2015 Adventism: Making a Difference

Welcome to the Union College student-produced issue of OUTLOOK. Many of our readers claim this edition as their favorite of the year because they enjoy the personal, fresh experiences and observations of young, energetic Adventists.

As you read the following pages you will see that our young adults are conscientious and kind. They are willing to invest their time, energy and skill for the betterment of humanity. And they’re eager to explore “outside the bubble” and embrace the entire world with the love of Christ—to be the hands, the feet, the strong arms of Jesus to those in need.

I pray that we all will find their attitudes and actions both inspiring and contagious.

—BRENDA DICKERSON, editor

Q&A with a student designer

Q: What inspired the process of design and layout for this issue?
—OUTLOOK staff

A: When we first started this project we looked at previous student issues of OUTLOOK and noticed the lack of a continuous theme in design. While it is nice to see designers express their individual talents for a single story, we all agreed that it would be interesting to do something different this year and design an issue with a running theme.

We didn’t want something complex or outside our skills as designers, but something that would look professional and modern. We brainstormed and settled on using stick figures and other graphics that were somewhat simplistic in design and added character to the story being told on each page. We spent many evenings discussing the layout and graphics we would use for each story, making dozens of revisions before submitting our finished product.

For many of us this was the first time we had worked on such a vast project for the real world. We wanted something we could all be proud of and that OUTLOOK readers could enjoy. I believe we achieved this and more. For me, this process has taught me how to be a leader and a better team member, for both require patience and understanding of how others work.

Thank you to our teacher, Chris Blake, for challenging us to be better in our editing process and a special thank you to OUTLOOK’s designer, Raschelle Hines.

—BEN HOLMS, Union College student designer

The popular My Bible Friends set of books has spun off an interactive iPad app featuring the story of Noah and the Flood. Find the app in the iTunes store. http://bit.ly/MBFiPadApp
ON THE COVER
Union College students from the Editing class collaborated to create this unique design.

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“Truly He is my rock and my salvation; He is my fortress, I will not be shaken.”
Psalms 62:6 (NIV)
Four Men Who Wanted to See God

By Chris Blake, professor of English and communication at Union College.

Once there were four men who wanted to see God. The men lived day and night in a cold and dark room surrounded by thick, towering walls. On the eastern wall, just beneath the ceiling, appeared their one source of hope. It was a window. Each day a golden shaft of sunlight lunged through this opening and inched down the western wall. Fascinated, the men watched the light as it moved. They longed to see beyond the window to the true origin of life and love; they hungered for a glimpse of the great God.

Though the opening was small—too small for a man to fit through—the four men often made heroic attempts to reach it. Each tried running and leaping against the wall, clawing desperately toward the tiny opening, but to no avail. The window was too high.

It became apparent then that the men would have to work together, so they developed a plan. Perhaps by standing one on top of another the person on the very top might be able to see through the window.

However, the question soon arose: Who will be the one on top? Who will be the one to see God? All realized this was the supreme desire for each man.

And so they sat, wondering.

Presently Rafael stood. “I will support you,” he said, and waited for the others.

After a few moments, José slowly pushed himself up. “I will be next,” he volunteered. The remaining two sat unmoving, staring at their feet.

At last, with a sigh, Weldon rose. “I will be third,” he offered. The three men looked down at Sam. It would be Sam on top.

Now Rafael was moving toward the eastern wall. He spread his legs, crouched, and pressed his palms against the stones. José placed one foot on Rafael and boosted himself until he stood balancing on Rafael’s shoulders. Next Weldon clambered over the straining Rafael and past the struggling José until he could stand, his head just below the window.

Sam wasted no time. He scrambled over Rafael and José and, with help from Weldon, was catapulted to the opening where he thrust his head through . . . ten seconds . . . the men below trembled . . . twenty seconds . . . the column shook . . . twenty-eight seconds . . .

The column collapsed. Arms and legs plummeted amid cries to a tangled heap where the men lay moaning, eyes closed, chests heaving. Slowly they untangled and rolled and with painful effort crawled apart to sit. From there the three men eagerly searched Sam’s face, and waited for him to speak.

The Vision

“I looked through the window,” Sam began, “and I saw many things. I saw wispy clouds laced across a bright sky. I watched speckled birds soar and wheel. There were oaks and sycamores on grassy hills and distant snow-capped mountains. I felt the wind and warm sunlight and heard the rustling of leaves, and I smelled smoke in the air.

“I saw many things,” he said again, and then he paused, gazing at the window. “But I did not see God.”

The men sat huddled in silence, their heads bowed. The air was heavy. The ground seemed unusually hard and cold. Suddenly Rafael spoke.

“I saw God.”

The others jerked and stared.

“As I shouldered the weight, the tremendous weight,” Rafael continued, “as I staggered and strained under it, my muscles on fire, my eyes stinging, my mind crying out, as I carried it all for as long as I could and then longer—I saw Him.”

The others sat, marveling.

“I saw God, too.” José’s voice shattered the silence. “As I balanced between what was above and what was below, as I felt the soles pushing against my back and head, as I struggled and shifted to keep us steady, to keep us somehow pointed up—I saw Him.”

The others sat, thinking.

“I also saw God.” It was Weldon. His eyes gleamed.

“As I approached the opening—so near—I wanted to be there myself. But it was when I stretched out my arms—so far—and lifted a friend, I saw Him.”
Meet This Year’s Editing Class

Front row (l-r) Sara Altsman, Harry Smith, Elena Cornwell, Ben Holms, AJ Valcin.
Back row (l-r) Dan Carlson, Katie Morrison, Katie Turk, Courtney Grant, Anna Auger (seated), Dakota Youngberg, Melissa Burton, Chris Blake.
Wrinkles lined his weathered face; his unkempt hair and week-old stubble made him look older than he likely was. A worn, brown leather jacket covered a wrinkled shirt above jeans ripped and stained. His construction boots were coated in crusty mud. Everything about him didn’t fit in. Hindered with a slight limp, he hunched as if a burden was on his back.

The smile on his face completely contradicted the rest of him. Bible in hand, he made his way to the front of the church and sat in the first pew. He voiced his opinions throughout Sabbath school, quoting the Bible and Ellen White. Church was no different; he regularly interrupted the pastor to question the sermon. Church members whispered, judging from their back row pews.

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Too Different?
We all have people in our lives whom we don’t want to acknowledge. Maybe it’s an annoying coworker, an unkind classmate, or a homeless woman who lives by the grocery store dumpsters. Sometimes it’s a man who dresses and talks differently or a teenager going through a phase of self-discovery. It could be the child in a wheelchair who can’t speak. Perhaps we simply don’t want to be around people who are different than us, whether in skin color, behavior, fashion, or beliefs.

What makes us different than those we marginalize? We all have human body parts—we’re not species of aliens who can’t communicate with each other, nor are we animalized brutes relying purely on instinct. In God’s eyes we are all His children. “For the Lord does not see as man sees; for man looks at the outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart” (1 Sam. 16:7, NKJV). External deficiencies or differences should not determine how we treat others.

Outside the city limits, the blind man sat, dirty, ridiculed, and forgotten. People knew who he was and did everything possible to keep their distance. Having no way to make money, the blind man resorted to begging from all who walked by.

One sunny day, a certain Man passed by followed by a large crowd. The blind man cried out, “Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!”

Almost simultaneously, the crowd turned as one to the blind man. “Shhhhhh! You old fool, Bartimaeus. Jesus won’t associate himself with the likes of you.” More than a few called out slurs.

Not to be deterred, the man cried out once more, “Son of David, have mercy on me!”

With that, Jesus stopped and asked the crowd to call Bartimaeus. A few mocked the blind man, saying, “Cheer up! On your feet! He’s calling you!” The rest of the crowd laughed and some turned away, disgusted that Jesus dared to talk to the city beggar.

Bartimaeus, however, had all the encouragement he needed. Jesus wanted to see him! He threw his ragged cloak to the ground and made his way toward the Man.

Jesus asked, “What do you want me to do for you?” Of all the things Jesus could have asked, He chose the painfully obvious question. Still, Bartimaeus had to think. If he regained his sight, he could live a normal life.

So he answered, “Rabbi, I want to see.” Jesus took a moment to study the man.
a Single Story

No deceit marred his face; his heart was pure. “Go. Your faith has healed you.”

As soon as the words left Jesus’ mouth Bartimaeus regained his sight. He gazed upon the face of his Healer and Redeemer. “Oh Master, my life is forever Yours. Give me the strength to follow You wherever You go.”

Jesus took the time to listen to the marginalized and rejected. He is the only perfect example of godly love. “God demonstrates His own love toward us… while we were still sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5:8, NKJV). Being the Son of God didn’t dissuade Him from risking everything to come to Earth and die for us. His ministry was all about unconditional love—for tax collectors and lepers, for the sick and maimed and prostitutes. Jesus loved them all. He wasn’t afraid to get to know their stories.

Imagine you are the one walking into church with tattooed arms and facial piercings. You are ostracized for living on the streets. People whisper behind your back because of the way you live. While we shouldn’t be spineless doormats without a voice, we also shouldn’t be strait-jacket oppressors with no consideration toward others.

Battle with Blindness
Chimamanda Adichie, a 2009 TED Conference speaker, argued that most of our lives are lived by a “single story,” whether it’s the one our culture, parents, pastors, or teachers taught us.* We are content inside our little bubbles, and anything we encounter that doesn’t fit inside our bubble is, by default, bad. I am guilty of judging people on their appearances and keeping my prejudices even after I’ve met them, regardless of their character. I’ve battled against negative comments and blatant prejudices and the struggle has inspired me to keep an open mind.

After church was over that Sabbath, a few of my fellow church members invited the man to potluck. He stayed and fellowshipped with us, sharing his stories and perspectives on life. I never saw a significant change in the man; he didn’t become an elder, and, to this day, he comes to church dressed in filthy clothes. However, I know he loves God. The smile on his face radiates the joy he receives from sharing Jesus.

Can we make a difference? Even the smallest acts of kindness can impact somebody for a lifetime. We all need a change in our mentality. Thoughts beget actions, which then become habits; habits become a lifestyle, which ultimately defines our character. A ripple effect takes place when our attitude positively affects those around us. By accepting and valuing others for their many stories, we open ourselves to love as Jesus, Son of David, does to us in our blindness.

*Go to ted.com and search for “The Danger of a Single Story.”

Imagine you are the one with tattooed arms.

Melissa is a sophomore communication major from Norridgewock, Maine. Dakota is a junior international rescue and relief major from Temecula, California.
A Girl Like Me

Written by Anna Auger. Designed by Harry Smith and Sara Altsman.

Solemn silence swept across the congregation as Doug Dworak spoke. Choked by emotion, he told us how Tiny Hands International rescued girls from a horrific life in the sex trade. Many of those girls were 11 years old—or younger.

“That’s the age of my granddaughters,” he sighed. “What would I do if those men were doing this to my granddaughters?”

That’s how old I am. Terror struck at my heart. What would I do if that happened to me?

I couldn’t get the image and feelings out of my mind. I imagined living in a village with my family in total poverty. The stress of trying to feed all the little mouths would be overwhelming. A man comes to the village, promising me a good marriage or a steady job. Money. Money for all those little mouths. How selfless, I thought.

And then, after this man who promises hope—this man whom the girl trusts—gets her out of the village, he probably rapes her. Trust shattered, the girl might think of running; her next thought is more sobering. Even if I ran, who would take me in? My family, my village, won’t take a girl like me back. So she stays with him, crosses the border from Nepal into India, and finds herself trapped forever in a hell where rape is a daily reality, where pain and torture become normal. Fresh air, sunshine, the village: these all become fading memories.

The hope that Tiny Hands offers is interception at the border. Tiny Hands has more than 20 border monitoring stations where a staff member watches the traffic and identifies suspicious persons. If the staff members think a girl is being trafficked, the local police are called in. Rescued girls are taken to safe homes, and Tiny Hands contacts their families. If the family will take their daughter back, and if she wants to return, Tiny Hands provides safe transportation back to her village. But sometimes, girls can’t return home.

If so, they’re placed in a women’s center, where they receive counseling, Christian discipleship, and skills training so that they can eventually provide for themselves.

Soap for Hope

Even as an 11-year-old, I could see how important Tiny Hands International’s work was. My little heart was breaking for the girls, and I wanted to do something that would help them find hope. I wanted to support Tiny Hands, but I had no income to share with them and no ideas for any other kind of donation.

Not long after Mr. Dworak spoke to my church, I had an idea that I shared with my dad.

“Hey, Dad?”

“Yes, Anna?”

“You know that soap making kit I got for Christmas? Do you think I could sell soap and give all the money I make to Tiny Hands?”

Dad thought for a second, and then replied, “That’s a great idea! I’ll help you set up a website this weekend.”

Before long, friends and family were ordering my soap. Many of them had never heard of Tiny Hands before. Within two years, I made almost $400 for Tiny Hands; a lot of money to a now-13-year-old. Enough money, in fact, to save about 40 girls like me from a living hell.

When I was 15, my market disappeared. The economy took a downturn, and four dollars for a bar of soap was suddenly too much, even if all the profit went to a good cause. What can I do now? I can’t let those girls down. I’ve got to keep helping them somehow.

Another Idea

A few weeks later, I was eating lunch with one of the teachers at the homeschool co-op.

“Oh, Anna,” she complained, “next week I’ve got parent/teacher conferences all evening! I don’t know when I’ll find time to eat, and then it will be just another sack meal.”

When I saw my mom that night, I told her what my teacher said.

“Mom, it doesn’t seem fair that they have to teach all day, and then they don’t get a supper. I think the administration should provide a meal for them.”

“I’m sure they would appreciate that, dear,” said Mom thoughtfully. “You’re a...
good cook; you could provide dinner for them."

Mom's words made me think. What if I made dinner for the teachers and asked them to donate to Tiny Hands in exchange? Could it be possible that in serving my teachers, I could also serve the girls in Nepal?

That very week, I emailed a dinner order form to all the teachers. I suggested a $10 donation to Tiny Hands International and included information about what Tiny Hands did in Nepal. The response from the teachers overwhelmed me. Teachers, board members, parents, and even students ordered meals from me. Everyone gave at least $10 to Tiny Hands; some even gave $50. Those who ate my food complimented my cooking skills, but also shared how blessed they were to have a hot, homemade meal.

Little Offerings

John 6:1-14 documents the story of Jesus miraculously feeding over 5,000 people. What stands out to me is not so much the magnitude of the meal, but its humble beginnings: a boy's sack lunch.

I don't think the disciples were combing the crowd, asking everyone if they had any food to eat. Instead, I like to think that the boy climbed up to where Jesus and His disciples were, holding out his bread and fish, wanting to share. Jesus took the boy's meager offering and transformed it into a blessing that reached many.

My offering to Tiny Hands was like the boy's little meal. Meager. But our attitude was the same. We both asked, “How can I help these people?” We looked at our skills, our talents, our possessions, and decided to give away what we could. Jesus, in His grace, accepted our little sacrifices and multiplied them to bless a multitude. No matter how few your skills, how little your time, or how tiny your hands, God can use you to make a difference.

Some day, I want to meet the girls. I want to see them, hug them, tell them I love them. Most of all, I want them to understand that my money didn't save them, nor did Tiny Hands. The One who saved them was Jesus. He was simply gracious enough to use a girl like me.

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Anna is a sophomore language arts education major from Lincoln, Nebraska. Harry is a senior public relations and emerging media major from Lincoln, Nebraska and Sara is a junior communication major with a public relations emphasis and minor in graphic design from Kansas City, Missouri.
Seventy-day Adventism
Written by AJ Valcin. Designed by Ben Holms.

Five! Four! Three! Two! ONE! Wooooo!!

In a room full of people, my two best friends and I were the only ones celebrating. Everyone else continued their conversations, while our 10-year-old selves were just relieved. What happened at the end of our countdown, you ask? Sundown on Saturday, better known to Adventists as the end of Sabbath.

We huddled up and planned our own evening of fun. The excitement for us was Backyard Football, a multiplayer computer game. However, our parents quickly turned us down due to the already planned “social” going on. Falling victim to the Seventh-day Adventist status quo, the three of us weren’t feeling social for the rest of the evening.

Over a decade later, I still resound with the sentiments of my youth, while knowing that a perspective shift would be ideal in order to find true satisfaction with my faith. In a society where tradition and radicalism struggle to mix like water and oil, individuals can find it difficult to wholeheartedly maintain Adventist standards. Thus, I believe a big difference is made in reimagining Adventism from a rigid religion to a friendship with Jesus.

At some point, we may find ourselves giving or receiving the following evasions: “Hey, I would love to hang out with you, but it’s Sabbath, and I have to . . . ”

“Uhhh, we can’t do that, because it’s Sabbath, and the Bible says . . . ”

“Ahem. Are you guys talking about appropriate things? It’s Sabbath . . . ”

Because of this, we make the concept of Sabbath our trump card or scapegoat. By making the seventh day of the week seem like a burden, we completely miss out on its blessing. Yes, the Sabbath is to be respected, but it is to be as relieving as it is revered.

I cannot begin to tell you how many Sabbaths I spent in my youth constantly avoiding anything in which I found leisure, for fear that my parents were spying on me and ready to scold my actions. To this day, I still second-guess my Sabbath plans, and I find myself distressing about my salvation. I call this the “Double Take Syndrome,” as it calls to such moments of constantly looking over our shoulders in fear instead of faith.

However, it wasn’t until my adolescence that I fully understood what Jesus told the disciples in Mark 2:27: “The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath” (NIV). Instead of looking at how Sabbath could convenience my earthly needs, God intended His holy day for my spiritual needs, which transcend and eventually fulfill all other needs.

Sabbath rest goes above and beyond sleeping in until second service or
taking a nap after potluck. This rest and relaxation occurs when we invest in our friendship with Jesus, even more than during the six days we labor. Once we are blessed in our quality time with our Savior, the urge to bless others is real, whether you are 10 or 100 years old. From interpersonal ministries to nursing home visits, the entire spectrum of service provides blessings to both the giver and receiver. Because it’s Sabbath.

**Personally Embracing the Sabbath**

The seventh-day Sabbath is the core of Adventism. By limiting this belief to a 24-hour period, we perform a disservice to the Father who wisely gave us this gift. Though it is a day of rest that calls for the best from us, we should breathe its specifics into our daily existence, so that others around us can see how attainable, simple, and enjoyable it is.

Our sinfully-inclined human nature creates stigmas of religions such as Adventism, as we focus on what we cannot do as opposed to how we can feel and experience. Life’s journey can be seen as many obstacles, or, we can reimagine these obstacles as opportunities to grow within. Once we experience these changes inside ourselves, why wouldn’t we want to live it out all seven days of the week? During the simple times, Jesus is openly looking to converse with us. Through life’s hardships, our Savior carries us as an opportunity to constantly commune with Him. Jesus isn’t on-call, but always calling.

**Christ Befriends, not Berates**

As a child, my two best friends and I would always seek out the sunset times in the church bulletin. Every Sabbath, we looked for it to end, as it seemed to be a non-school day robbed of fun. Even when our birthdays fell on Sabbath, we found no joy in them. However, once I came to realize that my belief was more than just guidelines which the world seemed to oppose, I embraced the Sabbath as a Seven-day Adventist. Being in the world and not of the world, every day of the week, is the best way for others to see Christ’s image reflected in me. This same Christ is the one who doesn’t berate me, but befriends me.

Do we look for the sunset times in our church bulletins? Do we use the Sabbath as a trump card or scapegoat to believers and non-believers? There is no time like the present to see these “obstacles” as daily opportunities to develop and grow spiritually. After which, the things of this earth will grow strangely dim... such as computer games.

**Five Ways to Make a Difference as a Seven-day Adventist**

- **Impact others daily.** Strive to perform an anonymous act of kindness, every day, no matter how big or small.

- **Accept others unconditionally.** Implement an “open-arms policy.” For in order to win souls, one must unreservedly accept.

- **Listen to others delicately.** Understand that one’s friendship with Jesus is personal. You can advise (non-)believers how to approach their spiritual lives; you cannot dictate to them.

- **Serve others selflessly.** Participate in some type of community outreach on a regular basis. By serving others, we become served and satisfied ourselves.

- **Love others, in everything you do.** Know that Jesus isn’t chasing after you with the finger of condemnation; rather, He is walking right beside you in open conversation.

*AJ is a senior communication major from New Rochelle, New York. Ben is a senior communication major from La Salle, Colorado.*
Ending the Midnight Market

Written by Courtney Grant. Designed by Dakota Youngberg.

We’ve got everything you want,” said the seller on the phone to the new buyer. “Excellent! When can I come and look at them?”

“Meet me at midnight tonight outside my warehouse. You will be able to properly inspect your newly acquired animals when we get there.”

“Great! See you—”

“Just a moment,” said the seller. “I have one rule. Do not bring anyone with you. My business caters to higher-end consumers, and I want my clients to feel safe and protected from the rest of the world. There are individuals who don’t approve of this type of business. Understand?”

“Yes, I completely understand.”

Later that night, while the buyer was inspecting his newly acquired species, his eyes sparkled as he looked into each of the crates holding the animals that would soon be his.

“I’ll take them all!” said the buyer. “Now I have my own Amur leopard, leatherback turtle, mountain gorilla, and a green turtle! How were you able to acquire these animals so soon?”

“I can’t tell you my sources. All I can say is I have other clients who wanted similar animals for their own collections,” replied the seller.

What is driving the sale of endangered animals?

This is just a sample of the conversations that can occur between a seller and a buyer of international endangered animals. There are several reasons why sellers go to such lengths to capture them. The first is money; these animals are highly sought after because of their rarity. The second reason is trading the animal—alive or dead—for useful objects such as utensils. The third reason is making clothing for higher paying consumers. The fourth reason is using the animals for construction or using parts of them for food.

According to the World Wildlife Fund organization, there are about 100 million different species on the earth. However, the extinction rate is about 0.01 percent per year, or about 10,000 species per year. Amur leopards, leatherback turtles, and mountain gorillas are all considered to be critically endangered.

Native to Asian regions, the Amur leopard’s population has dwindled to 30. The number of leatherback turtles, which can be found in the Galapagos Islands, is unknown at the present time. There are only 880 mountain gorillas left in the African Congo Basin. Swift foxes, found along the Great Plains of North America, are losing their homes due to human interference.

What Can We Do?

While these animals are indeed at high risk of extinction, we can help by slowing down the rate at which they are dying off. The World Wildlife Fund website (worldwildlife.org) provides many opportunities for potential environmentalist and animal rights activists to help.

Visitors can learn about endangered species and their environments and participate in fundraising by shopping on
the site or making a donation.

In addition the World Wildlife Fund lists about 12 pages of projects they are involved in, and how to be a part of them. Currently, the organization is discussing the trade of ivory and how there needs to be more regulations. They are asking individuals to sign an electronic letter that will ensure these elephants remain in the thoughts of representatives of the United States Congress and the Fish and Wildlife Service. Another way individuals and animal rights activists can get involved with the World Wildlife Fund is to join their membership.

We have the responsibility to take care of these creatures and their homes. According to the first chapter in Genesis, God gave Adam and Eve the responsibility to look after the animals to protect them in the Garden of Eden. Gen. 6:19-20 says, “You are to bring into the ark two of all living creatures, male and female, to keep them alive with you. Two of every kind of bird, of every kind of animal and of every kind of creature that moves along the ground will come to you to be kept alive. You are to take every kind of food that is to be eaten and store it away as food for you and them.” Noah was being instructed by God to gather two of every kind and place them in the ark before the flood came. By doing this Noah and his family were able to save and help regrow the animal population after the flood had passed. In Matt. 6:26 Jesus says, “Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them.”

**It’s Time for Change**

After reading these passages from the Bible I began to wonder. What is stopping us from helping? Is it our own mindset that someone else will take up the responsibility in protecting these species? Why can’t we take a stand against others who want to kill these innocent animals to make a profit? The World Wildlife Fund is helping the world in answering these questions, so what are we willing to do?

We can help animals facing extinction.

Courtney is a junior communication major from Lincoln, Nebraska. Dakota is a junior international rescue and relief major from Temecula, California.
Stop the ‘no blankets for the homeless’ ordinance!”

The headline made me pause my Facebook browsing. Curious, I clicked the link and read the article that popped up. It described how the city of Pensacola, Florida had prohibited homeless people from using blankets. Florida had an abnormally cold winter that year, making sleeping on the street without a blanket dangerous.

As I read on, I discovered that this ordinance was intended to force homeless people to go to another town in order to “clean up” the streets and parks of Pensacola. Anger turned my stomach into knots. How can people be so cruel? I didn’t understand. The city was more concerned with looking good than helping the people suffering right in front of them.

I switched tabs, and wrote an email to a friend of mine, Mrs. Mitchell. I described the situation in Pensacola and asked if there was anything I could do about the ordinance.

She replied within a few minutes: “Katie, I’m so glad you want to change this outrageous ordinance! Here are some things you can do.” She gave me a list of suggestions including signing a petition and emailing Pensacola’s city council members. “We can even go down to Pensacola, sleep on the street, and get arrested—I’m not kidding.”

I immediately wrote another email to everyone on my contact list and included a link to the petition to overturn the ordinance and a list of the city council members’ emails and phone numbers. Then, I posted the petition link to Facebook and listed the contact information there too. I encouraged my friends to fight the ordinance by signing the petition and contacting the city council.

I didn’t know what would happen or if anyone would respond, but I knew I had to try. At school, I encouraged people to sign the petition. I wrote an article for the school newspaper asking people to support the homeless in Pensacola. I finally decided I had done all I could do and began focusing on my homework, forgetting about the ordinance. Later that week, Mrs. Mitchell found me in Sabbath school. “Katie! Did you hear? Enough people signed the petition and spoke out against the Pensacola ordinance that the city council decided to meet—they voted to overturn it! It’s over. The ordinance is gone!” We had won.

Why did I do this? The year before, I had joined an activist club Mrs. Mitchell had formed on campus. Every few weeks, we met to discuss problems ranging from bullying in school to sex trafficking in Nepal and India. We made action plans to raise awareness for these causes and explore possible solutions to the problems. We left each time with the challenge to intentionally look for ways to make a difference. Before long, we actively searched for ways to end suffering and constantly asked ourselves how we could impact situations.

They voted to overturn it. We had won.

But does success always come that easily? All I had to do was write a few emails and sign a petition. Fighting that ordinance cost me only a little time. What if it had cost more? Many people throughout history have joined causes. Some causes ended as easily as the Pensacola ordinance did. However, more than a few people gave up much more than a little time. Corrie ten Boom lost her way of living, home, and family. The Freedom Riders sacrificed their health and wellbeing. Sophie Scholl gave up her life.

Some of these people never saw success. They fought for justice and gave all they had, but no matter how
hard they worked, success never came. At this point, many people ask, “Is it even worth it?” Is a cause really worth sacrificing energy and comfort simply to watch hard-won victories topple time after time?

William Wilberforce dedicated 50 years of his life to end slavery in Britain. His campaign destroyed his health, damaged his reputation, and nearly ended his career. But he didn’t give up. He fought through the hardships. He gave everything to help a race of people find freedom. All his life he knew failure, but he died knowing success.

So were his efforts worth it? Listen to him:

“Accustom yourself to look first to the dreadful consequences of failure; then fix your eye on the glorious prize which is before you; and when your strength begins to fail, and your spirits are well nigh exhausted, let the animating view rekindle your resolution, and call forth in renewing vigor the fainting energies of your soul.”

This was how Wilberforce pushed toward his goal. Even though he experienced failure over and over again, he kept his eyes on success.

Wilberforce not only looked forward, but he also looked around. He saw the distress around him, and identified with the people who suffered. He didn’t fight simply for strangers; he fought for his friends. That’s what kept him going. That’s what made losing nearly everything worth it for him.

I clicked on the “no blankets for the homeless” article because I wanted to make that kind of a difference. I had finally let go of the apathy that plagues so many people today. I stopped ignoring pleas for help and let stories from suffering people break my heart and move me to action. I want to live William Wilberforce’s legacy and fight tirelessly for justice. I may never free an entire race from the bonds of slavery, but I can free individuals from the bonds of suffering. When compared to all the injustice in the world, I may not make much of an impact, and some may ask if so small a difference is worth fighting for. When they ask, “Is it even worth it?” I can tell them, “Yes.”

Because justice is always worth it.

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Want to be Involved?

- **Notice**: Be aware of what is going on around you. Actively look for ways to make a difference.
- **Identify**: Become friends with those who suffer. This is what will keep you going. You may not fight for a stranger, but you will fight for a friend.
- **Research**: Make sure you know what you’re supporting. First, research helps answer questions you may have about the topic. Second, it prevents you from being tricked.
- **Plan**: Make your plan of action. Brainstorm what you can do to create change. How can you help?
- **Publicize**: Tell people. Raising awareness of a cause and what people can do to help will move the cause forward. Call other people to make an impact.
- **Act**: Do something. Reinforce your call to action by following through. If people don’t want to listen to you, they will watch you, and that may convince them to help.
- **Persevere**: Never give up. No matter how small the difference you’re making seems to be, remember the effort you put forward is always worth it.

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*Katie is a freshman language arts education major from Lincoln, Nebraska. Ben is a senior communication major from La Salle, Colorado.*
As a sophomore in high school, starving children in other countries were not on my list of things to worry about. I had homework to do, basketball games to play, and friends to make. I had much bigger problems. When I found out that my Bible class required 10 hours of community service, I was so annoyed that I started to think of ways to avoid serving. I didn't care for community service at the time and I figured someone else would eventually serve and the work would get done.

To avoid doing the work, I decided I would cheat and fill out forms at the end of the semester that showed how much service I had done even though I wasn't going to serve. I needed time for the important things in my life, like finding a girlfriend and getting my homework done. However, two of those required hours had to be served at the Feed My Starving Children organization, a place that gives food to starving children around the world. There was no way to skip it. Believe me, I tried.

When the bus pulled up to the curb Wednesday morning, I was excited that we were going to miss the first two and a half hours of school. I sat down next to a friend who muttered sarcastically, “I can't wait to help save the world!”

After a bouncy 15 minute ride in the back of the bus, we arrived at the Feed My Starving Children packaging and shipping facility in Chanhassen, Minnesota. It was a plain brick building with a small parking lot and a tiny front door. Frankly, it didn’t look like much could come from this place.

The employees greeted us with smiles and handed us hair nets while we filed into a dark room to watch an educational video. The video gave us some background information on the children we were about to help and the history of Feed My Starving Children. It reminded me of the commercials I had seen with the sad dogs in them. I didn't pay much attention to it. There is no way that 40 high school kids can have any impact on children living around the world, I thought. I carried this thought into the packaging area, a grey room with six tables designated for food packaging—so clean it resembled a surgical room. We washed our hands in the sink at the back and took a group photo full of fake smiles, being careful not to touch anything with our hands.

We then split up into teams of six. Each team consisted of a bag holder, rice distributor, potato distributor, two seasoning distributors, a bag sealer and a box packager. My job was to hold the bag under the funnel so my team could pour in the ingredients. I remember the bags were particularly hard to get open and fit around the bottom of the funnel. We started out well, but soon we began to get sloppy. Rice wasn't making it into the funnel, seasoning was being wasted and I dropped an entire bag of food on the floor. Production came to a halt as we stared at the rice bouncing off our feet.

What difference does a bag make? I awkwardly laughed it off with my team and got back to work. We were more careful after the incident, but rice still managed to fall onto the floor.

After a bouncy 15 minute ride in the back of the bus, we arrived.

Guilt Trip

After an hour and a half, we were brought back into the room where we had watched the informational video. We were each given a small cup filled with the food we had just made. It tasted good, and I was surprised that this mix of rice and potatoes could be so flavorful. A few students even went back to get a second serving. Then our

Dan is a communication major with an emphasis in emerging media from Wayzata, Minnesota. Elena is pursuing a personalized degree in communication and is from Hilo, Hawaii.
instructor hurried up to the white board and wrote a number, proudly displaying how many children they could feed with the bags of food we had packaged. I was astounded and even proud of the work we had done, until the instructor pulled me aside. He informed me that he saw how much food we had wasted and that it could have fed around 10 children. I felt guilty about the way I had acted and the bus ride back to school wasn't nearly as fun as it had been coming.

Production halted as we stared at the rice bouncing off our feet.

I think I acted the way I did that day because I didn't understand the impact community service can have, regardless of how many people are being helped. I thought community service was something I was forced to do because I was in a Christian school that cared about the community. Feed My Starving Children taught me that I don't have to fly to a starving country to make a difference; I can help from my hometown. It also taught me that I only need to help one person to make a difference. It didn't matter if I helped feed one person or 20,000 people—at least one would feel loved.

I no longer laugh at community service because I understand the impact it can make and I think I can't believe I get to make a difference today.
I spent the summer before my freshman year at Union College searching for a job. Knowing I would work my way through college, the plan was to pick up whatever jobs were available. Ultimately finding a job in the business office, I met my boss, Salli Jenks, one of the most thoughtful people I have ever encountered.

When I first started as a timid freshman, she was encouraging and cheerful. A few months in, she called me over to her desk.

"Katie, I'd like you to take an online work personality test," she said. "Basically it will tell me what motivates you and how you communicate in the workplace. It's going to help me know how better to interact with you in the office and get to know how your mind works."

I took the quiz and turned in the results. We talked through my answers to really get a feel for my reactions. I mentioned that candy motivated me to do just about anything. I am a candy fiend. I have the cavity fillings and dentist bills to prove it. Salli laughed but didn't say too much about it.

The next week, I went to work as usual. As I dug through my pile of assignments, I saw a bag of gummy worms. I spun around to Salli and waved them at her in disbelief.

"Are these for me?" I asked. She shrugged happily. "You said candy motivates you."

Her little action of buying me candy meant she had been thinking about me and how to encourage me more. As if her attitude and leadership in the office wasn't enough, Salli went out of her way to make me feel special. Even after two years, I still find a surprise on my desk every once in a while and every time I do, I am moved by her kindness and feel impressed to do the same for others.

My sophomore year of college presented a challenge. I didn't have a roommate nor did I have anyone in mind. It seemed like I was going to end up with a stranger or even worse, someone I knew but didn't like. About a month before school started, my cousin called me. She told me that her best friend was transferring to Union College from Andrews University and needed a roommate. She described the friend, a girl named Kristina, as shy, clean and studious.

When I got to my room that fall, Kristina was sitting on the bed. She was so shy that it took months for me to actually have a meaningful conversation with her. Once I did, I found an amazing and compassionate friend.

This was exemplified the morning I forgot to make my bed. I woke up late and darted out of the room, ignoring the messy comforter and focusing selfishly on my tardiness. I returned later that day exhausted. Glancing at my bed, I stopped short. My bed looked like someone had pulled it from an Ikea catalog. The covers were smoothed, the pillows fluffed—everything was perfect. My roommate,

Katie is a junior business administration major from Hutchinson, Minnesota. Elena is pursuing a personalized degree in communication and is from Hilo, Hawaii.
quiet and studious and self-contained, had taken the time to make my bed. I know making someone’s bed doesn’t change the world. It doesn’t end world hunger or combat global warming. But it touched me. Unfortunately, I view myself as a selfish person. My natural reaction would not be, Oh, an unmade bed. Let me just make that real quick. I would most likely leave it for someone else to deal with. But Kristina saw my bed that morning and took it upon herself to rectify the situation. It blew me away. The rest of the year, we randomly made each other’s beds. It was the simplest thing but she inspired me with her kindness to look for opportunities to do things for others.

Encouraging Words
If asked who has made the biggest impact on my life, I would instantly say my parents. They work in tandem, as a joint force, to raise their children and reach people for Christ. My dad pastors the Hutchinson Seventh-day Adventist Church in Minnesota while my mom works as a registered nurse. But focusing more on my dad, I can’t begin to count the different ways he has helped me grow spiritually and as a person in general.

A few winters ago, my dad and I took some snowmobiles out for a ride. We ended up riding about 20 miles out to a small diner for breakfast. It was our father-daughter date. We ate pancakes and drank hot chocolate and just enjoyed each other’s company. As we headed out to the parking lot, he pulled me in for a hug.

“I love you, Katie,” he said. “I’m so proud of you.”

My dad doesn’t shy away from emotion. He purposefully tells his children how proud he is of their accomplishments. He strips away the awkwardness of a compliment and genuinely praises the gifts God has given us. He has told me countless times how proud he is. But every single time I hear those words, I’m struck by the strength of his love for me. If my dad can love me that much, how much more does my heavenly Father love me? My dad makes a difference in my life daily by being the best example of God’s character I have on Earth.

God can work in all types of settings. He isn’t restricted to elaborate charity events or dramatic rescue stories. Rather than being confined, God has an ability to use anyone to create a moment. God can work in any situation and make a life-changing difference, whether through a declaration of pride or a candy bar.
Pastor Mark Paris has always had a passion for mentoring and coaching church members. In his new role as Central States Conference ministerial director, his number one focus will be supporting and equipping the ministry of local church pastors by providing training and resources to help care for the needs of pastors and their families and representing their interests at appropriate administrative levels.

Coming from a place where he needed someone to mentor him, Paris remembers his early childhood education. He was put in a special reading class based on assumption. “It made me assume that I was not as bright as everyone else,” Paris recalled. As he reflects on that experience, he realizes that although he had a fixed mindset very early in life, the Lord has actually gifted him with tools and talents to help others be the best they can be.

Paris currently serves as pastor of the Boston Street and New Community churches in his hometown of Denver, Colorado. “I’ve always wanted to see what I can do to improve myself and others,” stated Paris. Recently, he has started a program to learn more effective leadership skills. He believes that everyone has the skills and talents to lead, but many people are looking for a way to develop them. “What I like about coaching is that it’s more effective since people are not being told what to do, but allowed to be a part of the process and solidify what they really want out of life.”

When Paris graduated from Oakwood College he was given the opportunity to work at New Community (before the current building was constructed) as an associate evangelist with Pastor Alex Bryant. That experience would have offered him tools in church growth and practical witnessing. However, God had bigger plans. Instead of the associate evangelist position or another church plant offer, he was assigned to pastor a large district in the Central States Conference. While some thought he was too young and inexperienced, God gave him maturity to lead that district for seven years. Paris has now pastored in CSC for 25 years.

While in seminary, Paris served as president of the pastoral students and enjoyed the opportunity of learning how to set up programs for pastors. “This prepared me in learning how to pastor pastors,” Paris said. While in Lincoln, Nebraska he had his best experience of pastoring pastors, and that gave him the platform to understand how to minister to ministers he looked up to. In addition to pastoring in Denver and Lincoln, he also served in Omaha, Wichita and St. Louis. Paris’ base of ministry prioritizes family first then extends to the discipleship of believers, who in turn infiltrate and permeate the community through loving acts of ministry.

As part of his new role Pastor Paris has been tasked with developing a coaching program that aims to equip pastors to achieve their highest personal and professional potential in the areas of spiritual growth, pastoral ministry, evangelism, church growth and retention.

Brittany Winkfield is a member of the New Community Church in Denver, Colorado.
Dakota Blessed With Centenarians

Thelma Dean, Emma Hegney, Lillian Hirschkorn, Agnes Warbitsky and Glen Wilder have blessed the Dakotas for well over three generations, if you use the dictionary’s 30 years as the definition for a generation.

These centenarians were born before World War I, before an aircraft flew above 5,000 feet, or even flew at night. Although washing machines were discussed in the newspapers, few were owned. The first coast-to-coast telephone call was still a decade into the future.

To imagine the change that has taken place within their lifetimes is staggering.

Emma, at 104, passed away Nov. 29, 2014, but Thelma (101), Lillian (103), Agnes (101) and Glen (103) remain encyclopedias of information, libraries of life’s wisdom, characters in their own right, and personalities that can never be duplicated.

Until a year ago, Emma walked regularly and read the newspaper faithfully. Although hard of hearing and not too talkative, she had an excellent memory and lit up at the mention of someone’s name from her past. “I remember him,” she would say and a smile would cross her face. She had five siblings (one a twin) all of whom preceded her in death, as well as two of her four children.

If asked how she was doing, she would wave her hand and say, “Aw, no” and shake her head. She did not want to discuss herself but took delight in visits and putting together brightly colored puzzles. At 104, she walked quickly from room to room with the aid of her walker.

Although her husband died shortly after their youngest child was born, she worked hard to keep the family together and never missed church.

Lillian, still going strong at 103, is ambulatory, quick-witted and talkative. “I decided I wouldn’t drive over the age of 90,” she begins, “so I parked my car and sat for 10 years.” She laughs. “It was fine because my friends all had to come visit me then. You know when you get to be 90, you are on the edge of losing your eyesight and hearing.” She paused, “Some of them shouldn’t have been driving. But we had a great time.”

Lillian lives in assisted living now and still does all her own cooking. She invites her neighbors to her apartment once a week for a meal. Her daughter, Beverly, comes to help.

Lillian and her husband farmed in Fessenden, North Dakota for 40 years. “I liked the farm,” she says, “I never shied away from work. I never was a lazy person. I like my things put in order.” If they needed to do some shopping they would drive to Harvey—“just a two-story town”—to purchase what they could not find locally.

Thelma Dean is a member of the Hot Springs (SD) Church. Agnes Warbitsky, featured in the May 2014 OUTLOOK, is a member of the Turtle Lake (ND) Church. And Glen Wilder is a member of the Jamestown (ND) Church.

The Bible advises us to honor the face of the elderly because their gray hair is a crown of glory (Prov. 16:31; Lev. 19:32). How exciting it will be to meet them again in the prime of their lives!

Jacquie Biloff is communication director for the Dakota Conference.

MEN’S RETREAT

Plan now to attend the Dakota Conference Men’s Retreat at Aberdeen, South Dakota March 13-15 featuring Dr. Richard Davidson of Andrews University. For more information contact Randy Rubbert at 701.847.3008 or maryrandy@wildblue.net.
I have been preaching Revelation Prophecy Seminars for about 16 months and am loving every moment. In November I had the honor of working with the Kansas City Multicultural Adventist Church for the Community led by Pastor Manuel Moral. This was the first campaign to be preached in English at a predominately Hispanic church in order to attract more English-speaking youth. I preached my series titled The Revelation of Jesus Christ, intertwining the life of Jesus throughout the prophecy series. The Sabbath sermons were presented in English and translated into Spanish. There were multiple church members who personally invited their coworkers and relatives to attend our campaign and those persons were present every single night. Praise God!

Evangelistic efforts become increasingly more effective when church members make personal contacts with individuals who are searching for hope in end-time biblical truth. Can you imagine if every member acted upon the Holy Spirit’s prompting to invite? The work would finish rapidly.

In the book Last Day Events, p. 212, we read: “Thousands in the eleventh hour will see and acknowledge the truth. These conversions to truth will be made with a rapidity that will surprise the church and God’s name alone will be glorified.”

The church family’s support in these evangelistic efforts makes all the difference. Pastor Moral baptized four individuals our last Sabbath together with several others enrolled in a weekly Bible study continuing with church members.

What a blessed privilege to be involved in God’s work! God doesn’t call on the qualified; He qualifies the called. Matt. 10:20 says “For it will not be you speaking, but the Spirit of your Father speaking through you.” You will not be alone when you share God’s truths. Let’s support the spreading of the Three Angel’s Messages so that thousands will be converted in a day...and we can all go home.

To learn more about Cami’s ministry, visit www.NoFearRevelation.com.

Cami Oetman recently presented a series at the Kansas City Multicultural Adventist Church for the Community.
Pelletier Ordained to Gospel Ministry

Michael Pelletier was born and raised a Catholic and intended from childhood to become a priest. His eyes were later opened to many truths found in God’s Word that led him to the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Upon entering the church in 1999, he quickly became involved in most aspects of church ministry, from evangelism to community service to serving as an elder at his local church in Johnston, Rhode Island. He also enjoyed many short-term construction mission trips to other countries.

Pelletier worked for 20 years as an engineer in various fields. After completing his master’s degree in pastoral ministry at Andrews University, he accepted a call in 2010 to his current position as pastor of the Garden City/Dodge City/Liberal District in western Kansas. He was ordained to the gospel ministry on Dec. 13, 2014 at the Garden City Church.

“There is no greater honor than partaking in the work of assisting lost souls to find salvation in Jesus Christ,” Pelletier said.

His lovely and supportive wife, Elena, was born and raised in the Dominican Republic. She came to the United States when she was 20, studied and worked as a computer engineer. Michael and Elena have four children: Joel, 12; Alan, 11; Kayleigh nine; and Abel seven.

Virgil Covel is ministerial director for the Kansas-Nebraska Conference.

Platform participants at Pelletier’s ordination service included (front row l-r) Ron and Sue Carlson, Elena and Michael Pelletier; (middle row) John Sweigart, Don Stricker; (back row) Virgil Covel, Bill Warcholik, Jerry Nowack.

Pelletier Ordained to Gospel Ministry

Kansas City Area
CONVOCATION
February 13-14, 2015

Speaker: Alex Bryan
Lead Pastor
Walla Walla University Church

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13
Chapel Oaks Church
6245 Monticello Road
Shawnee, KS
7:00 pm  Alex Bryan

SABBATH, FEBRUARY 14
New Haven Church
8714 Antioch Road
Overland Park, KS
9:30 am  Sabbath School
11:00 am  Alex Bryan
2:00 pm  Alex Bryan
We are now in the final phase of our planning and preparation for the Twin Cities evangelistic series with Shawn Boonstra and the Voice of Prophecy to be held Feb. 27 - Mar. 28. Revelation Speaks Peace declares Jesus Christ as the only hope for this world. Jesus lived a perfect life, died and was buried but rose from the dead, thus giving us the hope of eternal life. That is what these meetings are all about! They share the story of Jesus—and the power that leads to an eternal relationship with the Savior.

During this period of preparation that started after the 2014 camp meeting, we have seen 149 people come into the faith: 111 baptisms and 38 by profession of faith. The Holy Spirit is moving powerfully in our conference territory.

I know that there are still thousands of people in the Twin Cities area who have no relationship with Jesus Christ. They are, at this very moment, being touched by the Spirit and seeking for hope in Jesus.

Some church members are asking, “What can I do?” or “How can I be involved?” The Minnesota Conference wants to encourage all of you to do something in declaring the hope of Jesus and sharing His love. There are many opportunities for you to be a part of the Metro evangelism team. We pray that every member in our conference will participate in the sharing of the gospel of Jesus Christ in one or more of the following ways:

1) Pray for people who are in your circle of influence, people who don’t have a personal relationship with Jesus. Pray that the Lord would open your eyes to see them as the Lord sees them—sons and daughters of the kingdom. Pray that by God’s grace you can lead them to the cross during this period of reaping.

2) Help financially by giving a donation for evangelism. There are still a lot of needs and your financial help will be appreciated here and in heaven.

3) Volunteer. Every person has a spiritual gift to share. We need greeters, people to help with the Discover Bible School, Bible workers, musicians, prayer warriors and the list goes on.

The conference is using Bible lessons written by Karen Lewis, Lifting Up Jesus, that teach people about their need of a loving Savior and who He is. We also have a correspondence Discover Bible School program set up, in which we send out Bible lessons to those who have responded to invitations.

If you live away from the Twin Cities area, you have a wonderful opportunity to put your financial resources to work by making a donation for evangelism to the Minnesota Conference. And take this opportunity to pray, asking God to reach more people in our Twin Cities with the gospel.

There are many opportunities to be part of the Twin Cities evangelism team.

Brian Mungandi is vice president of administration and communication director for the Minnesota Conference.
Juan Estrada Ordained to Pastoral Ministry

On Dec. 6, about 300 attendees at Denver South Hispanic Church celebrated the ordination ceremony of Pastor Juan Estrada. Pastor Estrada was called to serve in the RMC after 19 years of service as a literature evangelist. He started as a Bible worker, then served as a pastor of the Colorado Springs Hispanic Church. Eventually, he became the pastor of Denver Central Hispanic and Denver South Hispanic churches. Ed Barnett, Eric Nelson, George Crumley, Craig Carr and Ruben Rivera officiated at the service. Other Hispanic pastors and invitees took part in the program as well.

Hispanic Lay Leaders Graduate

After nine months of study, 39 graduates received a certificate in Biblical Preaching, granted by the Institute of the Hispanic Ministry of Andrews University. Ed Barnett, president of the RMC, was the keynote speaker. He challenged each student to be a faithful, effective and active worker for the Lord. The ceremony was held Dec. 7 at the Denver South Hispanic Church.
Mile High Academy to Relocate after 65 Years
Porter Adventist Hospital helps make move a reality

The spacious facility for Mile High Academy is visible to thousands of daily commuters as they pass the campus near the C470 loop and University Boulevard on the south side of Denver.

Mile High Academy is preparing to move to a new campus in the Highlands Ranch community, nine miles south of its present location. This comes after a century of academic excellence and 65 years of blessing Denver families in its current location adjacent to Porter Adventist Hospital. Now, Mile High is excited to expand its reach to the south side of Denver.

The new school campus is a beautiful facility that will easily accommodate more than 400 students. It features large classrooms, a dedicated building for the academy grades, a beautiful gymnasium and well-maintained athletic fields with stadium seating. This building is ready-made for expansion, and exciting plans for improvements are already in the works. The school’s new location, just west of University Boulevard along the C470 loop, is highly visible to daily commuters and convenient to the growing communities of Highlands Ranch, Littleton, Parker and Castle Rock. The complex became available for purchase when another Denver-area Christian school consolidated three of its campuses.

The relocation of Mile High Academy has been a dream in the making since 2008. From planning to prayer to the hard work and determination of leaders, board members and parents, this is an opportunity that has long been anticipated. With steady growth and rising academic standards, it was obvious that updated facilities were needed in order to provide students with the best of opportunities.

“We look forward to seeing the mission of Adventist education spread throughout the community at our new campus,” said Toakase Vunileva, Mile High principal. “We will now have a campus that reflects the commitment to excellence happening within our walls. But more importantly, it is a testimony to the greatness of the God we serve!”

Mile High Academy leaders continue to be committed to providing quality education within a Christ-centered environment. They can now do so in a newer facility that will take the academy into the next century of service.

A generous partnership with Porter Adventist Hospital and its sister hospitals helps make the transition possible. In addition to a significant financial contribution, Porter is purchasing the existing Mile High campus, which is adjacent to the hospital complex.

“There is really no way this would be happening without the generosity of the hospital system,” added Vunileva. “We are so thankful to be partnering with them, and for their strong vision for Adventist education.”

When asked about the move, Randy Haffner, president of Porter Adventist Hospital said, “We are excited about this new chapter for Mile High Academy. It will be a great opportunity for the future leaders that will be trained in their hallways, and it provides additional space for Porter to grow as we seek to extend the healing ministry of Christ throughout our community.”

There will be ample opportunities for the school’s constituents to get involved as well. “There are quite a few improvements to the physical plant that still need to be completed to be ready for next fall’s students,” said Ed Barnett, Rocky Mountain Conference president. “Ideally, we need to raise several million dollars to make this new school a place we can be proud of for generations to come.”

This article was submitted by Stephen King, senior vice president for the Rocky Mountain Adventist Health/Centura Health, where he serves the five Adventist hospital campuses in Colorado. It was written by Mark Bond with input from Agape Hammond.
“Truly He is my rock and my salvation; He is my fortress, I will not be shaken.”

Psalms 62:6 (NIV)

Save the Date and plan on attending this special, uplifting event.

For complete schedule & to register visit www.ASIMidAmerica.org
Aragon, Margaret E., b. July 7, 1928 in Pueblo, CO. d. Oct. 2, 2014 in Pueblo, CO. Member of Pueblo First Church. Preceded in death by husband Richard; 3 siblings. Survivors include daughter Margaret Aragon-DeLao; son Richard; 4 grandchildren; 6 great-grandchildren.

Coons, Robert L., b. Aug. 26, 1944 in Latham, MO. d. Nov. 15, 2014 in Jefferson City, MO. Member of Sedalia (MO) Church. Preceded in death by twin sons Larry and Jerry; 6 siblings. Survivors include wife Judith Lavelle; daughter Tammy; 5 siblings; 1 grandson; 2 great-grandsons.


Fullwood, Era M., b. June 12, 1929 in Chambers County, AL. d. Dec. 6, 2014 in Omaha, NE. Member of Omaha Memorial Church. Preceded in death by 4 siblings. Survivors include numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Giem, David, b. July 12, 1946 in Loma Linda, CA. d. Nov. 5, 2014 in Sullivan, MO. Member of Bourbon (MO) Church. Preceded in death by father. Survivors include wife Ellen; daughters Melinda Baysinger, Laura Giem and Crystal Similio; son Andrew; mother; 5 siblings; 2 grandsons.


Schlinski, Berniece, b. Oct. 12, 1923 in Ramona, SD. d. Aug. 25, 2014 in Madison, SD. Member of Interlakes Church. Preceded in death by husband Eddie; son Lynn. Survivors include daughters Janice Becker and Robyn Latterell; sons Gary and Mick; 1 sister; 17 grandchildren; 26 great-grandchildren.


Werth, Ronald G., b. Nov. 12, 1951 in Gackle, ND. d. Dec. 29, 2014 in Jamestown, ND. Member of Lehr Church. Preceded in death by parents. Survivors include wife Betty; daughter Angela; 1 sister; 1 grandchild.

Wheeler, Geneva R., b. Oct. 18, 1931 in Oakwood, OK. d. Oct. 7, 2014 in Edison, NE. Member of Beaver City Church. Preceded in death by husband Ernest; daughter Kathleen; sons Vern and Tommy; 2 siblings; 1 great-granddaughter. Survivors include daughters Charlene Campbell and Sandy Smith; son Randy; 1 brother; 8 grandchildren; 6 step-grandchildren; 21 great-grandchildren; 6 great-great-grandchildren.


To submit an obituary visit outlookmag.org/contact. Questions? Contact Raschelle Hines at 402.484.3012 or raschelle@outlookmag.org.

*Correction from December 2014 issue
### MID-AMERICA UNION DELEGATES TO THE 2015 GENERAL CONFERENCE SESSION

Based on the constitutional requirements of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, 18 delegates have been elected by the Mid-America Union Conference Executive Committee to represent Mid-America members at the upcoming General Conference Session to be held July 2-11 in San Antonio, Texas.

**MAUC Officers**
Thomas Lemon
Gil Webb
MAUC VP for Finance (TBD)

**Conference Presidents**
Maurice Valentine II (Central States)
Neil Biloff (Dakota)
Dean Coridan (Iowa-Missouri)
Ron Carlson (Kansas-Nebraska)
Justin Lyons (Minnesota)
Ed Barnett (Rocky Mountain)

**Union College**
Vinita Sauder

**Constituency**
DeAnna Bacon
David Bailey
Ed Galan
Joann Herrington
Raylene Jones
Bryan Mann
Yolanda Rodrigues
Yulian Tinoco

Of those delegates who are not officers or administrators, requirements also state that a percentage must be women, Hispanic and of African descent.

Questions about delegate selection or the role of delegates at the upcoming GC Session may be directed to Gil Webb: gilwebb@maucsda.org.

Comments to the delegates themselves may be sent to: delegates2015session@maucsda.org.

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### SUNSET CALENDAR

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EMPLOYMENT

Andrews University seeks a faculty member to teach full-time in Department of Communication. Qualified person should have a PhD/doctorate in Communication, Journalism, Public Relations, or related subjectfield with significant teaching experience. For more information and to apply, visit https://www.andrews.edu/admres/jobs/show/faculty#job_7.

Adventist Health System in Orlando, Florida is seeking a Summer Associate to work in their Legal department for eight weeks in 2015. Candidate must be in top 25% of class. Interest/ experience in healthcare industry preferred, but not required. Duties include legal research and other projects, totaling 40 hours per week. Pay is $20 - $25 per hour; reasonable relocation expenses will be reimbursed. Please send transcript and resume to manuela.asafilet@ahss.org.

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Southwestern Adventist University Education and Psychology Department seeks a full-time qualified psychology professor beginning July 1, 2015. Doctorate degree is required. Please submit CV and cover letter to Human Resources office. Must have some teaching experience. Contact Mr. Vesa Naukkarinen at 817.202.6684 or vnaukkar@swau.edu.

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The Communication Department at Southwestern Adventist University seeks full-time professor in Advertising/Public Relations or Radio/TV to begin July 1, 2015. Master’s degree required; doctoral degree desired. Must have teaching experience. Send cover letter and CV to Michael Agee at magee@swau.edu.

The Kinesiology Department at Southwestern Adventist University seeks a full-time physical education professor to begin July 1, 2015. Master’s degree required; doctoral degree preferred. Submit curriculum vitae and cover letter to Human Resources office. Must have some teaching experience. Contact Mr. Vesa Naukkarinen at 817.202.6684 or vnaukkar@swau.edu.

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TRAVEL/RENTALS


EVENTS


Medical Missionary Convention, Mar. 20-22, 2015. This year’s theme: Finding Balance—Commercialism,

Union College Homecoming April 2-5. Honor classes are 1945, 1955, 1960, 1965, 1975, 1985, 1990, 1995 and 2005. Special tribute to business and computer faculty and graduates as well as a Gymnaires reunion. For more information, contact the alumni office at 402.486.2503, 3800 S 48th St, Lincoln, NE 68506, or alumni@ucollege.edu.

NOTICES

Mission opportunity for Sabbath School groups, families or individuals! ACI (Adventist Child India) coordinates sponsors for Adventist children in India to attend school. $420 ($35/mo) will provide tuition, lodging, food, books, clothing and medical for a child for one year. Visit www.acichild.com for more info or contact Charlene Binder at rdbinder42@gmail.com.

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Engaged couples are invited to spend a weekend developing communication skills in the context of a Christ-centered relationship. For information contact Stan and Angie Hardt at 402.423.2896 or anhardt@ucollege.edu. Held at the Mid-America Union office building: 8307 Pine Lake Rd | Lincoln, Nebraska

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