends. Make an effort to stay connected to the people you care about. You need their love and support, and they need you. Stay connected with your church. The involvement and help of a church family can be invaluable at such times—offering not only prayer support but assistance with food, home duties, patient needs, child care, even providing hugs and shoulders to cry on.

#### Educate Yourself

The more you know about your loved one's condition and the resources available, the more effective you will be in taking care of both of you. Look online, in a bookstore, or at your local library.



#### Tap Into the Source of Peace and Strength

“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you” (1 Peter 5:7). There is great peace and comfort available if we will only reach out for it. Prayer, Bible promises remembered, singing of encouraging hymns, fellowship with loved ones and church family in worship and praise—these activities strengthen faith, and hope. The God who cares for a small, fallen sparrow has even greater compassion for His sick, injured, suffering children. He will not leave or forsake us in our struggles, and His promises are true. “These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world” (John 16:33).

For most of us, providing health care for a loved one will be unavoidable. However, being aware of the risks, and using some coping tools will help make the journey smoother. 🙏

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Information sources include: About.com, Senior Living, “Why Being a Caregiver is Hard on Your Health;” Caring4Cancer.com, “A Better You (Helpful Tips);” CarePages.com, WebMD, “Caregiving: Taking Care of Yourself;” BeWell.com, “Taking Care of the Caregiver;” Holy Bible, King James Version.



*In this column, Anna will address your questions and concerns.  
Send your questions to: "Ask Anna"  
c/o Shepherdess  
12501 Old Columbia Pike  
Silver Spring, MD 20904, USA  
or email: lowes@gc.adventist.org*

Dear Anna,

*I'm writing to you because I don't know who else I can talk to about this. There is an attractive woman in our church who is in her early 30s and is single. She is very friendly—especially toward my pastor-husband. She often sends him thank-you cards after sermons and recently sent him a birthday card. She sits in the front row of the church and, after the service, seems to take whatever opportunity she can to talk with my husband. I don't want to be overly concerned, but I am worried. What should I do?*

You are in an uncomfortable situation. You don't want to be concerned, but you are. It doesn't feel good, does it? The temptation is to blame yourself for feeling bad. Take comfort in God's statement that He wants to be the focus of our entire attention. Be proactive in a loving way!

First, focus on you and God. Ask God for wisdom and words. Praying in Galatians 5:22–6:1, ask the Holy Spirit for the attributes that His presence gives—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, etc.—that you cannot manufacture yourself. Ask God to give you deep love for your husband and joy that spills out of your heart to everyone.

Pray for God's protection (Ephesians 6:10–18)—truth,

righteousness, etc.—over your husband, his ministry, over yourself, and over the woman. Remember that we are not fighting flesh and blood (verse 12). It is the original enemy that would like to destroy us. Instead of praying with hand-wringing, pray with thanksgiving (Philippians 4:6).

Next, focus on you and your husband. Picture a totally loving relationship with your husband. What steps need to be taken to have a Spirit-filled home overflowing with fun, fellowship, feasts, and faith—experienced together? Begin to do the things that you can do.

And how should you relate to the woman? (We'll call her Jill.) Stand beside or near your husband at the door of the church. Focus on all the people—greeting, chatting, and caring for their needs (including Jill's).

Keep in mind that naturally friendly, outgoing people will talk and entertain others. Some people do not understand relationship boundaries. This may stem from experiences in childhood.

Find an opportunity to get to know Jill and her story, praying with her and sharing your own testimony. Invite Jill to do something that you share in common in order to build a relationship. Do not refer to your

husband or your own relationship with him.

Finally, if you truly feel that your husband is responding to Jill's attentions, give him a matter-of-fact lesson in how women feel. Because God did not have the total affections of His people, He said, "I am a jealous God." In another place He said, "Have no other gods before me." That pretty much expresses it for you, too.

Explain to your husband that because you love him so much, you don't want anything to come between you, and that when you see Jill giving him attention, whether from the front row, in the foyer, or in his office, your heart feels threatened. While it may not be logical, it still feels that way. You might remind him that there is more than one kind of attachment—physical, emotional, mental, or imagined (Matthew 5:27, 28); and that all of his attachment belongs to you. (Be sure that you are not giving such attentions to another man.)

Then, using the three-time, special-meal Esther approach, propose to your husband: Let's recommit ourselves to each other and then act on that commitment! Let's do the things that will bring joy and fulfillment into our relationship, and let's begin today and let the whole world know!





# Shepherdess International News

## Inter-American Division

Their Excellencies the Most Honourable Dr. Patrick Allen and Mrs. Patricia Allen are now at home in the “King’s House” after Dr. Allen was sworn in as the sixth Governor General of Jamaica on February 26, 2009. Mrs. Allen, a Shepherdess, supports Dr. Allen in his new position and is looking for ways to make a positive impact in her new role, possibly focusing on the plight of underprivileged children.



*Most Honourable Dr. Patrick Allen and  
Mrs. Patricia Allen*

## North American Division

### Indiana Conference:

Many Indiana Conference ministry partners joined their

pastor-husbands and other Indiana Conference ministry leaders in January 2009 on a Reformation Tour in Germany, hosted by Marti and Don Schneider. At one of the tour stops, the ministry partners and a few other ladies on the tour gathered outside the Brehna Church where Katharina von Bora (Martin Luther’s wife) attended church as a child. Earlier, Katharina von Bora was portrayed by Marti Schneider in full costume as she and Don Schneider (also in full costume) dramatically shared highlights of the Luther’s home, marriage, and ministry together. Katharina’s determination and courage were an inspiration to those seeing and hearing Marti’s insights into her life. The experience together in Germany on the Reformation tour was very meaningful to all the ministry partners who attended.



*Indiana Shepherdesses in front of the  
Brehna Church*

### Southwestern Union:

From February 20-22, 2009, the Southwestern Union hosted a pastors’ wives retreat in Dallas, Texas. Kathy McKey coordinated the event with the help of Betty Trevino. Many activities were planned to make the weekend special. There was good fellowship, uplifting music, and encouraging messages.



*Many wives enjoyed being pampered*



*Ministry Family: Mark, Conna, Adriana  
and Taylor Bond*



*Southwestern Union Shepherdesses  
enjoyed fellowshiping together at the  
“Keeper of My Heart” retreat in Dallas*



*The Southwestern Union Shepherdess group at their retreat in Dallas, Texas*

**Southern Asia-Pacific Division**  
*Wives Enjoy Shepherdess Retreat in the Philippines:*

Wives of seminary students, pastors, and teachers from AIIAS (Adventist International Institute of Advanced Studies), along with pastoral wives from the Southern Asia-Pacific Division (SSD), eagerly anticipated their retreat, which was held from February 6-9, 2009, at the lovely division headquarters. The retreat area was beautifully decorated and featured a large poster showing the hands of God open and ready to shape a vessel.

“God’s Chosen Vessel” was the theme for the retreat, with all activities centering around this theme, helping participants to remember that “our lives are often likened to clay, and God is the Potter. He molds, shapes, and forms us into the vessel He wants us to be.”

During the Friday-evening program, organized by Mrs. Helen Gulfan, SSD Shepherdess Coordinator, each participant was given soft dough to mold into various types of vessels. According to one of the participants, at the end of the evening “the Holy Spirit came and filled the whole place” (see Acts 2:1). “We all felt in our hearts the presence of God, seen in the faces and heard in the commentaries of the participants.”

Prayer sessions, ministry in song, activities, games, presentations, and group work quickly filled the two-day Shepherdess retreat. The weekend concluded with a call to commitment by Pastor Albert Gulfan, SSD president.

“We were fed spiritually, socially, and physically during this retreat,” said Dr. Myrtle Pennicook, a participant from AIIAS. “We could hear God talking to us and felt His presence in our midst.”



*Pastors' wives from AIIAS and SSD meet together in the beautiful division office building in the Philippines*



*The Shepherdess group in front of the headquarters of SSD*



*Xia Yun and Lianmin Zhang, both pastors' wives from China, enjoy the Shepherdess meetings at SSD*



*Enjoying exercising at the Shepherdess meetings at SSD*



*Carol Tasker, from Australia; Diana Park, from the USA; and Evelyn Almocera, from the Philippines, all work at AIIAS and enjoyed the Shepherdess meetings*



*Participants enjoyed shaping clay into vessels during the SSD Shepherdess Retreat*

**Southern Asia Division**

*Reported by Mrs. P. V. Khandagale from North Maharashtra Section:*

Mrs. Neeta Soloman Borge was born into a Hindu family. However, she joined a Seventh-day Adventist women’s group and has for the past 20 years been part of that group, proclaiming the love of God through her witnessing to the women in the village of Rahuri. Her witnessing strengthens many in her neighborhood. Neeta is a hard-working person

and takes care of her family by raising chickens and caring for a goat that was donated through Shepherdess International. She believes in multiplying chickens and goats. From her one donated goat, she now has six goats, and from five chickens she now has 23. She takes good care of the livestock and through its sale has gained a good profit, enabling her to support her family and the church through tithes and offerings. Neeta is grateful to the goat donors and for the help she has received from them. Her tireless witnessing has resulted in soul-winning. Please pray for Neeta and her women's groups.



Mrs. Neeta Borge caring for her livestock

Bangalore and Chennai Union Shepherdess meetings:

In January 2009 Mrs. Hepzibah Kore, SUD Shepherdess Coordinator, planned meetings for the Shepherdess leaders in Bangalore and Chennai. The featured speaker was Sharon Cress. Following is a pictorial report:



Shepherdess leaders from Chennai Union met together with Sharon Cress



The ladies attending the Shepherdess meetings in the South-Central Union in Bangalore enjoyed exercising together



Shepherdesses from the Southeast India Union enjoyed meeting together



Sharon Cress with Hepzibah Kore (left), SUD Shepherdess Coordinator and Eileen Padmaraj (right) at the South-Central India Union Shepherdess Meetings



Both men and women were blessed at the Shepherdess meetings at Chennai Union



Jean Sumadaran, Shepherdess Coordinator for Southeast India Union



Participants enjoyed lively discussions at the South-Central Union Shepherdess meetings



Sharon Cress with Hepzibah Kore (left in pink), Shepherdess Coordinator for SUD, and Eileen Padmaraj (right in black/gold), Shepherdess Coordinator for South-Central India Union Section, with the Shepherdess Group from South-Central Union

# GC Session 2010 Atlanta, Georgia Meetings for Adventist Women

A series of special meetings for women at the Session who are not delegates will be presented by Women's Ministries and Shepherdess International. The morning meetings will be held Monday through Thursday, June 28–July 1, from 9:30-10:45 a.m. Two afternoon seminars will be held Tuesday and Thursday, June 29 and July 1, from 2:00-4:00 p.m.

These events take place in the Georgia Ballroom in Building C – Level 3, section 1-3.

All meetings will feature inspiring presenters who will explore topics of spiritual and personal growth, service, and daily living, and include good music and reports from around the world.

No registration is required.

*Keep watching the back page for updates on these meetings!*