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   [Chapter 9 of 17] ~~~~~~~~~~~~~ I. Death of Harold Joseph
   L. P. Tolhurst <lptlhrst@bigpond.net.au> November 29:
   Pr. Harold Joseph, former missionary to India from Australia died last week, and is to be buried on Thursday, December 1, 2011. No doubt many of those who receive the Southern Asia News Letter will remember him. I understand that he and his wife were living in Victoria, Australia, but I do not have their mailing address. If anyone would like to send her and the family a message of sympathy, I am sure that their daughter Mrs. Shirley Tarburton would pass the messages on to her. Mrs. Tarburton’s e-mail address is as follows:- <Tarburton.s@optusnet.com.au>

Gordon Christo <gechristo@sud-adventist.org> December 1:
Dr. Harald Giebel, the Adventist doctor posted at CMC, Vellore, passed away at 5:55 pm on Wednesday Nov. 31. On Thursday he had chest pain and collapsed. His condition worsened as various organs shut down. He is being cremated in Chennai and a memorial service will be held in Vellore on Sabbath Dec. 3. Drs. Harold and Beverly Giebel earlier served in Pakistan from 1958 to 1981.

Rita Giebel rita.giebel@gmail.com December 1:
Harald Giebel, beloved husband, brother, father and grandfather, passed away on November 29, 2011 in Vellore, India, where he was serving at the Christian Medical College.

Dr. Giebel was born in Hannover, Germany in 1930. After he finished the ministerial training at Marienhöhe, he completed medical school in Munich, Germany. He came to the US on a Fulbright scholarship where he met his wife, Beverly. As a board certified general, thoracic and cardiovascular surgeon he worked with his wife who practiced obstetrics and later anesthesia.
Together they served internationally in Pakistan, Ethiopia, Papua New Guinea, and India as well as spending 8 years in private practice in Ukiah, California. After retirement he went on multiple mission trips to places including Bulgaria, Tanzania and the Dominican Republic. He and Beverly traveled extensively and he was finally able to visit Tibet, a life dream of 72 years. Together they taught and coordinated nutrition and Depression Recovery seminars. Dr. Giebel always enjoyed being involved with children, especially in Sabbath School.
He is survived by his wife, Beverly, of 55 years; sister Ehrentraud Wagner; three children, Herb (Gail), Art (Lisa) and Rita; and grandchildren Tami, Melissa, Josie and Maddy.

His hobbies included nature, writing and making movies.
A memorial service will be held at the Seventh-day Adventist Church on Sabbath, December 3, 2011 in Vellore at 4 p.m.
"He was man of great Christian commitment and missionary zeal. His presence at CMC Vellore was a great influence and inspiration to the students and staff of the Seventh-day Adventist Church and the Christian Medical College community."--Dr. Samuel George Hansdak, MD, Professor & Deputy Registrar CMC

I. Letters

1. Vincent Injety <vinjety@yahoo.com> November 29:
John Fowler's experience used at Baccalaureate Service in South Africa

Helderberg College, a pioneer institution of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in South Africa held its Graduation Program from November 26 to 27.
Dr. Benjamin Schoun, Vice-President of the General Conference was the speaker at the Baccalaureate Service for the class of 2011. The Theme of the graduating class is "One Vision, One Accord, One Call."

Dr. Schoun began his sermon by saying that the world the graduates will be entering into is a challenging one. Education does not necessarily guarantee success unless one makes the right choices. To illustrate this point, Dr. Schoun narrated an experience of Dr. John Fowler. According to Dr. Schoun, Dr. Fowler narrated this experience at the program arranged for his retirement at the General Conference.

John Fowler in his school days had a friend by the name Jaya. John and Jaya came from the same region, attended the same school and were taught by the same teachers. But years later John became a minister and Jaya became a pick pocket. I am sure some of us might have either read (in the Adventist Review) or heard about it in his sermons.

Even though Dr. Fowler has left formal service, he has left an indelible mark in the world-wide church and his legacy continues. As I travel around Africa and other parts of Asia as members of AAA, it gives me great joy to see how people refer to Dr. Fowler's humorous anecdotes and sermon illustrations.

Vincent R. Injety PhD
Vice-President for Academic Administration
Helderberg College, South Africa

II. How To Obtain a Copy of Sunderan Moses' GC Theme Song

Sunderan Moses <smoses@hmi-usa.com> November 29:

"THAT THE WORLD MAY KNOW"

Thank you for running my story about me composing the 1970 GC Theme song. I got many responses and inquiries about that song. Some wondered as to why I did not scan it and send it to you for you to put it in your letter. I said that I did not think that would have been a good idea. Others wanted to know as to where they could find it published.

It was published in a song book, called "ADVENT YOUTH SING" compiled by the Youth Department of the GC of SDA, and published and printed by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, copyright 1977, and printed in the USA. It is song number 176, and titled, "THAT THE WORLD MAY KNOW". If anybody does need anymore information about that song, or if they need a copy of that song, if they can please email me, I will be more than happy to either email them a copy of the song, or even mail them a copy of that song.

III. Remembering D. J. Gnanakkan

Raj Abel Thambakara <thambakara@aol.com> November 30:
FATHER & SON, DEEDS & MOMENTS IN SOUTHERN ASIAN LIVES

A brownish faded old picture of a Tamil Indian handing a sheet of paper to an American missionary standing in a vacant lot of land is priceless. The year was 1908. The place: Prakasapuram, Tamil Nadu. The Indian: Devairakkam Joseph. The Missionary: Elder J. S. James from Battle Creek, Michigan. The paper: Handing Deed to the property of the first Seventh-day Adventist-built church in India. (Records: Archives, Chennai.)

Devairakkam Joseph was a Sabbath-keeping Christian landlord who belonged to the Naattu Sabbai church. He spent time on his horse, riding and looking after his inherited properties in that region. The meeting of these two Sabbathkeepers set in motion the great Advent movement in India. A House of Worship and later a school was built there where the great SDA leaders such as Muthiah, Raju, Job, Amirtham and many others went to school. Growing up in this environment was D. J. Gnanakkan who was called to rest last Tuesday, November 10, 2011. He was a faithful
layman who spent his final hour reciting the 23rd Psalm from memory and singing some verses from Tamil hymns. His son Rajan and daughter-in-law Sumathi were observers of these last moments of their father's life.

D. J. Gnanakkann was a household name in both sides of the Palk Straits between South India and Sri Lanka. He was a very successful businessman, owned many businesses under the corporate names Mercury and Mars. He also inherited the moral legacies of Mr. S. P. Swischesamuthu, his youngest brother-in-law, who was the founder of the famous Gopal Tooth Powder, which is sold in India, Canada, United Kingdom, Singapore, Malaysia, and Sri Lanka. His grandson, SPS Vijayaraja, operates it today making Gopal Toothpaste. DJG was also the youngest son-in-law of Mr. P. S. Thamabakara, owner of a wholesale rice warehouse in Dam Street and a garment outlet in Sea Street, Colombo, and in 1928 established a match factory, rubber factory, rice and saw mills in Divulapitiya, Sri Lanka. Mr. Thamabakara & other Sabbathkeepers set up a Tamil Sabbath School in Rodrigo Place, Colombo 15. in 1904, which set in motion the meeting of Elder Harry Armstrong, an Englishman who spent time with them learning to read, write and speak Tamil, wrote a Tamil tract, who also recommended the quick arrival of a missionary to Prakasapuram. (Ref: "The Isles Shall not Wait" by R. S. Fernando.)

DJG was a faithful elder at the Bethel Tamil Church and also a great supporter of the first SDA church in Prakasapuram. He was a friend and supporter of missionaries in Sri Lanka. He was also an advisor and nurturer of our workers old and new. The Colombo church members had immense faith in him. I remember Pr. W. D. Anthony, a former president of Sri Lanka SDA mission, telling me, "Raj, the deed to the hospital property in Kandy is in Mr. D. J. Gnanakkann, your Father-in-law's name since he pursued to purchase it. Since he is preparing to go to Chennai with all the civil unrest in Sri Lanka, I am in the process of transferring it to the name of the Church." I would refer to Pr. Donald Fernando testimony and story of DJG and the Hendela Church deed. (Ref. SUD -e-News #49, Nov, 29, 2011) Such was the dedication of a Father and Son to the cause of God in both India and Sri Lanka. May we find comfort in our resurrected Lord.

V. The Mother Jilani Story [Chapter 9 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.

Chapter 9: A Doctor in the Family

The next twelve years were not easy ones for Hagar. Her friends in the Church Missionary Society in Peshawar helped her find a position in the mission hospital, and she stayed on there until the girls were old enough for college.

Although she was a devout Christian and deeply religious, Hagar still clung to some of her old ways. Once her daughters reached the age of twelve years, they were not allowed outside the house unless they were covered from head to toe in the all-concealing burka and accompanied by an older person.

To Hagar it was not just a Muslim custom, it was a matter of modesty.

As the girls grew older, the expenses became much heavier. Hagar had no relatives to whom she could turn for assistance. Her parents were dead. Her sister and her eleven brothers had their own families to care for. She had only God and her own two hands to help her. Reluctantly she left the mission and worked at a private hospital, where she received a higher salary.

There was never any doubt in Hagar's mind as to what profession her daughters should follow. She clearly remembered Gulam's words: "If I have twelve sons, I shall make them all doctors." Of course there were no sons, but his two daughters, Sakina and Jamila, would become doctors. Hagar had made up her mind to that.

In 1928 Sakina entered the Women's Christian Medical College in Ludhiana, from which her mother had graduated thirty years earlier. Dr.

Edith Mary Brown, the principal, was an old lady, but she remembered Hagar.

"Bhagwanti Singh!" she exclaimed joyously. "How lovely to see you again after all these years! And now you are admitting your daughter to our college." She smiled warmly at the shy girl standing quietly at her desk.

Your mother was in the very first nursing class that was graduated from this school in 1898," she told her. I hope you will do as well in your studies as she did.

In compliance with the custom of those days, there were no male professors at the Women's Christian Medical College. All the faculty members were women. The sweepers, doorkeepers, and other servants were all women. The only exceptions were old Kansama, the cook, and his equally old assistant--a wizened, wiry pair, who kept strictly to their kitchen domain.
When Hagar was a student, the girls were not allowed to even cross the road to their dormitories on foot. They had to travel by palanquin, a small, heavily curtained box-chair supported on heavy poles and carried on the shoulders of two or four stalwart coolies. Men who did coolie work were of such a low caste in the social system that they were regarded more as beasts of burden than men. No one seemed to take any notice of them as long as they kept in their places and never attempted to speak to or look at their heavily veiled charges. Now, thirty years later, the girls were allowed to walk across the road to their dormitory if they went in groups of two or more. Rules forbade them to leave their quarters without being veiled. It was inevitable that sometimes a latecomer would scurry across the road alone, keeping a watchful eye out for any teacher who might be lurking around.

Sakinah was not a brilliant student but she was consistent and her diligence enabled her to pass the examinations without undue strain. She was a very religious girl and she made it a practice to read a portion of her Bible each day. Not only did she win the Lake Memorial Prize for Bible knowledge during her college years, but she discovered many interesting things for herself. For instance, she read where God had commanded the Israelites to pay tithe of all their increase in order to support the priests in the sanctuary. She also read what Malachi said about robbing God by withholding tithes and offerings. Coupling the two references together, Sakinah decided that she should be giving God one tenth of her income.

She had never heard of anyone paying tithe, and she wasn't quite sure what she should do with the money. When she was able, she attended church and gave some of it as an offering, but the Bible said, "and offerings," so the tithe must be meant for something different. Finally she hit upon the idea of using her tithe money to help the poor.

From that time on Sakinah was a constant tithe payer. Her mother sent her an allowance of five rupees for pocket money each month. As soon as it arrived, Sakinah would take out half a rupee and put it aside as God's tenth. As her income increased over the years, so did her tithe and so did the blessings with which God rewarded her.

Sakinah had been brought up knowing that her parents were Sabbathkeepers. Hagar observed the Sabbath as best she could during the years that she worked at the hospitals. The two girls knew that Saturday was God's holy day, but because they knew no other Sabbathkeepers in India, they attended Sunday School in whatever Protestant church appealed to them.

In 1934 Sakinah's six years of medical school were completed. She took a post at a government Women's Hospital in Wazirabad, sixty miles from Lahore.

About the same time, Jamila entered the Christian Women's Medical College to begin her training.

India was gradually maturing. The movement for the emancipation of women was gaining in popularity, and slowly but surely the women of India were emerging from the chrysalis of ignorance and rigid custom that had held them in tight confinement for centuries. But Hagar reacted slowly to these changes. To her mind it was unthinkable that a girl of twenty-three should go to a strange city and live alone, even though her quarters almost joined the hospital. She resigned from her nursing position and went along to live with Sakinah. From then until Jamila graduated, Sakinah was breadwinner for all three of them. In accordance with Indian custom Hagar never worked again. At fifty-one she voluntarily retired.

For the next two years young Dr. Jilani saw women patients in the hospital's outpatient department. The people were mostly from the poorer class, and they came by the hundreds. More than two hundred women a day passed through her office. Usually they brought common complaints like constipation, worms, skin diseases, anemia, and a host of children's ailments—things for which there was a routine treatment that could be prescribed in the two or three minutes allotted to each patient, and left assistants in other departments to execute.

Sakinah's nervousness lessened as her ability grew. Among the members of her own sex she became confident and assured, but when a woman patient said that her husband wished to speak to the doctor about his wife's health condition, she nearly died of embarrassment. She had lived such a cloistered life that she had rarely ever spoken to a man, and her shyness with the opposite sex was not amusing—it was painful. It was a good thing for her peace of mind that she did not know what her mother had in mind for her.

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