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I. Prayer Request
   Linda dela Paz <erltpaz@yahoo.com> October 13:
   Please include in your prayers our independent ministry with my husband Roberto dela Paz. We are from SDA church of Sherwood, Quezon City, Philippines. Thanks ~~~~~~~~~~ II. Readers Respond to Durian Item
   1. Carol Belleau <caroljune0519@sbcglobal.net> October 12:
      Thanks for sending me the FED-e-News. I enjoy reading it. All the hullabaloo about durian is very entertaining. Angela's comments were so good that I read them to husband Lyn. :) Not sure if we ate durian while missionaries in Africa but it reminds me of the discussions that we used to have about jack fruit—a large watermelon-sized fruit that grows on trees.
      [BTW, Carol is my niece and Angela is our granddaughter!]
      2. JoAnne Lafever <ymscsprin@gmail.com> October 12:
      I remember the first time my husband tried durian was on a street in Bangkok in 1977 on our way back to Pakistan after furlough. We didn't have it in Pakistan and felt we had to try this much touted fruit. People either loved it or hated it. At that time it smelled like onions that had been left in the fridge long after they should have been thrown out! It was a very small taste for sure.
      Then when we moved to Taiwan in 1997, the smell would blast away as we entered a supermarket during durian season. It took some getting used to but I came to enjoy the smell. I even would try it and liked it after a while but the main reason I didn't like it was the after effects. I would burp it the rest of the day! One time we were in a small group and my husband burped (discreetly of course :) ) and we could smell durian everywhere. Hence the reason we didn't eat it much....
      3. Ray Woolsey <RayWool@aol.com> October 13:
      I would like to chime in on the subject of durian. When I was editor at the Philippine Publishing House I made a trip to the Southern Philippines to attend a convention of literature evangelists. The publishing secretary of the division was there, too. We both liked the durian and I wanted to take some back home with me. I put the durian hearts in a tin can with a pressure lid (not screw-on) and put it in my baggage. On the plane back home, the stewards went up and down the aisle asking passengers, who had durian aboard. I guess they figured these Americans would be the last to have it, so they never asked us! When I got home, my family didn't like it, either, so I enjoyed the whole lot!
      4. Bob and Audrey Watts <bobaudreywatts@sbcglobal.net> October 17:
      When we arrived in Singapore for service years ago, it seemed that a "test of fellowship" (with fellow missionaries) was whether or not you accepted durian as the best fruit in the world. A visiting GC officer, a dear black brother whose
name we've forgotten, was give some durian. Those workers who gave it to him remarked that they were sure it would be one of the fruits on the Tree of Life. Our black brother responded, "I know my Lord betta dan dat!" Audrey's mother came from the States for a visit and taking her on a ride up country, we stopped to buy durian at a roadside stand. Putting it in the car, her mother soon announced that either she or the durian would have to get out as she was about to lose her breakfast. We immediately stopped the car, got out the parang, cut the durian open and ate it. But our journey was still difficult for her because of our bad "durian breath". Frozen durian is truly much more palatable since it freezes out most of the unpleasant odor.

5. Edwin Reynolds <reynolds@southern.edu> October 18:

The pungent smell of durian is highly over-rated. I find it, like a skunk's spray, to be highly pervasive and persistent, yet I do not find it to be offensive like a skunk's spray. It does not smell, as often cited, like "rotten eggs over a London sewer." It has a sweetness which lingers in the brain, and some like to make it sound worse than it is in order to add notoriety to the fruit so many love to hate. If there is anything to hate, it is the atrocious flavor. Some find the texture rather obnoxious, being slimy and gooey, but that can be tolerated in other fruits of less offensive flavor. I find that the most descriptive flavor for durian is like mangoes with onions. Mangoes are delicious, but not with onions. The two do not go together, IMAO. I have always had an open mind toward durian, and have tried it many times in different situations and different varieties, including fresh, dried, candy, ice cream, etc. As I have travelled, each country insists that their variety is better than the others and I must try it, because I will certainly see that it is delicious. However, every variety I have tried has the same disgusting oniony flavor that makes me want to send it back where it came from. The fact that I don't particularly like onions could be a complicating factor, but I do find a place for onions in soups and some vegetable dishes, whereas they do not belong with mangoes or any other fruit, and when they are in a slimy, gooey wet mass with a potent smell, even if not unacceptable by itself, the combination is too much for this stomach. For those onion lovers who don't mind the nauseating flavor, more power to you. Keep blaming the odor for its noxious reputation, but I believe that there are plenty that can attest to the real problem with durian. I can assure you that there will be no durian on the tree of life.

If it ripens and falls on your head, it will kill you, even if it doesn't drive people out of heaven with its odor or ruin your appetite with its persistent noxious flavor.

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III. FEDites Remember Sunnydale Academy Days

Recently on a trip to Missouri we came across a publication:

"Born in a Barn
Sunnydale Academy
Voices from the Early Years
1946-1953
A Collection of Stories"

Some of these are by former SA students who eventually became missionaries in the Far Eastern Division. The first one to be included in the FED E-news is that of Ralph S. Watts, Jr.

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"Voice Lessons Were Special

"To be perfectly honest with you, I did not want to attend Sunnydale Academy. In fact, I had never heard of Sunnydale Academy. I begged by father to allow me to finish up my academy work at Monterey Bay Academy. I had been working there for a few weeks during the early part of the summer of 1950. However, Dad said, "Sorry, son, you cannot attend Monterey Bay Academy. You will have to go with me to Missouri and enroll in Sunnydale Academy--you and your brother Mardon as well."

"The reason for this was that my father, Ralph S. Watts, Sr. had just been elected president of the Missouri Conference at the General Conference Session in San Francisco. The policy in those days required that children of conference employees--be they pastors, teachers, conference officers--were required to attend the school in their territory. Otherwise, the educational allowance would not be provided. So it was obvious that Sunnydale Academy would be my final location for my academy studies.

"My dad swings by Monterey Bay Academy and picks up all of our earthly possessions, which was a suitcase apiece, and Mardie, by younger brother, and I headed for Sunnydale, driving practically nonstop from California to Centralia, Missouri, in 1950 Olds mobile. My being able to drive made the trip a little more pleasant.
"Here I was, one more time, going to a new school needing to get acquainted with a lot of new classmates. I had been doing this since kindergarten. Every year I was in a different school with different teachers, different class environment from the time was in kindergarten until I went to Union College. This was due, of course, to the complexities of World War II and the situation following the war which necessitated our moving so frequently. I really didn't like it. I had wished we could get our roots established and stay in one place for awhile, but it was not to be.

"Shortly after arriving at the academy I was sent up to Illinois to work with a number of the students of the academy trying to earn a little bit of money during the summer. We were tearing down army surplus buildings, etc., to be taken back to Sunnydale for use in the construction of some of the buildings on campus, primarily the administration building.

"It didn't take long to get acquainted with the guys. They were cordial and friendly and we enjoyed some good times and interesting visits about the various activities at Sunnydale Academy and going through the yearbook and checking out who would be in attendance for the 1950-51 school year.

"When we returned to the academy I registered as a junior, which was a mistake. I should have registered as a senior. I had enough units, but did not realize it at the time. It wasn't until the spring of the year when a representative of Union College came and visited the students that I discovered that I could have registered as a senior and I made a couple of adjustments in some of classes.

"I took full load and was assigned to work in the diary for the 3 am shift and in the afternoon part time on construction with Mr. Kellogg, and later in the year as a part-time, fill-in monitor in the dorm. This kept me pretty busy during the day along with the requirements that were demanded from the classes I was taking. Some of the classes were in unfinished classrooms in the boys' dormitory.

"I enjoyed the construction work very much. Mr. Kellogg was a terrific boss. All the guys liked him. He had a nice way with us--a great sense of humor, yet kept prodding us along to get the job done. We had a good crew and really had a fun time working on the administration building. I remember particularly on the upper floors were we focusing our energies, hoping to get the chapel finished in time for graduation.

"The old hayloft chapel certainly brings back a great deal of memories because that's where we had chapel most of the year. I can remember the first day of school standing up on the top landing of the loft chapel leaning over the railing with maybe one or two other guys watching the students come for the first chapel of the year. And, of course, I was checking out the women from the girls' dorm as well.

"I signed up for voice lessons with Mr. McManaman. He assigned a senior piano student to accompany me for the weekly lessons as well as the practice periods. Her name was Patty Ortner.

"The practice periods afforded us a pretty good opportunity to get well acquainted. There were times when my voice was tired or my throat was sore or I had a bit of a cough that necessitated me to back off from singing and just rest a bit which made it more convenient for conversation. So, we got really well acquainted during the year.

"I enjoyed the various social activities, the Saturday night functions, and others. The ladies were very pleasant and nice. I had a good time with a number of them during the course of the year. The choir trips were pleasant diversions. We were usually accompanied on those trips by Mr. Davis, our principal, and Mr. McManaman, our music teacher. We did not have a band at that time, so the choir was really the big deal on campus from a music standpoint.

"I really was involved with sports. We played a lot of football in the fall and in the spring we had some track events and softball. There were some pretty fine athletes at the academy and we had enjoyable times pursuing these athletic events.

"It was at spring break that I came to the realization that my heart was being drawn pretty strongly to Patty Ortner. And from that time until today she has been and is my closest friend, companion, soul mate and sweetheart.

"It was also during this time that I had to make a decision whether to stay another year, take a bunch of extra classes and graduate with the class of '52, or move on to Union College even though I would not have graduated from the academy, It was obvious that financial savings would take place if I moved on with my education and so the decision was made to attend Union College, which I did in the fall of 1951. I was sorry that it was not possible for me to graduate from Sunnydale Academy, but that all came together at the graduation of the class of 1981 in a rather interesting turn of events.

"In 1950 my father was president of the Missouri Conference. In 1980 I was the president of Missouri along with Iowa and I had been asked to give the commencement address at the academy in 1981. Following the address I was surprised and pleased when the president of the class and the principal of the academy handed me a packet. After opening the packet, there framed very nicely was a diploma stating that I was now a graduate of Sunnydale Academy. So I guess I am an alumnus. You probably had better check and see if I am listed in the class of 1981, don't you think?"
"Ralph Watts, Redlands, California
Union College graduate-1956
Conference evangelist & pastor, followed by being a departmental director at a conference, Korean Union and the Far Eastern Division. President of four conferences and the Southeast Asia Union. Chaired or served on university, health care and publishing house boards since 1963. Became first president and CEO of ADRA and general field secretary of the GC in 1985. Honored with medallions from Andrews University and Loma Linda University and received honorary doctorate degree, along with citations from a number of governments."

IV. Guam-Micronesia to Be Part of North American Division
Edwin Reynolds <reynolds@southern.edu> October 18:
In the last newsletter mention was made that the Pakistan Union was to become a part of the SPD. The Guam-Micronesia Mission also is moving out of SPD to NAD.

V. A SULADS Story: "Hands & Fingers Almost Cut Off"
by Ranny de Vera, SULADS Field Director, Tawi Tawi, Philippines
Dodong Torres, a SULADS volunteer, was holding a bolo (machete) one Friday morning. He was holding it by the handle, and unconsciously had the sharp edge facing his hand. He was digging something in the soil when suddenly it hit a rock underneath His hand slid from the handle and across the blade of the machete! He suddenly cried out "Why Lord?". He composed himself thinking it was such a small cut as there was little blood. When he opened his right hand, he saw that his palm had been cut through and the three fingers from the middle finger to the little finger dangled almost to fall off. He decided to close his hand and raise it above his head to counter the blood flow and started to hike the two-hour trek down to the nearest road to catch a ride toward the Adventist hospital.
At the hospital, no one could believe his story. What started out as a simple digging almost caused his right hand to be cut off. The attending doctor decided he would need the expertise of another professional so he called a micro-surgeon because the nerves had to be sewed back. The bones were exposed and Dodong was in intense pain. He asked to be sedated as the pain was unbearable.
After an hour in the operating room he was brought to the ward. The supervisor's attention was called. In his mind, he realized this would cost a lot of money, but he pleaded with the Lord and instead wondered why this had to happen.
While Dodong was recuperating, analysis was done why such a situation erupted. Dodong related that he had been discussing Biblical truth with his adult class composed of Muslims. Even the local Imam (religious leader) was attending his class. He would have the Imam read the Qur'an in Arabic and then Dodong would proceed with the explanation using Biblical concepts without necessarily opening the Scriptures. He said that they were discussing the stories of the prophets starting with Adam. Dodong would inculcate Biblical truths such as obedience, piety, Sabbath, etc. These presentations delighted the adult students who sat in awe as they listened.
The supervisor reflected that the devil was not at all happy with what was going on with the services of the SULADS. He was trying to hamper God's work. But, as the supervisor thought, this was only a temporary setback.
Dodong was asked to return to his home to recuperate, and meanwhile, a replacement was provided so that the teaching would continue.
This is only a mini-example how the devil is trying to stop, discourage and dampen the spirits of the SULADS. But God is more powerful and He is in control! We solicit your prayers and support as this is a warfare between good and evil. May God be praised and glorified!

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END-ANTISPAM-VOTING-LINKS