

RECORD

ISSN 0819-5633

VOL 96 NO 9 March 9, 1991

Registered by Australia Post—publication No NAR 1072

The Gentle Art of the “Dob”



Who can be dobbed in? Any Adventist person attending a non-Adventist tertiary institution anywhere in the South Pacific Division.

How many dobbees are there? There are possibly more than a thousand Adventist young people attending tertiary institutions apart from Adventist Colleges.

Who can dob? Any parent, teacher, pastor or friend who knows a student attending non-Adventist universities and colleges. If you're a student and don't trust your loved ones to dob you in, dob in yourself.

Who do you dob in to? Your church pastor, your local conference youth leader, the president or chairperson of the local students' society, the South Pacific Division Church Ministries Department.

You will remain anonymous.

Why should you dob? Adventist young people studying outside the church

education system can be easily overlooked. They get busy studying, and may not have much time to get involved in church activities.

Or their questioning approach to life, essential for academic achievement, may be met with incomprehension from many church members, thus alienating them.

The Adventist Students' Association provides fellowship for young people on the front line of the Christian battlefield. On a more tangible plane, it also offers free subscriptions to the magazine *Dialogue*, produced by the General Conference, and the local student magazine/newsletter.

The associate runs leadership seminars especially for students, annual conventions, “recovery” (post-examination) camps and theological symposiums. The association hopes to, in the future, help with accommodation problems and to extend its programs to cater for high school students studying outside

the Adventist system.

Why should you be a dobbor? Many students don't seem to know that the Adventist Students' Association exists, let alone provides all these great services.

In many places no services exist for students simply because no one has found out who the students are. Without the help of parents and friends (dobbing them in), many young people can move to the city to study and somehow lose contact with the church—not by design, but by neglect. This is a shameful waste of our youthful resources, and by becoming a dobbor you can make a difference.

What we need to know. The names of the students, their addresses and phone numbers, the course of study they're taking, the institution at which they're studying, and the year they started. If you don't know all these details, still send in whatever information you do have. Help us to let the students know that we value them. Dob them in.

Special Youth on RECORD Issue for
Youth Week—March 9 to 16



RECORD

Official Paper

Seventh-day Adventist Church
South Pacific Division

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Subscriptions South Pacific Division, \$A31.00
\$NZ43.40. All other regions, \$A64.00 \$NZ89.60. Air
mail postage rates on application. Order from Signs
Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria 3799,
Australia.

Manuscripts All copy for the paper should be sent
to The Editor, RECORD, Signs Publishing Company,
Warburton, Victoria 3799. Phone (059) 66 9111.
Telefax (059) 66 9019.

Printed weekly by Signs Publishing Company.

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Seventh-day Adventist Church, 148 Fox Valley
Road, Wahroonga, NSW 2076.

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Cover: March 9 to 16 is Youth
Week. The biennial Youth
Offering will be collected next
week.

EDITORIAL



Let No One Despise . . .

It's a tribute to the character of the apostle Paul that he took the time to write letters of encouragement to young Timothy.

He knew how easy it is for older people to look down on the Timothys of the church because they're young, inexperienced, with "a lot to learn." And he knew that Timothy, a young man with considerable promise, would face some opposition. So he told him straight: Timothy, don't let anyone despise your youth (1 Timothy 4:12).

It must have made given Timothy a terrific lift. Young people find criticism a lot easier to take when they know that people they respect are supporting them, and praying for them.

But I wonder how many young people ever consider that older people may also need encouragement at times? Do we ever tell them that we're thinking of them and that we care for them?

It's easy to list ways in which old people are "out of touch." But let's not forget how hard it is for *anybody* to adapt to change.

And if we think that as young people we've had to face amazing changes, we need to look at the changes our grandparents have taken in their stride.

They've driven cars comfortably, even though they were born before the "vintage" models became the rage. And born years before the invention of televisions, hi-fi systems and washing machines, they now use them as if they were the most natural things on earth.

And how many of us have taken the time to find out for ourselves how "out of touch" old people really are? How many of us consider ourselves noble if we bother to smile and give them a pleasant "Good morning"?

Do we ever give them the opportunity to express their opinions? And if we do, do we really *listen*, and do we expect to learn something? Or do we see it as a necessary duty? And do we impatiently hope it won't last too long?

Do we ever question them, ask for their opinion, or request advice?

And come to think of it, when was the last time we invited some old people home for Sabbath lunch?

It may mean some adjustments. We

may have to cook certain foods that they can eat more comfortably. But so what? And who knows, they may even share with us some unbelievably tasty recipe that has been handed down through their family for generations.

We may have to speak a little more loudly and clearly when we talk. But it's probably time we learned how to speak properly, anyway! And the chances are that we'll learn a lot from just listening to old people. They've seen and experienced a lot more of life than we have. That's not something to dismiss lightly.

But more than that, old people generally know how to tell a story—ones that will have you at times laughing loudly, and at other times fighting the tears.

We may have to play Bach in the background rather than Keith Green. But it's probably about time we started listening to a bit more classical music. On the other hand, it's surprising how many old people enjoy music they can tap their toes to!

Of course, if we do spend a bit more time with old people we may have to adjust our thinking. We may find that the generation gap is over-rated. We may find that they're not as boring, old-fashioned and out of touch as they're supposed to be.

As age takes over, their bodies may start "letting them down" in some ways. But that doesn't necessarily mean that their minds do.

After Solomon's son, Rehoboam, was crowned king, he sought advice from both the old men and the young men. In the end he rejected the old men's counsel, and in so doing he caused the split of the Jewish kingdom into Israel and Judah (1 Kings 12).

It's easy to criticise him for rejecting the old men's counsel. But at least he sought their opinions—we often don't do even that.

We find it easier to give old people a wide berth.

Timothys in the church still face the problem of some church members "despising their youth." But I wonder if Paul were here today whether he might also say something about "despising people's age."
Gary Krause.

LETTERS

Omission

The South Pacific Division map on the back of the current Sabbath school lesson pamphlet doesn't show Lord Howe and Norfolk islands. Are their tithes and offerings so insignificant that they don't rate a mention? I sincerely hope that's not the case.

Ralph Weslake, Norfolk Island.

The purpose of the map is to give a broad overview of the division, showing its major segments. Lord Howe and Norfolk aren't the only islands not shown. There was no intentional discrimination.

Freedom of Information?

In the RECORD survey (February 2) a range of questions probed for readers' views on administrative willingness to be totally free and frank in disclosing information. Was it a mere coincidence that in the same issue was the somewhat off-handed report (author unknown) "New SPD Committee Has First Meeting"?

The report told little of substance. However, it would have been enlightening for the readers to know:

Why three conferences needed "rescue" appropriations; what's being done by the administration to ensure that this won't happen again; why it has taken the church so long to come up with what's essentially an industrial democracy policy (conciliation process); what the endowment provision really means and why "ailing organisations" should be propped up financially (indeed, why are they ailing?).

One got the impression that there was no attempt at full and frank reporting of significant issues before the committee.

R. Hargreaves, ACT.

Wrong Nail!

The article "Unspoken Messages" (February 16) hit the nail on the head. But I imagine it was the wrong nail, and probably the wrong head! The issues raised are probably far broader than the writer suspects, and they could have a bearing on some of the more fundamental problems of the church today. I refer to tolerance, patience and judgment.

Jesus was the supreme non-conformist. While in harmony with God's will, He did little to conform to human ways—particularly the nit-picking of the Pharisees. And we must remember that humans look on the outside, but God looks on the heart.

Have those who criticise ever bothered to find out why a person's dress is different? It may be that the questionable dress is the best available, or is considered appropriate by the person wearing it. Judgment from a human perspective is tricky business. When we're prepared to judge a person's relationship to God on the basis of his or her dress, we've got trouble in the camp.

One of the primary reasons that we're losing our young people, our thinkers, our leadership of tomorrow, is because we, the older, more established church members, too often major in minors when our youth want to know about the real issues of salvation. It's not primarily a question of right or wrong; it's a question of what's important.

Alan Holman, NSW.

Pay Cheque, Please!

I was flattered to see myself listed as principal of the Bethlehem School (Flashpoint item "Tidy School," February 9). I even received congratulations on my new appointment! But, sadly, I'm not even a teacher, much less the principal.

For the record, let me state that I'm communication secretary for the Tauranga church and bus driver for the Bethlehem School. Leisa Morton is assistant communication secretary for the church and infant teacher at the school. And Ross Bishop is principal.

Thanks for the humour the error gen-

erated! Dudley Keightley, New Zealand.

Judge Not

We need to be careful on the issue of dress in church (Letter "Total Insult," February 9) as the following cases illustrate.

1. A woman arrives at church in trousers and a top. Should she be welcomed or made to feel uncomfortable. She's welcomed—and the church members discover that she's dressed as she is because her husband has hidden her good clothes to prevent her attending.

2. A young man arrives in strange casual attire. Should he be stared at or welcomed? He's welcomed—and it turns out that he's out of work and going through a difficult time. He has felt the need to come to church, and the casual clothes are the best he has. The church members help him get a job.

3. A young woman who's usually well dressed arrives at church dressed well below her usual standard. Should she be reprimanded or welcomed? She's welcomed—and it turns out that her home has been hit by the cyclone. She's wearing the best she has.

The moral? Think before you judge. Better yet, don't judge. Name Supplied.

Views expressed in Letters to the Editor do not necessarily represent those of the editors or the denomination. Letters should not exceed 250 words and should be mailed to RECORD Editor, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton Victoria 3799. Writers must include their name, address and telephone number. Letters received more than three weeks after the date of the issue carrying the article to which they respond will normally not be printed. All letters will be edited to meet space and literary requirements.

Just a Coincidence...



Liversidge Returns

Following three seminars conducted last year in North New Zealand, Dr Bill Liversidge will return this Easter to conduct a sequel—"Caleb Groups, the How." Pastor Jim Zyderveld, who will assist at the seminar, says that the workshops will include the topics: Receiving the Holy Spirit, Spiritual Gifts, Successful Group Dynamics, Christian Leadership and Spirit-Directed Discipleship. "The focus will be teaching new skills and encouraging the participants to become more aware of what God means by the 'Body of Christ,'" says Pastor Zyderveld. The meetings will convene at the Ngaruawahia Christian Youth Centre near Hamilton. Further information may be obtained from "Caleb Groups," GPO Box 3091, Auckland 1, New Zealand.

Dora Creek

As part of anniversary celebrations last May, the Dora Creek church (North New South Wales) compiled a book of the church's history. Further copies of this publication could be prepared at a cost of \$8.00 (plus \$1.50 for postage in Australia). People interested in obtaining copies should contact Pastor L. C. Coombe, Unit 30, Alton Villas, Alton Road, Cooranbong, NSW 2265. Dora Creek church members are currently fundraising to acquire an adjoining property. In 1899 Ellen White advocated a church be built at Dora Creek to accommodate the 40 to 50 persons who at that time assembled in a rented room each Sabbath. But it was 50 years later that Pastor H. C. Harker, a retired minister, organised

the building of a church.

Unique Outreach

The Ferntree Gully church (Victoria) is conducting a unique community outreach—a series of programs dealing with wildlife. Ray Boehm, Bruce Wilson and Andrew Wegener are co-ordinating the programs. Toward the end of last year more than 430 people attended four wildlife programs. Some 40 non-Adventists have requested details of future church programs and activities. These will include: Muttonbird Magic, Batting in the Botanic Gardens and Mud Islands Madness.

Granose Sold

Granose Foods, the equivalent of the Sanitarium Health Food Company in the United Kingdom, has been sold. Over the past 15 years the company has suffered periodic difficulties. At one time Sanitarium took over the operation, but later withdrew for financial reasons. Although Granose saw considerable growth from 1985 to 1987, the growth wasn't sustained, and the British Union Conference executive committee finalised sale arrangement with the British Arkady Company Limited. Funds received from the sale are being invested with the interest to be used for the work of the church in Britain.

Negotiations Closed

Negotiations for the relocation of KSDA, the Adventist World Radio station in Guam, have been discontinued, owing to tight credit restrictions in Japan. Jo-In Corporation had sought to include the AWR site within the boundaries of its condominium develop-

ment and would have rebuilt the shortwave station on new land. "Jo-In regrets that it is not able to proceed with the proposal," their attorney said. Thanking the church for cooperation, Jo-In expressed a desire to maintain "close relations with the Seventh-day Adventists as you will continue to be neighbours in Guam." Jo-In expects to redesign their project around the AWR-Asia property.

New Tape

Melbourne musician Mirek Stekla has released a new tape titled "Escape," consisting of instrumental renditions of ten of his favourite compositions. Mirek, who spent three years with the United States-based gospel singing group Heritage Singers, is supported by saxophonist Michael Kupperman and trumpeter Michael Turner. "I wanted to offer Australian Christian audiences a relaxing yet challenging alternative to the conventional gospel music scene," he says. Committed to gospel music ministry, Mirek has established a gospel singing group, "Frontier."



Photo: John Travers Studios.

His new tape is available from Adventist Book Centres.

Shops Open

The Polish Union Conference opened two health food stores recently, reports Roman Chalupka, union secretary. Under the name BIOS, the first store was opened at the union headquarters in Warsaw, and a second store in Katowice, where the church runs a Christian bookstore. The shops will function as distributors for Nutana-Denmark and Granovita-Germany.

Sabbath Recognised

For the first time in its history the Polish government has established legal guarantees for its citizens to worship on a day chosen in accordance with their conscience, reports Zachariasz Lyko, Polish Union Religious Liberty director. Under the new law, employers and school administrators are legally obligated to grant written requests for time off for Sabbath.

Cancer Link

New research has found that brain cancer in children is associated with smoking fathers, but not smoking mothers, according to a report in the *Herald-Sun* of February 11. A study reported in the latest *British Medical Journal*, found the risk of brain cancer was 60 per cent higher for children whose fathers (but not mothers), smoked than it was for children whose parents didn't smoke. The research also found that mothers who smoked before and during pregnancy increased the risk of leukaemia in their offspring by 90 per cent and tumours of

the lymph nodes and tissue by 230 per cent. In a separate study at Yale University School of Medicine it was found that children exposed to household smoke were at about four times the risk of being admitted to hospitals with serious bacterial or viral infections than children who hadn't been subjected to passive smoking.

New Hall

A new hall complex attached to the Kellyville church (Sydney, New South Wales) will be opened this afternoon, March 9. An upper level seats 300, while downstairs caters for Pathfinder activities and welfare and community occasions. In addition, a smaller hall will accommodate projects such as *Quit Now!*, Stress Management, Vegetarian Cooking and Weight Reduction classes, etc. The complex incorporates a commercial kitchen.

NZ Concert

The Papatoetoe church is sponsoring a concert by country-gospel singer Suzanne Prentice on March 17—one of only two gospel concerts the noted New Zealand performer will give in Auckland. New Zealanders who want to attend may book by phone through Auckland 278 4906 between 12 and 3 pm, or purchase tickets by credit card from 278 6740 during business hours.

Plane Crash

Five people are feared dead following the crash of a mission plane in Mexico on February 6, according to reports from the Inter-American Division. Pilot of the plane, Conroy Donesky, has served the West Mexican Mission since 1987. His passengers, including two doctors, are all believed to be from California. All four are thought to be non-



Photo: Gordon Lee.

Artist's Charts Span Three Decades

Sydney artist Mel Skinner has spent a lifetime painting charts to illustrate the doctrines of the Seventh-day Adventist Church and the work of the gospel. Veteran missionary Pastor A. G. Stewart commissioned his first chart when Mel was 19 years of age. His latest large artwork (pictured) was used as a backdrop for the South Pacific Division booth at the 1990 General Conference Session in Indianapolis. It depicts the first mission vessel commissioned by the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Named the *Pitcairn*, it travelled the South Pacific, establishing mission work during much of the 1890s.

Adventists. Destination and purpose of the trip are unavailable, but the mission plane often flew personnel to remote areas to provide medical and dental attention to villagers. Pilot Donesky had a wife and three-year-old son.

Cancer Crime

Escalating crime was like a cancer eating away Papua New Guinea's political and economic stability, Prime Minister Rabbie Namaliu told a summit meeting on crime in Port Moresby in mid-February. He described the breakdown in law and order as the greatest threat facing PNG—with the potential for more damage to the country than the Bougainville crisis and the

downturn in commodity prices put together. "Our failure to deliver the benefits of development to the community is a tragedy," he said. "Failure to set the right example and to exercise discipline has led to a breakdown in police efficiency and performance and has created an alarming division between the police and the law-abiding majority in the community." Mr Namaliu acknowledged that the country's leaders needed to do more to command respect.

Tour Postponed

The youth tour of Bible and Reformation lands planned by the Trans-Tasman Union Conference has been postponed until

April or May, 1992, because of the present situation in the Middle East. Any young people interested should keep in contact with Pastor R. Possingham, Trans-Tasman Union Conference, PO Box 14, Gordon, NSW 2076.

First Casualty

The first Adventist casualty in the Gulf War is Lance Corporal Ronald Tull, of California (United States). Assigned to the Marines First Division, Tull was driving a vehicle in the battle to recapture al-Wafra. He received burns to his face, neck and chest, and excessive body bruises, and is being treated in a field hospital in the desert. Son of Murrell Tull, director of Church Ministries for youth activities in the New Jersey Conference, and his wife, Ginger, Ronald Tull has a wife, Susan, and 18-month-old-son, Coleman.

MPH Course

A Master of Public Health degree will be offered by Loma Linda University (USA) at Avondale College for the summers of 1991-1994. Interested persons requiring more information should contact their local conference Adventist Health Department director.

Congratulations

Aldona Hamulczyk, a student at Nunawading Adventist College, received all A's and a score of around 390 (out of a possible 420) for six subjects in the Higher School Certificate examinations in Victoria last year. Aldona plans to pursue a career in the medical field.

Most Flashpoint items from outside the South Pacific Division are provided courtesy of the Adventist Review.

ADRA Generates Hope in Nicaragua

Torn by more than 10 years of civil war, Nicaragua is now struggling to get back on its feet. The Adventist Development and Relief Agency is helping Nicaragua by providing emergency food and medical assistance to victims who survived the war.

Two building projects are also underway. Homes are being built on a small island off Nicaragua's eastern coast, and a vocational school is being built near Managua.

"It will be years before the country recovers from the conflict between the Sandinista government and the Contras," says ADRA reporter Nina Martinez. "But now the war is over, there's hope. A new government has been elected and foreign aid is flowing into the country."

Initially the United States Agency for International Development donated \$US1.6 million for ADRA to supply food, medical assistance and clothing. About 220,000 of the poorest families in the capital, Managua, were fed.

ADRA is now concentrating on the medical phase, by training 150 community health workers providing primary health care in hard-to-reach mountain provinces near the Honduran border. Many of these villages are at least two hours from the nearest hospital or clinic, and there's little or no transportation available.

To fight malnutrition, ADRA continues to provide supplementary food to 80,000 people each month. The war and two years of drought, as well as the depletion of workers, has left the northern farming provinces devoid of resources to grow the precious food.

ADRA also sponsors a hospital in the area. The 48-bed La Trinidad Hospital specialises in treating people affected by the war. Many have missing limbs or severe burns or wounds that have never been treated.

The hospital was originally owned by the church, but was taken over by the previous government. The new government has asked the Adventist Church to manage the hospital for one year and will then make a decision about its future.

Initially more than \$US50,000 worth

of equipment was sent to re-equip the hospital but, according to ADRA, more equipment is desperately needed. "There are simply too many injured people for the small hospital to handle," says Ms Martinez.

About 10 km outside of Managua, ADRA is building a vocational school funded by the Danish International Development Agency. Scheduled for completion at the end of this year, the school will provide training for more than 300 students each year.

In addition, ADRA is sponsoring a building project on Corn Island, where Australian volunteers Phil and Anita Williams have been working. During 1988, 95 per cent of the island was de-

stroyed by a hurricane and this is the first fruit harvest since then.

"Everyone was in terrible shape," says Mr Williams. "People had picked up scraps of anything they could find to make a small shelter. And two years after the hurricane they are still living in those humpies. Every time it rains they get wet."

ADRA is building 80 homes and repairing 40 more. More than 20 are nearing completion and will be allotted to families with children.

"Through these projects, ADRA is helping to alleviate the suffering that the Nicaraguan people have endured for so long. But there is still so much more we'd like to do," concludes Nina Martinez.



On Corn Island, off the coast of Nicaragua, ADRA volunteer Phil Williams is building homes (pictured above) to replace those destroyed in a hurricane two years ago. Many families live in makeshift dwellings (like the one pictured below, home to nine people) built of salvaged materials. After completing 20 homes, ADRA has run into a problem. A stipulation is that families must own their own land. The Williams would like to purchase two acres of land (cost around \$A3,000) on which to build several homes for most needy families. ADRA/South Pacific (PO Box 129, Wahroonga, NSW, 2076) would gladly forward funds for this project, as well as provide receipts for tax purposes.



Photos: Anita Williams.



Volunteers Acquire Instant Family

One of our most memorable experiences since coming to Corn Island (off the coast of Nicaragua) nearly a year ago, has been our adoption by a family of children. Elsewhere in the world these children would become wards of the state, but here they exist by begging, or searching the bush for wild produce that they might sell or exchange for a little food.

The two older boys, who've never been to school, have the physique of nine- or 10-year-olds, and behaviour patterns to match, but they're really 15 and 17.

We find it very moving to see them on our lounge floor playing with a little plastic car—one of the gifts sent from Denmark for children on Corn Island—or galloping down the road using sticks as their make-believe horses.

Then there are two girls, eight and 10. They're bright and happy and wanted to attend school, but they couldn't go because they had no way of finding the fees of 40 cents each month, plus the cost of uniforms.

Anita responded to the challenge and we're moved as each day they arrive at our back door to wash at our well, put on their uniform, and have their hair brushed—a new experience! Then they skip joyfully off to school.

Our last adoptee is a baby. He's just walking and is cared for by the other children. It's hard not to become emotional when he toddles into our kitchen with his little hand outstretched and an expectant look on his face. Prompted by the other children, he's begging for food.

We recently discovered that the older boy has defective eyesight—a common problem here. When a parcel of spectacles sent by friends in the Geelong church (Victoria) arrived, we sat Rueben down with a picture book and tried each pair of glasses on him.

There was a lump in my throat, and tears in Anita's eyes, when, with a squeal of delight, he suddenly began to identify the pictures. Only then did we realise that previously he'd only been able to recognise very large objects.

Our most special time is Sabbath morning. Usually they arrive at our home around 6.30 am to prepare for Sabbath school and church. First they bathe with soap—another new experience—and dress carefully in clothes provided by ADRA and our friends in the Murwillumbah church (New South Wales), with additional help from Anita's needle and thread.

Then it's off to Sabbath school and church, and we would never be allowed to be late! It's thrilling to see how keen they are to attend.

Recently we had a day trip to Little Corn Island, 20 km and one and a half hours away by fishing boat. The hurricane did little damage there and we appreciated the tropical beauty, but more especially the fellowship with a Christian family.

But without doubt our most memorable moments are when someone arrives on the plane from Managua with mail from home. Everything else loses importance as we eagerly read the news or open a parcel with the excitement of a six-year-old on Christmas morning!

This letter from Phil Williams, written last year, arrived at the RECORD office in late January. Since then word has been received that the Williams are transferring to Haiti. Their address will be C/- Dr Syd Cole, Inter-American Division, PO Box 140 760, Miami, Florida, USA 33114—0760.

SDA Astronomer on British TV

Astronomer Mart de Groot recently told a prime-time BBC TV audience of his beliefs as a Seventh-day Adventist. He appeared on a program commemorating the bicentenary of the Armagh Observatory in Northern Ireland.

Dr de Groot, a Dutchman, has been head of the observatory for 15 years and is acknowledged as one of the world's foremost astronomers.

On the 35-minute program, interviewer Jane Coyle framed questions in a way that enabled Dr de Groot to explain the Adventist position on the Sabbath, the Second Advent and fiat creation. Dr de Groot also explained how his scientific knowledge supported his belief in God, and the authority of Scripture.

When asked how he reconciled his faith with his work as a professional scientist, Dr de Groot asserted that the Bible and science are not in contradiction. "Perhaps I may be accused of a very simplistic scientific view when I bring science in, but I think we should not forget that not everything in the universe can be explained by science," he said.

"I believe that life itself cannot be explained by science. The only explanation I have for certain things is God. Not because I don't know enough about science, but because, for me, God is real and must be brought into the picture in order to make it complete."

When asked if he felt there were areas where perhaps in a Christian view humans shouldn't meddle, Dr de Groot answered, "I think God gave us a mind, the capacity to reason, and He challenges us on various occasions in the Bible to: *Look up at the stars; Consider the heavens.* God really expects us to use the capacities that He has given us."

Dr de Groot climaxed the interview with evidences in the scientific field that confirm the Bible statement that "There shall be time no more."

In a country in which Adventists receive scarce media attention, Dr de Groot's appearance before the mass audience of a national television channel represents a major breakthrough, according to Dr David Marshall, editor at Stanborough Press in the United Kingdom. The program on which Dr de Groot appeared has an average audience of seven million.—Northern-European Division *Light*.

SS Emphasises Relevance to Life

A Western Australian congregation has found a way of making Sabbath school lessons meaningful to its members. They took inspiration from the study of the Psalms last year and have now written their own book of psalms.

The modern compositions were read during the Victoria Park 13th Sabbath program planned by superintendent Evelyn Quick. Later they were made into book form by Karen Walton. After printing, each member received a copy.

As well, the Sabbath school officers prepared a detailed questionnaire for each member. "We wanted to find directions that the Sabbath school should take in the future," says communication secretary Beryl Haimes.

Some 57 people completed the questionnaire. Of these, 51 indicated that they regularly attend Sabbath school.

Following is a sample of the member-written psalms.

Psalm of Courage

Lord,
I am really tired today ...
my son is sick.

I need You ...
where are You right now?

My eyes feel bruised and sore;
my head thumps
and, when I look in the mirror,
I am old and haggard.

I wish I were young and beautiful,
carefree ... with no worries.

In all my anxiety,
I remember how
You helped and healed in the past;
I remember how
You helped me to cope.

No,
I will not be miserable
and wallow in fear and worry
anymore.

I will trust You
to help and heal now.
Thank You, Lord.

Teach me to be truly young,
beautiful and worry free ...
in You.

E. J. Quick.



Greater Sydney Conference president Pastor Adrian Craig took part in the service when Hedley Seenyen (pictured with his wife, Ella) was ordained at Stanmore on December 8.

Former Teacher Ordained in Sydney

The ordination of Hedley Seenyen to ministry on December 8 in the Stanmore church highlighted an eventful career. Born in Mauritius of Roman Catholic parents, Pastor Seenyen com-

menced his career as a teacher, his father's profession.

Hedley secured a senior scholarship to the Royal College at only 14 years of age. He married Ella Pearson in 1955, and the couple have two sons, Helle and Louis.

After some years of teaching in Mauritius, and a position as an officer in the Ministry of Education, the Seenyens responded to a call by the British Union Conference and spent three years teaching Bible and French at Stanborough Park SDA School.

They returned to Mauritius and Hedley became principal of the Mauritius Adventist College. In 1971 the Seenyens accepted a call to New Zealand, where Hedley taught French and Bible at Auckland Adventist High School. In 1984 he transferred to a similar position at Lilydale Adventist Academy, Victoria.

In 1987 the Seenyens were called into pastoral ministry in the Greater Sydney Conference. Pastor Seenyen is currently minister of the Concord and Stanmore churches.



Allan Campbell Ordained in Victoria

Following his ordination in the Coburg church on December 8, Pastor Allan Campbell (centre, with his wife, Lynelle and son Callum) was welcomed into gospel ministry by his father, Pastor Bruce Campbell (left, with his wife, Beryl), and his father-in-law, Pastor Bill Cross (right, with his wife, Peggy).

Allan was born at Hawera, New Zealand. In 1965 his father became a literature evangelist and to accommodate this work the family moved to various places in New Zealand and Australia.

In 1981 Allan commenced the Ministerial course at Avondale College. Here he met Lynelle Cross, who was studying primary teaching. The couple were married in 1984 and graduated together the following year.

Since leaving college, Allan and Lynelle have ministered in Mildura for two years and then at Coburg and Sunbury. He believes God has called him to plant new churches, and he has a particular interest in reaching the unchurched.

Anthony Kent Joins Ministry in Victoria

Anthony Robert Kent was ordained to gospel ministry during an evening service in the Leongatha church (Victoria) on December 14.

Pastor Kent says his parents, Mel and Julie Kent, and his grandparents, Pastor and Mrs Tom Kent, and Reg McLennan, were significant influences in his Christian development.

The youngest of four children, Anthony spent his childhood in Lismore, New South Wales. From an early age he sensed a call to dedicate his life to being a minister of the gospel. This call was tangibly confirmed during 1982, while he was a student at the University of New England.

The following year he commenced studying theology at Avondale College, an experience he says he thoroughly enjoyed. During 1984 Anthony met Debora Neale, a nursing student who graduated from the Sydney Adventist Hospital prior to their marriage in 1987.

Anthony and Debora have had pastoral experience in Geelong, Colac, Bayles and Leongatha. They are now serving in Mildura. Anthony says he's excited about a lifetime of proclaiming the everlasting gospel and ministering to humanity.



Anthony Kent was ordained in Leongatha on December 14. He and his wife, Debora, now are ministering in the Mildura area (Victoria).

Photo: Eric Greenwell.

"Focus on Living" Details for 1991

Channel	Day	Time	Commence	Season
WIN TV Southern NSW, including ACT	Sunday	6.00am	Jan 6	52 wks
SAS 7 Adelaide	Saturday	6.30am	Jan 5	52 wks
BCV 8 Bendigo and GLV 8 Traralgon	Sunday	7.00am	Feb 10	26 wks
STV 8 Mildura	Sunday	7.30am	Feb 10	26 wks
BTV 6 Ballarat and GMV 6 Shepparton	Sunday	7.30am	Feb 10	26 wks
NRN 11 and RTN 8 Northern Rivers	Friday	11.30am	Feb	15 wks 26 wks
WIN TV Queensland All Country Queensland	Friday	3.30pm	Feb 15	26 wks
TV Imparja Alice Springs Outback NT	Saturday	6.30am	Feb 16	26 wks
NTD 8 Darwin	Saturday	11.30am	Feb 23	26 wks
TVT 6 Hobart	Friday	10.30am	Mar 8	26 wks
TNT 9 Launceston	Saturday	12.30pm	Mar 9	26 wks
Spencer Gulf TV Port Pirie, Port Lincoln Port Augusta, Whyalla, Broken Hill	Tuesday	3.30pm	Mar 12	26 wks
Golden West Network All country WA	Tuesday	11.00am	Mar 12	26 wks
RTS 5A Riverland	Friday	1.30pm	Mar 15	26 wks
SES 8 Mt Gambier	Friday	9.30am	Mar 15	26 wks
NBN 3 Newcastle	Monday	3.30pm	Apr 8	26 wks

Youth on RECORD

Twice a year, during Youth Week and on Youth Commitment and Celebration Day, eight pages of Youth on RECORD take the place of the regular four pages of RECORD features.

At various other times during the year, Youth on RECORD is added as a *supplement* to the RECORD features.

The additional pages taken for Youth on RECORD are funded by revenue from inside-back-page advertisements.

YOUTH ON RECORD

Surf the Big Ones

Lynden Kent

Doug isn't the name he goes by. But that's what I'll call him. He was courting one of my sisters, and that didn't endear him to her junior brothers. He was also European and, to my continuing shame, stirred our youthful racism.

Where he came from they evidently had beaches of boulders and waves that wouldn't propel a paddle-pop stick. He was curious at the happy hours we spent in the surf.

"How do you do it?" he asked.

Doug was a likeable, happy fellow. It was rough to treat him the way we did.

My brother gave him a rundown on the theory of body surfing. "Now, Doug, you wait for the right wave. We'll tell ya. When it's about to topple, you hurl yourself forward. You get y'head down and y'feet up and swim flat out. Once you get on it, y'can keep y'hands under y'chest to steer with."

It looked so easy. Doug was as keen as a farm dog on a rabbit scent. He was sure he could give a good performance in front of our sister.

We all went out into the surf to where we were treading water. Doug was scared of sharks and hung back.



We scorned several waves. And then the Indian Ocean produced a rarity. A great swelling monster that looked as high as the Darling Ranges. By the time it got to us it towered over us. It was obviously a "dumper."

"This is it, Doug," yelled my brother. "Go for it." I must plead accessory before

the fact in this mayhem. The only excuse I can give is that I was 14.

I stood there in horror. Nothing would have made any of us get on that wave. It was suicide.

I saw Doug industrially "going for it," like an ant in front of an avalanche. Then I dived.

My sister was sole witness

of the next bit. It was a rugby tackle. The wave seized him from each side. It lifted his feet. His head went down. My distressed sister saw the swell pick up his feet, then the crest crashed down on him and drove him into the bottom.

When I surfaced the whole bay was flecked with foam. The wave was roaring toward the beach.

A hand surfaced above the water, holding a strand of seaweed. Then it disappeared. Then two feet emerged. They rolled over like a languid dolphin and disappeared. Then another hand appeared.

My brother was scared, I reckon he matured about five years in three minutes.

When the wave had lost its steam, Doug emerged. His battered face told the story. He gulped great lungfuls of air and tottered through the shallows.

My sister soothed his despair with her feminine balm. But he didn't surf again.

Which brings me to the strange behaviour of some surfers. It's astonishing how many people go to the beach to immerse themselves to their middles and be battered by every broken wave. They never get to the surge and glorious swoop down the thrust of a billow.

The same with too many Christians. They don't get past the "Thou shalt nots." They think that following Jesus is all about being battered for what one has done, or would like to do.

But this is only a stage—to take some of the steaminess and selfishness out of us. Paul called it the stage of "condemnation." But there's a far more splendid stage—what Paul calls "the stage of righteousness."

Compared to a dust bath in the Simpson desert, being battered by the waves at the beach has splendour. But compared to surfing, it has no splendour at all.

I recently acquired a surf ski. To start with, I spent more time under it than on it. Then one day I wobbled out about half a kilometre to where the experts were. The waves were mountainous.

With much fear I committed myself to a Kosciusko. I was all askew. But I tore down the face of the wave. The water was like glass. My dislodged foot touched it and a plume of spray jetted up into my face. I suddenly understood how fellows can spend days and days in such ecstasy.

That's what Christianity is really about. It's "the power of God unto salvation" (Romans 1:16). And the way we get into it is to go in deeper. Commit ourselves to it.

It's indescribable to see the way God lifts people out of the trough of sin and powers them toward the heavenly shore in the whitewash of His own goodness.

Are you out of the water? Or are you being pummelled by broken waves? Never mind the prophets of doom. Give all of yourself to it. Jesus says, "Launch out into the deep" (Luke 5:4).

Some of the most fundamental questions we ask ourselves, at one stage or another, relate to our identity.

Questions such as, Who am I? Why am I like I am? How can I become a better person?

Beethoven once wrote to Prince Lichnowsky, "Prince, what you are, you are by accident of birth: what I am, I am through my own efforts. There have been many princes, but there is only one Beethoven!"

This statement holds more than an element of truth.

For a start, Beethoven recognises the individuality of every person. All are made in the image of God, but all are different. Like Beethoven, we should be proud to be who we are—special people whom God loves and whom He sent His Son to die for.

Second, Beethoven recognises that we shouldn't be satisfied with staying the same all through life. Rather, we should do all we can to improve ourselves. Our lives are what we make them.

Perhaps one change could improve Beethoven's statement. "What I am, I am through my own efforts, and through the help of God." He alone has the power to completely change people.

Have you ever been ashamed of yourself? Not just for saying or doing something stupid, but for what you actually *are*?

Have you ever wanted to change, but thought that it

wasn't possible? Well, it *is* possible! God can change you and me. He can make us proud of ourselves.

Do you want to be changed? Are you willing to work with Him? Dare to dream.



How to Get Along With Parents

Don't be afraid to speak their language. Try using strange words and phrases such as "I'll help wash the dishes," "Yes," "Thank you," and "Please."

Try to understand their music. Play Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade" on the stereo and accustom yourself to the strange sound.

Be patient with the underachiever. When you catch your dieting Mum sneaking salted nuts, don't show your disapproval. Tell her you like fat mothers.

Encourage them to talk about their problems. Try to keep in mind that things

like earning a living and paying off the mortgage are important to them.

Be tolerant about their appearance. When your Dad gets a haircut, don't feel personally humiliated. Remember, it's important to him to look like his peers.

And most important of all: If they do something you consider wrong, let them know it's their behaviour you dislike, not them. Remember, parents need to feel loved!

From *The Long Road* Journal of the Uniting Church and Family Welfare. Used with permission.



Making an Addict

Grenville Kent

Walking through Kings Cross one Sunday, we saw a young bloke about 18 who was high. Really that's the wrong word, because I've never seen anyone feeling lower.

Two girls were leading him around between them, with their arms around his shoulders. He was staggering, half asleep. His feet were moving only by habit.

Then another guy, wearing a leather jacket, moved in to help. He walked him around and around a public square, yelling at him to "wake up." He punched him in the chest and slapped his face brutally until he whimpered, "Don't."

We watched, uncertain what to do—like fish out of water. Leatherjacket, who himself seemed high and did everything at half speed, sat him down on a seat. Soon the two girls started screaming that he wasn't breathing.

Leatherjacket swore and said that he might have AIDS, but started giving him mouth-to-mouth anyway. It was the wrong style and the bloke was sitting upright, but he started to breathe anyway.

Then a massive, kind-faced giant-of-a-man broke through the crowd of gawking spectators, including us. He yelled that the guy wasn't breathing, that they should get him breathing and walking

again, and should call an ambulance.

Leatherjacket again gave him incorrect mouth-to-mouth and someone asked the big blonde Scandinavian girl in the delicatessen to phone the ambulance.

The giant told me that heroin-overdosed people have to be kept moving or they can fall asleep, stop breathing, and end up sleeping forever. He swore his head off about drugs—said he had given up all that stupidity 20 years earlier. Then he strode off into the crowd.

The two girls, including the girlfriend, knew the ambulance would radio for the cops to come. So they took off, not wanting to be

busted themselves. They watched from the other side of the street.

Leatherjacket was getting tired walking him around, so he sat him down. I could imagine that he would stop breathing again with nobody to move him, so we moved closer and I walked him around and around.

Leatherjacket stopped me. I wondered what first-aid technique he was using when he sat the bloke down and unzipped his jeans. But then I watched him pull out a cash roll from the guy's underwear. He pocketed it.

A couple of passing girls booed him, so Leatherjacket offered to "divide it three ways for soft lips." They had the goodness to tell the nearly unconscious guy's girlfriend. Leatherjacket had to give the roll to her—but not before he had secretly pulled off \$50 or so.

Leatherjacket told her he had been going to return the money to her—that he'd only taken it so the police wouldn't get it when they strip-searched the unconscious bloke. He then had the hide to ask the girlfriend for \$15 for his help. I don't remember the Good Samaritan doing that.

When the ambulance pulled up, a small, bob-haired, competent-looking woman jumped out. She checked the bloke's eyes, asked him if he was a regular user, and how much he had taken: \$50 worth? \$100? He didn't answer for fear of police taking it as evidence.

Meanwhile a couple of female police officers were tough-talking Leatherjacket, who, despite his cash-grabbing, had saved the young bloke's life. He appealed to me to witness his innocence, and they stopped bullying.

The law had picked the wrong person to blame. Why weren't they finding

the person who had sold it?

The paramedics cut a hole in his jeans, injected something into his thigh, and started working his leg and squeezing his thigh muscles to circulate the medication.

"That's Narcan," Leatherjacket said. "You watch. He'll be straight in a minute." In five minutes he was alert enough to walk off into the crowd.

We waited around talking to Leatherjacket after the ambulance and police left. He said he was straight now, but had been a user for three years. No wonder he spoke and did everything so slowly.

Then the now-conscious bloke came back. His face looked hurt, sad, confused, unshaven and somehow soft and pitiful. He said his head was "splittin'." One can only imagine the combined effects of the drugs. The ambulance officer had understated it: "You might have a bit of a headache."

"Where's me girl?" he croaked, cursing whoever had called the ambulance and given him his headache. He didn't realise that he'd stopped breathing at least twice. The fact that he had nearly died shocked him. I told him he ought to thank God he wasn't dead.

We chatted for a while longer, and he shook our hands and left. Would he be "high" again tomorrow night? Within hours?

Where was the law when the dealer made his profits? Where are his parents? His teachers? It may be too late now, but did anyone ever offer him a job, responsibility and a sense of being needed?

Did anyone give him friendship and unconditional love? Did anyone try to give him a faith in God? How many addicts are being made right now?

Going with the Swing

Thomas Robinson

It was Christmas Day. We had tramped through the mountains and valleys for three days. Now we sat on our packs in the drizzling New Zealand rain and ate Christmas dinner!

Cabin bread and cheese was a treat. We laughed as we ate our biscuits, and toasted Christmas with ice-cold mountain water.

The Hollyford Valley track in Southland, New Zealand, is a 60-kilometre track. We had followed this huge valley with its lakes to Martin's Valley on the coast.

We all laughed and teased each other as we lifted our packs and headed for Hokuri River—the last barrier between us and Martin's Bay.

Hokuri River reaches gigantic proportions during heavy rains. We decided to cross on a wire bridge upstream.

The bridge consisted of three strands of wire rope—one to walk on and two at waist-level to hold on to. We had already crossed many wire bridges, but this

was the largest expanse we'd encountered.

I was the last of nine to cross. Securing my pack, I shuffled out the first few metres onto the wire. I looked down at the rushing river and rocks beneath.

I felt a dread come over me. Scared, I kept going. As I moved into the centre, the bridge began to sway and swing. I froze with terror. All my life I've had a fear of roller-coasters, lift shafts and tall buildings.

Now it was as if all the fears and terrors of my life had focused on me—in the centre of the Hokuri River, on a wire bridge that wouldn't keep still.

"God, stop it," I screamed in terror. "Please! Please, God, stop it!"

By now the bridge resembled a giant skipping rope. The river raged beneath me, and the Hokuri bridge swayed back and forth.

I inched my way past the centre. I had to force my hands and feet to move. My mouth was dry.

I began to cry and scream

into the wind. "God! God, can you hear me! I'm scared!"

"Hang on, Dad!" yelled Kent, my 17-year-old son. He had climbed down onto the river bank opposite. "Go with the swing, Dad. Don't fight it."

There was no going with the swing for me. First, I didn't have a clue how one goes *with* the swing. Second, I was holding on for my life.

"Come on, Tom, you can do it," sang out Dudley, our tramping companion and friend.

Do it? It was either do it or die. I pressed on like an invalid using a walking frame. I clung to the hand wires as if they were grafted into my hands. Slowly I continued to inch my way over the centre. The end of the bridge came nearer and nearer. Then I was there!

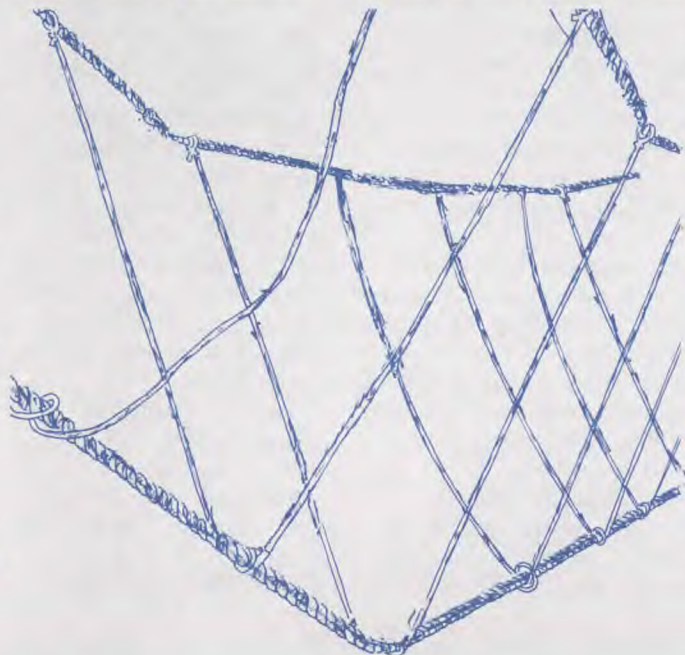
I was met by a cheer and applause from my family and friends.

Later that night when I was alone with Bryce, our 14-year-old son, I said, "I suppose you laughed when Dad got caught in the centre of the bridge?"

"No, Dad," he said. "None of us were laughing. We were scared you'd fall. All of us held the wires to stop the swing."

That moved me so deeply I wept. How often in our lives we feel alone on the bridge. We don't hear the Divine voice through human lips calling, "Hold on! Don't let go!"

We don't see our family and friends as they strain their shoulders to the wires to stop the swing. We don't hear their love call out, "Hold on, Dad. Go with the swing."





Experience of a Lifetime

Craig Gillis

Taef had done it only once before, and he couldn't remember much about it.

But he could remember going into an old, deserted house and huddling in a circle with a small group of friends. Then all of a sudden he had felt a sharp pain on the back of his neck. He had fallen unconscious to the floor. And when he awoke the next morning, it was in a police cell.

He knew his parents were ashamed of what he had done. So he had decided never to do it again. But now

some of his friends were urging him to give it another go. They assured him that this time everything would work out fine. They said it was the best thing they'd ever discovered.

It was now 7 pm and Taef knew he had only two hours to make up his mind. Would he try it just once more? They promised that if he really let himself get into it fully, he'd never regret it. He'd love it!

It seemed so rebellious. Not only was it against his parents' wishes, it was also against the law. But his

mates made it sound as if it were the natural thing for everyone to do.

Taef's thoughts were interrupted as his mother entered his room.

"Taef," she said, in her loving tone, "your father and I are planning to go out tonight to the ballet. I don't suppose you'd like to come?" A wide smile played on her face.

"Thanks, Mum, but I think I might sit this one out—just this once."

"You don't have to stay home," she said. "You could go out with some of your friends." She paused, and

then continued with a tone that had changed from warm to cold. "But you won't be going anywhere near those *so-called* friends of yours."

Taef didn't try to defend his friends, much as he wanted to. He knew that his mother wouldn't understand. So he just said, "OK, Mum." He didn't want to cause his parents any more trouble or heartache.

After they left, Taef once again thought about the experience his friends were offering him.

Why not? he thought. *They might be right.* Eventually he talked himself into going.

It was 8.45 pm when Taef slipped out the front door. The dreaded memory of being found by the police played at his already-unsure mind. Was he doing the right thing? Would he be caught again?

Just then the bus on which he was travelling screeched to a halt. Everyone stayed in their seats except for the bus driver. Taef looked out the window. The bus had hit a young man. The driver was feeling his pulse. He appeared to be dead.

After pulling the youth off to the side of the road, the driver climbed back into the bus and drove on as if he had just stopped for a traffic light. Taef looked around at the other passengers, and a cold shiver ran down his back.

He couldn't see in any faces even a hint of sympathy for the dead youth. Taef knew that life was cheap in his society. He had seen many such incidents before.

Momentarily forgetting the risk, Taef thoughtlessly stepped off the bus into the hot night air.

He hurried toward the prearranged meeting place.

Am I the first one here? he wondered. Then he heard Tyfanny call him from a parked car across the street. Taef realised that the car belonged to Jim, the oldest of his friends. Relieved, he ran across.

"Quick! Get in!" Jim whispered. "I somehow knew you'd come." Jim chuckled as Taef climbed into the back seat. "There are just the three of us tonight."

"So where are we going?" Taef asked.

"We've decided it will be safest in one of the discussion rooms at the local 24-hour library," said Tyfanny.

"You've got to be joking!" Taef blurted out. "I mean, there'll be people all around."

"Think about it, Taef," Jim said, applying the brakes as they approached a red light. "Can't you see? The library would have to be the safest place around. No one would think twice about a group of young kids sitting around a table in a library. And besides, those discussion rooms are soundproof. It's a perfect place."

As they pulled into the library, Taef felt his heart heading for his throat. They walked into an empty discussion room, and Jim closed the door behind them.

After they sat down at the round table, Dan pulled a small package from his pocket. The others cast wary glances over their shoulders to make sure that no one was looking. They knew they were breaking the law.

Dan carefully unwrapped the package. Inside was a book. Opening it, he began to read in a whisper: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . ."

A World of Concepts

Nic Bolto

Travelling through Burma, I met a village *shaman*. His face was creased with age and the scars of initiation into the Underworld. A necklace of turkey's feet made criss-cross scratches across his chest and shoulders. He lived in a reality of concepts, and tinkered with the unknown.

While I was sleeping on the dirt floor of his hut, word came that the man's son had committed suicide. I walked with him to the brink of a steaming river, where his son lay dead, outstretched like a shot albatross.

He had beaten himself in the head with a longboat paddle. The mystic looked at the body, prodded it with his teak staff, belched, then said, "Well, he won't be doing that again."

The thing I like best about Sabbath school

lessons is the chance to get into some theorising on human behaviour and the testaments. What I hate most about Christianity is that it's nothing at all like a Sabbath school lesson. At times I get frustrated with others who, like I, have trouble working the Christian ethic—love, hope and faith—into their lives.

They spend precious hours trying to work out exactly who (or what) the "number of the beast" really is. They toy with prophetic calculators, trying to decode the unknowable hour of Christ's return. They wonder if Chernobyl was a "sign of the times."

They ponder the judgment, and figure how they'll score and how the neighbours over the road will fare. They realise that the devil mooches around like a roaring lion, and they turn their lives in on themselves accordingly.

They live in a world of concepts, and tinker with

the unknown.

I asked the Burmese *shaman* if he would miss his son. "Teebaw was a mortal gift," he answered.

What I meant was whether he would miss him *emotionally*. "God knows not the passing of time."

It seemed that he wouldn't miss the son, even though the son had tended his hut and cooked and fed him his sacred meals each day; even though the son anointed his hair with goat's grease to prepare him for his rebirthing visions.

I guess the *shaman* assumed that his three wives wouldn't miss the son, either. At least he didn't have time to assist their grieving. After all, he had things of spiritual significance to determine.

In our lives, I think there's much need for the *practical* application of love, faith and hope. There's much need for *exercising* the Christian ethic.

Christ will return. Judgment will occur. The devil will mooch around. All of these things will come about. So why not let them?

I mailed a draft of these thoughts to the *shaman*. He sent no return letter, but on my self-addressed envelope he scrawled, "The written word is the tool of darkness, and faith, love and hope are the concerns of men."

He was right, at least in part, I guess. And if what he says *is* the case, then let's be content with "the concerns of men."



Nothing Runs to Plan

Bruce Manners

9:15 am. My name's Joe Mundy. Homicide. I knew when the chief said Urgent! that he had murder on his mind.

Mike Steiner was already in the chief's office when I arrived. We've been partners for five years.

It was worse than I thought—multiple murder. A number of pigs had been found dead in the ruins of a home on the western fringe of our city.

"Explosives were involved," the chief said. "We're trying to piece the story together now. Just get out there and find out who did this."

11:42 am. Mike and I arrived at the scene. It looked like a war zone. A house had been reduced to rubble.

Forensic were already sifting through the mess, looking for clues. I recognised James Spence.

"What have we got?"

"It looks like there were three of them. We've found an explosives plunger. We've got fingerprints and footprints."

"Do they tell us anything?"

"One thing. The murderer was a wolf."

"A wolf?" Mike was surprised. "They usually blow things down—not up."

Mike has a way with words.

Speaking of which, we were suddenly approached by a large woman with blonde hair. She had a prominent nose and a mouth that didn't stop.

"Are you the officers investigating the murder? I want to talk to you. I've lived in this neighbourhood for 30 years and nothing like this has ever happened

before. What are we going . . ."

"Just give us the facts, Ma'am." We didn't have time for a history lesson.

"Well, I live up on the hill. I saw them move in. They bought three blocks of land and built a house each. The first one built a house of straw. Talk about ruining the neighbourhood. Then the other one built a house of sticks. And this one built his out of bricks—solid, double brick . . ."

"Where are the other houses?"

"Well that's the point. This wolf came along and blew them down."

The story was beginning to have a familiar ring to it.

"Did you see the wolf do it?"

"Yeah. You know, it's just as well I was watching. I can tell you . . ."

"Just give us the facts, Ma'am."

"Well, the wolf knocked on the door of the house made of straw. The next thing he huffs and puffs and the house is gone. He just blew the thing away. I saw the pig run out of the ruins to the stick home."

It occurred to me that I should check the files. Somewhere in the back of my mind bells were ringing. I'd heard this story before. Maybe we were talking about a serial killer here.

"What happened then, Ma'am?"

"The same thing. The wolf just blew the stick house down and the pigs ran to the brick house. At that house the wolf huffed and puffed and blew *himself* out."

"Anyway," she continued, after half pausing to get her breath, "after a time the

wolf went away. But I guess an hour later I saw him putting something around the house. Then he went back behind those trees.

The next thing I knew there was a terrible explosion and the house fell down."

So much for the story. She said the wolf had looked through the building and then fled.

1:15 pm. We needed to get back to headquarters and start going through the files. We would begin with "W."

"I'll bet the third pig built his house and thought that nothing could ever destroy it," said Mike. "But

there are no guarantees in life." We were hardly in the car and he was already becoming the philosopher.

"It's like we're all part of a story," he added, "but sometimes the script doesn't run to plan. You know, Joe, in our business you see so much of the bad side of life that you wonder if anything is certain."

This was beginning to get heavy.

"There must be something that lasts, Mike," I replied.

"Yeah, I reckon that when you get to the bottom line there's only one constant—and that's God."

Like I said, Mike has a way with words. But I guess if you wanted to choose anything to go on the bottom line it would be God.





Mel's Belief

Australian actor Mel Gibson recently stated that he's a creationist. "I think I am. . . Was I created? Did I evolve out of a piece of dirt or was there some kind of intelligence behind it? Why I'm here, how I function. . . I don't think it happened by accident." —*The Weekend Australian*.

More Mel

Mel Gibson appears to be a startling exception to the Hollywood reputation for promiscuity. "Half the women on the planet are mad about the lad, yet he is tenderly devoted to his six children (the eldest 10, the youngest 13 months) and insists he is faithful to his 33-year-old wife." —*Sunday Herald Sunday Review*.

Mistakes

"When a shipment of devotional writer Selwyn Hughes' book *Divine Love* arrived in New Zealand, customs officials nabbed it. They thought it might be pornographic. Meanwhile, Collins Religious Publishing mistakenly distributed several hundred copies of the popular British song book *Mission Praise* with 'Christian Spiritualist Society' on the cover." —*On Being*.

Search for Answers

When times become tough and uncertain, people seem to start asking a lot more questions and looking for answers to what is happening. The current situation in the Middle East is a case in point. *Harper's* magazine reports that sales of the predictions of Nostradamus at Waldenbooks [an American chain of bookshops] increased 400 per cent in the month after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. With war raging, sales must be going through the roof. Pity that book buyers are looking in Nostradamus' writings for answers that aren't there.

Glory of War?

More than a century ago General William Sherman declared that "war is hell." Nothing has changed —despite attempts to minimise the televising of ugly scenes from the gulf on our TV screens. However, the United States military obviously believes that war holds an attraction to many people. Since the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, 57 per cent of the US military's recruitment advertisements have included combat scenes. Before the invasion, none did. —*Harper's*.

New Age Amusement

Maharishi Veda Land, a 180-hectare New Age amusement park is being planned in Orlando, Florida, right next to Disney World. It's the creation of Doug Hennig and his mentor, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. "The idea was Maharishi's," says Hennig. "He visited Disneyland in the Sixties, and he thought, 'Wouldn't it be nice to have a theme park that used all this technology but also gave a deeper knowledge of life?'" It will offer healthy foods, a pollution-free environment and 38 attractions such as "The Seven Steps of Enlightenment," a forest of knowledge complete with wise men telling fables, and a flying-chariot ride that will take you inside the molecular structure of a rose. —*Rolling Stone*.

Crystal Gazing

For those unsatisfied with reading Nostradamus, "Crystal Heart," a shop in Carlton, Melbourne, will sell you crystal balls ranging in price from \$75 to \$1,000. Of course, they'd be a complete waste of money at even 10 cents each—you can't buy the future. But then again, they might make good bowling balls.

Letter to YOR

Stephen Ling from Kurri, Kurri, New South Wales, writes that Christian rock musicians are "doing a work that no one else can do." He says we should "start praying for these men and women who are reaching the unsaved. He says that rock music isn't evil in itself—"remember that you can put evil words to country or classical music"—and quotes Psalms 149-150.

Some would agree; some wouldn't. YOR welcomes letters from readers.

YOUTH ON RECORD



Unofficial Paper
Seventh-day Adventist Youth
South Pacific Division

Editor Gary Krause
Graphic Designer James Coffin
Encourager-from-a-distance Bruce
Manners

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Possingham and Julia Young.

Manuscripts All articles, letters and "Culture
Vulture" segments should be sent to Gary
Krause, YOR Editor, Signs Publishing
Company, Warburton Vic 3799.

Plea OK. After more than five attempts at
trying to attract financial support for a more
regularly appearing YOR we admit total
failure. We haven't even received one IOU. So
this issue we refuse to ask for any donations
to YOR (to be sent to YOR, Signs Publishing
Company, Warburton Vic 3799. We refuse to
say that we would love you forever if you
could help out YOR.

Shock Finding YOR is blushing with
modesty as early reports from the RECORD
survey seem to indicate high enthusiasm for it.
Even more embarrassing is the high number of
fans in the above-60 age bracket.

Apology YOR wishes to apologise to all
moustache enthusiasts who may have felt
somewhat alienated during YOR's recent
focus on beards and unshaven faces.

Disclaimer 1 YOR has never advocated that
we should judge people by the shape of their
beards.

Disclaimer 2 It's not true that non-bearded
contributors get paid less for articles published
in YOR.

Editorial Policy. YOR is an
equal-opportunity publisher and will run
articles from contributors regardless of their
race, age, sex, marital status, or state of facial
hair.

Credits When he's not visiting Burmese holy
men, Nic Bolto lives in Mitcham
(Melbourne, Victoria) and attends Wantirna
church.

Grenville Kent is a pastor at the Parramatta
church, New South Wales.

Craig Gillis is a fourth-year theology student
at Avondale College, Cooranbong, New South
Wales.

Thomas Robinson, puppeteer, printer, nurse,
bushwalker, father, and keen river-crosser,
writes from New Zealand.

Lynden Kent writes from Green Point, New
South Wales. He says that he acquired his surf
ski on Father's Day—"to celebrate my
up-and-coming dotage."

Bruce Manners is encourager-from-a-distance
for this issue of YOR.

Fiona Adams is a teenager, for whom we
have no address. Please send it to us Fiona!
Unless you don't want payment for your
article, that is!



NOTICEBOARD

Anniversaries



Photo: John Banks.

Pastor and Mrs John Cernik celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on December 30 at the wildflower gardens, St Ives, New South Wales. Their daughters, Anne (Sydney), Beverly (London) and Julie (Sydney) and their families hosted the occasion. Long-time friend, Pastor O. D. F. McCutcheon compered the evening. John Cernik and Lois Giblett were married by Pastor Max Grolimund in Harvey, Western Australia, and shortly afterward left for mission service in Vanuatu. They also worked in Tonga, Cook Islands, Fiji, Papua New Guinea, Karalundi (WA) and Lilydale (Victoria). They now live at 14 Turner Road, Berowra Heights, New South Wales.—*John Banks.*



Photo: Robyn Raymond.

Mr and Mrs Bill Raymond celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on December 16. Bill and Sylvia (nee Trafford) were the first couple to be married in the East Prahran church. Pastor Ralph Tudor took the service on December 12, 1940. Two of their children and four of their grandchildren attended the celebration. Their eldest son, Barry, sent special congratulations from Canada.—*Michael Raymond.*



Photo: Di Tokely.

Mr and Mrs Reginald Tokely celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a meal shared by family and

friends late last year. Vera and Reg became Seventh-day Adventists in 1964 while living at Norwich, England. On their retirement they moved to Dandenong, Victoria, to be near their son, Stuart, and his wife, Maureen, and two children. Their daughter, Dianne, who is a nursing sister in Africa, attended the celebration while on furlough. Vera and Reg are members of the Dandenong church.—*Di Tokely.*

Notice: Due to space constraints and the popularity of this feature, as from the May 4 issue of RECORD anniversary announcements will include only the following: a photo, the couple's names, where the celebration took place, date and place of marriage, names of children (using current surnames for daughters), and where couple are living now. Other details will be included only if they are of unusual significance.

Weddings

Atuatika—Tooley. Terry Ruatapu Atuatika, son of Ruatapu and Enu Atuatika (Rarotonga, Cook Islands) and Christine Dawn Tooley, daughter of Trevor and Marie Tooley (Hamilton, New Zealand), were married on January 27 in the Hamilton SDA church. Terry and Christine plan to set up their home in Rarotonga, where Terry manages an orchard. Phillip M. Leenhouters.

Godfrey—Ernst. Owen Clifford Godfrey, son of Wal and Irene Godfrey (Redland Bay, Brisbane, Qld), and Leisa Louise Ernst, daughter of Graham and Judy Ernst (Brisbane), were married on September 2 in the Westridge SDA church, Toowoomba. Owen, a cabinetmaker, and Leisa, a dental assistant, have set up their home in Toowoomba. Peter C. Raymer.

Kabu—Oberdorf. Tui Rodogo Kabu, son of Aisake and Serai Kabu (Tamavua, Fiji), and Jackie Charmaine Oberdorf (Slacks Creek, Qld), were married on October 17 at the Tamavua SDA church, Fiji. Tui will continue working as a medical officer at the Colonial War Memorial Hospital, Suva. Graham Christian.

Martin—Goldstone. Bryan Ray Martin, son of Daryl and Marjorie Martin (Cooranbong, NSW), and Cherie Joy Goldstone, daughter of Ross and Carol Goldstone (Cooranbong), were married on February 3 at Crosslands SDA Youth Centre, Sydney. Bryan and Cherie plan to set up their home at Bonnells Bay, and both will continue the teacher training course at Avondale College. G. B. Scott.

Nelson—Gray. Lorin Edward Nelson, son of Edward and Aneta Nelson (Croydon, Vic), and Melinda Jane Gray, daughter of Gerald and Margaret Gray (Trafalgar, Vic, formerly of Ulverstone, Tas), were married on February 3 in the Lilydale SDA church. Loz and Min plan to set up their home in Melbourne, where they plan to continue to be active in youth and outreach activities. Allan Walsh.

Sattler—Hamann. Manfred Siegfried Sattler and Jillian Carol Hamann, both of Adelaide, SA, were married on January 6 in the Prospect SDA church. Manfred is a master plumber, and Jill is a registered nurse. Harold G. Josephs.

Willis—Allum. Stephen John Willis, son of Doug and Lina Willis (Beenleigh, Qld), and Kerrin Maree Allum, daughter of John and Valma Allum (Brisbane), were married on January 27 at the Eight Mile Plains SDA church. Stephen and Kerrin, who met while students at Avondale College, plan to set up their home in Sydney. Stephen will continue his studies at Cumberland College, and Kerrin working in the nursing profession. Frank Cantrill.

Obituaries

"We do not want you to be ignorant about those who fall asleep, or to grieve like the rest of men, who have no hope. . . . For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will

rise first. . . . Therefore encourage each other with these words." 1 Thessalonians 4:13, 16, 18, NIV. The Signs Publishing Company staff join the church family in expressing sincere sympathy to those who have lost the loved ones recorded below.

Cornish, Florence Maud, born August 2, 1886, in London, England; died November 15 at Esther Sommerville Nursing Home, Normanhurst, NSW, and was buried at the Avondale Cemetery, Cooranbong. Maud and her husband arrived in Australia in 1912. Seventeen years later, her mother and sister, while on a visit from New Zealand, shared news of the church they had just joined. Following Bible studies with Pastor Jim Lawson, Maud and her husband were baptised in the Auburn SDA church, NSW. Maud enjoyed sharing her talents as a vocalist and a violinist, at the Auburn church and later at the Avondale church, Cooranbong. She is survived by her children, Jack, Nancy Dunlop and Lilian Stevens (Mount Colah church); eight grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren, and 3 great-great-grandchildren. Her husband predeceased her 15 years ago. O. K. Anderson.

Hands, Rosa Kathleen ("Katie"), born July 7, 1906, in Sydney, NSW; died February 8 at the Princess Alexandra Hospital, Brisbane, Qld, and was cremated at the Mount Thomson Crematorium. Katie had a hard life, surviving in the outbreak during the depression years. Baptised in 1949 by Pastor T. A. Mitchell, she was a member of the South Brisbane church. She is survived by her sons, John, Ian, Bob, Doug, Bruce and Neil; 19 grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren. Pastor Peter Raymer, South Brisbane, church pastor, was associated in the service with the writer, a friend of Katie's for 35 years. Keith Miller.

Riley, Jack Gordon, born January 31, 1909, at Moama, NSW; died February 1 at Echuca, Vic, after a prolonged illness. Jack managed a large sheep station for many years, before working for the Murray Shire. He joined the SDA Church three years ago and was a member of the Echuca church. He is survived by his wife, Betty; and a number of nephews and nieces (living in the Echuca district). L. W. Ritchie.

Advertisements

Adventist Singles Ministry (North NSW). Are you spending Easter alone? Come to Yarrhapinni singles convention, March 28-April 1. Contact ASM Secretary, 21 Pilot Street, Urunga NSW 2455, or phone (066) 55 6198 for applications forms or further information.

Wanted to Purchase. Land in FN Qld. No agents! Two acres upwards, requesting rainforest, permanent creek, some cleared. Cash help with subdivision costs. Also negotiation open for interested share-partners. Phone (077) 79 7006.

To Rent. Fully furnished, 3 B/R, canal home, peaceful area. 10 km North Surfers Paradise, Gold Coast. \$225 weekly. Available May to September. Write: L. Perry, 30 Magellan Avenue, Paradise Point Qld 4216.

Needing Extra Income? Fund-raising? Pathfinders, schools, students, parents—why not try door-to-door calendar selling? This is a popular, easy method to boost your income. Inquiries re 1992 calendars, contact: Indian Pacific Traders, 567 Freemans Drive, Cooranbong NSW 2265. Phone (049) 77 1030.

Brisbane Holiday. Bed-and-breakfast accommodation. Guestrooms in Adventist home, quiet area. Bus 30 minutes to city. Day trips to Gold and Sunshine Coasts and Toowoomba. Reasonable rates. Phone (07) 349 0542.

Utrecht, Holland. Subject to the providence of the Lord, and the world situation, the SDA General Conference head office is proceeding with their plans for the 1995 GC Session to be held (God willing) in Holland, June 29-July 8, 1995. So, subject to the same providence Marion Parry and team hereby announce that 150 rooms have already been reserved in the nearest available hotel close

to the GC Session venue, for all those travelling with them.

Retirement Living. One-bedroom units are available at Azalea Court, 48 William Street, Hornsby. Price \$71,625 and \$71,000. Azalea Court is convenient to Hornsby shops and rail. Sydney Adventist Hospital and various churches are within a short drive. Contact Residential Manager—Mr Alf Miller. Phone (02) 476 6063 for further details. A community service project of Association of Business and Professional Members Limited.

Camping Goods. Discount Prices for Pathfinders and church members. Cheaper than retail. Good brands. George Koolik, 20 Lyndon Way, Beecroft NSW 2119. Phone (02) 484 6692.

Adventist Reviews requested for pastoral visitation. I would be grateful to receive clean and recent *Reviews* to put to good use. *Reviews* only may be sent to Pastor G. D. Giles, 76 Mackenzie Street, West Golden Square, Bendigo Vic 3555.

Lilydale Church Anniversary. Lilydale church is celebrating the 10th anniversary of the dedication of the church on March 16. All past members and friends are invited to attend this day of praise.

Preventative Medicine Conference for lay people, Warburton Health Care Centre, August 4-11. Speakers: Dr Richard Neil, Loma Linda; Dr Ray Swannell, Health Dept, Qld; Pastor Don Bain, South Pacific Division. Inquiries: Health Promotion, Warburton Health Care Centre, Warburton 3799.

Class Reunion. Did you do Year 12 in 1980 at Sydney Adventist High School, Strathfield? Please contact Angela Maevsky regarding the possibility of a class reunion. Write to "Kedron," Bundarra NSW 2359. Phone (067) 23 7313.

La Mancha Health Centre. Wollongbar, 2477. For a healthy holiday or help with medical problems. From \$310 per week. Phone (066) 29 5138.

Help Wanted. To spread the gospel—send *Signs*.

Alstonville Retirement Village. It's new. It's in the country. It's already started. You can enjoy it too. Phone Brian Sparke on (066) 28 1887 for more information.

Whereabouts Known? Would any person knowing the whereabouts of a Mr L. H. Street, whose last known address was C/- Mail Service 825, Ipswich Qld 4306, please get in touch with the Manager, Adventist Media Centre, PO Box 15, Wairoonga NSW 2076.

Timor View Holiday Camp, next to Warrumbungle National Park, Coonabarabran. Cabins and camping, ideal for church, school or Pathfinder groups, or families wanting a holiday or campout in the bush. Modern facilities. Phone Coral Curmuck on (068) 42 1437.

Aussie Tours April 7. Flinders Ranges, Murray cruises, Great Ocean Road, Luke Lakes, southern coastline, Adelaide, Darling River. 12 days. Brochure/cassette—Ken Morgan, Box 465, Gatton Qld 4343. Phone (075) 62 6144.

Aussie Tours—June 16. Ayers Rock, Olgas, Wolf Creek meteorite crater, Bungle Bungles, Broome, Kimberleys, Katherine Gorges, Kakadu, Longreach, Bourke, Warrambungles. Brochure/cassette: Ken Morgan, Box 465, Gatton QLD 4343. Phone (075) 62 6144.

Yarra Travel Junction. You may not live in the Yarra Valley, but we can still arrange and provide all your travel needs world-wide. Fly'n'Build/Preach teams and church-related groups receive contributions to your project with better discounts. Contact Lyn Spain, 91 Warburton Highway, Yarra Junction Vic 3797. Phone (059) 67 1858. Licence 31369.

Christian Videos and Cassettes for sale and hire. Evangelism, health, kids, movies, music, nature and more. Free catalogue. Approx 500 videos. Inquiries (07) 888 3225 or STD free (008) 77 3114; or write Radiant Life Videos, 13 Merewyn Street, Burpengary Qld 4505.

Real Estate—Queensland. Nationwide Realty Caboolture, 30 minutes from Brisbane. For all your real estate requirements call licensee, Bronwen Jones, Village Mall, Morayfield Road, Morayfield Qld 4506. Phone A/H (074) 95 7688.

Real Estate. Ross Bramley of L. J. Hooker, Castle Hill, is happy to assist you with all your real estate requirements in the Castle Hill and Hills district, Sydney. Phone (02) 680 1888 or A/H (02) 484 4405.

Real Estate—Cooranbong and surrounding areas. Your Adventist agency. Specialists in country acres, residential homes and the management of rental properties. Contact Grant or Warwick Lawson, Raine & Horne Cooranbong. "Avondale Shopping Village," Cooranbong NSW 2265. Phone (049) 77 1222, A/H (049) 77 2131 (049) 77 2454.

Real Estate—Melbourne, Ringwood Area. For all your real estate needs contact Raymond J. van Schoonhoven for personal service. C. E. Carter & Son Pty Ltd, Est 1923, 128 Maroondah Highway, Ringwood Vic 3134. Phone (03) 870 6211, A/H (03) 879 9001.

Real Estate—Adelaide. Selling or buying in Adelaide? For personalised and friendly service, contact Rosy Hodgkinson—the specialist in the north-eastern suburbs and adjoining hills areas. L. J. Hooker—Modbury. Phone

(08) 263 2022 A/H (08) 380 5466.

Long Arm of the Law. If you're buying a home or a business, reappraising your Will and you want the Long arm of the law on your side, contact Ken Long, Solicitor, Long & Company, 16-20 Barrack Street, Sydney NSW 2000. Phone (02) 29 4081.

Williamstown Transport Service. Furniture removals: local and interstate. Storage provided. Packing supplied. Reasonable rates. All goods insured. Free quotes. Reverse charges for long-distance calls. Phone (03) 729 1811 B/H or (03) 397 7190, all hours. Mobile phone (018) 38 3140. PO Box 214, Williamstown Vic 3016.

Advertisers Please Note: All advertisements should be sent to RECORD Editor, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton Vic 3799. Advertisements approved by the editor will be inserted at the following rates: first 30 words, \$15; each additional word, \$1. For your advertisement to appear, payment must be enclosed, with a recommendation from your local pastor or Conference officer.

Finally: Love at first sight ought to be followed by some careful looking.

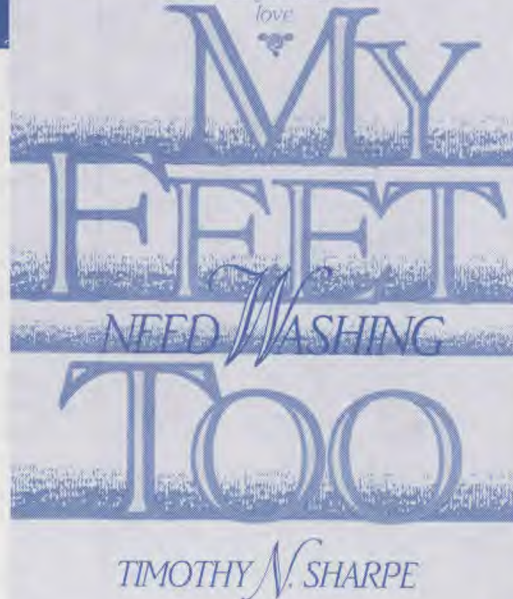
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