

mission360

The official mission magazine of the Seventh-day
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Digital Issue Online at Mission360Mag.org

Editorial

Until 1890, the tallest building in New York City was a church. The spire of Trinity Church, a block from the New York Stock Exchange, soared 284 feet into the air. But in 1890 it was dwarfed by a skyscraper built to house Joseph Pulitzer's newspaper, *The New York World*.

In today's cities, it seems as if commerce towers over religion, secular Babels over faith. Cities are now

to infectious diseases, was seven years lower in New York than in the rest of the United States.

If you were planning to flee the city for green grass, shady trees, and docile cows, 1901 was a good year to do it. But that was when senior Adventist evangelist and leader Stephen Haskell and his wife, Hetty, moved into—not out of—New York City. Some may wonder if they were ignoring the

The Haskell's were following Ellen White's counsel that, instead of just preaching to people, Christ's followers should follow His incarnational ministry—living and ministering *among* the community. "It is through the social relations that Christianity comes in contact with the world," she wrote.

Today LifeHope Centers*, and other Seventh-day Adventist centers of influence, are being started around the world. We hope to see hundreds of these centers established.

Please pray for these initiatives. We can no longer neglect the cities. We're called to look on the crowds with compassion—just like our Savior.

For more information about LifeHope Centers and wholistic urban ministry, visit www.MissiontotheCities.org.

*Wholistic urban ministry centers created to connect the church to the community and put Christ's method of ministry into practice.

One thing is certain, urban mission can't be conducted only from a distance.

the heartlands of secularism and postmodernism—where the religious claims of any specific church or group are distrusted.

These great metropolises are now the biggest mission challenge for the Seventh-day Adventist Church. On pages 10 and 11 you'll read about some exciting initiatives to face this challenge.

One thing is certain, urban mission can't be conducted only from a distance. We need committed followers of Jesus to live and work among urban dwellers, being spiritual salt in the city.

In the summer of 1901, New York withered under the deadliest heat wave in its history. In a one-week period at least 989 people died in weather described as "so hot it melted asphalt and drove scores of New Yorkers insane." That year a panic on Wall Street set off the first-ever crash on the New York Stock Exchange—bankrupting thousands. And life expectancy at birth, mainly due

to advice of Ellen White. On the contrary, she told the Haskell's that God "was in your going."

After four days of house hunting, they found an apartment—at 400 West 57th Street in the heart of New York City, a couple of blocks from the southeast corner of Central Park.

Gary Krause,
Editor



photo: Matthew Krause



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Editor: Gary Krause

Managing Editors: Nancy Kyte, Laurie Falvo

Contributing Editors:

Adventist Volunteer Service: John Thomas
Archives, Statistics and Research: David Trim
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Porter, G. R. Mohan Roy, Gerson Santos, Clifmond
Shameerudeen, Samuel Telemaque, Douglas
Venn, Gregory Whitsett, Ivan Williams

Design: 316 Creative

Production and Digital Media: Hans Olson, Rick
Kajiura, Donna Rodill

Finances: Delbert Pearman

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12501 Old Columbia Pike,
Silver Spring, MD 20904-6601, USA
Telephone: (301) 680-6005
Email: questions@mission360.org

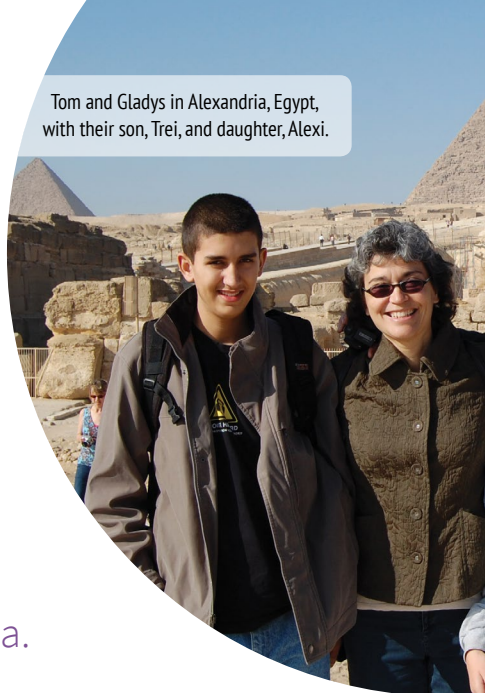
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Tom and Gladys in Alexandria, Egypt, with their son, Trei, and daughter, Alexi.



Old Stuff and Kids

On a recent vacation, my family and I decided to be tourists in Alexandria, Egypt. We planned to see the Citadel of Salah al-Din, the catacombs, the Pillar of Pompey, the acropolis, and the Bibliotheca Alexandrina.

We haven't been frequent tourists since coming to Egypt, and it feels a little decadent, even luxurious.

We spent most of one day walking in pursuit of seeing "old stuff." Admittedly, some of that walking was because we had gotten lost a few times. But I'm realizing that I love getting lost, though my family is less enthusiastic about it. Getting lost usually takes me unexpected places where I can see unexpected things and meet unexpected people. It often helps me to find the real city, the real people, and the real lifeblood of the place I'm visiting.

We received help and directions from multiple people during the course of the day. Some advice was accurate; some was the "nice of them to try" kind of help.

We've found that if we ask peo-

ple for directions, they feel obligated to help us whether they know anything about where we're going or not. Once we were on a bus trying to find a mall in Cairo. My wife, Gladys, asked the woman next to her where the mall was, and the person in front of her turned around to give an opinion in Arabic. A man across the aisle leaned in and gave his opinion. Then someone standing over him voiced his idea, and like a brush fire, the whole bus became engaged in talking about where we should get off the bus. We smiled and nodded appreciation for their

efforts. Soon we were walking away from the bus with almost everyone on board waving goodbye to us.

We emerged from the catacombs looking every bit the tourists. I had my video camera and a backpack with the family's provisions for the day. The restaurant we were going to was on the other side of town. So we began the drill: we needed to find a taxi, we needed to be convinced that the driver understood where we were going, and then there was the critical question, "How much?" We knew from our previous three days that it should cost no more than 25 Egyptian pounds. Our first taxi driver said, "Thirty."

Tom surrounded by children in Alexandria.





The Deckers had a great time riding camels, climbing into tombs, and being awed by the pyramids.

tle bit of their language.

I lingered a while, bantering back and forth with the kids. I impulsively tousled the hair of a couple of boys, and then I saw an empty taxi approaching. We all, I mean all 20 of us, crowded around

the taxi to negotiate the price. It was hard to bargain. I couldn't stop smiling amid the chaos. I finally gave up and told my family to get in. Seeing us leave, my new friends began shouting "Surrah! Surrah!"* So I turned away from the taxi, spread my arms, and smiled for the camera.

"Lord, make me like a child. Remove from me the pretense, suspicion,

We started to walk away, hoping he would come down in price. He didn't. But I couldn't go back—that would be admitting defeat! So we walked on. Soon the streets got narrower and less crowded, and the neighborhood got less touristy. I knew we were going the wrong direction. So we decided to go around the block. As we turned a corner, we saw 15–20 children playing a casual game of soccer and what appeared to be a very intense game of marbles. The ball came my way and I kicked it back to them. I stopped and watched the game of marbles. One of the boys held up his marble, showing it off to me. One of them said the standard greeting to a foreigner: "Where you from?" I responded, "America," which brought smiles and nods of approval. Then they asked my name. I said my name was

Tom, which always makes people here laugh because it means "garlic." The soccer game came to an abrupt end. The marbles were quickly scooped up and we were surrounded! I asked some of their names and heard responses such as Mahmood, Wael, and Mohammed.

I said my name was Tom, which always makes people here laugh because it means "garlic."

There is always a natural wall between people of different cultures who don't know each other. But I'm discovering that God moves, and when He does, my heart fills with warmth when the walls come down. I've found that if I walk toward the wall, especially with children, and push a little bit, the wall comes crashing down like at Jericho.

Our conversation continued with the kids' little bit of "school English" and my little bit of "survival Arabic." They were thrilled and amazed that I knew even a lit-

pride, and shyness that prevent You from using me in the lives of Your children. Make me warm, transparent, engaging, loving, compassionate, and joyful in all circumstances so that You may be honored by my being a Christian. Amen."

*"Photo! Photo!"

Tom Decker and his wife, Gladys, are from the United States. At the time of this writing, they were serving at Nile Union Academy in Egypt, Tom as the principal and Gladys as a teacher.



How to give your mission offering:

- During Sabbath School
- Online at <https://giving.AdventistMission.org>
- In North America, mark a tithe envelope "World Budget" at your local church or call 800-648-5824

The Mountain Church

In a small mountain village in China, a group of Adventist believers built a church. Several years ago, an Adventist church planter started visiting tribal groups and sharing his faith. He visited this village and was surprised by what he found. Join *Mission 360°* as we pay a visit to the church on the top of the mountain.

1

The road to the village clings to the side of the mountain with a sharp drop-off on one side. It's a 40-minute walk, but we drive as far as we can. More than a few passengers were praying when tires spun on a few corners.



4

This woman was working outside her house, which was close to the church. Quaint mountain villages like this still exist in China in contrast to major cities such as Shanghai and Beijing.



5

One man's grandfather was studying to become an Adventist worker at China Training Institute in 1940. Those were turbulent times, and that branch of the school closed. Through the years, a small group of believers remained faithful in the village.



Church members line the sides of the pathway and sing a hymn of welcome as we arrive at the church.



When the church planter arrived in this village, he met a group of Sabbath keeping Christians.

Church members carried building materials for the church up the mountain on their backs in baskets like this.



Please pray for the people of this mountain village and for the dedicated church planters in China who are carrying the gospel to people in major cities and remote areas.

The church planter returned to the village and helped them build this church.



To watch a video of the mountain church, visit www.Mission360Mag.org/Videos.

Rick Kajiura
Office of Adventist Mission





Members of the Word of Truth Seventh-day Adventist Church. Pastor J. J. Ndlozi is on the far left.

The Little Unusual Church

Pastor J. J. Ndlozi has an unusual history at the Word of Truth Church in Pretoria, South Africa. In fact, it seems that just about everything at this church is a little unusual!



Ndlozi has pastored here for years, but only recently as a Seventh-day Adventist. The members have attended for years, but only recently as Seventh-day Adventists. And not long ago, the sign outside posted the times of Sunday services.

But all that begin to change when Sonia, one of Pastor Ndlozi's members, went to a flea market. There she met Andy and Carmen Rijavec, a Global Mission pioneer couple who were giving away Bibles. Sonia helped them that afternoon, and as they chatted, she discovered they kept the seventh-day Sabbath. Sonia was intrigued with what she heard and she wanted Pastor Ndlozi to hear it too.

Over a friendly dinner Pastor Ndlozi explained to the Rijavecs why he thought the seventh-day Sabbath was no longer binding. But later, he couldn't get some of their questions out of his mind. Determined to learn more, he began to study the Bible with Andy and Carmen.

Over time, Pastor Ndlozi's conviction to honor the Sabbath grew. But he faced daunting challenges. How would his relatives react? How would he support his family if he lost his job? And what about his wife, Selina? They had started Word of Truth together. Would she support him in a decision that would mean not only abandoning his religion but his members as well?

Pastor Ndlozi prayed for the Holy Spirit to soften Selina's heart and then told her the news. "I couldn't understand him," says Selina. "Everything was going well for us and he wanted to throw away a good salary to join a church that didn't even have a full-time job to offer him. I was so worried about how we'd survive. But then I had a strange dream."

Selina dreamed about Mark 2:28, the Bible text where Jesus calls Himself "Lord also of the sabbath." "That dream changed everything," says Selina. "From that point we observed the Sabbath together." With the support

of his wife, Pastor Ndlozi was baptized and became a Seventh-day Adventist.

When Pastor Ndlozi's employer heard the news, he issued him an ultimatum. "You must either quit or I'll fire you," he said. The pastor agreed to resign, but there was something he was determined to do first.

Global Mission pioneers venture into areas with no Adventist presence to plant new groups of believers. They're laypeople who work within their own culture and speak the local language. Since 1990 they have helped establish more than 13,000 new congregations. To learn more about their unique ministry, visit www.global-mission.org.



Top to bottom: The Word of Truth Church has grown so much that there is no room inside for the children to meet for Sabbath School; Global Mission pioneers Pastor J. J. and Selina Ndlozi; Global Mission pioneers Elder Hospa and Nonhlanhla Sibanda.



"I wanted to tell my congregation about the Sabbath so they could decide the issue for themselves," says Pastor Ndlozi. "But I wasn't sure how to do it. I was afraid that if I just told them Saturday was the Sabbath, they'd never listen to me."

Andy and Carmen couldn't help Pastor Ndlozi present the Sabbath to his congregation because they didn't speak Zulu.

But they knew someone who could—Global Mission pioneers Hospa and Nonhlanhla Sibanda.

When Elder Sibanda presented the fourth commandment to the Word of Truth congregation, they listened intently, asked many questions, and invited him back for the following week.

At the end of Elder Sibanda's second presentation, one of the church members looked squarely at Pastor Ndlozi and asked, "Pastor, when are we going to start worshipping on the Bible Sabbath?"

All eyes turned to Pastor Ndlozi. Slowly he stood to his feet and spoke, "My wife and I have already decided to keep the Sabbath. We have been waiting to see what you want to do."

"Well, now we are waiting on you!" the church member replied.

Although the decision was not unanimous, there were enough members who wanted to observe the Sabbath so that Word of Truth became a Seventh-day Adventist

congregation that very day. Pastor Ndlozi posted a sign on the front door stating that services would be held the following Saturday.

Pastor Ndlozi asked Elder Sibanda to hold a series of evangelistic meetings at Word of Truth. At the conclusion of the meetings, 23 members were baptized, including Ndlozi's wife, Selina.

Pastor Ndlozi has such a passion to share Jesus and the Sabbath with his community that Pastor Justino Paulo, the Adventist Mission director for the Southern Africa-Indian Ocean Division, made him a Global Mission pioneer.

Now Pastor Ndlozi holds evangelistic meetings every year in Pretoria and many of those who originally left his church are coming back. In fact, the Word of Truth Church is growing so quickly that they're looking for a bigger building to accommodate their congregation.

Pastor Ndlozi is currently studying theology at Solusi University in Zimbabwe. "It is by the grace of God and the people that He sent into my life to encourage and strengthen me that I have been able to continue with this Sabbath message and preach it to the world," he says.

Some of the people God sent into Pastor Ndlozi's life were Global Mission pioneers whom you helped support. They reached out to him. He reached out to his wife and congregation. And they reached out to their former church members and community. And the Word of Truth Church just keeps growing—largely, thanks to you!

Laurie Falvo
Office of Adventist Mission



MISSION to the CITIES



The urban areas of the world are a huge mission challenge to the church for many reasons. More than half the population now lives in cities—cities that are rapidly growing and filled with people Jesus loves. How do we reach them?

Jerry Page (*left*), secretary for the Ministerial Association at the General Conference, and Gerson Santos, director of the Global Mission Urban Ministry Center, are passionate about urban ministry. They talked to us about Mission to the Cities and NY13, our church's multifaceted outreach to the people of New York City.

Mission 360: Jerry, why is there such an increased emphasis on urban mission?

Jerry Page (JP): I think it's because so many people live in cities now. We've realized that if we want to reach the multitudes, we need to go where they live. The Bible and Spirit of Prophecy outline our mission, and I believe Jesus is passionate about us doing what He's asked us to do. We also have a General Conference president who reminds us of this need.

M360: Gerson, why is it so hard to spread the gospel in cities?

Gerson Santos (GS): There are so many people in urban areas, representing a myriad of backgrounds, languages, and cultures. We can't think we're going to reach everyone with just

one strategy or method. We have to adjust our approach and be sensitive to the people we're reaching out to. We have to be innovative, creative, and relevant to them.

M360: What is the church doing to reach cities?

GS: We have a plan called Mission to the Cities. The goal is to reach about 650 of the world's major cities in the next few years, starting with New York City and an initiative called NY13.

M360: Why New York City?

JP: It's one of the most populous and influential centers in the world. The New York City metropolitan area's population is the largest in the United States, estimated at nearly 20 million people. New York exerts a significant impact upon global commerce, finance, media, art, fashion, research, technology, education, and entertainment. As many as 800 languages are spoken in this area, making it the most linguistically diverse city in the world. The nations of the world look to and are represented in New York City. If we reach the people

of New York we reach the cultures of the world.

M360: Gerson, how will the outreach we're doing in New York City impact the world church?

GS: Church leaders are following the counsel of Ellen White that the work done in New York City should be a "symbol of the work the Lord desires to see done in the world." Representatives from all 13 world divisions will be involved in NY13 and the knowledge gained from their participation will allow them to do similar, contextualized work in their areas.

M360: Jerry, what are you seeing churches do that excites you about the possibilities of Mission to the Cities?

JP: We recently talked with young adults from the Gateway Church in Melbourne, Australia. Before they

Right: People from all walks of life and all around the world can be seen in Times Square every day. Far right: Participants enjoy learning made fun at a Health Ministries presentation.





Left: Kelvin Rivas, an Adventist Community Services volunteer, carries supplies to people affected by Hurricane Sandy. Right: Sherolin and Dr. Leroy A. Daley of Northeastern Conference present cooking classes.

began outreach to their community, they spent eight months praying together, asking God what He wanted them to do. They followed guidelines in the book of Acts and studied a chapter in volume 9 of the *Testimonies* called "Methods of Labor" for the large cities. They've started three branch churches and 27 small groups in this very secular, postmodern city. They're so authentic in their spirituality. They put a lot of emphasis on discipleship training. You can watch a video about their work, called "Gateway Church Models Urban Evangelism" at RevivalandReformation.org. It's a great resource.

So, I'm excited about church members who spend a lot of time praying, allowing God to pour out His power and direct them in an authentic Acts experience. And I think that as we take that Acts experience into the cities, people will be able to relate to that kind of authenticity in Jesus.

M360: Gerson, is there something in particular young people can do to help with mission in the cities?

GS: I think the most important thing we need today is people connecting with people. Young people have a special gift for this because they're more open. Their parents may speak their mother language, but when young people get together, they speak the same language. Even cultural or religious backgrounds don't seem like a barrier to them. It's easier for

them to connect and I see a lot of potential with them getting involved.

M360: Jerry, what about the rest of us—what can we do?

JP: Prayer in the Bible is the key to all growth, so we're calling the world church to prayer. We're asking that all members, whatever their time zone, pray every morning at seven and every evening at seven for the outpouring of the Spirit upon our cities, our church, and our leaders. Second, a lot of missionaries are going to be needed. We

need people to give Bible studies and distribute literature. We need people to pray for the work and to help support it with their finances. There are lots of ways to get involved. When we pray, God will show us how we can reach the millions of people who are still waiting to hear the good news of His love and soon return.

- For more on Mission to the Cities, visit www.MissiontotheCities.org.
- To discover how Global Mission Centers can enhance your outreach, visit www.AdventistMission.org.

Mission to the Cities

is the Seventh-day Adventist Church's emphasis on sharing Jesus' love and the hope of His soon return with people in some of the world's largest cities. Starting with New York City in 2013, Mission to the Cities is a holistic approach to sharing the gospel in urban settings. In 2014, each world division will focus on a city in their territory. Each union will focus on a city in their region in 2015. Outreach activities will be as varied as the people of each city with everything from LifeHope Centers (centers of influence), community events, seminars, small groups, and reaping events.

In 1800, 3 percent of the world's population lived in urban areas.

In 1900, 14 percent lived in urban areas. Only 12 cities had populations of more than one million.

In 2009, the majority of the population lived in urban areas.

In 2011, more than 20 cities had more than ten million inhabitants.

Today, there are more than 300 cities with populations of more than one million.

It's expected that 70 percent of the population will be urban by 2050*.

*"Human Population: Urbanization." Population Reference Bureau, accessed May 16, 2013. www.prb.org/Educators/TeachersGuides/HumanPopulation/Urbanization.aspx.





Rescued!

It started out like any other day. Abanda and his father, Sudip,* left their village first thing in the morning and headed down the road toward the wooded countryside.

The family owned a small furniture business and earned enough to keep themselves clothed and fed. Their garden helped to provide food for the table, which meant they almost always had enough to eat.

They worked hard at their business, using their hands and strong backs to do all of the labor themselves. They chopped down trees, cut the wood into lumber, built the furniture, and then sold the pieces in a roadside shop. Customers liked the work they did and often came back to order another cupboard or table.

When they arrived at the grove that day, Abanda and Sudip set about chopping trees as usual. But to their dismay, one tree did not fall the way they expected. Instead, it crashed down on top of Sudip's leg, pinning him to the ground. Abanda rushed to his father's aid, frantically digging the dirt away from the injured leg. At last he was able to free his father. The pain was excruciating, but the recovery time was devastating to the family's finances.

On the day of the accident, Abanda vowed that he would get an education so that his father would not have to do such hard physical work to sup-

port the family. He would go to the city and attend high school.

When the school term began, Abanda rode his rickety bicycle 100 kilometers (62.1 miles) on bad roads to the city. He moved in with a distant relative and stayed in a small room off the back porch. He observed the family praying before their meals, but he did not ask them about it. He focused all of his attention on his studies, determined to succeed for his father's sake.

Eventually, there was a holiday break during the school year. Once again, Abanda set out on his old bicycle to ride the 100 kilometers back home. It was very late at night as Abanda continued to pedal through the darkness. He hadn't seen another person for quite some time, and he

became very afraid. In fact, he was terrified. A horrifying sense of something evil made it difficult to breathe. Was he surrounded by demons or the roaming spirits of the dead? Would they harm him? Was something terrible going to happen?

Then an image flashed through Abanda's mind. He remembered seeing his host family praying together. Maybe God could help him now. Not knowing what else to do, he prayed to God and asked for a safe journey so he could see his father again. Immediately the fear left him and he confidently cycled the rest of the way home.

Abanda never forgot that night. It was the beginning of his faith journey with God. He finished high school and, through a series of providences, went on to a university with the help of scholarships.



In many places around the world it is not safe to share a public witness. In order to protect people and churches, we use extreme caution in telling their stories. There are many ways and places that Adventists are sharing God's love and truth that cannot be publicized. As the Holy Spirit opens doors in new places, please pray for those who bear a faithful witness in difficult settings.

Today Abanda is happily married and has a two-year-old son. He works as a Global Mission pioneer and pastor. His father is strong and healthy. Abanda is thankful for the way God came to his aid that scary night and provided a plan for his life. He is committed to teaching others about a powerful God who is far stronger than any demon or evil spirit. Abanda's greatest joy is helping people find peace and begin their own journey of faith with God.

*Not their real names

Nancy Kyte

Office of Adventist Mission



Why Abanda Was So Afraid

Stories of wizards, vampires, and zombies captivate the imagination of many people in Western society, but few give it much thought once their goose bumps disappear. However, where Abanda's story takes place, the reality of supernatural forces impacts the decisions people make every day.

Young men think twice about swimming in water near a whirlpool known to be haunted. When mediums identify that a bloodthirsty "zombie" is living in the community, people block the entrances to their homes at night. Travelers avoid lonely sojourns after dark, afraid of encountering a jungle spirit who eats the bowels of passing victims. The list of spirits is innumerable, but Western societies

often dismiss them as ignorant superstitions.

As Christians, we know that the devil's agents persecute the inhabitants of this earth. My own family has experienced the intangible presence of a malevolent spirit, but when we sought God's presence, the being left.

When people run to God for help and experience His power to dispel the powers of darkness, they know immediately that He is real. Then they quickly want to learn how they can become followers of this benevolent Helper.

Gregory Whitsett

Director of the Global Mission Center for East Asian Religions



About our cover photo . . .

In a church in a mountain village in China, this woman was one of a group of women who greeted us on Sabbath morning with a song. Their faces were filled with character and I could tell they loved to sing. Later in church I noticed this woman sitting a few rows behind me at the end of a pew. After church I pointed my camera at her and she smiled at me.

The Adventist Church has experienced amazing growth in China. Yet in a country of more than 1.3 billion people, there is still so much to do.

See page six for more.

Rick Kajjura

Office of Adventist Mission





Muddy Roads and Mysterious Paths



Lowell and Neria Jenks serve as missionaries in South Sudan. They've just returned from their annual leave, refreshed and determined to continue with the task the Lord has given them to do in their corner of the world. The following is an excerpt from one of their recent letters.

The Lord has blessed us with safe travels from New Orleans to Brussels to Entebbe to Kampala to Arua and eventually home again to Eyira Adventist Vocational Academy in South Sudan.

Presumably, we're in the middle of the dry season, but last night in Arua we went to sleep to the sound of rain. That's not a big deal where the roads are paved and well-drained but with 210 miles of dirt between Arua and home, it was reason for concern. I'm glad I wasn't driving because the roads were awful. A trip we've made in less than eight hours in the

past took twelve hours. Poor Neria was so stressed, she broke out in hives. I told her that next time I'll blindfold her and give her a sedative. Ha!

The driver and I repeatedly got out to lock/unlock the front hubs. We passed semis that were stuck, turned over, or jackknifed, and detoured through new trails hacked in the bush. The Lord is good—we didn't have to spend the night stuck on the road somewhere, and for that we're thankful.

When we got home, we

hit the ground running with dust rags, brooms, mops, and lots of elbow grease. The openings above the windows and doors allow all kinds of dust and ash to blow into the house, not to mention the armada of spiders

Right: The road we traveled home. Top: A mud hut church that we are hoping to replace with a new brick structure. Far right: Students in my small-engine mechanics class.



that take up residence when one is gone for a number of weeks. But the house is now in order and Neria and I have turned our attention to our work areas.

As I began cleaning my woodworking shop, I found that I had a visitor while I'd been away. I came across the shed skin of a nine-foot green mamba! This snake is especially venomous and its bite is potentially fatal. Needless to say, I'm claiming Job 5

and keeping on high alert for his live self lurking around my teaching area.

The secondary classes are supposed to begin tomorrow and the vocational classes next week. But we're still missing a principal and five teaching staff.

I'm disappointed with the progress of the new church in Farasika. Ten thousand bricks are needed but only 2,000 have been made in the past two months. If we're to begin putting

and a pulpit, and 4 podium chairs and a Communion table for the Farasika church. There's a good chance an additional 20 pews will be needed for another church a couple hundred miles away. (We will ship the pews unassembled, otherwise they might be sawdust by the time they arrive over these roads.)

Please pray for our family and the challenges we face in South Sudan. We know that it is you, our prayer army,

Neria, our son, Stephen, and I are your average American Seventh-day Adventist family. No halos, no special previous accomplishments, no visions in the middle of the night! We were called to Eyira Adventist Vocational Academy in Western Equatoria, South Sudan, in 2009 from Holbrook Seventh-day Adventist Mission School in Holbrook, Arizona.

While at Holbrook, we were involved with outreach to the Navajo people. With a growing desire to increase that involvement, we began praying, "Lord, we will go wherever You want us to go and do whatever You want us to do." We assumed God would lead us to further ministry with the Navajo people. Instead, He led us on a mysterious path to South Sudan.

We've never been so challenged in our lives, but neither have we been so richly blessed. God's promises are sure. His leading never falters. And He has never led us on a path we wouldn't have chosen to take had we been able to see the end from the beginning!



up walls in time, things are going to have to shift into higher gear.

My woodworking class will begin soon and I have several projects lined up for my students: 14 tables for the library and computer lab, 14 locking cabinets for several of the offices and staff room, 16 pews

who sustains us by God's grace. Here are a few specific requests:

- For revival and reformation in each of our lives.
- For the administrative, staffing, and financial needs of our school.
- That the Holy Spirit will inspire our students with an earnest desire to do their best in all areas.
- The completion of the little church in Farasika.

May the Lord bless and keep each one of you. Thank you for all you've done and continue to do to support us here.

In Christ,
Lowell, Neria, and
Stephen Jenks



Shoes for Kassem

The Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA) supports school children in Gambia and around the world through a valuable new partnership.

Kassem loves school. As the sixth of eight children, his parents struggle just to feed and clothe him. Kassem would never have been able to afford his school fees if not for the help and motivation of a supportive neighbor.

Even though the neighbor moved away, taking his financial support with him, nine-year-old Kassem was determined to stay in school. While it's a constant struggle for his parents to find the money for books and fees, now that Kassem has a taste of learning it's impossible to keep him away.

"Unlike many other children who often want to skip school, Kassem tries his best to attend," says Kassem's teacher, Charles Jatta. "Even if we send him home when he can't afford his school fees, he sneaks back into class. That's how dedicated and committed he is."

Like many children in rural Gambia, Kassem walks a long distance to school each day. He makes the trip barefoot. His parents can barely afford food for the family, and after paying Kassem's school fees, there is nothing left for basic necessities like shoes.

"I used to have slippers, but they are full of holes," says Kassem. "I patched them for a long time, but

they're so old I can't use them anymore."

ADRA is hard at work in Gambia, focusing on children like Kassem. Literacy rates are below 50 percent, and preventable diseases and parasites are particularly deadly to children.

To fight these problems, ADRA recently installed clean water and sanitation facilities at Kassem's school. A safe water source means lower rates of waterborne diseases, such as typhoid, and leads to increased school attendance.

Along with these improvements, ADRA distributed another basic necessity—shoes. Through a partnership with TOMS Shoes, ADRA is distributing sturdy canvas footwear to schoolchildren in Gambia and around the world.

TOMS pioneered the One for One® model, giving a pair of new shoes to a child in need with every pair they sell. ADRA is proud to be a TOMS Giving Partner. Since April 2012, ADRA has already distributed TOMS' shoes to grateful children in 12 countries. Kassem was one of the first.



An ADRA worker fits Kassem for his new pair of shoes.



Schoolchildren in Tanzania are in their uniforms and ready for class thanks to ADRA and TOMS Shoes.



Kassem happily accepted his new TOMS shoes. He plans to wear them to school each day and says he will take special care of them so they will last as long as possible.

“When ADRA gave me these TOMS shoes, it made me very happy,” says Kassem. “My mother will also be happy, because every day I ask her to buy me shoes and she says she doesn’t have the money.”

Kassem vows to continue attending school and dreams of being a doctor someday. ADRA knows that educating children like Kassem is essential to breaking the cycle of poverty. Educated, healthy children have



A girl at Kassem’s school shows off her new shoes. In many areas of the world, shoes are a required part of school uniforms, and without them children may not be able to attend.

Shoes protect children from dangerous parasites such as hookworm, tungiasis, and other conditions. With sturdy shoes on their feet, children are also more likely to make the long walk to school each day.

the tools to achieve their dreams and support their future families.

ADRA’s mission is to provide care and service to the poor and suffering in this world, but our work touches more than just physical needs. By reaching out with unconditional love and compassion, ADRA fulfills its mission of “changing the world, one life at a time.”

Matt Herzel is a technical assistant for Constituency Development at ADRA International in Silver Spring, Maryland.



The Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA)

is the global humanitarian organization of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. ADRA is fighting poverty and developing communities in more than 120 countries around the world. We represent the unconditional love of Jesus to children, women, and men through a broad spectrum of development and emergency relief programs. Visit us at www.adra.org.

In 2006, American traveler Blake Mycoskie befriended children in a village in Argentina and found they had no shoes to protect their feet. Wanting to help, he created TOMS Shoes, a company that would match every pair of shoes purchased with a pair of new shoes given to a child in need—One for One®. Since then, TOMS has evolved from a shoe company to the One for One company, and is now addressing an entirely new need around the world in addition to shoes through eyewear.



A Daily Mission

Helen Hall has served as an Adventist volunteer for 42 years. To our knowledge, she is the longest, continuously serving Adventist volunteer.

Meet Helen Hall. She's an Adventist Volunteer Service worker from Australia, working at an Adventist school in Asia for kids grades 1-12.

Her dedication and passion for the job have allowed hundreds of children to graduate and move on to opportunities they may not have had otherwise.

"If you have just a roof over your head and enough space, you can work and the kids can learn," Helen says. "I get a great deal of pleasure when I see kids who come from a family where no one has ever been to school, and they're the first ones to go through to grade six, and then they're the first ones to finish year twelve, and then they're the first ones to go to college."

Adventist Volunteer Service (AVS) enables people to serve in a mission setting globally. This includes a huge variety of jobs and tasks. For Helen, it

has meant serving as an administrator for more than 40 years.

The mission at this school is for the students to receive a quality Adventist education.

"It's very difficult for a Buddhist to become a Christian," says Helen, "and if they do it too quickly, it causes big problems in their family. But if they wait

and go a little more slowly, then they can get by."

Helen's experience has taught her what works and what doesn't work in reaching Buddhists. She has had



For many classes, the children have no textbooks. Their classrooms are divided from each other by only a curtain.

quite a bit of success in teaching her students about Jesus.

“On a normal day we try to get everybody to worship by eight-thirty. Then we just go through the classes,” says Helen.

After they graduate, most of the students go on to university. Some agree to return to the school and work a certain number of years. This is how Helen is guaranteed workers to keep the school running. “We have a lot of teachers here who came to us as young students from non-Christian homes and they’re wonderful workers now.”

In addition to serving as the school administrator, Helen teaches science, English, math, and Bible.

Atu is a graduate from Helen’s school.

He now works in villages telling people about Jesus. Atu has started multiple churches in these villages. The villag-



ers love hearing stories from the Bible. Most of them are hearing the name Jesus for the first time.

Atu knows that God has blessed him with the opportunity to do this. He gained a strong grasp of the Bible while at the school and is now passing on his knowledge to others. He is just one of many graduates using what they have learned at the school for God’s glory.

Despite its successes, the school faces many challenges such as religious barriers and lack of financial resources, educational materials, and even space. But when these challenges surface, Helen turns to God.

“When we get discouraged, the Lord sends us a blessing and then we

know that He’s still with us,” she says. “No man has enough wisdom to know what to do. Only God can guide us as to how we should go.”

As you can see, the service of an AVS worker has the power to change lives. AVS workers can teach people about Jesus and set them on the right path for their lives. Helen is just one of many AVS workers around the world. Please remember them in your prayers.

To watch a video of Helen and her school, visit www.Mission360Mag.org/Videos.

Ricky Oliveras

Office of Adventist Mission



Children learn to type on manual typewriters.

A student eager to learn.





Mango Mania

Mangoes, one of the sweetest tropical fruits, are cultivated in most frost-free climates. They are loved everywhere, but they are named as the national fruit of India, Pakistan, and the Philippines.

Here are three mango recipes to enjoy with family and friends.

India

India is the largest producer of mangoes, but most of the harvest is consumed within the country. This recipe is shared by Shyamala Ram who works in the Office of Adventist Mission.

Mango Lassi (Serves 2)

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup plain yogurt
- ½ cup whole milk
- 1 cup chopped mango
- 4 teaspoons of sugar (optional)
- 1 pinch of salt

PREPARATION

- Put yogurt, milk, mango, sugar (if used), and salt into a blender. Puree for 2 minutes or until completely smooth.
- Serve immediately in pretty glasses or refrigerate for up to 24 hours.

Caribbean Islands

Salsas are believed to have originated in Central and South America as part of Aztec, Incan, and Mayan cuisines. Caribbean cooks frequently combine spices with fruit. Use it in the same way you would use tomato-based salsas.

Mango Salsa (Serves 6–8)

INGREDIENTS

- 2 mangoes, peeled and chopped
- ½ cup red bell pepper, seeded and finely chopped
- 2 green onions, white and light green parts only, sliced thin
- 3–4 tablespoons fresh cilantro, chopped
- 1–2 jalapeño chile peppers, seeded and chopped
- 3 tablespoons fresh lime juice
- 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice or orange juice
- ¼ teaspoon salt

PREPARATION

- In a nonmetallic bowl, mix all ingredients.
- Cover and let ingredients infuse for at least 30 minutes before serving.



Spain

Some say that mangoes first arrived in Spain on large galleons or multilayered cargo ships, laden with exotic treasures. Orchards have been successfully cultivated there for centuries.

Mango and Avocado Salad (Serves 4)

INGREDIENTS

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 mangoes, peeled and diced | 2 tablespoons olive oil |
| 2 avocados, peeled and cubed | 1 tablespoon fresh lime juice |
| 1–2 green onions, sliced thin | 1 pinch of salt |
| 2 tablespoons fresh cilantro, chopped | 1 pinch of sugar |

PREPARATION

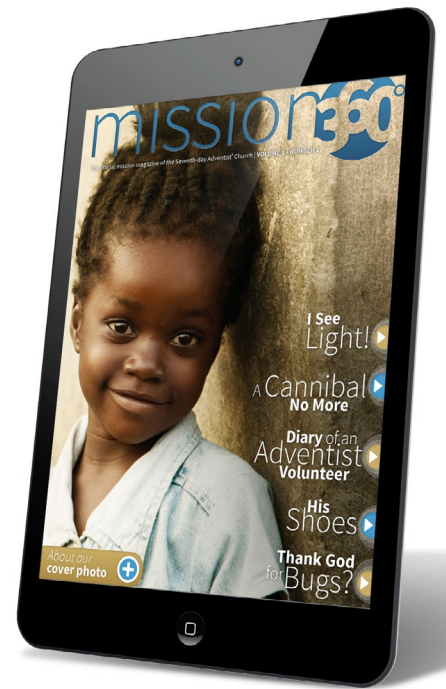
- Place the mangoes, avocados, green onions, and cilantro in a bowl.
- In a separate bowl, whisk the olive oil, lime juice, salt, and sugar together.
- Drizzle the salad dressing over the fruit and vegetables. Stir gently so that the avocados doesn't become mashed. Serve immediately.

Nancy Kyte
Office of Adventist Mission



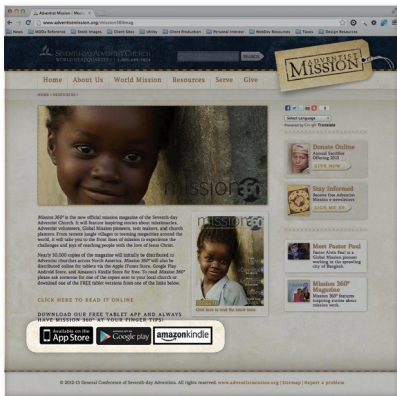
mission360° ONLINE

Nearly 50,000 copies of this magazine were initially mailed to Adventist churches and church members across North America. But *Mission 360°* is more than a traditional print magazine. It was also distributed electronically to tablets around the world. To date it is available on three of the largest e-reader platforms, Apple's iPad, Google's Android tablets, and Amazon's Kindle*, absolutely free.

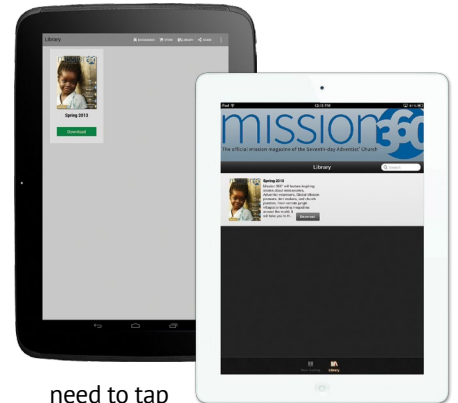


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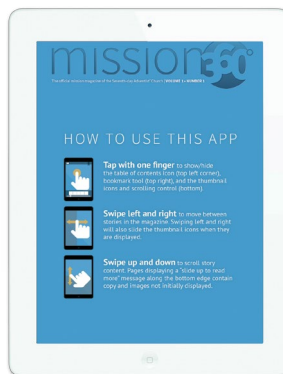
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Hans Olson
Office of Adventist Mission





Bits From Bangladesh

If I wrote about everything noteworthy that has happened here, I could write a book. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately for you, I am working full time and do not have time for that.

A couple of months ago, I slipped and fell in the shower.

I was horrified to see my arm deeply cut and split open. I grabbed my arm with my other hand and screamed. Providentially, my husband, Jim, was still in the house. He would have been on his way to worship about five minutes later.

About knee level in the shower there was a sharp piece of plumbing that stuck out about eight inches from the wall. That is what sliced through my arm. I asked Jim to get something for a tourniquet, but I ended up wrapping my arm in a small towel and holding it tightly until we got to



the hospital. At the hospital, they put gauze on it. When we took a quick peek, it looked like a string of gauze had stuck to my arm. That little white string turned out to be a nerve.

It took a plastic surgeon an hour to put me back together. The sharp object dug through the inside of my arm more than a half inch deep, three inches long, and about one inch wide. Miraculously, it did not cut a tendon, major blood vessel, or major muscle! Right after the accident, I saw that all my fingers still worked and that I had feeling.

People tell me that they are sorry about what happened. All I can

think of is how blessed I am that I will have full function very soon. So far, I am amazed at how well the scar is healing.

The week after my accident Madhya Roy, the Women's Ministries, Health Ministries, and Shepards director, and I were scheduled to put on a two-day training seminar for directors and leaders in our departmental areas. The traditional *orna* (scarf) came in handy. I learned to make a nice, comfortable sling out of it.

The photo on the lower left shows some of the attendees at the training seminar. The women are always so pretty in their saris or *salwar kamise*.

This seems to be revival meeting time. We have been to revival meetings in the South, North, and East Missions. My husband is the president of the Bangladesh Adventist Union Mission and I am the Children's Ministries and Family Ministries director, so we often travel to the missions and meet with the people. The picture to the right is of the first revival meeting we went to in the south. I love the tent! The seating arrangement is interesting in this part of the world.





The men sit cross-legged on the left and the women sit cross-legged on the right. Fortunately, they put a couple of benches in the back for foreigners.

These people sat cross-legged for worship before breakfast. Then they came back and sat cross-legged until lunch. Then they sat cross-legged for the rest of the day. It was about nine in the evening when they stopped for supper. They sat cross-legged for 13 sermons that day!

The music was great. I really hope that the Bangladeshis can hang onto their traditional music.

The floor of the tent is covered with tarps that the people sit on. Shoes are left at the edge of the tarp. We hope we can find our shoes when we come back out!

Our second trip to revival meetings was up north. We stayed in the guest rooms at the Jalchatra Adventist Seminary and School. In the photo above you can see the door to our room. You can also see our shower,

which consists of a large red bucket full of water, a red dipper, and some soap, located on our front



porch. I never quite figured out how a bath was supposed to happen on the front porch! I ended up having Jim pull it inside.

One of the most significant things I am learning is that we can get along



The photo above shows the line of people waiting to see a visiting doctor for free medical service.



without many things that I used to consider essential. I have to tell myself that if



It was great to hear the people sing and to see their devotion and hunger to learn more about God.

Please pray for us in Bangladesh. We are struggling with some very difficult problems.

Love,
Janell Brauer

the people here can do without it, so can I.

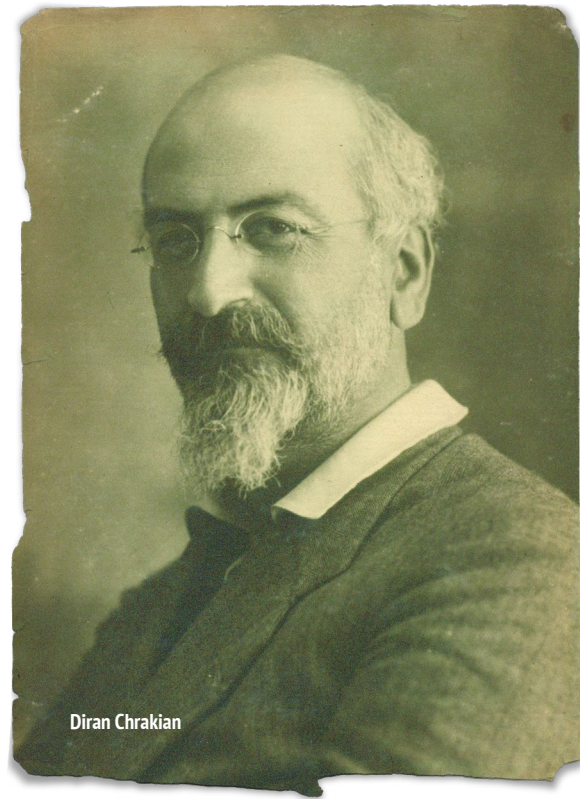
At the revival meeting location, there were ropes tied between trees planted in long rows. Tarps were thrown over the ropes and that was the lodging for most of the attendees (pictured above with "doors" open and closed).

Jim and I have been in Bangladesh for the past year. He is the president of the Bangladesh Union Mission and I am the Children's Ministries and Family Ministries director. Before Bangladesh, we were in the Philippines for two and a half years where I taught art at the Adventist University of the Philippines and Jim was the Adventist Mission director. This has been my first mission experience. I am starting late!



The Forgotten Missionary

Diran Chrakian lit an expensive cigar, picked up the volume on the table, and reclined in his favorite chair. As the soft smoke wafted through the air of the study, the sounds of neighborhood children returning from school hummed in the distance.



Diran Chrakian

After an hour, his housekeeper tapped on the door to announce a visitor. Diran made his way to the outer room where a man stood with a briefcase. After introductions Diran learned that his visitor, Nicolos Tefronides, was some kind of religious book salesman. Once Nicolos started into his spiel, he didn't stop, handing volume after volume to Diran. For his part, Diran was having trouble balancing the books in one hand and the cigar in the other.

Diran invited Nicolos to his study, where, to Nicolos's surprise, his host pulled every book he had in his briefcase from his shelf, handing them to him with a grin. Diran then explained that one of his colleagues at the Armenian University of Constantinople had given them to him. An avowed atheist, Diran had no interest in religion, but a friend of his convinced him that there was a God. Shortly after, Diran joined a Christian church.

Listening quietly, Nicolos suddenly broke in, "My friend, if you have all

these books, I am surprised you still smoke cigars!"

Embarrassed, Diran immediately extinguished the cigar and never touched tobacco again after that autumn day in 1914.

That Saturday the 44-year-old Diran Chrakian, famous philosopher and author, entered the 12 x 20 foot Seventh-day Adventist meeting room in the bustling capital of Turkey, quietly sliding into the front pew. After Nicolos's visit, Diran read the Adventist books on the shelf and had to learn more about this religion.

The minister was a Swiss man named Emil Frauchiger who spoke in English while a tiny Turkish teenager named Diamondola ("Little Diamond") Keanides translated. As Diran looked around the congregation, he felt a sense of awe. Here were Armenians, Greeks, Germans, Jews, and Turks, naturally bitter enemies, worshiping together like a loving family. But what impressed Diran most was the beauty and symmetry of the truth presented that morning. Week after week he at-

tended the services until he embraced the Seventh-day Adventist message.

When Diran became an Adventist, his family disowned him and he was divested of his tenured position at the university. To make matters worse, his baptism was delayed due to military conscription. Turkey was entering World War I and demanded that all able-bodied men report for duty. Yet Diran had never been happier, for he had found Jesus. He witnessed to fellow draftees and soldiers, winning converts to Adventism. But his outspokenness for Christ put him on the government's radar, and he was targeted for Sabbath keeping and his refusal to bear arms. Providentially, he was able to pay a tax that relieved him of military service.

Back in Constantinople, the homeless and jobless Diran stayed with fellow believers. Finally baptized by Elder Frauchiger, he entered the ministry. Diran's spiritual progress astounded the Adventists in the city. His zeal for Christ was infectious and his faith in God unflinching. He spent

entire nights in prayer on behalf of those he labored for, and a holy atmosphere was said to surround him. He preached with unbelievable power and members were added to the church daily under his ministry.

On August 1, 1916, Diran was imprisoned on the trumped-up charge of plotting against the government by spreading subversive teachings. Jailed in a large



Left: Adventist meeting house in Istanbul.



Above: A scene from the Armenian Death March.



Left to right: Nicos Tefronides, colporteur; Diran Chrakian; Paul Bridde, missionary in Turkey; Emil Frauchiger, minister; and Diamondola, translator and missionary in Turkey.

radiating love and faith in Jesus, was the last they heard from him.

The final days of Diran's life were related by one of his converts. He reported that Diran was found guilty of preaching a new religion and forming a new church. He was sentenced to exile in what became known as a death march or the Armenian Genocide. Forced to walk in chains for days with little food or water, Diran was taunted by fellow prisoners crying, "Where is Jesus whom you trust?" Undaunted, Diran preached to his tormentors of the love of Christ

ward, all Diran saw were men for whom Christ died. After a month, influential friends orchestrated Diran's release, but when guards came to free him, he begged them to allow him to finish his sermon.

As World War I dragged on, Diran was drafted into the army and severely tried for his beliefs again. Appearing before the highest military tribunals, he eloquently bore witness to the truth. When the war ended in November 1918, Diran rallied the Adventists in Constantinople and established new groups of believers.

When Diamondola, the teenage translator, fell ill and died, Diran hurried to her home. Met by her two weeping nurses, he was led to the bed where the dead girl lay. Grasping the nurses' hands, Diran asked if they believed in the power of God to raise

the dead. Both women nodded. As Diran prayed, the room seemed to be filled with the very presence of God. Upon finishing, he rose, strode over to the bed, took Diamondola's lifeless hand in his, and said, "In the name of Jesus Christ I say unto you, arise." The nurses, still kneeling with eyes closed, ventured a peek toward the bed. To their amazement, they saw Diamondola stir, then sit up. Diran directed them to bring her some milk, and they complied, beside themselves with excitement.

For the next two years, Diran blazed across Asia Minor in the same cities where the apostle Paul had labored. In April 1921, he wrote to Adventists in Constantinople that he had been imprisoned and asked them to pray for him as he witnessed to prisoners and guards. The letter,

until a brutal fever crippled him. Some of the exiles whom he had converted carried Diran as far as they could. When they could bear him no longer, they constructed a crude sedan for his inert body. When this grew too burdensome, they bargained with a soldier to let the dying man ride on horseback.

After days in the harsh desert, his friends rejoiced as the cavalcade came upon a meadow. There they gently lowered the dying Diran onto a bed of grass. His last words to his converts were to love each other and have faith in God. Diran Chrakian died on July 8, 1921.

Benjamin Baker is the assistant archivist at the Seventh-day Adventist Church world headquarters.





A Big, Big God

I'm sitting down to write an update about my family that I have put off for weeks, knowing that I would probably write it with tears in my eyes.

Wayne and Carol Boehm
with their sons, Brady and Jacob.



We are on the move—again. My husband, Wayne, has been asked to be the general secretary for the Trans Pacific Union Mission in Fiji, an honor for him and an exciting move for our family, but—how do you say Goodbye to a place that has changed your lives forever? I'll tell you how—quickly!

Last week we were in Fiji checking out schools for the boys, finding a car, and looking at our house. We have come back to the Solomon Islands to finish the final two weeks of our assignment in Honiara. In that time we will have farewells from schools, churches, and the office. And somewhere in there we will pack up, sell up, and clean up!

One of the things I have learned here is to plan big for God, no matter how few your resources. Some pretty amazing things have been achieved during the past two years: a huge mission outreach, the setting up of a nationwide radio station (still in progress), a health program that has reached more than 100 people and is exploding in popularity, smaller missions on every island, and large-scale renovations at Betikama Adventist College.

How was all this achieved with no money? God truly owns the cattle on a thousand hills. He has moved on the hearts of so many people who have given until it hurts. And He has multiplied their gifts so that the money stretches further than we ever dreamed possible. I heard Wayne say

the other day that he wants to change the nametag on his door from "President" to "Passenger" because we have been on an amazing roller-coaster ride with Jesus at the controls. Now we move to Fiji in the hope that we can revisit the results we've had in many other missions across the Pacific. We go boldly, intending to plan on a huge scale and then watch as the Lord provides.

Another lesson I've learned is to never be ashamed of your God. The Solomon Islanders talk openly about their loving Father. They never hesitate to say grace in public, to pray in a huddle at airports or wharfs, or to invite strangers to meetings or socials. Their boldness has been a silent witness to me and I thank them for that.

Exciting things are happening at Savo, our closest neighboring island. We have tried in vain on several occasions to witness to a few of the villages there. The last time our pastor tried, he was expelled from the area. But then the annual Dorcas Federation met in Savo, and things began

to change. Every year dozens of Seventh-day Adventist Dorcas members from area churches visit a remote area where there is much need to minister to people. They enter the village singing so that everyone knows they are there. They offer workshops on cooking, sewing, dyeing fabric, sewing machine repair, hospitality, and Bible study. One day is set aside for what they call "Highways and Byways." This is when they distribute bundles of clothing and food and mix with the locals. The ladies turn the region upside down! And while the women are being the hands and feet of Jesus, the men cook for them, enabling them to focus completely on their ministry. The women make friends and reach out to the people and the men follow up with meetings and baptisms. They make a fantastic team!

One of the great needs on Savo was for a water tank. The Adventists gave a tank to another church, absolutely amazing the priest and the entire congregation. They wondered why Adventists would care whether or not they had fresh water to drink. And hearts began to soften.

Recently, young people from our Mbekona church went to camp at Savo and to quietly witness to the villagers. When they arrived, they were overwhelmed to be given a welcome fit for a king. They were even invited to hold their Sabbath worship in the non-Adventist church with many of the locals attending! In turn, our youth attended their church service on Sunday. Our pastor was even asked to preach. What topic did he choose? The Sabbath! Nerves of steel, I tell you!

Our young people made friends with many of the local youth, some of whom have told them they want to become Adventists because they are a people of the Word and people of action. They have been invited back to hold meetings, and surrounding villagers have begun to show an interest in attending. Ivan Ghemu, the head elder, said to me, "I was planning on ways to make a difference there, but instead I've been running as fast as I can to keep up with God."

Another story comes from the beautiful island of Choiseul. The regional director and his team were holding outreach meetings there when they heard about a woman who had been living in the bush by herself for 30 years and had turned feral. She had been living with a pack of ten dogs. It took a few days

for them to find her, but when they did, they were shocked to see a wild woman with fiery eyes and completely unkempt hair and nails. They gently befriended her and asked her to come back to the village with them. She did. Slowly the community reached out to her and she began to attend some of the meetings. We have just gotten word that she has responded to a call to give her life to Jesus.

The last story comes from a minister's wife in Honiara. In 1986, Christine became a Seventh-day Adventist. Her family was horrified, especially her brother. She was disowned and told to leave the village. Luckily, it was around that time that she decided to study nursing at Atoifi, our Adventist hospital on the island of Malaita. Little did she know that her mother and father mourned deeply for her. When she returned home for reconciliation, everyone in the village welcomed her except her brother. He had not forgiven her for leaving their beloved church. He told everyone that he disapproved of her being there and that this Adventist church should be taken and "thrown into the mangroves." (This was the stretch of beach used as toilets for the village.)

For more than 20 years, he interrogated her about her beliefs and beat her mercilessly. One time she noticed a bush knife sitting on the table beside him. "Even if you chop my head off I will not renounce my beliefs," she said. This infuriated him even more and he beat her more fiercely than ever before. She was black and blue the next day, but she felt no pain and kept praising God for His goodness.

When I asked her why she kept going back, she simply said, "I stopped fearing death or pain a long time ago. These are my family and I am the only Seventh-day Adventist who they will let into their village. What else can I do?"

When Christine married, she took her husband, Gary, back to her village with her (he is a nurse and an Adventist pastor). The village was so embarrassed about the beatings that they felt that they needed to compensate Gary for the shame that had been brought on him. They allowed him to run a mission in the village and even let the Burns Creek church build some pit toilets for them. This was a huge need for them and their hearts began to soften. Eventually, five people were baptized from this village. The baptism was held in the water at the end of a pier that separates the now unused men's and women's mangrove areas.

The devil may have wanted to throw Adventists into the putrid water, but God had other ideas of how this water could be used! Because of this dear woman's faithfulness, her whole village is beginning to open up to Jesus.

Well, the time has come for me to sign off. Thank you for sharing our journey. And thank you for your prayers. God has been faithful to our family and protected and blessed us beyond belief. I must be the luckiest woman in the world!

Love,
Carol Boehm

Our family moved to the Solomon Islands in 2011 for what we thought would be a five-year stint. The Lord had other ideas. In the two years He allowed us to serve Him there, Wayne worked as the president of the Solomon Islands Mission while I homeschooled my eldest son and introduced CHIP (Complete Health Improvement Program) to Honiara. People often ask us where home is and I stare at them blankly before trying to explain that it is a more difficult question than they probably realize. Wayne is from Melbourne and I am from Sydney; our last Australian appointment was in Tasmania; and we now serve God in Fiji. The best way to answer the question is, "When I finally hang my hat on that golden stand in my mansion in heaven, then I'll be home!"

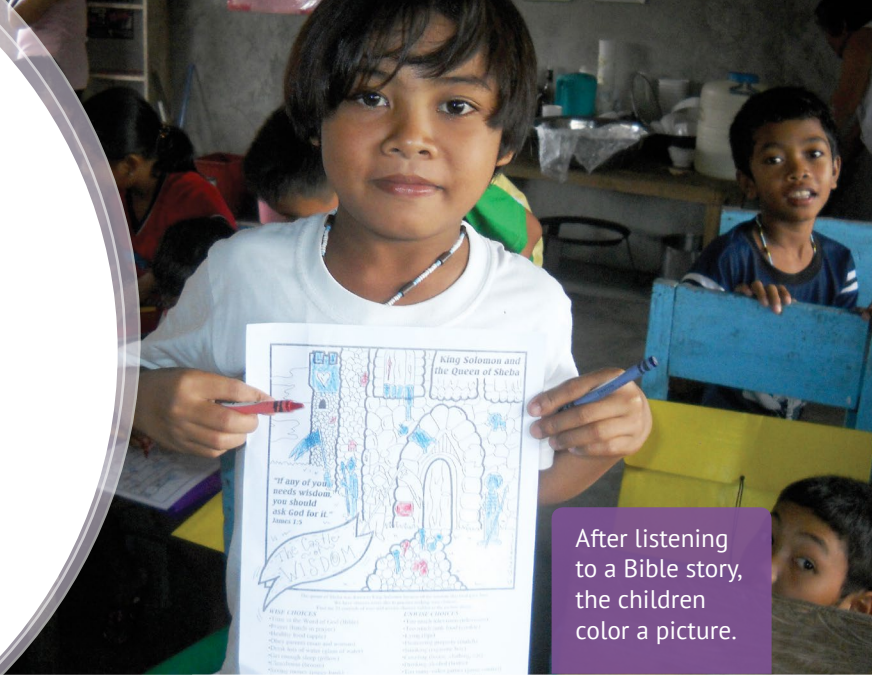


Children at a beach on Makira Island, Solomon Islands.



Smiles and Slippers

Your mission offerings accomplish some pretty exciting things around the world! Recently they helped support a Vacation Bible School (VBS) in the Philippines to reach out to the children of the Katutubo tribe. Katutubo are the indigenous people of Mindoro, the seventh largest island of the Philippines.



After listening to a Bible story, the children color a picture.



Every day the children enjoy listening to Bible stories and participating in crafts. They also learn about how to care for their bodies through proper eating and hygiene.



Coloring and cutting out a crown is fun!

The children learn songs and how to pray.



Jane's son, N. J., models a crown.



Marlo recites a memory verse.



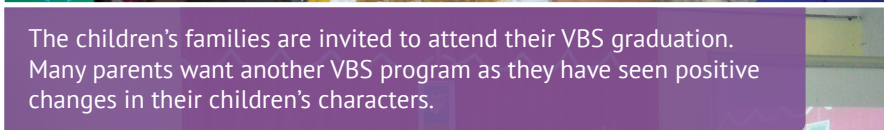
On the last day of VBS, each child receives a pair of slippers.



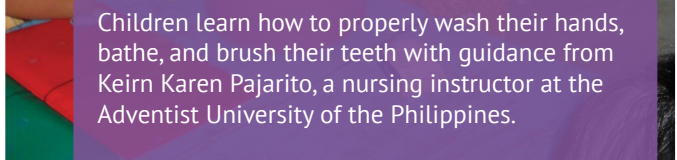
The children enjoy a healthful, delicious meal after the activities.



Children learn how to properly wash their hands, bathe, and brush their teeth with guidance from Keirn Karen Pajarito, a nursing instructor at the Adventist University of the Philippines.



The children's families are invited to attend their VBS graduation. Many parents want another VBS program as they have seen positive changes in their children's characters.



Each child is given a towel, nail clippers, cotton swabs, soap, shampoo, and toothpaste.



Your mission and world budget offerings help support hundreds of projects such as this one all around the world. Thank you!

Story provided by Jane Fajut, Adventist Mission office, Southern Asia-Pacific Division. Jane directed the VBS program, assisted by members of the Macatoc and Bagong Buhay Seventh-day Adventist churches.





Teaching the Teacher

I volunteered in South Korea in a little town known as Gwang Neung Nae. I taught English to three-year-old Korean children.

There were 20 of them in my class and they were quite a handful! They often tried my patience, but it was worth it all. I can confidently say that the best days of my life were spent in Korea. I learned about God’s love, about life, and about having faith when all seemed lost.

Why did I choose to volunteer in the first place? Well, I wish I had a noble and honest reason. My life wasn’t going the way I wanted and I was tired of it all—the broken relationships, the quest for happiness in all the wrong places, dissatisfaction with my job, and so on. My life was a big mess. I was born and brought up in a Christian home with all the right principles but somewhere along the way I had lost it all.

So when my cousin, who was already a volunteer, asked if I wanted to try being one, I said Yes. What did I have to lose? I thought it would be a great opportunity to see a new place and meet new people. My intentions were not exactly honorable but God used the experience to turn my life around and to show me that He’s always been there, even when I’ve been unfaithful. I was reunited with a God I knew and loved as a child. This time, my love for Him came from a heart filled with gratitude for His amazing grace to me.

The children I worked with taught me about God’s unconditional love.

I realized that if I, as their teacher, could love them even when they were being difficult or getting hurt as a result of their disobedience, how much more must our Father in heaven love us!

Choosing to volunteer in South Korea was the best decision I’ve ever made. It was the beginning of a new chapter in my life. Not because I got to see a new place or meet new people, though that was an added bonus, but because I got to experience God on a personal level. Maybe I didn’t get to see signs and wonders in the sky, but I experienced Him through the everyday challenges of volunteer life. The journey wasn’t smooth, but I’m grateful for the trials that came my way because they taught me that God will never leave me.



Top to bottom: Girls wearing hanbok, the traditional Korean dress. Cityscape of Seoul, the capital of South Korea. Deoksugung Palace in Seoul.

I would recommend volunteer service to everyone. It’s an unforgettable experience. You’ll be blessed in many ways you didn’t think were possible.

Tulsi Sundare Bolwari-Montez is originally from Meghalaya, India. She served as a Bible and English teacher at the Gwang Neung Nae Church in South Korea. Tulsi is waiting for another opportunity to serve as a volunteer along with her husband. She believes that “once a volunteer, always a volunteer.”

If you’re interested in serving as a volunteer, visit www.AdventistVolunteers.org.

South Korea is home to immigrants from all over Asia. They come to find work, but sometimes they struggle to find a place to call home. Discover what the Seventh-day Adventist Church is doing to reach out to immigrants by visiting www.Mission360Mag.org/Videos.



CHILDREN'S STORY

A Workday Becomes an Adventure

It was Friday morning and the crew from Gimbie Hospital had piled into the back of the hospital's ambulance, ready to head back to Gimbie. They had spent a productive morning at the Mugi Clinic, treating eye patients and delivering paychecks to the clinic workers. They even had time to catch a few butterflies for a research project before they left.

Along the way, the group stopped at the Gulisso Clinic to offer their help. Since mangoes were in season, they happily loaded the ambulance with sweet fruit from the trees that surrounded the clinic. Now it was time to head back to Gimbie.

All went well until there was a sudden *bang!* The staff members were thrown around the back of the ambulance. Mangoes flew in all directions. They were used to having flat tires on bad roads, but this seemed worse. Had they hit something?

Soon Mark realized that the ambulance's steel crossbar had become unbolted from jarring over too many potholes. This was bad news. Mark and Yohannis began to set a jack in place while the others went back over the muddy road to look for the missing bolt. Carefully they searched for the bolt, even using sticks to swish through mud puddles.

Then the jack slipped and cut off the tip of Yohannis's finger. Kirsten immediately began first aid, and they realized very quickly that Yohannis needed to go to the hospital right away. But the ambulance wasn't driv-

able! They prayed for a solution and discussed what they should do. All at once, a sleek new car drove up and stopped beside them. The window rolled down and a well-dressed Ethiopian man in sunglasses asked if they needed a ride. Petra, Kirsten, and Yohannis climbed into the car. The others would remain with the ambulance, completely on their own with no cell phone reception.

But a few hours later the ambulance rumbled into the compound! Mark told them that shortly after the shiny car left for the hospital, some of the villagers began offering various tools and materials to help fix the ambulance. By the grace of God, he was able to repair the vehicle just enough to get it home.

Before reaching the hospital, as they drove through another small village, a crowd of people swarmed into the road, waving for them to stop. A sudden thunderstorm had just swept through the area. Five men huddling together under a tree for shelter had been struck by lightning. They were still alive, but they needed urgent



medical care. The broken ambulance had arrived in their village just in time. The patients were taken to the hospital in Gimbie, where they received care. And everyone else was back too—safe and sound.

Paul and Petra Howe served as volunteer missionaries at Gimbie Hospital in Ethiopia.



Remember when mission work was the most important thing we did as a church?

It still is.

Every day nearly 1,000 Adventist missionaries serve in more than 200 countries around the world. Some labor in remote villages while others share Jesus' love in the world's great cities.

Your prayers and support of the mission offering and World Mission Budget help give our missionaries the resources they need to reach millions of people who are still waiting to know Jesus.

How to give your mission offering:

- During Sabbath School
- Online at <https://giving.AdventistMission.org>
- In North America, mark a tithe envelope "World Budget" at your local church or call 800-648-5824

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Thank you for being part of it!

