Wendy Halder

From: charles tidwell [charles.h.tidwell@gte.net]
Sent: Sunday, July 10, 2011 6:30 PM
To: Self
Subject: SUD e-News, July 10, 2011 #27

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Charles Shultz <charleshultz@yahoo.com> July 9:

Eleven days ago, Elizabeth's oncologist told us that a recent CT scan revealed that Elizabeth's cancer had spread into her liver and that it had also made drastic inroads into her pelvic area. Starting on last Friday, July 2, Elizabeth began to experience severe weakness, nausea, and confused thinking. She often would sleep the whole day and night and would take little or no food. She did not want to make the 2 hour and 20 minute trip to see the doctor or go to the hospital. Finally, Thursday, July 7 I made an appointment for her to see her oncologist. Yesterday morning she did not want to leave doctor's office, I got a call from them asking me how she was.

I said she was much worse. They said go directly to the Emergency Room. So I sped down the road. About 3 miles away, I could not hear her breathe. So I sang to her and hurried as fast as I could. When I arrived at the emergency room, the medical team was not able to get her to respond and her heart had stopped. She did not want any resuscitation.

It is so very sad for me to have her gone. Even with all the pain medication that she was taking, she was still in so much pain. I believe it is better that she went quickly like this. She would not have liked to suffer in the hospital for days only to die because the cancer had eaten so much of her body. Elizabeth's cancer was in all of her skeleton. Skull, shoulder, spine, pelvis and legs. The ER doctor said she probably had a stroke—that was the cause of her slurred speech and confusion. The doctor also said that probably she died of massive internal bleeding from the cancer being in her liver. Anyway she is no longer in pain and awaits the coming of Jesus.

At 68 years old, I now start a new period in my life. I was never able to complete my dream of visiting and encouraging all the churches in Nepal. Perhaps I go could to Nepal just as a tourist, and spend 3 months there in the spring and than 2 months in the fall. 5 months is the max that a tourist can stay in the country. I would like to spend the other 7 months in the States, writing a book, working with people here in my neighborhood and visiting my children and grandchildren. When I was 15 the Lord gave me a burden for the hill people of India & Nepal. Perhaps now I can still be of service in someway to the Lord. Now that I am single, all my time belongs to Jesus. Working overseas depends upon the wishes of the Nepal Field, my health and finances. All of these things are now in God's hands as is my life. Instead of flowers, contribution for the work in Nepal would be appreciated. If you are interested you could make a check out to the Brookings SDA church and mark "Nepal Project" at the bottom of the check and mail it to The Brookings SDA Church, P. O. Box 777, Brookings, Oregon 97415

When my father died, I asked the Lord to please take his place and He has done a great job. Now I ask the Lord to please take the place of my companion that I was married to for 37 years. He has not let me down and I know that He will help me. Thank you for all your prayers for Elizabeth. You were all dear to her.
II. Letters

1. Cecil S. Marandi <cmarandi@rediffmail.com> July 5:

   Congratulations "Bhaju"! Getting the Sabbath School lessons in Nepali is the greatest nurturing ministry I know of. Keep it going quarter by quarter and year after year. The churches in Nepal will be fed with fresh bread of life. God bless you.

III. Remembering Mrs. Nash

   Gordon Christo <gechristo@sud-adventist.org> July 4;
   I would like to add my tribute to Mrs. Nash.

   Mrs. Nash promoted high-quality music in India with a passion. At the age of eight, I received my introduction to musical instruments by learning to play the simple flute through my aunt, Mrs. Poddar, whom Mrs. Nash had taught. The ability to pick out a scale on an instrument unlocked all kinds of music in me. There in Assam Training School I also witnessed the hostel girls pirouette at a girls' social to the music of a Hungarian dance under her coaching (in the auditorium that was then being constructed). That tune still lingers in my mind. Under her leadership at Spicer many students learnt to play band instruments, some even accompanying the Poona Choral Society in the rendition of Handel's The Messiah. Small children learnt to sing in parts for quality choral music. I am sure scores of people all over will testify to her influence in their music experience.

   Remembering Pastor I. V. Rao

   John M. Fowler <FowlerJ@gc.adventist.org> July 4:

   I am deeply saddened by the passing away of Pastor I. V. Rao. He was my college mate at Spicer, an abiding friend over the years we shared our ministry in India, and a model in frugality, humor, self-less service. He brought up a family that can proudly wear the Adventist badge and let the Adventist flag fly on its ramparts. As a literature evangelist and publishing leader, he worked tirelessly and helped many students to turn salesmanship to souls-manship. His commitment to Adventism made it possible that one of his children come to Solusi University in Zimbabwe as an ordinary teacher some years ago, and climb up the educational leader there to become a pioneer and innovator in graduate business education in Zimbabwe, and now to serve as the dean of the prestigious Helderberg College, South Africa. Pastor Rao lived to see that he may not have the riches of this world, but in his commitment to Adventist family and educational values, he has left in his son, Dr. Vincent Injeti, a model for what Adventism can do. My sympathies and condolences to the family, especially to Mrs. Rao and her children.

IV. ASI Plans Annual Camp

Adventist Fellowship International
P. O. Box 814
Burtonsville, MD 20866-9998
July 2011

Dear AFI Members and Friends,

   I am glad to send this letter to you with information about the upcoming AFI Camp scheduled for August 10-14, 2011.

   This year, AFI is pleased to include in our attendance the following associations, the leaders of which have expressed a desire to participate with us in this social event. They are, the Southern Asia Adventist Association, The Maharashtrian Association, and Friends of Spicer College International (FOSCI). I am sure that the participation and attendance of these associations will certainly add a new dimension to the AFI camp.

   As you know, organizing such a camp is a gigantic task, and as such I hope that if you are called upon to help out in any way, that you will gladly oblige. You will not regret it I can assure you.

   Please watch for further details on the camp. If you or your friends, who may not have received this letter, are desirous of attending our camp, please get in touch with me either by phone or by email giving me your mailing address and I will be glad to mail you the application forms needed.
You might want to send in your completed form to me as soon as possible, along with your payment as the accommodations are going to be filled on a "first come, first serve" basis. My phone number is: 240-441-5739, and my email address is:<franklin.khandagle@montgomerycountymd.gov>. I look forward to your response.

Yours sincerely,
Franklin Khandagle
2011 AFI Camp Director

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V. Dr. Charles to Speak at Loma Linda Southern Asia Church

George P. Johnson <geoprasad@aol.com> July 5:

On July 16, 2011, Dr. Vijayan Charles of Maryland, will speak at the Southern Asia Community Church (SAACC) on Cyprus Street in Loma Linda, California. In addition to being a surgeon, he is also a preacher, teacher, a very good Bible student, and a philanthropist (even though he refrains from being called one). Dr. Charles will be accompanied by his wife Jill.

The youth will interview Dr. Charles prior to the sermon. Following the potluck, the youth and others will have a chance to have a session with him. This encounter will be an inspiration to the CURRENT ADVENTIST GENERATION to get more involved in mission, especially in Southern Asia Division.

For travel directions contact
Pr. Sam Shadrach
Phone 909-810-2434
e-mail: <pastor@sasdacc.org/srshadrach@hotmail.com>

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VI. Margaret Solomon Awarded a Fulbright

In Andrews’ current alumni magazine FOCUS the following item was found:

Margaret Solomon (MA’79) was given the Fulbright Visiting Scholar Award this year. Her Fulbright project was on the topic, "The Education of Slum Children in India." She spent four months doing lectures and conducting an exploratory study of the education of the poorest of the poor children in 7 cities-- New Delhi, Roorkee, Banaras, Bangalore, Pune, Chennai, and Tanjore.

She will be publishing articles and a book on this project. Margaret is currently a professor at La Sierra University in the Educational Leadership Department. She is married to Poovelingam Solomon (MA’79, DMin’94).

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VII. SUD Adventists Attend US/India Economic Conference

Sunny Wycliffe <sunnywycliffe@gmail.com> July 3:

The Confederation Indian Industry (CII) and Brooking Institution, Washington, DC jointly hosted a high level "US-INDIA ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL PARTNERSHIP CONFERENCE on June 27, 2011 at the Willard Intercontinental hotel in Washington, DC.

The conference featured a moderated discussion between Mr. Pranab Mukherjee, Finance Minister of India and Mr. Timothy Geithner, Secretary, US Department of Treasury. The two principals reflected upon the bilateral dialogue as well as the prospects for growth in the burgeoning economic and financial relationship. . . .Senior industry leaders and government officials travelled from India and from across the US to participate in this conference. All the invitees were able to network with each other and also meet and discuss with most of the VIPs. At the end of each session, the audience was given a chance to ask questions and interact with the speakers.

Among special invitees attended the one day high level conference were three Seventh-day Adventists: Prem Kumar Frank Purushotham, President, Quantum Clinical Trials, Inc. Washington, DC, John B. Selvaraj, Treasurer/Principal Financial Officer, India Globalization Capital, Inc., Bethesda, Maryland and J. John (Sunny) Wycliffe, Vice President, Business Development, Wycliffe Enterprises, Inc. Frederick, Maryland and a very active senior leader of the Indian American community in the USA. Prem Purushotham and Sunny Wycliffe are members of Sligo SDA Church in Takoma Park, MD and John Selvaraj of Beltsville Church, Silver Spring, MD. We were able to witness to them about our church...

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VIII. The Mother Jilani Story
Some time ago I came across a quite old book lying around our house (among many others that seem to be accumulating over time!) by Goldie Down. I had never heard of it before though I had seen several of her other books. This one is about Mother Jilani, the mother of Dr. Mrs. I. R. Bazliel who, with her doctor husband, WERE Simla Hospital for many, many years.
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IF I HAVE 12 SONS, by Goldie Down. . . Chapter 1 of 17 Chapter 1: The Son is Born
A stifled groan is sounded from the thick curtains in the doorway. The assembled women stirred expectantly and nodded to one another.
"It should be any time now." An old woman with a hooked nose spoke authoritatively.
"Allah grant that it may be a male child," a young pale-faced woman murmured fervently.
A mutter of approval rose from the women squatting on the earth floor, and several pushed back the heavy face veils of their all-enveloping burkas and added their prayers to hers.
There was noticeable bustle of activity in the next room, and all eyes turned toward the curtained doorway, behind which the kazi's first child was being born. Several of the waiting black-robed women rose and tried to pull aside the curtains to enter the room that was already filled to capacity.
Numerous attendants, the village midwife, close female relatives gave moral support to the mother-to-be.
The kazi had several other wives but as yet no child. The excitement was intense as the whole countryside awaited the birth of an heir to their chief.
A thin wall sounded above the low murmur of voices, and the women in the outer room scrambled to their feet and surged toward the curtain. Those already in the door jostled each other, only to be pushed aside by the exuberant women streaming through the narrow doorway calling exultantly, "It a male child! A son! An heir to the kazi!
Their excited cries were heard beyond the confines of the mud-brick walls, and old men loitering nearby were quick to pick up the good news and spread it far and wide.
"A son! A son is born to the kazi!
The year was 1876, and the place was the Tangi village of Tehsial Charsadda in the Peshawar district in northwest India. The kazi was the head of a wealthy tribe of Pathans who claimed to be direct descendants of Jacob's son Benjamin. Tribal leaders also claimed that Moses himself, during the wilderness wanderings, had imbued their ancestors with the rights of judgment. One of their forefathers had supposedly been one of the seventy judges appointed during Israel's wilderness sojourn.
Nowhere else in the world was there a place or a people quite like the North West Frontier of India and its Pathan tribes. On every side, mountain walls rose steeply five or six thousand feet into the air. Snow-fed torrents gushed down through valleys scorched by summer's sun.
The people were as rugged as their surroundings. Various Pathan tribes were always at war with one another. Private feuds and public forays abounded. Every man was a warrior. Every mud-bricked house a fortress, complete with towers and turrets. Every village had its line of defense.
Except at harvesttime, when a temporary truce was declared to prevent starvation, this state of continuous warring continued.
Each of the numerous tribes and families had some account to settle with another. Vendettas were passed down from father to son. Grudges were not borne quietly. Debts were not left unpaid. Fierce and proud, the Pathans knew but one law-the law of revenge.
A Pathan was not considered a real man unless he had shed blood, human blood. The more men he had killed, the more prestige a man had in the community. It was little wonder that British troops guarding the Frontier suffered heavy casualties from snipers and surprise raids.
Even today [1960s] the Pathans are the last remaining uncivilized tribe in the hills and valleys around the famous Khyber Pass. "If a Pathan is your friend, they boast, "he will unhesitatingly give his life for you. But if he is your enemy, he will not rest until he severs your head from your body."
This was the atmosphere which surrounded little Gulam Moha ul din Jilani at his birth. From his parents the child inherited the pride and fearlessness of his race. At an early age he learned to blink back the tears and square his shoulders when he was hurt in some rough-and-tumble game. He waged endless battles with the other little boys, using make-believe weapons. He longed for the day when he would be old enough to handle a real dagger and pistol, and join in the intertribal feuding which the British were working so tirelessly to stamp out. He was taught from childhood that it was a meritorious act for a son to carry on the blood feud and annihilate his father’s enemies.

The kazi’s wealth consisted mainly of lands and cattle. He was landlord of eight separate villages and their inhabitants. Being chief of the tribe which claimed the right to judge the surrounding tribes, the kazi had tremendous power and authority. All this was little Gulam Moha ul din’s birthright, for although his mother later bore the kazi two daughters and a son, everything traditionally belonged to the first son. He was sole heir. The other children would receive no inheritance. As the years passed, the old kazi became more and more devoted to this child who would some day succeed him as chief and judge of the tribe.

When he was old enough, little Gulam attended the village school. With other half-naked little boys, he sat on the earth floor of the mud-brick building and learned to laboriously inscribe the right-to-left curlicues that make up the Urdu written language. He used a wooden slate and a split bamboo pen dipped in weak ink. Each day the slate was scrubbed clean, ready for the next day’s writing lesson.

As was fitting for the elder son of a notable chief, the boy was smart. In a few years he had mastered all that the village school could teach him, and he progressed to the high school in a nearby town. Here he lived with relatives, only returning home for the numerous holidays and festivals which came during the year.

It was about this time that the kazi died and young Gulam Moha ul din Jalini became chief of the tribe.

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