Wendy Halder

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Sent: Tuesday, November 01, 2011 6:27 PM
To: Self
Subject: SUD e-News, November 1, 2011 #44

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I. Another Update on Dr. Yvonne Bazliel
   G. R. Bazliel <simlasan@sify.com> October 26:
   On the night of October 23 Yvonne had a very severe stomach pain and the abdomen was badly distended. She required a considerable amount of sedation before things settled. The surgeon and anaesthesiologist were at hand and decided that it would be necessary to open the abdomen after a few hours. This was done just after noon yesterday. There is an edema of the pancreas, which they say manifested itself only now. Fortunately there was no rupture. They have put a drain in place. Since there was considerable bowel distention; they have pulled out a loop of the intestine and kept it in position just in case she requires a colostomy. Post operatively she was sedated quite heavily.
   Just a few minutes ago the doctors came in to visit. The abdominal pain has subsided considerably and she requested permission to sip some fruit juice. There are two more units of blood that are being administered. The bowel sounds are good and all vital signs are maintaining well.
   As you can imagine - it was a day filled with anxiety. For certain, "prayers are being heard"

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II. Remembering Edwin Charles
   Gordon Christo <gechristo@sud-adventist.org> October 27:
   Edwin Charles was one of the seniors in the Spicer High School when I joined the hostel as an eleven year old. I needed to learn a lot about living away from home (in those days Salisbury Park was like in a different city), and Edwin was a big help. He gave me haircuts and taught me how to iron a shirt. As remnants of Spicer High School Alumni from that era, we shared a lot in common. I admired his prowess in sports, especially table tennis, cricket, and football. During the last couple of months I had the privilege of spending several Sabbath afternoons visiting him. His courage was always considerable and he remained cheerful despite his suffering. I pray God will look after the family he leaves behind.

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III. Remembering Mrs. Juliet Nugara
   Eric Moser <susamoser@hotmail.com> October 26:
   Sorry to hear of the death of Sri Lanka's Mrs. Nugara. Shortly after my father accepted the Adventist faith he lost his well-paid job. He was destitute with four small children then, a fifth came later. The church hired a large house near the High Level Road junction in Colombo for meetings. This was before the Tabernacle was built, perhaps 1938 or '39. It had a large room and here Sabbath worship was conducted. Before this the small group from Nugegoda went by bus to Bethel Chapel. Our family lived in the rest of the house, I don't know if rent
was charged, we had a roof over our heads. The house belonged to Mr. Nugara Sr., Mrs. Nugara’s father-in-law. This was during Pastor Peak’s time.

A few years later the tabernacle was built near by and school started there. In those days we had ‘BIG WEEK’, school was closed for a day and all of us went out selling Adventist books. One of the books my brother and I sold was to Mrs. Nugara. This would have been 1944 or so. I still remember the house and can picture Mrs. Nugara as she was then, young and beautiful.
I believe from this sale the family began their sojourn with the Adventist Church. Before they left for Australia Mr. Nugara was the PDS for Ceylon. God moves in mysterious ways! One more warrior has been laid to rest. Even so, come Lord Jesus.

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IV. Remembering Wes Olfert

Gordon Christo <gechristo@sud-adventist.org> October 27:

It was with great sadness that I read of the demise of Wes Olfert. My mind traveled back to 1973 when the North India Section posted me to work as a ministerial intern under Wes in Chandigarh. The church family was tiny and so we were all rather close. Wes spent a lot of time fiddling with his car and bike which always seemed to break down when we needed to go visiting, but he usually managed to get them going. We had an evangelistic series in Kalka and I remember all the workers returning to their homes at night leaving me, the only bachelor, to spend the night guarding the tent and equipment. The tent was way outside the town next to a graveyard and I hardly slept that night. But about twenty joined the church as a result of those meetings. I have not seen a more fun-loving and dangerous person than Erika. It was never safe to eat at their home. She or her helper would deliberately spike an attractive dish with a huge overdose of salt, soda, sugar or add some outrageous ingredient and then sit back to watch the expression on the face of their guest or an unsuspecting family member. I always fancied myself a good badminton player till the petite Erika (less than 5 foot tall I think), married and with two children), beat me 11-0. Ouch! Erica, thanks for the fond memories. God bless you all. If you ever visit India, come to my home for a meal, but be careful.

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V. Letters

1. Margaret Mcnitt, October 4, 6898 Robin Road, Harrah, OK 73045

I asked Betty Reynolds [a neighbor] for your [snail mail] address so that I could finally thank you for the Southern Asia newsletters. . . .

I was not reared knowing anything about the Truth and was a drinking, dancing young woman until a young Seventh-day Adventist nurse stayed up all night to give me the entire message in one night, and I became a Seventh-day Adventist nurse in India, Burma, and Pakistan. So you understand how much the SUD newsletters have meant to me. . . .

I am now 90 and my husband, Larry McNitt died just a few months ago. How I long for Jesus to come! I look forward to know you then.

Betty Reynolds and I met when her husband was shot by a thief in Pakistan. The Southern Asia Division sent me up to Lahore (I was at our hospital in Karachi) to take care of Bob and to fly back to the States with him.

God bless you and yours.

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VI. Sunderan Moses <smoses@hmi-usa.com> October 19:

I must thank you immensely for the machine that you have put out to let as many know what we are all about. I feel very happy when I read news about others that I have known many years ago and have lost touch with them, and now by your international letter, you keep us all informed of what’s going on with those that we knew and lost touch with, and also about our own Division.

I have at some time, been honored to have my little articles, mainly of humor, to be included within your letter, and also have received many emails expressing delight and also surprise of what we did as students at Spicer.

May I say that we did all that innocently, not wanting to hurt anybody or their feelings, but just to have fun. In an environment such as Spicer, and it being the ONLY institution of
higher learning in those days, we also felt it a privilege and honor to be part of that institution. We still regard those times as not only 'memorable' but also a time of 'innocence and fun'.

Now, looking back over the years that have gone by, and realizing that I am now 67 years old, something that I thought I'd never reach, but even with some of the failings of one's body to keep up with the times, especially when you have arthritis, heart problems and others, I now feel that I should write something that I have not shared with very many. This story is old! It is over 40 years since it happened. But little do people know as to how my song, "THAT THE WORLD MAY KNOW", became or was chosen as the Theme Song for the General Conference Session of 1970, held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, USA. It happened thus:

I had landed in the US only a month before I was called by an old friend of SMC, Sammy Soans. He had been requested to sing a solo at the Sligo Church Sabbath School program. Now that he knew I was in the US, and in the same town where he lived, Takoma Park, he asked me if I could accompany him for his solo the following Sabbath Morning. I was a bachelor, and a non-driver at that time, neither did I have a car of my own. So I told him that if he could pick me up and give me the transportation needed to go and return from Sligo Church, I would be always kind enough to accompany him. So after one practice that Thursday night before the Sabbath that was to sing, he picked me up that Sabbath morning, and off we went to Sligo Church. This was the first week in November, 1969, and I was quite nervous when we walked in. Then we proceeded to go to the front, and we sat on the first row of seats on the piano side. I had picked up a Sabbath Service Bulletin on my way in, but did not look or read it till I sat down. Glancing through the bulletin, remember this was my first visit to such a large church, and the very presence of quite a number of people there in attendance, and it overwhelmed me. I was very nervous now. So I ran through reading the Bulletin, but one thing caught my eye. There in the announcements page, was this announcement that said that composers are requested to turn in their compositions for a new Theme Song for the World Conference of the General Conference of Seventh Day Adventists, to be held in Atlantic City, NJ.

However, these compositions should not be too long, because it was to be a 'Theme Song' or 'Chorus', and that it should be an original composition, and should be mailed to a Dr. Lorne Jones, in California, and it should be postmarked before December 30, 1969. Well, I folded the bulletin and put it in my jacket pocket, and forgot all about it till December 26. I was a bachelor and living with my sister Vee, and Glenn, in their two bedroom apartment in Takoma Park. So on December 26, when it came as a thundershock, I remembered the ad, and finally found that bulletin still tucked away in my jacket pocket. My mind then started high-speed thinking. I was trying to compose in my mind, not only the music but also the words. Realizing how late this was, and wishing to get to a piano, I called Jake, my brother, who was the only family member that owned a piano, and I told him that I would like a few minutes at his piano to do a little composing. I did not tell him what it was. So I dashed off to his house, in Takoma Park, sat at the piano and started trying to compose. I had done some composing before, like the Song for one side of the Spicerian Campaign, and I had done some arranging for the quartet at SMC. So in about 25 minutes, I scribbled off a song with words, and then went straight to the Post Office and mailed it. I had mailed it before the post mark date of December 30!! Well, after that intense chore, I resumed my life of going to school in the day time and working at nights at a nursing home.

Towards the end of March, 1970, one morning I arrived from night work, all tired and ready to go to sleep, when I opened the door of the apartment and I saw Vee standing right there. Usually, all the family members, Glenn, Vee and their first daughter, Anne, who was about 2½ years old, were usually asleep when I came in the mornings after work, and then I would change into something easy to sleep in, because I slept on the couch, and Anne, in her cute pink bunny one-piece pajamas, would usually come and sleep on my back for about two hours and then I would have to take her to her baby sitter. So when I opened the door and saw Vee standing there I was kind of shocked. But she put out her hand and asked me to do so to congratulate me.

I said that I would only when she told me for what she wanted to congratulate me. She said no, so I held out my hand and we shook hands and then she told me that it was for a song that I had written and it had been chosen to be the Theme Song of the GC Session that year. She
told me that a some Dr. Jones, from California had called her late last night and asked for me, but since I was not there, he asked her to convey the congratulations to me. I was shocked. I did not believe it. I had not told any of my kith and kin that I had sent in a composition for the Theme Song of the 1970 General Conference Session. Here in America, where there were so many composers, my composition was chosen to be THE song? I just don't remember whether I sat down or what I did at that moment. Well, then the other members of my family came to know about it and they all congratulated me, and then I chose not to write and tell my parents who were in India and were coming to the States as member delegates to the General Conference Session. But no sooner had word reached India, they wrote and congratulated me. A few days later, I received a letter from Dr. Jones, stating that my composition was chosen, and that the Music Committee for that session would like to meet with me when they convened at the GC headquarters in Takoma Park. The day finally came, and I went over and met all the members of the Music Committee. They then asked me if I could be there on opening night to conduct the song. I told them I would be there. They asked me a few questions, and then Elder Charles Keymer, who was one of the committee members, asked me if I would come over the next day and meet him at the New Hampshire Inn in Takoma Park. That evening I took my oldest brother, Chellam and went over and talked to Elder Keymer. We had a wonderful conversation, and then just as we were leaving, he said that he had one more question that he would like to ask me. I said, "Sure, Elder Keymer." And then he asked me in a very serious tone. "Are you a Seventh-day Adventist?" Both Chellam and I started to giggle a bit, and then we told him who exactly we were, and then I told him who my Dad was, and what position he was holding at that time. We then had a word of prayer before we left.

The day finally arrived, when I was in the back stage with those that were to be on the platform. We all walked in, and as we stood, I had the grand 'once in a lifetime' experience of conducting that song, after I and the song were introduced by Wayne Hooper. I will never forget that day, when they also called Mum and Dad to the platform and introduced them as my parents. It was the honor of my life to be there on that platform, with my parents, conducting the approximately 20,000 people that attended the opening night session.

God moves in mysterious ways, to bring me to that exhilarating moment, that I never thought I would ever be at, and accomplish what had just happened. Remember, I had only 18 months of piano tuition, 1 year from Mrs. Ruby Stahlniecker, and 6 months from Mrs. Helena Crawford. After that I was on my own.

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VII. Southern Asian Pastor in UK on TV

"HOW WILL THE WORLD END?

"For the second time this year followers of the late Harold Camping, US radio evangelist, proclaimed the world was going to end. The new date was 21 October, and the disappointment was the same as for their earlier prediction. But while they were disappointed, Liverpool Adventist pastor, Daniel Jaipaul Sundararaj grabbed the opportunity with both hands when Waddell Media phoned him out of the blue and asked him to appear on the Channel 4 programme, 4thought.tv, on that very day to answer the question, 'What will happen when the world ends?' Daniel says that he had an hour long telephone discussion with the producer sharing the Adventist perspective on eschatological events. He says, 'She acknowledged that the Adventist perspective seems to be unique and more realistic.' Daniel was delighted to have the opportunity to share with her, the production team in London, and then with the general public his view on the end of the world.

--from BUC News, 28 October 2011 -- Email Newsletter of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the United Kingdom and Ireland ~~~~~~~~~~~ VIII. Memories of Mission Life Back Then

George P. Babcock, "Lessons from Oysters: Learning To Be Thankful in All Things"

"If I read my Bible correctly, we as Christians should constantly be in a state of thanking our heavenly Father for His countless and ongoing blessings, even the so-called 'little things.' For example, to you thank the Lord each morning when you take a warm shower? I do, because I have traveled around the world visiting many places where I could not get a shower--hot or cold. You should try taking a bath in a wraparound cloth under a village hand pump while the villagers watch. I turned out to be the best entertainment they'd had for many a day! Maybe you would prefer taking a bath out of a bucket while the cobras were inches away, or going into the bathroom only to find a 12-foot python in the tub. On one occasion
when I did find a proper shower, I had to kill the scorpions that were scampering around the shower floor before I could take a 'luxury' shower in very cold water. This is why I thank the Lord each morning as I enjoy my warm shower."

[The above is the lead paragraph of an article in the ADVENTIST REVIEW of October 13, 2011.]

X. Adventist Media Centre's FM Programme Launch

Edison Samraj <amc3@vsnl.com> October 20:

September 15th 2011, was an historic day for Adventist Media Centre; the foundation for the another milestone was laid: our FM program was launched.

The chairman of the AMC, Dr. M. C. John, chief guest, introduced the FM program production and opened the FM studio. Pr. T. I. Varghese offered the dedicatory prayer; the Lobby Logo was unveiled by Dr. Bakul Bhosale; and the FM producer's room was opened by Pr. J. N. Sathe. Guest of honor, Mr. Yashpal Ramawat, Director General of Doordarshan, Pune, distributed the certificates to the FM producers for attending the FM training program.

Prayer of commitment to FM Ministry was offered by Dr. Philip Virathan. Many other dignitaries were present for the FM Launch program. The program ended with a fellowship meal. We request you to pray for the success of FM program to the good Lord, who has blessed till now.

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X. GC V-President Geoffrey Mbwana Speaks at Remnant Church

Edwin Joseph <edwin.joseph46@gmail.com> October 31:

The Remnant SDA Church cordially invites you, and ALL SPICERIANS to a very Special Sabbath Weekend, on November 18 and 19, 2011.

The Remnant Church Services are held in the Transfiguration Episcopal Church, located at 13925 New Hampshire Avenue, Silver Spring, MD 20004.

Vespers begins at 7:30 p.m.; Sabbath School at 9:30 a.m., and Divine Service at 11:00 a.m.

A special welcome is extended to the members of Spicer College's graduating Class of 1982, and former faculty, residing in the Washington DC Metropolitan Area and else where in the US. The pastor of the Class of 1982, Pr. Geoffrey Mbwana, will be the guest speaker at these weekend services and will be delighted to meet members of the '82 graduating Class. Pr. Mbwana is currently one of the vice presidents of the General Conference.

If you are a member of the Class of 1982, you are encouraged to come, worship, fellowship and reminisce with a fellow graduate. Pr. Mbwana is probably the only person in Spicer College's illustrious history to have been appointed as one of the vice presidents of the General Conference.

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