SUD e-News, March 9, 2011 #9

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I. Letters
   1. Robert Robinson <bobrobinson2004@yahoo.com> March 1:

      Today, March 1, I am celebrating my one month anniversary of a successful kidney transplant.

      First, I want to express over and over again my heartfelt thanks to my creator God for answering our prayers by
      sustaining our son-in-law, Dr.

      Wichit, and me during our surgeries on February 1. Now during this past one month, He has and is bringing wonderful
      healing to our bodies. The first three months are so critical in terms of possible rejection of the "new"
      organ and of infections, but so far things are progressing well for which we are truly grateful. At the end of the 3 months
      they will do a biopsy of the "new" kidney to determine if there are any signs of rejection.

      Secondly, I shall be ever grateful to our son-in-law (and his family) for his great sacrifice and love gift on my behalf. He
      has given me a kidney that is strong and healthy. I sincerely pray that I will be careful not to abuse it in any way with
      anything that could be injurious to it. We also continue to pray that Dr. Wichit will be given complete recovery. It was so
      heart warming to hear this week that he is beginning to feel a bit energetic again. Although he was given a month off
      from his practice at Loma Linda, he was back to work part time in two weeks time and this week full time. Thanks so
      much for your prayers on his behalf.

      Thirdly, I appreciate so much the surgeons, physicians, nurses and other health officials that have taken such GOOD
      care of me during this past one month here at OHSU. God provided for me a group of outstanding men and women as
      the Transplant team here at OHSU. Shortly after the surgery when my surgeon stopped by my bedside, I expressed to
      him my thanks and than stated that the Lord had given him a wonderful talent. He had tears in his eyes as he left my
      bedside but shortly returned to show me a picture he carries in his pocket. A few years ago his wife gave to him a picture
      painted by Nathan Greene, "Chief of the Medical Staff" of the doctor during surgery being counseled by the Great
      Physician. I was so grateful that the Lord had provided for me a Christian surgeon. (If you have not seen that painting, go
      on GOOGLE and search for that painting - it is outstanding.)

      Fourthly, I am so thankful that during this time our family has been here to sustain us with their visits, with food, and
      with the support we needed, be it material, physical or emotional support. Having our son, Dr.

      Michael, and his family come from Guam to spend their full annual leave taking care of me during those first critical days
      and weeks was so needful.

      Having our daughter, Tonya and her family from Sandy, Oregon close by to assist us with food, with shopping, with
      making the arrangements for our accommodations, with seeing that our bills are paid, driving me to appointments when
      her brother was not available and now after he has returned to Guam to be the care giver when needed, has and was so
      helpful and so much appreciated. Having our daughter, Bobbie Jo (wife of Dr. Wichit) and her family come from Loma
      Linda along with Dr. Wichit’s parents from Bangkok to see that he was well cared for during the two weeks he was in
      Portland was so comforting. As you remember we stayed in their home in Loma Linda for the 3 months that I was on
      dialysis which was so much appreciated.

      Having our 9 grandchildren close by to visit us from time to time during this month has been such a joy.

      Here close by the Portland area where we are staying, we are so blessed to have my sisters and my brothers families
      who have spent a number of hours with us visiting, bringing flowers, and meals or giving emotional support.

      In this area also are many many friends who have visited. What a blessing this has been to both of us. We are staying at
      the Residence Inn, 2115 SW River Parkway, Portland. If you are in our area, we would welcome your visit.
And than there are the MANY MANY who have called or sent letters, notes or cards of encouragement. Thank you so much. God has truly used many to help with the healing process. Praise be to Him.

So until next month when I plan to send my 2 month anniversary update, we send our love and thanks for your prayers.

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II. Three India Schools Get 13th Sabbath Offering

The March issue of ADVENTIST WORLD features 3 of our SUD schools that will receive the 13th Sabbath Offering this month: Lasalgaon, James Memorial, and Kottarakara.

**Lasalgaon--

"The [one] shortcoming of this school is we have insufficient classrooms," says Jayant Sable, principal of this school in Maharashtra state. "We have a big playground, but we don't have science labs; we don't have separate labs for physics, chemistry or biology, which are essential parts of a growing school."

**James Memorial--

Further south, in Tamil Nadu, is one of the oldest SDA schools in the country, James Memorial School. The majority of students who attend are not Christians when they begin their education. "If we train up children early, when their lives are being formed, they develop a more concrete faith." says Ambrose Shanmugam, principal. "We teach [students] the Bible here; we teach them stories from the Bible. They are attracted and they will be converted—even the boarding students. Each year we have baptisms, children accepting Jesus. The school has an enrollment of more than 900, but the facilities we have now accommodate only 500 to 600 students. We need classrooms."

**Kottarakara Adventist School--

This school in the state of Kerala is accredited by the Indian government. Recently the school was instructed to hold a crucial test on Saturday. The principal, T. I. John, appealed to the minister of education for his district. Eventually John convinced the authorities to allow his students to take the examination after Sabbath hours. Kottarakara, like many of our schools in India, have outgrown their facilities and must expand.

The 13th Sabbath offering for the first quarter of 2011 will provide finances to build new classrooms on all three of these campuses—more than 40 new classrooms.

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III. Learning Indian Cooking, Language, Culture

The following is from the March issue of AFM's ADVENTIST FRONTIERS, written by Dayita Sharma* of Kullu Pahari

"Cooling Up Friendship" in North India

"Chapattis are a round, flat, soft bread. Served puffed with steam, they are part of a standard North Indian meal. So, one day, I decided to try my hand at making them.

"My first chapatti was... creative. It was in the shape of Australia. But my second was better. It was the shape of India. 'At least I'm in the right country now,' I muttered, wiping more flour onto my black Punjabi suit. At that point, I resembled a diary cow—mostly black with white spots.

'How do people make these things so round every time?'

"Pranthas are the breakfast food of India. They are a bit like chapattis, round and thin, but stuffed with spicy mashed potatoes. The first time I made pranthas, I made two assumptions. The first was that it would be easy. The second was that it would be wise to experiment with fillings. Both assumptions were wrong.

'I cheerfully assembled the ingredients, grabbed a handful of dough and stuffed some tomatoes inside. That was mistake number one.

"Indians don't put tomatoes in pranthas,' a friend told me later. Oops.

"Next, I used my rolling pin to squeeze all the fillings out the sides of the dough ball. The thinness of the dough and the wetness of the filling both helped facilitate this. I blinked at the mess of dough and tomatoes that was now sticking to the counter. It was also square. I peeled the wad off the counter and plopped it into the frying pan. Then I used my fingers to squish it down.

"It burned.

"The second prantha was more successful. I just made two giant chapattis, slathered on some of my ingenious filling, glued them together with some water, and threw them on the pan. However, the prantha was larger than the pan. So I had to push in the edges. It turned out to be like a really hard, dry pizza.

"So I made pop corn.

"Fast forward to a few nights later. I was a frantic flurry of onion chopping, pot banging, and spice mixing. North India cooking is a lot like performance art, because one doesn't begin actually cooking things until the guests arrive, so all the food is served hot and freshly made. And I really wanted it to be perfect.
"I had been practicing making round chapattis and thought they might pass inspection if I didn't get too nervous and forget how to make them. I felt a little like when I was seven and taking a ballet class. I thought I was clumsy, and now everyone else was about to think so, too!

"When our guests arrived, I tried to seem like a confident hostess. We exchanged Hindi greetings, and then I left husband Daha to small-talk with them while I escaped to the kitchen to cook. Daha looked just as bewildered as I felt, having used up his entire Hindi vocabulary in the first ten minutes.

"Just as I was beginning to panic about my chapattis, the ladies of the family bustled into my kitchen. They rambled to me in Hindi, and I was pretty sure they were asking to help. I spent most of that evening looking up the words for 'boiled' and 'spinach' as they rolled the bread, cooked the rice, and doctored the vegetable dish I had made, which apparently was not spinach after all. It was a great learning experience for me. I learned how much our new friends loved us, got to watch them make the bread, and was invited over two days later to learn how to prepare actual spinach paneer, a tasty Indian cheese-and-vegetable concoction. They were also quick to assure me that the dhal I pre-made did taste good. They were very kind!

"That was about a month ago. Thanks to our friends, I can now make pranthas and chapattis, and Daha and I can both chat in Hindi for a little longer than ten minutes. There's still so much to learn, but God is helping us establish good habits now. The most important habit is to be willing to learn from the friends God gives us. All the families who have helped me cook so far have adopted us as part of their family. We usually meet these families because Daha takes the risk to initiate conversations. Part of earning the right to be heard is showing we are vulnerable--that we're willing to learn language, culture, and even cooking. And when it's difficult to be vulnerable, we just think about the big feast in Heaven and how very much we would like our friends to be there.

"Well, that's enough Heaven-pondering for now. I have to scrub the burned rice off my pans!"

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IV. Remembering George Caleb

Florence Fernando <flofernando@hotmail.com> March 2:

Our deepest sympathies go out to the family of George Caleb--his wife Janet, daughter Nalini, son-in-law Surendra, grandson Nalindra, sister Juliet and husband Dr. Pascal, sister-in-law Gloria and numerous nieces and nephews. May God comfort them in their sorrow as they face the future without him.

George was known for his quiet wit and his very helpful ways. Both he and Janet loved to entertain people in their home. While Janet displayed her culinary expertise, George would keep the guests entertained with his wit and funny stories. He always seemed to see the funny side of things. As has been mentioned earlier, he even joked about his leg being amputated.

Of late, we have been hearing of many fathers and mothers in Israel who have been laid to rest, but thank God, we have the Blessed Hope that we can all meet again and where we will never have to shed tears--a language that only God understands.

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V. An Early, Early Eric B. Hare Burma Story

"Did y' hear? Did y' hear? Did y' hear?" called old Rippling Water excitedly as she gathered some old ladies around her in the village of Kawmalay, eight miles from our mission. "The God worshipers have built a sickness house on the bank of the big river among the coconut palms. And they say there is a white lady doctor there, and a white man doctor whom they call their Dr. Rabbit. And I'm going down to see them, I am, I am."

The unbelieving spirit worshiping villagers were incredulous. They protested and solemnly warned old Rippling Water that the white people at the sickness house were really 'dawtakas.' [a cross between a devil and a ghost that was supposed to steal babies, fatten them, and then eat them] They would get her to eat some of their strong medicine, and thereafter she would be in their power. They would eat her and her babies, too.

Old Rippling Water was defiant. "I don't care what you say, I'm going down to see them." It didn't matter what they did or said, she was going to see the God worshipers' sickness house. So, taking her 18-year-old daughter, Fair One, she went through the rice fields and bamboo forests to the Salween River. A fisherman friend ferried her and her daughter across.

As they approached the dispensary they began to feel afraid. They remembered the warnings. They hid in some bushes to observe what was going on. They saw a mother with a crying baby go into the sickness house. A man with an abscessed hand went in, groaning in pain. Before long the mother came out with a happy, smiling baby in her arms. Then the man came out with his hand neatly bandaged, happiness written on his face.

It was enough for Rippling Water. Taking Fair One by the hand, she said, "Let's go. They are not 'dawtakas.' Nobody is being eaten. They go in crying, they come out laughing; they go in sick and come out well." As the two of them came through the door of the dispensary they stood and marveled at what they saw. A white lady doctor was gently caring for
an old man with a great sore on his hand. She spoke kind words, and suddenly Rippling Water realized that the nurse was speaking in Karen. "The white woman speaks our words," she exclaimed aloud.

"Of course I do, Auntie," Nurse Gibbs said. "How I wish I could come and visit you in your village homes. Then you'd know. But there are so many sick people and so many sick babies coming all day long that I never get a chance to go visiting. Do you know what I need, Auntie? I need a big girl about 18 years old to help me wash bandages and learn how to give babies their castor oil, and how to put eye drops in sore eyes."

As they talked on, the lady doctor suddenly noticed Fair One. At once, in the minds of Nurse Gibbs and Rippling Water, an idea was born. The outcome was that Fair One came to live at the mission station and became the first dispensary assistant. Rippling Water and everyone in the mission station were happy with the arrangement. But back at her village, Fair One's mother ran into sharp criticism and many dire predictions.

Fair One was happy, learned quickly, and became a much-loved and valuable helper. Some months later a young Karen graduate named Thara Peter came from the Meiktila Training School to join the mission staff. With his help they were able to start a small but successful school.

Just when the future was looking very bright, Nurse Gibbs went on furlough, and the Hamiltons were called to pastoral duties in Rangoon. Now Dr. Rabbit and Mama Rabbit, Thara Peter and Fair One had to care for the dispensary, school, and all. It was a difficult challenge, but they knew that God was with them, for now they were beginning to see the fruitage of their labor.

One day Fair One said to Eric, "Dr. Rabbit, I've been here more than two years now. I've learned to work and I've learned to read. Every day I read part of the Golden Book. In that Book I've found Jesus and I believe He is the Son of God. Doctor, I would like to be baptized and become a God-worshiper too."

Eric was too choked up with happiness to speak for a few moments. "I'm so glad, Fair One, Next time your mother comes down, we'll ask her what she thinks of it."

In a few days Rippling Water came, and her reaction was "Well, I don't mind if she does become a God-worshiper. We have worshiped the devils and the evil spirits all our lives, and they are no good. And Doctor, I'll tell you what--maybe when I know a little more, I might become a God-worshiper too."

The little mission family could not have been happier when the day came for the first convert among the Karens in Ohn Dow to be baptized. Pastor A. H. Williams was called to perform the sacred rite. He had been with Pastor Hamilton when the site for the mission had been selected, so it was a high day for him as well.

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