I. Death of Dr. Clark Lamberton

Ralph Smith <Ralph@smithtimes.com> June 24:

Dr. Clark Lamberton, a long-time Seventh-day Adventist missionary dentist in Thailand, passed away Thursday, June 23, 2011.

He had returned to the United States last month to visit his family and friends and passed away peacefully from heart failure, knowing that he was in the secure arms of a loving Savior.

Clark, and his wife Evelyn, went to Thailand in 1957 and in the early 1980's when the denomination faced world-wide budget cutbacks, elected to stay on as self-supporting missionaries. He practiced dentistry in Bangkok and in Chiang Mai until his retirement in March of 2010 at the age of 90.

Evelyn passed away in Chiang Mai, Thailand from cancer in 1987 and is awaiting the Lords return there.

Dr. Lamberton’s funeral service will be held at the Thai Seventh-day Adventist Church at 10855 New Jersey Street in Redlands, California 92373
(Tel: 909-335-2272) on Friday, July 1, 2011 with Viewing at 1: p.m. and the service at 2:00 p.m. with full military honors. Refreshments will be served in the fellowship hall following the services. Half of Dr. Lamberton’s ashes will be returned to Thailand and the other half will go to Brewster, WA where they will await the Lord’s return.

Dr. Lamberton is survived by:
His wife: Pongsri Lamberton of Chiang Mai, Thailand
Daughter: Judy Rosa of Redlands, CA
Son: Cecil Lamberton, DDS of Napa, CA
Daughter: Joan Lefter of Southerland, OR
Son: Kenny Lamberton, of Canada
Son: David Lamberton of Azusa, CA
Eight Grandchildren
Three Great Grandchildren

II. Hong Kong Evangelist Terry Tsui to Hold Meetings in California

There will be an Evangelistic Meeting series from August 5 to 14 in the Hacienda Heights Church. The speaker will be Pastor Terry Tsui, an evangelist from Hong Kong. Please pray for these meetings. We will need the help and support of all church members. Pray for effort.-- Hacienda Heights Church Bulletin, June 23.

III. Irene Wakeham Lee Nears Century Milestone

The following paragraphs are taken from Irene’s one-page article in the May 19 Adventist Review:

"As I look forward to my 99th birthday on June 26, 2011, I face the fact of my own mortality. There are other events that bring drastic changes in a life--a baptism, marriage, the birth of a child, the death of a spouse--but nothing compares with the leap from time into eternity. I’m not obsessed with the thought, but it pops up every now and then. For instance, should I sign up for a three-year subscription when I might not be here three years from now.

"Readers who listened to popular music during World War II may recall a song entitled "Goodnight, Irene. One of these days it will be time for my friends to say that to me. I just hope they can say, 'See you in the morning.'
"My mother lived to be 102 plus four months. With good genes and a lifetime of embracing healthful Adventist life style, I may go on living for several more years—or maybe not. A heart attack, a stroke, an accident, or a terminal illness might any day fill up my quota of time on this earth.

"There are still some things I would like to do—but probably never will. I would like to ride on a ship through the Panama Canal. I would like to visit Kibidula Farm Institute in Tanzania, East Africa, about which I have heard so much. I would very much like to see more than a picture of the new entrance to my alma mater, now Andrews University. It was Emmanuel Missionary College when I was growing up there. There are stories and poems I would like to write and pictures I would like to paint. There is a lot of living I could still enjoy.

"But primarily I want to stay alive to care for my blind husband, James. He, like me, was born in 1912 into a health-reform-minded Adventist family, and his father, like my mother, was a centenarian like my mother. The Adventist life style he practiced didn't save him from losing his sight to glaucoma. James and I live with my son and his wife, both of them loving and experienced caregivers. But James wants the care of his loving wife. We sometimes say the best thing would be for us to parish together in a plane crash over the Pacific Ocean, which we have crossed many times. That would leave neither one to mourn the other. Nevertheless, we will gladly accept whatever God sends."

..."It's not the mansions or streets of gold I yearn for; it's fellowship with my wonderful Redeemer, who is daily saving me and the companionship of all those who will be in the heavenly realm. It is the atmosphere of simple goodness that will reign there—integrity, selflessness, compassion, generosity. There will be no self-seeking, no deception or malice or backbiting, no violence or deadly catastrophes. In short, no sin or its effects. Sometimes I can hardly wait."

[Irene taught English in the Philippines for 24 years. She and her husband James now live in Tennessee.] ========= Tom Davis, in the June 23 Adventist Review, made reply to the above in a letter to the editor:

"Irene Wakeham Lee began her long career in the Philippines at about the same time we went there. Irene was a plucky woman who wasn't afraid to tackle sticky situations. On one occasion a purse snatcher made off with her purse while she was walking down a Manila street. Immediately she gave chase, caught him, wrestled him to the ground, retrieved her purse—and got him to promise to take Bible studies from her."

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IV. AFM's Doss Family & Motorcycle Spill

--From the July Adventist Frontiers Magazine

"The Motorcycle Accident" by Kelli Doss

"'Okay, Hope, get your helmet and put your sunglasses on,' I called. 'Do you need me to help you with your jacket? Okay, go to Daddy and get on the motorcycle. We're ready to go.'

'Oh, we need to pray first.' [4-year-old] Hope always reminds us before we drive away.

This is the routine we have developed since coming to Chiang Mai [Thailand]. During our time in Bangkok we traveled mostly by public transportation. There was no shortages of taxis, buses, sky trains, subways and tuktuks. But Chiang Mai does not offer the same conveniences. On our arrival here we rented a motorcycle until we were able to purchase one. Now, whenever we need to go somewhere as a family, we go through the same routine. Make sure Hope is wearing her helmet, sunglasses and jacket. [1-year-old] Haven wears a hat to protect her from the sun, but there is not a helmet small enough for her. I strap her into a front carrier and sandwich her between [husband] Robbie and me on the seat. Sitting in front of Robbie, Hope has a front-row view of all our motorcycle adventures while I sit on the back praying. 'Lord, help her to sit still. Lord, please let the other vehicles drive safely. Oh, Father, please protect our children.'

"Our motorcycle is great. It's quick, reliable, and easy to use. We can all fit on it (for now). [There is a color photo in the magazine of the four of them on the little motorcycle.] We can even haul our groceries home on it. It's amazing what will fit on the back of a motorcycle with just a laundry basket and a couple of creatively employed bungee cords....

"Last week, I decided to take Hope with me on an errand. We went through our usual checklist of jacket, sunglasses, and helmet. I put my helmet on, and then we prayed. 'Dear Jesus, thank You for Your love for us. Please protect us as we travel on the mtorbike. Send Your angels to watch over us. We pray in Your name, amen.'

"As we traveled, Hope would forget herself and start pointing and turning, watching things we passing. I kept telling her to sit still and hold on. Every time she moved her head, her helmet would bump against the bottom of my helmet, which was distracting and caused me to be a little more cautious.

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"As we entered an intersection with no stop lights or stop signs, suddenly a huge yellow truck pulled right in front of us. I braked and swerved, but before I knew it, our motorcycle was sliding sideways and we were falling. Hope landed on the ground right in front of me. I carefully turned her over and pulled her onto my lap. She didn't lose consciousness and was starting to feel the pain of her injuries. Her face had blood all over it and she was grabbing at her mouth. I picked her up and carried her to a nearby restaurant. She was screaming and holding her hands to her face. I was afraid her jaw was broken. When I removed her helmet, I saw her chin was okay, and the blood was coming from here upper lip which had been cut by her teeth.

"By this time, bystanders had kindly moved our motorcycle to the restaurant parking lot. Someone offered to take us to the hospital, and I gratefully accepted.

"When we arrived at the hospital, Hope was immediately placed on a stretcher and taken to the emergency room. The nurses took her pulse and looked at her pupils. Then the nurse's aids started to clean us up. I had scraped my right arm and right knee, and Hope had scrapes on her hands and knees as well. Meanwhile they asked me many questions. 'What happened? Did she lose consciousness? Did she throw up?'

I answered all their questions and filled out the paperwork as I stood by Hope's stretcher, holding her hand and telling her I was not going to leave her. She had not stopped crying since the accident happened. 'I don't want to get shots!' she sobbed. 'Do I need to get shots?'

"Girlie, I'm not sure what you're going to need, but you're going to be okay. Jesus is watching over us. He kept us from getting badly hurt. I don't know if you'll need shots, but it will be okay.' She continued to sob.

"The doctor told me there didn't appear to be any damage to Hope's neck or skull (her head had an inch-long cut that was pretty deep). He said they would need to give Hope a sedative and stitch up the cut on her head. The process of sedating and stitching took quite a while since Hope was still conscious during the procedure and was not a willing patient.

"About three hours after our accident, we were on our way home. We took a truck taxi back to the restaurant where we had left the motorbike. The sedative had erased Hope's memory of the accident and the hospital visit almost completely, so she was willing to ride the motorcycle back home. We put our helmets on again, and prayerfully and carefully returned home without further incident.

"This firsthand experience with the dangers of transporting our children by motorbike has given us a sense of urgency in wanting to buy a safer vehicle. We are hoping and praying that we can buy a vehicle soon. Rainy season is almost upon us and that will make driving the motorcycle with our little ones aboard even more dangerous."

[On a personal note: The Doss' experience with a motorcycle reminds me of a motorcycle experience we had in neighboring Cambodia. When we were asked to re-start Adventist work in that sad country emerging from chaos in 1991, we had no vehicle, so we bought a motorcycle, a Honda '90, for the mission. Son Dennis visited us from nearby Thailand and he was riding with me down the main street in Phnom Pen. Suddenly he shouted, "Dad, look at that wheel!!" At first I thought he must mean our motorcycle's front wheel; then my eyes caught sight of a loose car wheel speedily rolling down the road directly toward us! I was almost able to miss it, but it did glance off our knee-bar with only a scratch and a dent, and we did not take a tumble.

But before we left Cambodia a year or so later, we were able to leave the newly-formed mission an automobile!--CHT/sr.] ~~~~~~~~~~ V. The Naked Cave People--A SULADS Story

By: Daryl Famisaran, SULADS Field Director

When I was a classroom teacher I used to teach about the Cave People in Social Studies in my Grade Three class. I saw the pictures of these CAVE PEOPLE in the textbook. They were naked and living together with their hunting dogs in a cave. "Oh how I wish I could reach these CAVE PEOPLE someday," I said to myself.

Then I read from the National Geographic magazine that this story about the naked CAVE PEOPLE was not true. It was explained further that this was just a make believe story by whoever that person was who would just make a name for himself about these Tasaday CAVE PEOPLE in the jungles of South Cotabato. It stated that they were asked to take their clothes off and go inside the cave so the story maker could take pictures of them naked inside their cave.

When I learned this I immediately dismissed the thought from my mind of reaching out to these people. I wondered how people could dare to make up stories that were not true. Who is he fooling anyway, the reading public or himself?

Some two weeks ago Victor, the SULADS cluster supervisor for that area, another SULADS Missionary and I surveyed a village in the Santa Cruz area in South Cotabato. GO (Gospel Outreach) worker Berting Ulaw mentioned the Tasaday ethnic group that live in the area of Santa Cruz. "Is this the controversial CAVE PEOPLE group who were reported to be naked and is a hoax story?" I asked Berting.
"Yes, this is the group," he said.
I didn't waste any time. This was the time to reach these said-to-be CAVE PEOPLE I had been dreaming of. Berting asked for two more people to accompany us. It took us a day to cross the rivers and trek through dense jungle. We had leeches hanging on to us and poison ivy stings as we climbed up and down the high rising mountains. We reached the place before dark. We saw only five houses in a clearing. We learned that there were many more houses of their Tasaday tribe scattered in the forest. We spent the loooong, very cold night in one of the native huts there.

In the morning, somebody fetched the Tasaday Chief from a distant mountain and we talked. "Are you an ethnic group that has a name of your own? And what is your tribe?" I asked.

"We are Tasadays and we are just a small group of around 500 people scattered in these mountains," the chief explained.

"I have heard of this Tasaday group who were living in caves and are naked," I stated.

His eyes blinked in surprise by my question. "Yes, Sir. We were naked and living in caves before. We no longer live in caves today after we intermarried with the T'bolis who are wearing clothes."

This time I was the one who was surprised. "So the story in the textbook after all was true!"

The chief excused himself and when he came back he showed me a black and white 6 x 12 picture of their situation before in the cave. I saw that these were the very pictures that were printed in the Social Studies textbook I used in my teaching. I then discovered that all those stories that were said to be hoaxes were actually true.

The chief explained that many people came to their mountains some twenty years ago and took their pictures in their living quarters in the caves and promised them schools, clinics, etc. but none of their promises had been fulfilled.

I explained that we came not expecting anything from them but we came to see their situation and what we could do to help them. We could provide a Mission School for them.

My companion, Victor, suggested that we go to see the caves where they used to live. The chief was willing to accompany us there but I said we would do that later when we come back. I explained later to Victor that there might still be big questions in the mind of the chief regarding people who come and promise them many things and then nothing happens. I just want to show to the chief that we are not after the Cave story but we are there to help them with education. I explained to him that we had nothing to do at all with the people who came before and promised them with so many things.

Definitely we will send SULADS Missionaries to pioneer this work with the Tasadays, the people who used to be CAVE PEOPLE. I don't care about the controversy of the hoax story. What I care about is the salvation of these Tasadays as we start a school for them and usher them to the foot of the Cross.

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