I. Spicer’s Founders Day & Inauguration of Centennial Celebration

II. Letters
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III. Death of Mrs. Janaky Manapilly

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     Sunday, August 28, 2011, 9:00 AM

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Song Service: College Students

Welcome: Pr. Noble Pilli, Executive Vice President Welcome Dance: Bertha Young Ladies Club Scripture Reading:

Language Prayer Groups College Song: College Choir & the Congregation

Prayer: Pr. Cyril Monthero, President, SCI Union Honoring of Guests: Dr. Justus Devadas, College President Introduction of the Chief Guest: Dr. Justus Devadas, College President Chief Guest’s address: Pr. R. John, President, Southern Asia Division Special Song: The Chariots Declaration of Centennial Celebration; Dr. Justus Devadas, College President Inauguration of Centennial Website: Dr. Justus Devadas, College President Inauguration of Walk-in: Pr. Ramesh Jadhav, President, WI Union Releasing Centennial Brochure: Dr. G. Nageshwar Rao, Education Director, SUD

Prayer: Pr. B. R. Sangma, Associate Secretary, SUD

March-out: High School Parade

Foundation Stone for Bell Tower: Dr. Justus Devadas, College President

Prayer: Pr. Y. Selvamony, President, SWI Union Foundation Stone for College Sports Field: Dr. Gordon Christo, Secretary, SUD

Prayer: Pr. Stanley Daniel, Secretary, SCI Union.

Foundation Stone for College Entrance: Pr. G. S. Robert Clive, Treasurer, SUD

Prayer: Dr. Edison Samraj, Director, Adventist Media Centre Foundation Stone for Centennial Project: Pr. R. John, President, SUD Prayer: Pr. Jacob N. Sathe, President, CM Conference Inauguration of Pre-primary Section: Dr. M. S. Jeremiah, President, METAS

Prayer: Pr. Ramesh Jadhav, President, WI Union Prayer on Gifts Collected by School Children for Orphanages: Pr. R. John, President, Southern Asia Division Foundation Stone for School Sports Field: Pr. M. J. Prakasam, President, Lowry College Prayer: Dr. Calvin N. Joshua, General Manager, OWPF Foundation Stone for Staff Quarters: Dr. M. C. John, General Vice President

Prayer: Dr. Sanjeevan Arsud, Secretary, WI Union

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Community Lunch and Social Programme, College Main Lawn 1:00 PM

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Finals of Founder’s Day Cup Football, 5:00 PM

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II. Letters
   1. Elwin Vedamony <elwinvedamony@yahoo.co.in> August 22:

   Opportunities for Adventist Youth to Upgarde their RN RM Training

   I retried August 2010, after serving 32 years with the Adventist Church.
Now we are employed here in Kerala in a private hospital with Colleges of Nursing which offer 2 year up-grading from Post Basic(RN,RM) to BSc (N) as well as the 4 year Basic BSc(N). The Principal is a staunch Adventists and her husband is the Principal of Paramedical Sciences Department offering 1-year diplomas under the local University. The Chairman of the Trust is willing to sign an MOU with the Adventists Church for the Sabbath exemptions. Also every alternate Saturdays are free. So exemptions would be needed only for 2 Sabbaths, which is much easier. We are Adventists here in senior positions to guard Adventist's interests. Contact us at the above e-mail address for further information. Incidentally, just across from the College is the small Adventist church were we worship every Sabbath.

Dr. Elwin J, Vedamony
Senior Orthopedic Surgeon

2. Don Ashlock <donashlock@gmail.com> August 27:
Greetings from Delhi. I am completing what will turn out to be approximately a three month trip to India to continue my work with developing opportunities to expand out health work in Southern Asia. AHEAD Foundation Vision Board members reviewed on previous trip existing Adventist work and this trip investigated what other health care providers were doing visiting hospitals and medical work. Those wishing to follow more of what we are doing can contact me at <donashlock@AHEADfoundation.us>.

Betty Ashlock came with us on this trip. At 86 and post a tragic car accident in 2005 that was so damaging, she is spry and doing well able to navigate the hills of Nagaland just well. She was able to visit the New Generation English School in the Homi Village area near Ukul Manipur that dispite being without Section financial support at this time Elder Phirum is keeping alive, several orphans, ATS and health work opportunities in Manipur.

This trip renewed investor confidence in moving forward with health care investments that would include a willingness to provide the financial support needed to upgrade as needed to offer a Adventist state of the art teaching campus that could offer a medical school. Also on this trip we have investigated some new innovations in dental care that promise a complete evolution in preventive health care that promises teeth decay and most all non-cancer related gum diseases. The large number of ailments that are 'downline" consequences of failed dental health are continuing to be found suggesting that an India based Dental School able to push the barriers of new science contributions for dental care will offer an opportunity to offer the world a great service in well trained youth in this field.

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III. Death of Mrs. Janaky Manapilly
SAAA <priscillashyam@saaa.org>;
Trina Edward <trinaedward@gmail.com>

Our grandmother, Mrs. Janaky Manapilly, passed away in Kerala, India on August 8, 2011. Mrs. Manappilly is the mother of Mrs. Suprabha Edward. Jeyakody, Suprabha and their children have been longtime members of SAAA here in Maryland. Jeyakody and Suprabha are currently in India with the rest of her siblings performing the final funeral rites. Please keep the family in your prayers.

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IV. Dr. Beulah Manuel Conducts Seminars at AIU
"Academic Advising" and "Teaching and Managing Big Classrooms" were the two topics covered by Dr. Beulah Manuel in a seminar organized by the Faculty of Arts and Humanities and the Faculty of Education and Psychology. This seminar was held on Thursday, July 28, 2011. The attendees included faculty members and some graduate students. The 2-hour professional development event was the third of three seminars given by Dr. Manuel within a span of eight days. The first one was for the Faculty of Arts and Humanities teachers, and the second was for students. Dr. Manuel is currently the Associate Director of the Center for Student Success at Washington Adventist University in Maryland, the USA. She previously served as Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities here at AIU. -- Dr. Bienvisa Nebres, Faculty of Arts & Humanities

from Asia-Pacific International University's Newsbyte newsletter, August 18, 2011 ~~~~~~~~~~~

V. The Mother Jilani Story [Chapter 3 of 17]

Some time ago I came across a quite old book lying around our house 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. Baziel who, with her doctor husband, WERE Simla Hospital for many, many years.

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Chapter 3
A Mysterious Way of Death

Returning to Bannu, Gulam and his new wife worked with the Drs. Pennell in the mission hospital. Theodore Pennell had further endeared himself to the Indian people by marrying an Indian lady doctor.

Despite the fact that he was now a Christian, Gulam Jalani did not change the ideas of propriety so firmly instilled into him during his childhood. He never would allow his wife to appear in public unveiled. She was free to pursue her nursing work among the women patients in company with Mrs. Pennell, but if there were any likelihood of a man, even a servant, seeing her, she must wear a burka. This tent-like headdress with its two little latticed eyeholes is still worn by orthodox Muslim women and can be seen in almost every part of India today.

According to custom. Gulam took charge of nearly all the household affairs. He did all the shopping, even to choosing and buying his wife's clothes. He selected the food he wanted to eat and brought it from the market for his wife to cook. Gulam handled all the money, made all the decisions. Bhagwanti had practically no say in anything, but she was not unhappy; that was the Indian way of life. She had been brought up on the doctrine that the man was the undisputed head of the house, and she would have thought it strange had it been otherwise. As time passed, this couple, who were strangers at the time of their marriage, developed a mutual love and respect for each other that withstood many tests.

Sorrow first touched the young couple a week after their first child was born. Gulam's pride and delight over the birth of his heir was matched only by Bhagwanti's joyful compliance. To have borne her husband a son only a year after their marriage was a cause for rejoicing. Sons were at a premium at any time, but to have a firstborn son was bliss indeed. How happy her parents would be! It would even bring her into favor with her husband's relatives, whom she had never met.

As the days passed, however, they became aware that all was not well. His tiny chest heaved unnaturally with every breath, and there seemed to be an increasing darkness under the skin. Urged on by the distraught parents, the doctors did everything the knew, but it was no use. On the 10th day the labored breathing ceased, and their firstborn child was gone. The professional personnel of the hospital were at a loss to understand why the child had died. The birth had been normal, the baby had appeared healthy. What had gone wrong?

A year passed by, and again a child was born to the Jilanis, this time a little girl. They had hoped for another son, but a daughter was almost as welcome. Anxiously they watched over the child, alternating between hope and despair as the days passed slowly by. Would the little one also be stricken down by the unknown mysterious disease which had caused the death of their firstborn?

Three day passed, four, five. The infant's breathing began to be labored, and the tiny lips turned bluish. Despite their best efforts the second child also slipped slowly away from them.

A great wave of homesickness swept over Gulam in the months after his little daughter was laid to rest. He was obsessed with an intense longing to see his sisters and brother again. They had been only small children when he had left home. He wanted so much to see his mother, too. Would she disown him, or would parental love overcome her religious principles? he wondered.

During the years that had passed since his conversion at Malakand, Gulam had written home often enough to let his family know that he was well and prospering under the blessing of God. He had always been very careful to give an untraceable return address, lest his enemies follow him and kill him. But now his homesickness overcame his caution. He determined to return to his village and visit his family. Although it was only 40 miles away, Tangi seemed to be at the end of the earth. It was far removed from his present way of life.

When he told Dr. Pennell of his plans and asked for a sort leave from the hospital, the good doctor nodded. "I think you'll be safe, Gulam, if you do not stay too long. Even in the most remote hills they have heard of our work. The hospital is well thought of, even if our religion is not. Be very careful, though; and whatever happens, act as an ambassador for Christ."

Quietly and quietly Gulam made his preparations. If it entered his mind that he might never return to Bannu, he did not let it worry him. He knew Bhagwanti would could either go back and live with her parents, or stay on and work at the hospital; in either case she would be well cared for.

The first part of the trip was taken in an ancient horse-drawn carriage with a number of other passengers. When they stopped at a town near his mother's village, Gulam got out and went to a hotel to rest and change his clothes. Carefully
he dressed in his best suit, hung is stethoscope around his neck, and picked up his doctor's bag. Then he hired the smartest-looking tonga he could find, and set out on the final lap of his journey.  

He peered out between the curtains, and his excitement grew as he passed by field and farm, mosque and mud-walled villa, that he had known in his childhood. At last, with a crack of the whip and a clatter of hooves, the tonga stopped in front of his mother's house. Feigning an assurance that he did not altogether feel, Gulam stepped out.  

What a twitter of excitement ran through the village when the people learned that Gulam, King Jilani, had come home! Just as he had planned and hoped, the expensive presents he had brought for his family, together with the passing of the years, had eased the attitude of his people toward him.

As long as he studiously avoided religious topics and talked only of his successes and the wonders he had seen in the big city of Lahore, he was safe among them.

His older sister was already married, but she and her husband came home for the duration of his visit. His mother plied him with questions about his wife. "What is she like? Is she beautiful? Why did you not bring her with you?"

"What is your wife's name?" asked his married sister.

"Bhagwanti Narain," replied Gulam.

"But that is a dreadful infidel name!" exclaimed his mother. "You must change it. Give her a good Muslim name like--like"--she thought a moment--"like Hagar, the handmaid of our great father, Abraham. Yes, that is a good name."

"As you say," Gulam nodded obediently. He was a grown man, but he would not think of disregarding his mother's wishes. Besides, Hagar was a good Bible name, quite suitable for a Christian woman. Hagar she would be from now on.

Gulam's younger sister and brother were eager to hear all about the outside world, the world so near and yet so far away from the remoteness of their mountain.

The days passed pleasantly, and once Gulam's homesickness was cured, he became eager to return to his work.

"I must go now," he told his mother one morning. "Let my sister and brother return with me. You have other children by my stepfather, but my house is empty. Let me take these children to visit their new sister; they have never seen her face nor she theirs."

At first his mother refused. Her fourteen-year-old daughter was married and had gone to her husband's village. She had only twelve-year-old Rahman and his nine-year-old sister, Bibi Rahan, to remind her of their father, the kazi.

But Gulam gave her no rest. "We have no children," he pleaded sadly. "In our house is only the darkness and quiet of childlessness. Let them come. My wife will care for them as she would for her own children."

His mother was not happy about the idea, but inborn politeness makes it almost impossible for an Asian to refuse a request. At length she gave in.

"All right. Let them go and see their new sister and then return," she said.

"Let them stay a while and see the wonderful world beyond our hills," countered Gulam. "It will open their eyes."

Peshawar, Bannu, the mission hospital--all were a great revelation to Rahman and little Bibi Rahan. For a short time they missed their mother and stepfather, their relatives and village friends, but their new sister, Hagar, was kind to them. More than anything else, they enjoyed attending the mission school, and soon they were completely happy in their new environment.

Gulam saw to it that the children had frequent opportunities to hear the story of Jesus. Without using force, he interested them in attending church meetings with him, and as the months went by, he hoped the Christian influence of the mission was changing the feelings of their young hearts.

Shortly after this Hagar gave birth to another son, and this time the parents' hearts were thrilled as the child lived on day after day, showing no signs of the mysterious illness that had taken the life of their first two infants. Weeks lengthened into months before the telltale symptoms appeared--bluish lips. the darkish hue under the pale olive skin. With breaking hearts, they watched their precious child slip slowly from their grasp.

If the mysteries of the RH factor had been discovered sixty years earlier, Hagar's arms need not have remained empty. But it was not until she was an old, old lady that her doctor daughter was able to explain it all to her. [End of Chapter 3] ~~~~~~~~~~~~ To remove your name from the mailing list of this newsletter simply reply to this e-mail and put "REMOVE" in the Subject line.
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