From: charles tidwell [charles.h.tidwell@gte.net]
Sent: Tuesday, September 20, 2011 4:10 PM
To: Self
Subject: SUD e-News, September19, 2011 #38

I. Earthquake in Sikkim/Darjeeling Hills
II. Letters
   1. Andrew Mohan
III. Remembering Sukendu K. Sircar
IV. Maryland Southern Asian SDA Church Plans "Let's Move Day"
V. Memorial Service for Murray Robinson
VI. SUD Treasurers Hold Council
VII. The Mother Jilani Story [Chapter 5 of 17] VIII. First of Baby-Boomer Retire ~~~~~~~~~

I. Earthquake in Sikkim/Darjeeling Hills
   Pastor P. K. Tamsang <pktamsang@hotmail.com> Sept. 19:
   This is to inform you that last evening at 6:10 pm there was a 6.9 earthquake in this hill circle and many people lost their lives and property. The life line road between Sikkim-Kalimpong-Siliguri-Darjeeling hills is shut down due to heavy rain and landslides. Many people including Army-Navy personnel are engaged in relief management disaster projects. Helicopter and Indian Air Force personnel are flying from one mountain to another engaged in rescue work. Many of our church members in the hill circle are affected where we conducted evangelism and church plantation.
   Life is pathetic and everybody has fear and they are sleeping in temporary makeshift halls. Many houses are cracked, damaged, fallen, even huge trees; this is the first great disaster which we have ever seen with our own eyes. As we go out we can see people engaged in cremation and burial. Please kindly remember us in prayer and myself not able to contact many our believers due to server problem plus no electricity yet. Yes! this is the sign of His soon Coming. I am sending email from back up laptop.
~~~~~~~~~~

II. Letters
   1. Andrew Mohan <andrew_mohan82@yahoo.com> Sept. 1:
      Greetings to you in the most gracious and loving name of Our Lord & Savior Jesus Christ,
      I want to humbly request you all to please pray for my mother(Veronica - Shanti) as she's diagnosed of Dengue Fever this morning. She was not feeling well since last week but couple of days ago some of the investigative reports diagnosed her for Typhoid. She's too weak now and suffering from multiple diseases. Moreover, she is an old lady now, too feeble to face such epidemic diseases easily.
      Please keep her in your earnest prayers and kindly circulate my humble request to all of friends, family members, church members, pastors, leaders to remember her in your personal as well as in collective prayers.
      May GOD bless you, me, us all and especially my mother under His Awesome Grace & Everlasting Mercy ~~~~~~~~~ III. Remembering Sukendu K. Sircar
      1. Ian Grice <ieghg@hotmail.com> Sept. 12:
         We were most distressed to hear of the passing of Sukendu Sircar. Our memories go back to time spent together at Spicer College. Sukendu was a quiet, unassuming person but very capable and reliable. He was part of a very professional team of National Workers employed at the college. It was obvious to us at the time he would rise through the ranks to become one of the leaders in Treasury work of the Southern Asia Division. Our impressions of that time were fulfilled in his later appointments of high responsibility. We look forward to working along side Sukendu again when Jesus returns to collect those who have been faithful to Him. - Georgine and Ian Grice
         2. Joseph Manuel <jmanuel2411@hotmail.com> Sept. 12:
We are deeply saddened by the demise of Sukhendu Sircar who has given the church more than 40 years of dedicated service. We worked together in Spicer College Business Office for many years. I have always known him to be very honest, systematic and diligent in his work. He regularly put in long hours late into the night to keep his work up-to-date. To those of us who lived behind the Western Music Studio during his time at Spicer, Sukhendu was an ever-present friend and companion. We worked together, played games together and many a times enjoyed potluck together. Over time we moved away from Spicer and took up responsibilities in different institutions, but our friendship was always felt whenever we met. We convey our heartfelt condolences to his wife, children and their families. We pray that God Almighty will extend His infinite mercy an compassion to them in their time of great loss and grief. We wait for the glorious resurrection morning when Sukhendu will rise from the dead to meet our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. -- Joseph & Beulah Manuel ~~~~~~~~~ IV. Maryland Southern Asian SDA Church Plans "Let's Move Day"

Dr. Malini Joel <priscillashyam@SAAA.ORG> September 12:

The Health Ministry dept. of the North American Division has designated Sunday, Sept. 25th as "Let's Move Day". This was inspired by Mrs. Obama's nationwide initiative to prevent childhood obesity and promote healthier living through diet and exercise. As a result the Southern Asian SDA Church has decided to support this initiative by holding its first ever 5k race. A 5k is about 3 miles which you can choose to run, jog or walk. The race will begin and end at the SASDA Church. We will be providing medals to the first 100 individuals who finish. Refreshments and snacks will be provided. I encourage you to join us as individuals and as families, please invite your neighbors and coworkers as well. There is no fee to sign up. Registration will be at 8:30 am the morning of the race. This 5k will be followed by our annual community and health fair which will be from 11-3. There will be food sales, vegetarian cooking demonstrations, various business vendors and many free health screenings including vision, glaucoma, dental, hearing, blood pressure, osteoporosis screening and, physicians available for consultations including primary care, Orthopedics and Cardiology. We will also be offering flu vaccines this year. I hope to see all of you there.

~~~~~~~~

V. Memorial Service for Murray Robinson

Susan R. Smith <suetomsmith@gmail.com> Sept. 12

There will be Memorial Service for C. Murray Robinson, long-time teacher in Vincent Hill School, on October 1, at 3:30 PM in the Village SDA Church in Berrien Springs, Michigan.

~~~~~~~~

VI. SUD Treasurers Hold Council

T. P. Kurian’s SUD News, September, 2011

Seven Union Treasurers, Three Vice Presidents for Financial Affairs of the Colleges and Treasurer of Medical Trust of Seventh-day Adventists along with the Treasury Group of the Division headed by Pastor G. S. Robert Clive, the Division Treasurer, met in the Hotel Pearl Regency, Trichur for a brain storming session on July 19 & 20, 2011 to plan the direction towards self-reliance church by 2015. Pastor Clive, in his presentation detailed about the Rebates on Special Tithe to the local Churches. He also led the discussions on the Wage Factor Review, Self-reliance Core Committee for Asset Development, coordinating Committee for Self-reliance Implementation and emphasized on correspondence which requires responses from the lower organizations.

Pastor P. E. Selvin Moorthy presented on Policy Issues and assisted Pastor Clive on Rates and Allowance Review. Pastor LeRoy P. Samuel gave detailed information about Income Tax issues, Offering Reports, Salary Audit Standardization and Adventist Risk Management concerns. Pastor Enoch Manickam dealt on issues of Retirement Plans while Mr. V. P. Singh emphasized on Comparative Statistics, Self Reliance issues and further plans about Treasury Magazine. -- V. P Singh, Associate Treasurer ~~~~~~~~~ VII. The Mother Jilani Story [Chapter 5 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. Bazliel who, with her doctor husband, WERE Simla Hospital for many, many years.
Chapter 5
Sojourn in Arabia

"Gulam," Dr. Pennell said to his young helper one day, "we are looking for a man to take over our work in Arabia. Because you already speak the language, you are our first choice. Will you go?"

"Let me think about it for a while, Dr. Sahib," Gulam replied cautiously. "Arabia is a long way from my native mountains."

"India is a long way from my native England, too." Dr. Pennell smiled meaningly. "But our Saviour instructed us to go into 'all the world.' Pray about it, Gulam. God will guide you."

Besides his mother tongue of Pushto, which is closely akin to Arabic, Gulam had learned Urdu and English in school. His natural talent for languages and his inborn fearlessness and love of adventure helped him to decide to accept the post. It would be a promotion in work, too; he would be in sole charge of one of the Christian Missionary Society's little outpost hospitals. There would be plenty of room for him to demonstrate his Christianity in action.

When Hagar was informed of the move, she said little. It was a wife's duty to go wherever her husband went. Her feelings in the matter were not considered. Besides, her heart was so heavy because of her empty arms that she cared little where she went. It might even be better to go far away from relatives and friends who pitied her because of her childlessness.

The first few years in Arabia were simply a repeat of the years in Bannu as far as Hagar was concerned. She bore her fourth child, a tiny son who stayed scarcely long enough to measure his life by days.

The fifth child lingered longer, raising his parents tremulous hopes higher with every passing day, only to dash them heart-breakingly down when he too slipped away.

"If I have twelve sons," Gulam had proudly boasted when Hagar was carrying their first child--"if I have twelve sons, I will make them all doctors."

"Twelve sons!" The words mocked him now. Already his wife had born him four sons and one daughter, and not one of them was living. Was it the curse of God upon them for some unknown reason? Was their work not acceptable to Him? Gulam had given up everything for Christian houses, lands, family, friends. Was that not enough? Desperately the distraught father pleaded with God for mercy. In anguish, like Hannah in the Bible, the broken-hearted mother wept and made promises to God.

And the Lord heard their anguished prayers.

The sixth child lived for a week, two weeks; a month, three months; a year! The dark-eyed tot was the apple of her parents' eyes. Desperately they tried to control their feelings, to hold in check the great love they had for little Sara, fearing that she, too, would be snatched away from them by the cruel hand of death and leave their home more desolate than before.

But the little one grew strong and healthy.

When their long vacation was due, the family went home to India. No longer empty-handed, the Jilanis looked forward to visiting friends and relatives. They were proud to show off little Sara's charms. Gulam had always corresponded regularly with his mother, and after so many years had passed, he felt it was safe to take his wife and daughter for a quick visit to his old home village.

They were welcomed gladly, as relatives from far and near converged on Tangi village to feast and join in the celebrations. In the women's quarters there was much gossip and discussion about the visitors. In the privacy of their own rooms, the women threw back their veils and talked and laughed uninhibitedly about poor Hagar.

"How dark she is! Her skin is nearly as black as her eyes! Is that what Christian women are like?" (Pathans are light-skinned and have light blue or greenish-grey eyes.) They laughed coarsely. "Couldn't Gulam have found a beautiful girl? No wonder she has borne no healthy children. They take one look at their mother and die."

Gulam's mother was the most upset. "Married all these years," she wailed, "and still no son. He must take another wife."

"Yes, yes." The close relatives agreed heartily with this suggestion. "Let us find him a beautiful Moslem girl who will bear him many sons."
Only Bibi Rahan spoke up in Hagar's defense. "You leave my sister-in-law alone, you lot of vultures," she cried. "Use your sharp tongues on one another. Not one of you is very beautiful. Your nose, Akbari, is like a hawk's nose. And you, Angari, have eyes that look both ways at once. My sister-in-law was very kind to me when I was a child. As for children, they have Sara, don't they? And the others were healthy when she bore them. Is it her fault alone if the curse of Allah is resting on them both because they are infidels? As for taking another wife, Christians are forbidden to have more than one wife; so my brother would not listen to your stupid suggestion anyway. How many of you like to share your husband with two or three other women? Tell me that."

Bibi Rahan's outburst effectively silenced the unkind tongues and Hagar was forever grateful to her.

Little brother Rahman was a grown man now, and had been working away from home for some time. He had an interest in Christianity which thrilled Gulam's heart when they talked together.

"Why don't you come back to Arabia with us, Rahman?" Gulam urged him when they were alone. "After our return we are being sent to open up new work in Kuwait. There are many British there, and you can easily find work."

It took very little persuasion before the young man decided to pack up and join them on their journey to the Persian Gulf.

The twentieth century was still in its teens when the Jilani family and Rahman reached Kuwait and settled in a little bungalow near the hospital. Rahman had even more of a flair for languages than had Gulam. He soon picked up some of the local dialects, adding them to the long list of languages that he had already mastered. When they learned that he was fluent in thirteen different tongues, the British government in Kuwait quickly acquired his services as an interpreter. Through his influence and recommendation, Gulam began to combine a little outside business with his missionary work. He became an unofficial secret service agent for the British. Countless times his tips to the right people resulted in criminals being apprehended and punished.

The government was not unappreciative of his services. Gulam grew wealthier beyond what he could possibly earn as a humble mission doctor. Besides his government service, he also attended wealthy private patients in their homes and was free to charge them for his visits. Little Sara used to laugh when she saw her father counting piles of golden sovereigns into old socks, which he had hanging at the corners of his four-poster bed.

But Gulam would have gladly given all his wealth in exchange for the life of the baby son, their seventh child, who gladdened their home for only one day. The unhappy parents laid the little one to rest in the shade of a gorgeous tropical shrub in a corner of their garden. There were some Armenian Christians in a northern district near their home, and from among them Gulam helped Rahman select a wife. Regina was as beautiful and queenly as her name implied, and the couple were very happy.

Two more years ticked by. Again Hagar bore a daughter, and wonder of wonders, the child lived.

"Let's call her Sakinah" (the Urdu word for the Shekinah glory surrounding the mercy seat on the ark), the parents decided. In His great mercy the Lord had given them two daughters, and they were thankful indeed.

One day Gulam brought home a handsomely inlaid pistol, which had been presented to him by the British government in grateful acknowledgement of his services.

Like the Pathans, the Arabs were very fond of fighting. When they ran out of enemies, they carried on feuds and squabbles with one another, causing constant warfare between tribes and subtribes. The British were doing their best to stamp out this useless killing, as well as protect their own interests, by cutting off the supply of guns an ammunition to the Arabs. Gunrunning and smuggling were a natural result of this probation.

Gulam had learned that three boatloads of ammunition and rifles were waiting at the dock to cross the gulf under cover of darkness. Once safely across, the unlawful cargo would be sold to the tribal chiefs, and the smugglers would net a small fortune. The dock police had no idea the stuff was there, because the smugglers had covered the guns and boxes with a
thick layer of dirt, and then driven a load of donkeys onto the deck. It looked as if they were going to sail across the gulf and sell donkeys.

When Gulam tipped off the authorities, they sent a police party to board each ship and investigate. They found that the information was correct. Sternly they forced the ship-owners to evacuate all men and donkeys from the ships. Then the police towed all three out into deep water, lit fuses to each one, and the ships exploded and sank to the bottom of the bay. A few days late Gulam received the beautiful inlaid pistol. There was a sequel to the story. When Gulam Jilani died, the pistol was given to Bibi Rahan as a keepsake. Later her older sister's son stole it from her. He was a wild boy, an outlaw and a terror to the countryside. He used the handsome pistol to murder at least fourteen people. Eventually he was captured, and the inlaid pistol and all other weapons were stripped from him. But he was not hanged as he so rightly deserved, because the Indian authorities feared the terrible reprisals his followers would extract from innocent victims in revenge for the death of their leader.

~~~~~~~~~

VIII. First of Baby-Boomer Retire

In the September issue of "Reflections," the quarterly periodical of the NAD Retirement Plan, four names caught my eye: Della Astleford, Juanita Singh, Charles Tidwell [Jr.], and Ruth Tidwell. Also interesting was the fact that there were considerably more joining the retirement plan than left it due to death: 229 vs. 155 for the quarter.

--

BEGIN-ANTISPAM-VOTING-LINKS

-----------------------------------------------

Teach CanIt if this mail (ID 09Fz8cBpz) is spam:
Spam: http://www.andrews.edu/spam/b.php?i=09Fz8cBpz&m=7ea45e5e2b06&c=s
Not spam: http://www.andrews.edu/spam/b.php?i=09Fz8cBpz&m=7ea45e5e2b06&c=n
Forget vote: http://www.andrews.edu/spam/b.php?i=09Fz8cBpz&m=7ea45e5e2b06&c=f

-----------------------------------------------

END-ANTISPAM-VOTING-LINKS