Adventist Heritage

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Subject: FED e-News, October 22, 2013 #33

I. An MK Describes Furlough from Thailand
II. The Beginning of the Adventist Work in Laos
III. Letters
   1. Dorothy Comm
   2. Paul Emerson
IV. Burma Vignettes -- Early Missionaries #57
V. Treating Malaria and Demon Possession in Philippines
VI. Highlights from the GC's 2013 Annual Council
VII. CEAR Moves from Ayutthaya to Bangkok VIII. Update on Sri Lanka's Lakpahana School ~~~~~~~~~I. An MK Describes Furlough from Thailand
   Elyssa Rawlings <rawlings@leadingtothelight.org> Oct. 14
   Once again we found ourselves stowing away bedding and boxing up books.
   Our suitcases were brimming with various articles of clothing, and the house was steadily coming to order. Our 4 month leave was packed with speaking engagements and family outings, but most of our time would be spent rattling across the country on four wheels. But I'm getting ahead of myself.
   Many have been the drives to the Chiangmai airport. Either to pick up returning missionaries and visiting friends, or to drop off people going abroad. I have always been filled with a feeling of excitement whenever I step inside an airport. The very atmosphere, breathes pure adventure.
   However something was different this time. As we boarded the plane a deep sadness overwhelmed me. Sure I was glad that we would see friends and family that we hadn't seen for a year or longer, but now Thailand truly feels like home. And so it was that after a rather uneventful trip, which lacked in virtually every area of excitement, we landed in Seattle. People everywhere were hurrying here and there, barely seeming to notice one another.
   Everything was a stark contrast to the Land of Smiles we had so recently left behind. It was simply overwhelming. When I heard some fellow travelers conversing happily in Thai, I checked the urge to go over and hug them.
   Needless to say we were safely picked up from the airport and taken to a friend’s house. We had an absolutely wonderful time visiting friends in the area, but all of us felt like we were just dreaming and would wake up back in our own beds in Thailand. It wasn’t until almost a week later when we got to Idaho, that this strange daze lifted, and we felt like we were actually in America.
   Our plan was to drive all the way around the States, speaking in churches and homes, much like we did last year. We were somewhat worried about taking the long trip in our old van. That monstrous gas-guzzler boasts no air-conditioning, and has a history of blowing spark plugs. We feared a transcontinental trek might prove too much for it. We began praying, and our prayers were answered when a very good friend said we could use her car. We were delighted! It was a Subaru Outback, which meant all-wheel-drive, good gas mileage, and much needed air-conditioning! From then on our expedition was pretty much planned. Just about every night in a different place, long days in the car, and a complete memorization of Dad’s talk. It was wonderful visiting old friends and making new ones, and it was awesome seeing others blessed by our accounts of mission life. My Dad never gets tired of encouraging people and telling them of God’s faithfulness. Each member of our family had an opportunity to share with someone. It was a huge growing experience for me, and even though we didn’t speak up front, my mom, brother, and I still had ample opportunities to share.
   Now, nearing the end of our trip, I’m not quite sure how I feel. Part of me misses Thailand and can’t wait to be back, and the other part is dreading the day we fly out. Although it’s true that mission life is a sacrifice, I am thankful for the blessings that God continues to give us. The opportunity to live in a foreign country and open peoples hearts to Christ is just amazing. In contrast to the shallow, surface lives, that so many people lead, living for others just doesn’t even come close. God has given our family a vision for the people of Thailand, and we are determined to excel in his employment.
But it's not always sunshine and roses. Roses do have thorns, and on those days when everything's going wrong, and discouragement attempts to drag us down, your prayers are felt. Thank you so much for your continued support and prayers for us, they are greatly appreciated.

We only have ten days to get everything organized before we leave our home in Idaho. Thank You to all we were able to see for your prayers, support and hospitality.

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II. The Beginning of the Adventist Work in Laos
--Dick Hall, from the 4th Quarter, '13 SAP Outlook

"My family and I came to Thailand in 1954 and were sent to work in Ubon, in northeastern Thailand. At first there was only me, my wife, and our two daughters, Riki and Janice; our son Mark was born there two years later.

"After being there nearly 4 years we had learned the Thai Esan, or northeastern Thai dialect, and were able to speak, read, and write it. We were happy there in the new house we had built with the things we had shipped from the US, and a nice well-attended school we had started. We loved Thailand, and the people and expected to be there for years and years, doing the work the Lord had led us to do.

"Then a telegram came from the Union president telling us they were interested in starting work in Laos, and asking if we would be willing to leave Thailand and go to Laos and opening the Lord's work there. There were no telephones there in those days so we had to communicate by telegram. We responded that we were happy there in Ubon, but would go where the Lord wanted us to go, and would make it a matter of prayer. Elder Carl Currie, the Union president, responded that he would come and see us and talk to us about it. After he visited, it was settled as we felt this was the Lord's call. Elder Currie said he would like to go with me to find a good place to start the work, and they would have someone come and take our place in Ubon very soon. We were excited to be able to go to an area where Christ had never been presented to the people.

"I had brought a Jeep pickup with us from the United States, so we along with Pastor Currie drove north to where there was a ferry that crossed the Mekong River to Laos Our plan was to drive to the main city which was Vientiane and from there on north to the old capital, Luang Prabang where the Lao king lived. We called it a road, but it was more a wide dirt trail over the very steep, high mountains. After three days we arrived and had a good rest in a primitive hotel. As we visited and talked, we heard of a province much farther north where there were no Christians or Christian work; this province was Luang Namtha, and we decided we would go there. But there were no roads there, so how could we get there. We found that there was a small, single-engined airplane service that flew there about three times a week, and one was leaving soon. We made arrangements, went to the airport in a samlaw, a three-wheeled cycle with a seat for two and then boarded the little plane for Namtha.

"Arriving at Namtha, the people saw that we were foreigners and took us to the Namtha village, just off the end of the airstrip. There we saw a little clinic with foreign workers and a long line of people waiting to be seen by the doctor. The doctor was an American, Dr. Tom Dooley, and he had a staff three medics. We had a good visit with them and Dr. Dooley, a Catholic, was very happy that we were to come to Namtha to start our Christian work. He always had the people refer to him as Dr. American Dooley. They had been there quite a long time so they were moving to Muang Sing, a town just over the mountains to the north, near the China border. So they were very glad we would be coming to Namtha. Dr. Dooley asked us to stay with him for the night and we looked around the next day. We checked for a place for my family to live and found there was a two-story shop house. We were able to rent the upper portion and then left on the plane the next day. We went on back to Ubon and Pastor Currie went on back to Singapore.

"Jean and I told our dear people in Ubon that we would be leaving to go start the work in Laos. They were very sorry to see us leave but there was some consolation that the Union would send someone to take our place before we left. We started packing and selling what we couldn't take with us including my beloved Jeep pickup. It wasn't long before Palmer Wick came to replace us and we sent our things to Vientiane by truck and took our leave. We had to leave our things there not knowing when or how we would be able to get them to Namtha. We then boarded the little single-engine plane and flew to Namtha. [to be continued] ~~~~~~~~~~ III. Letters

1. Dorothy M. Comm <dotmcomm@gmail.com> October 14:

My Tidal Wave Continues

A few days ago I wrote concerning my very sudden departure from my house. Moving day brought in a team of friends from my church, and the transfer was complete in less than six hours. I can now confirm a few more facts.

My house in Sun Lakes is under negotiation for sale. It must be cleared out by the end of October. Garage and other debris still to be cleared out.
I have now been in my Mission Commons apartment for nearly 2 weeks. It appeals to my fascination with history, being located on the property of the old Spanish Estancia, a cattle grazing outpost. (A popular California historical landmark. See <www.co.san-bernardino.ca.us/museum/branches/asist.htm>) That is, Mission San Gabriel's Rancho San Bernardino (est. 1819).

Bugsy recognizes the old, familiar furniture and eagerly anticipates the 4 walks per day that she gets, running alongside my motorized wheelchair. (There are many dogs here-some she accepts, but not all.)

My little bedroom holds all that I need in there, plus 2 tall bookcases. The living area has my computer desk and 2 printers in one corner, with file cabinets and more book cases standing round about. The kitchen area is unusually large for a one-bedroom unit. (Mine is on the ground floor with an outside door.) I am using it for storing my slides, films and photographic material that cannot endure regular storage. All in all, pleasant surroundings and good (small) meals. About 40% of the inhabitants are compos mentis. The rest cheerfully greet you every day as if for the first time.

Fortunately, I have always been able to create my own context and live contentedly within it. Still, institutionalizing one's self, has finality about it—sort of a penultimate decision, looking toward the Last Destination. When I look out on the palm trees shining in the California sun, however, I feel that all is well, and I am grateful.

It has taken two weeks of labor to get my phone, computer, and TV re-activated. Now I am ready to hear from you all.

2. Paul Emerson <emersonopa@gmail.com> October 15:

We, Betty & I, just returned home from Indonesia and are going through the jetlag!!! We had an exciting 3 weeks trip accessing the urgent needs where we went from Klabat University, Toraja View Academy, Denpasar Church Jr, Academy, the groundbreaking of the new Ag/Vocational/English School near Palangkaraya, S. Borneo, and lastly to the Indonesian Publishing House in Bandung. The book bindery is very cramped, so we stepped forward by faith and bought 28 million rupiahs of rebar steel to put in the foundation needed for extra bindery room, more needed storage, a 2 vehicle garage, and eventually a second floor for church potlucks, recreation, kitchen, SS and Pathfinder rooms for children! Would you like to help? Go with us about Jan.

15, for a couple weeks and cut and tie steel to get ready for the concrete! Or donate! Receipts are available. Please Pray for this project! Thanks!

Paul Emerson, <emersonopa@gmail.com> or 805-901-0445 ~~~~~~~~~~ IV. Burma Vignettes-- Early Missionaries # 57

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.

# 57. Lockie Gifford (1956-66)

Miss Lockie Gifford was an outstanding teacher and principal at Yangon Church School. The students at her school stood out among others. My brother, Milton, graduated from her school and he came out to be cleverer than the students from other schools. Under the direction of Miss Lockie Gifford, the small one-teacher church school in Yangon grew into a four or five-teacher school of 150 students. One of her teachers was Mabel Klaw, who was my math teacher from Ohn Daw School. Miss Gifford was not only a well-trained and experienced teacher, she was an outstanding missionary. She spent her vacations, largely in conducting summer schools for the teachers. Lockie loved children and young people. She enjoyed being with them in their MV camps. Lockie Gifford will not soon be forgotten in Myanmar. She returned to America in 1966 when foreign workers were requested to return home.

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V. Treating Malaria and Demon Possession in Philippines

Wendy Harris <wrguptill@gmail.com> October 14:

We ended the busy week with a delightfully relaxing time on the beach with the group, (thanks to wonderful friends who made that possible!) It was especially nice to relax since Dwayne was in the middle of a 10 day round of quinine, treatment for malaria. Those who have ever taken quinine can empathize. We call it "The Poison". It makes you deaf, nauseous, dizzy, draggy, and have headaches. But, the good thing is, it usually kills the persistent malaria cases. :-(

What has kept us most busy is working day and night with our neighbor girl, Jeleta who continues to struggle with regular demon attacks. We have had times of great progress and other times where we seem to be losing ground. There
have also been recurring attacks with some of our students in the mountains. It's a very real battle we're dealing with in this unseen world, but, we know Jesus has already won the victory! We'll tell you more about these stories next time.

VI. Highlights from the GC's 2013 Annual Council
   from the Adventist News Network
   1. Rick McEdward and Jerry Page, secretary of the Adventist world church's Ministerial Association, introduced Irene Tarigan and Arlaine Djim, Indonesian professionals who quit stable, high-paying jobs to launch the Chinese Ministry Center in Jakarta, a center of influence impacting the city's growing Chinese population. The center includes a health food store-proceeds from which pay the rent-a lecture hall, and space for worship and prayer.
   2. A report from leaders from the Japan Union Conference indicated that the region continues to face the challenges of growing secularism and an aging population. At one Adventist church in Tokyo, the youngest member is 62 years old. But a bright spot is a comprehensive urban evangelism project called Tokyo '13 that leaders say is reenergizing the church in Japan.
   3. Mike Ryan, an Adventist world church general vice president who chairs the Council on Evangelism and Witness, urged delegates to put special focus on the Middle East and China-two regions that he said pose "tremendous opportunities" but are still only home to a small percentage of Christians.
   Political and religious sensitivities challenge outreach in both regions, but church leaders are working with local members to find new ways to contextualize the church's message of hope and truly meet local needs.
   Adventist world church President Ted N. C. Wilson echoed Ryan, asking delegates to make outreach to China and the Middle East a matter of prayer.
   "Take home this great burden," Wilson said. "Think about it, pray about it and then let's do something."

VII. CEART Moves from Ayutthaya to Bangkok
   Center for East Asian Religions <whitsett.amy@gmail.com> Oct. 16:
   Earlier this spring, our center’s name was changed from "Center for East Asian Religions and Traditions" to "Center for East Asian Religions". The change came about as it was felt that the name was too long to easily remember. So after much thought and discussion of name alternatives, it was decided just to drop "and Traditions", thus reducing our acronym from CEART to CEAR.
   In July, CEAR went through another change as we relocated to Bangkok.
   While the countryside of Ayutthaya was a haven from the busy-ness of life, we believe that being in Bangkok affords CEAR a greater opportunity to serve the world Church as well as the Church in Thailand. Thailand Adventist Mission (TAM) kindly made space for an office in the TAM building as well as on-campus housing for the director’s family. The church plants in Ayutthaya, Nakhon Luang, Suphanburi and Angthong were fully transferred to TAM, and the Division is selling the home property. While it’s sad to say goodbye to church members and attendees in the church plants, our interest is still with these church plants and we are thankful that we have the opportunity to dialogue with the four Thai pastors at monthly Hope for Bangkok meetings.
   With our move came another change - a sad goodbye; Mrs. Jubilant Arora served six years as secretary of CEAR which was a vital support for the large multi-cultural team involved in the four church planting projects. With the decreased number of personnel we realized that we no longer needed a dedicated secretary. We’re sorry to lose Mrs. Arora and will miss her gentle, mothering ways and professional efficiency. We pray God’s richest blessings on her and her husband as they resettle in Bangkok to be near their children.

VIII. Update on Sri Lanka's Lakpahana School
   Merlyn Fernando <merlynfernando@yahoo.com> Oct. 20
   The history of Adventists schools in Sri Lanka [Ceylon] began in 1922 in Moratuwa and moved to Kottawa the next year. Two friends, ladies, were the first teachers. One left her teaching at Hillwood College, Kandy, and later became the wife of one of our pioneer preachers.
   The Kottawa property was a juvenile reformatory before it was released by the government for our one and only boarding school. Since the school was transferred to Lakpahana that property is a Government orphanage. Both properties hold graves from those pioneer families.
   Now Lakpahana is surrounded by orphanages, including one of our own. God has a ministry ready-made for us. GCE AL teenagers from them have joined the teaching and industrial classes. Thanks to the return of Brooke and Pat Sadler to
the campus, the bakery is turning out bread up to 100 loaves a day, bananas are enriching the cafeteria tables, new beds and mattresses have brought laughter and willing hands to life, while the campus is becoming a garden again. Praise God!

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