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Remembering that our friends, the Phil Jones with whom we had worked in Mt. Klabat College in Indonesia so many years ago, live in Boulder, Colorado where terrible floods have been raging, I sent them a brief e-mail message yesterday asking how they were managing. Today, Sept. 17 a message came with the statement, "We hiked out Friday and are high and dry in Carlyn's house in Steamboat Springs." He also sent some pictures of the devastation. Phil is a pastor in the church there.

II. Burma Vignettes-- Early Missionaries #51

Mervin Myat Kyaw <mervinmk@yahoo.com.au> and his wife Nan are Karen Adventists who worked many years in Burma and Thailand and now live and work in Australia. He has written a manuscript covering Adventism in Burma from its very beginning to the present and of his work in Thailand.

#51. Francis R. Scott ( Catherine) (1947-52)

Pastor Francis R. Scott and family arrived in Myanmar with other missionaries in 1946. It was the time to rebuild the mission work in Myanmar. Pastor F. R. Scott and other new and returning missionaries stirred around in the ashes, so to speak, to see what the fires of war had left.

Pastor Scott was in charge of the church in Yangon at the late forties. He held evangelistic meetings in the heart of the city - the Seaman's Institute. He told of an occasion when he invited an editor of a newspaper to attend his lectures. The assistant of this editor attended and this assistant was so interested that he took the lecture notes from Pastor Francis R. Scott and printed it in the newspaper. The report appeared in full the next morning.

After the war, F. R. Scott was understood to direct the training school for Myanmar Union at Myaungmya for a time.

III. Death of Richard "Cad" Cadavero

Richard Cadavero, 74, passed away on Thursday, Sept. 19 at his home in Collegedale, Tenn. after his 10-year battle with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma.

Richard was born March 12, 1939, in Yonkers, N. Y. He graduated from Greater New York Academy in 1956, and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in religion from Atlantic Union College, Mass. in 1962. He received his Master of Arts degree from Andrews University, Mich. in 1972. He taught Bible in South Lancaster Academy in Massachusetts and later in Far Eastern Academy in Singapore before becoming the Bible teacher at Collegedale Academy. He served a total of 44 years as an educator in the Seventh-day Adventist school system before retiring from Collegedale Academy in 2009.

He impacted the community through his love and compassion for the children at the Chambless Home in downtown Chattanooga. He was instrumental in recruiting students from the Collegedale Academy to support this ministry. In the early 90's he launched Project 5000 in which he challenged students from Collegedale Academy to collect and distribute 5000 cans of food to feed low income families in the community. He poured so much enthusiasm into this project that by 2003 students were collecting over 40,000 cans. In 2009 the Project was renamed "Cad For Hope" in his honor and continues to inspire youth to give to their community/
Cad had served in the US Army as a Specialist fourth class medic from 1963 to 1965. He was stationed in Germany where he and Barbara Foley were married in 1964.

He is survived by his loving wife of 49 years, sons Mark and Jefferson, daughter Lori and their spouses, grandchildren, and many nephews and nieces.

selected from the Chattanooga Times/Free Press, Sept. 23 ~~~~~~~~~~~ IV. The Challenge of Evangelism in Philippine Villages

Wendy Harris <wrguptill@gmail.com> Sept. 13:

PAMAS News: Palawan Adventures

A recent highlight was my visit to the mountain village of Karusuan. One day after church, a Palawano man approached us and told us that his cousin really wanted to learn about the "Words of God." He was from Cabuluncan, a village where we have missionaries working. He was blessed by their presence and had come down specifically to talk to us. He said there were other religions accessible to his cousin's village but they had not studied with any of them. When I talked directly to the cousin, he said that their village was not interested in any other religion and that they only wanted the "religion of Kemantian." The Palawanos have all heard of Kemantian and seen the blessings it has brought. I didn't have the heart to tell him that we had a dozen other similar requests and that we didn't have enough missionaries to even keep up with all the areas where we had already started work. But for some reason I did not hesitate or even ask too many questions, and I promised to come visit and give a Bible study.

We arranged a place to meet and I brought a couple other Bible workers with me. It took 45 minutes to drive there and we had to drive across a rushing river to get to the base of the mountains. At this point I thought we were just meeting in someone's home in the lowlands with maybe one or two people. But when we arrived and the man said "are you ready to hike?" we were all surprised! We were not prepared to hike. I had miraculously recovered from Malaria just that morning and our patriarch companion, Simeon was in his late 70's. But the man said the whole village was waiting for us, so we looked at each other and said, "God will go with us. Let's go!" We crossed the waist-deep river 5 times before climbing up a beautiful trail an hour and a half to the village. Sure enough the whole village was expecting us and they began to trickle in from far and wide. We gave a simple study and introduction to the Bible and after more people arrived we gave a health lecture about where sickness comes from. They were so attentive and interested in all of this very basic information that we all take for granted. The adults could not read, but they seemed more intelligent and less sickly than many villages. Many of their children could read because they were going to school in the lowlands. I could not believe that they had never really heard any of the Bible stories or any of the Gospel since they are not that far from the lowlands. They fed us a couple unripe, cooked bananas for lunch and we asked for some coconut water which sustained us all day. As a parting gift they gave us a small handful of wonderful smelling, raw mountain rice. They kept asking us when we would be back. We were honest with them and did not give any empty promises, but we told them to pray for more missionaries or a helicopter-- or both! I told them to make a landing pad for a helicopter and they showed me an area on the ridge that looked perfect. Our missionaries plan to visit there whenever they can even if it's just once a month.

The fields are truly ripe but the workers are few! We continue to see the need for more, small, medical-missionary training schools, and we are eager to assist, but at this point we don't have anyone to head it up. Thank you for remembering all these things in your prayers and for your continued support for the work here in the Philippines.

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V. Traveling with Len Tolhurst

L. P. Tolhurst <lptlrst@bigpond.net.au> Sept. 16:

Mrs. Butov the wife of our Russian Pastor was planning to go and conduct an evangelistic campaign in Madagascar. She is a pediatrician but also does evangelistic work. I spoke to her husband, and he approved my suggestion that I conduct a program like I did in Kenya. I therefore made my bookings to fly out from Australia with her and her helper on July 17. . . . my meetings would be held in a local church while her program was to be a public one; I gave 12 lectures.

I then joined a tour group and spent the next two weeks travelling around Madagascar looking for birds and lemurs and enjoying the scenery, and the local culture. . . . I was able to see about 10 species of lemurs, and at one stop had a wild lemur jump onto my shoulder. I have photos to prove it.

I then flew to Johannesburg, and on to Cape Town. There I spend two weeks bird watching with local bird club members, and added about 70 new species to my world list. One day I visited the Helderberg College, and met the Theology faculty members. While there I was invited to speak the following Wednesday to the Theology students in the weekly forum they hold.
I agreed to do so, suggesting that they might provide the transport for me to travel to do so. They agreed and sent the college vehicle to Cape Town to my hotel, picked me up, and returned me to Cape Town after the lecture. It is about 55 kilometers each way. I gave them a lecture on the deeper meaning of Daniel 8:14, which was well received.

I was able to get the phone number of one of the pastors in the Cape Town area, as I wanted to attend a church on Sabbath. He offered to pick me up from my hotel and take me to the church where he was going to preach, and then asked me to take the service. I agreed to that, and then he told me it would be a communion service. I had to prepare a suitable sermon. He then took me to the home of a family where we celebrated communion for them, and then he took me to his home for Sabbath lunch.

The next Sabbath he took me to an African Settlement church, where I again preached. This time I spoke on the 'Deeper Meaning of the Sabbath,' and we then had the communion service again. In the afternoon I presented a lecture on how to answer the doctrine of Futurism (The Gap Theory and the Secret Rapture etc). In total I spoke 16 times while on my travels.

While in Cape Town I was able to visit Robben Island were Nelson Mandela was in prison for many years, and also take the cable car up to the top of Table Mountain, about 3000 feel over looking the city. The next day it snowed on the top of Table Mountain, so you can imagine how cold it was up there.

I left Cape Town on Sunday morning 1st September with a small group for a trip up into Namibia for about a week. Namibia is very dry, and much of the country is desert. We visited the Orange River, Fish River Canyon (second largest canyon in the world after the Grand Canyon of the USA), and the famous Sand Dunes. The highest one is well over 1000 feet high. We spent Sabbath 7th. September in Swakopmund on the Atlantic Coast, and again I arranged to go to church there, where believe it or not, they celebrated communion. I have never before in my life had three communion services in churches in three weeks. I left the tour group in Windhoek the capital city of Namibia and flew to Johannesburg where I caught my over night flight back to Sydney.

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VI. Brave Chinese Pastor Dies

Chinese pastor Samuel Lamb spent more than 20 years in Chinese prisons, much of it doing hard labor in coal mines. The reason: he refused to merge his illegal house church with the government's official church called the Three-Self Patriotic Movement. After his release in 1978, he restarted his church in the city of Guangzhou. Today, the weekly attendance is more than 4,000. And while his church still has not been registered with the government's official church, it is tolerated. "We must be prepared to suffer," Lamb said. "Before I was sent to prison, I already prepared a bag with some clothes, shoes, and a tooth-brush. When I had to go to the police station, I could just pick it up. I was ready." Pastor Lamb passed away on August 3 at the age of 88.-Christian Pos --Sept. Signs Watch Newsletter, ~~~~~~~~~~~~ VII. SULADS Story -- Dry in the Rain

by: Irene Albotia. Datal Kadi Mission School

During the SULADS seminar I heard so many miracle stories which were hard to believe. Simple and impossible ones but did they really happen? I thought I was the only one in doubt at first. But as we trainees shared what we heard they too couldn't believe such experiences.

I was assigned in Datal Kadi among the T'bolis, a mountain tribe in South Cotabato. We were housed in a one room little bamboo hut just for the two of us. The people live their very primitive jungle life. No electricity, no chairs, no tables, only the roof, walls and floor.

The only running water they have is the crystal river where they fetch using a bamboo tube container and run home to be used by the cooking mother.

Our house was old and worn. The bamboo slab floor was fastened by stripped rattan vine. The cogon grass roof that was thick when it was built was now thin. This bears the testimony of strong winds that left the roof with holes and slits that made us enjoy the stars in the night. Needless to say when it rains outside it would rain also inside. We have not experienced that either but I anticipate that so number one in our "to do list" is to fix it before the rainy season starts. We were busy with some more important classroom chores so fixing the roof was not a high priority as there was no sign of rain yet.

Then reporting time came and our co-SULADS missionaries from other Mission Schools came down so we could be together to go down to the Mission for the reporting in the morning. We had supper early that afternoon before dark as we didn't have kerosene for our light that evening. During our worship before bedtime we discussed about FAITH, TRUST and HOPE. If we had Faith just like a mustard seed, we could speak to the mountains, be removed!
And it will happen. We need only to TRUST our miracle working God to make it happen and HOPE for the best to happen.

While we were having worship that evening, the lightning was flashing and there were rolls of soft thunder. There were no stars above and as we finished our closing song it started to drizzle. We then prayed, "Lord, our roof will leak when it rains please stop the rain." We had just discussed faith. I don't know about my companions, but as for me I was sincere in my prayers having faith and trust and Hope that God would stop the rain or whatever He will do in His power so we won't get wet. When it rains surely all of us will get wet as there is no more portion in that cute little hut to be dry. We slept anyway despite the drizzle leaving it all to the Lord to see us through in the night. Then we were lost into dreamland. In the morning we were amazed to know that it did rain hard that night evidenced by mudpools and wet ground in the lawn.

"Lord," we prayed in worship that morning, "thank you for keeping us safe in the night and especially for keeping us DRY IN THE RAIN till morning."

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