I. AFI Camp At Blue Ridge - August 8-12, 2012

   The Adventist Fellowship International has started preparing for its 2012 Annual Camp at Blue Ridge. The dates are August 8-12, 2012. Please keep these dates in mind and make plans to attend. Be sure your work schedules have you marked "on leave" during this time! Those who attended the AFI 2011 camp know how much they enjoyed it. For those who could not attend, we urge you to come to the 2012 Camp. Further reminders and notices will be forthcoming, so do watch for this. - Eric Khandagle, President, AFI <skhandagle727@gmail.com>  

II. Letters

   1. LoRita Erickson <hde24@msn.com>
   2. A. M. Job
   3. J. D. Moses

   III. Remembering Them

   1. Francis Scott

   Augusta Mallanthie Ballowe <ballowes@aol.com> March 23:

   Pastor and Mrs. Scott occupy a special place in my fond memories of life in Sri Lanka where they were missionaries and which was my first home. It was common practice by our parents (Pastor and Mrs. P. P. Dias) to invite the visiting pastor to our home for lunch after the morning church service. Oftentimes those whom the invitation was extended to were the Scotts. My brother and sisters always enjoyed listening to his stories, and especially being told to us in Sri Lankan. We were acquainted with them when they labored at both the mission office and as principal of Lakpahana College.

   Mrs. Scott lovingly invited my Lakpahana classmates and me to her house, and endeavored to teach us knitting. She also generously gave us fresh passion fruit drink and giant cookies. I think the thought of eating the giant cookie had a greater attraction than knitting. In my memories I remember riding in Pastor Scott's car and him telling us that he was going to make a traffic officer smile when we passed him in a roundabout. The policeman waved us through the intersection but Pastor Scott stopped beside the policeman, rolled down his car window, and pleasantly talked to him in fluent Sri Lankan. Having a foreigner speak in fluent Sri Lanka surprised the officer and indeed did smile. Little experiences like these are things we will happily discuss in the land that God has prepared for us all. I'm thankful that the Creator God sent the Scotts into our midst in Sri Lanka.

   Their labors certainly enriched our lives. On behalf of the Dias family, our prayers are with Pastor Scott's family.

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   Shevanthi Bastiam Pillai Kamble <bshevanthi@hotmail.com> March 25:

   I would like to add my tribute to Pastor Scott on behalf of our family.

   We have very fond memories of him and I often thought of him as 'our Pastor'
when I was a child because he married my parents, dedicated and baptised all four of us children. He was very kind to us as kids, and I particularly remember in 1972, we had just returned for our first summer holidays from Spicer High School, he thought we were a bit 'down' and turned up one evening and took the 3 of us who had returned from SMC - Mohan (Samson, Jr.), Surendra and myself for ice-cream at Zellers in Wellawatte. (We got chocolates as well!)

He arrived from Burma in the early 50s and (except for a short break) stayed in Sri Lanka till 1973. He was one of the few missionaries who learnt Sinhala and was actually able to speak the language. He was a great evangelist and raised many churches in Sri Lanka, and did so also in the USA once he retired. He wrote to us regularly and kept us informed of his church planting in the States.

He was a handsome man, and had a stately presence. People who met him often commented on this. As a pastor, he not only shepherded the flock, he was excellent at training the members in the business of the church. We young ones were not allowed to miss anything, not even literature distribution and the 'excitement' of Ingathering. I found the latter a form of torture, from which I am not sure I have yet recovered! He was a stickler for rules and on one particular occasion, I remember my father coming home after a board meeting and saying rather exasperatedly (which was very unusual for him), 'Pastor Scott thinks man was made for rules, not the other way around'.

However, rules went by the board if any member was sick or in trouble. We got a first-hand view of this because my dad was elder, and if anyone needed help, Pastor Scott would be at our door to go to visit the member with my dad. You could wake him at any time of the night and he would come. Another thing my father said many times about him was that you could safely confide any private matter to Pastor Scott and you could be absolutely certain, he would never repeat it or discuss it with anyone. He was a man of prayer and it is not possible to mention all the stories of his power in prayer.

However, I must mention two. Once he was going to visit a person who was afflicted by an evil spirit. As he got into his car at Bethel Chapel to proceed to the house of that person, the evil spirit cried out that Pastor Scott was coming and left the person and never returned. We were present at an evangelistic meeting held in his garden, where the local priests were threatening to cause a riot. The meeting passed off peacefully, but many neighbours told him the next day that they had seen police in the garden providing a guard. Pastor Scott had not asked for, or seen any police.

I have often thought that the pastors of my childhood were men of God who also had great vision. One of the things that Pastor Scott was quite particular about was that children and young people be part of the adult service - no separate rooms for mothers and babies. Also that the older members attend in the youth meetings. This inter-generational involvement meant that we grew up benefiting from the wisdom of our elders; not that they were perfect, but they were faithful in following the command of Psalm 78:1-4: 'tell your children the great things God has done.' I believe that many of us are in the church today because of this.

And we had to listen to his sermons! I well remember at the age of 10, while preaching a sermon, he paused, looked directly at me (I was sitting in the front row and had a Junior Guide in my hand), and stated that Guides and other such reading material was for reading at home. Church service was for listening to the Word of God from the pulpit. Suffice to say, that was the beginning of a life spent listening to sermons, for which I am grateful today.

In Sri Lanka, his wife Catherine was an able help-meet. They also had a lovely garden, and he was particularly proud of his begonias; if you were willing to listen, he would tell you all the varied species he had. And they always had a cocker spaniel.

We missed them for years after they left Sri Lanka, but we have many happy memories of them and we look forward to the Day when all shadows will flee away and we will meet them again.

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Remembering Pastor A. M. Job

D. S. Poddar <pastor78_scdrid@bsnl.in> March 25:

In 1936 the first General Conference of Seventh-day Adventist was held in Salisbury Park. Delegates from all over India, including Burma and Ceylon, lived in new white tents, The assembly hall was a huge tent on the present tennis court. In the evenings others could join the meetings. I then attending the meetings with my family members. Many important actions were taken, but one action affected my life--a school for the children of Salisbury Park--the English Elementary School.
My first teacher was Mrs. Jordan, from Vincent Hill School. She taught me for a year. Then came Miss Storer or Nalamma from Ceylon. She taught me for another year, then came Mr. A. M. Job. He taught me in the third standard and continued till the sixth.

From him I have learned many important lessons: to be punctual for classes, to be honest and faithful in reading the Bible.

One day, I was standing in line for the roll call. I did not know that my dog, Bella, followed me and stood by me. When I realized that the dog was next to me, I tried to chase her away, and I was out of line. Mr. Job with a ruler in hand came to beat me; the dog seeing this, charged the teacher, and the whole crowd laughed at the teacher backing out. He asked me to take the dog home.

I disliked questions with ten or more points. I could never get them all right. I knew that in the examination that kind of a question will come, so I decided to cheat. I wrote such answers in a small piece of paper, and took them to the class. While writing the exam, I copied. Two students saw me doing that. The students reported to the teacher, but he did not say anything. I wondered why he did not call me. When I went to Spicer High School, during the Week of Prayer, I felt guilty for what I had done in the elementary school. So I wrote a letter to Mr. Job and confessed the wrong I had done. The response was immediate, he forgave me and told me not to cheat again. I learned the lesson of confession and forgiveness, and not to cheat again.

Our class had one period a week known as Seat Work. We did not have any teacher for that class. So we simply stayed quiet. Then Mr. Job came in, and told us to use the time in reading the Bible and try to complete it. So we all started. That has become a habit with me. Not only that, but I read the Spirit of Prophecy books and books of pioneer missionary stories. This I do for my devotions.

One other important thing he did for my career. One day the Second Standard teacher did not come to teach. So Mr. Job asked me, a student of the Third Standard, to look after the class. I went in; no student showed surprise, and I quietly took the book from a student and began to teach right away. I enjoyed teaching, No body complained! My career was fixed. No wonder I chose to be a teacher.

I was very happy when I knew that my teacher would be coming to Hosur to live. I met him and his wife when they landed in Hosur. Since they had had so many students in their lives, they did not quiet place me in their memories. They were happy to see me.

A month ago Mr. and Mrs. Job came to live in the same compound where I live. I owe him gratefulness for setting my life course right. I am what I am because he set my course right. Maybe rest in peace.

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Charles H. Shad <charles.shad@gmail.com> March 24:

I am saddened by the news of the passing away of Pastor A. M. Job. He was my favourite teacher when I was in Spicer High School. He taught us Bible and we always asked him questions which were hard to answer, but he was always patient, some times showing a little irritation. However, he kept his cool and always loved us. This is one thing that I learnt from him. My condolences to Aunty Job (that is what we called her), Alex, Sarojini and Prabha.

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Johnny Philip <johnny.philip@gmail.com> March 25:

If I am not mistaken Pastor Job taught my father. He also taught my sister, Pearl, when she was a student at Spicer High School in the '70s. His son, Mr. Alexander Job, taught me geography at college. Notwithstanding his position as an administrator and a teacher, what I remember best about Pastor Job was how approachable and friendly he was. I do not remember any time when he didn’t have a smile. The last time I met him was probably about 25 years or so ago when I had an occasion to go to Vellore. He had already retired and was living there when I visited him. I am not a very sociable person and have great difficulty starting or maintaining a conversation with most people. But with Pastor and Mrs. Job that was never a problem. Conversation came very easily. Whenever my sister has anything to say about Spicer she always recalls Pastor and Mrs. Job with fond memories. My family will miss a wonderful friend.

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Nelson Khajekar <elijnelson@yahoo.co.in> March 26:

I was shocked to learn of the sad demise of my beloved headmaster, Pr. A. M. Job. No one who has been through Spicer High School in the 60s & 70s will ever forget Papa Job, as he was popularly called by us. He was a very loving person and seldom got angry. He persevered to do his best for his students. I salute him for all that he has done to Adventist education in India.
3. Remembering J. D. Moses
   Johnny Philip johnny.philip@gmail.com

   Last week my niece sent me a CD with some photographs. There was a folder in it labeled 'Old Memories' -- it contained old family photographs.
While browsing through it I came across a photograph of Mr. J. D. Moses!
There he was with his wife and 3 little children, the youngest in the arms of Mrs. Moses. They were on the steps in front of the church at Kottarakara School. My parents were in the background. I am not sure what the occasion was, but I’m guessing that my father probably did the dedication of their youngest daughter.

   I thought this interesting, because less than a year ago, I was invited to a friend's home for a get-together. A few minutes after my wife and I decided where to sit, a lady approached us with a smile and asked us if I had studied at Kottarakara school. That surprised me, because even my family doesn't easily recognize me these days as I've changed, tragically. She identified herself as Mrs. J. D. Moses and pointed out Mr. Moses to me. She mentioned a bit of the Kottarakara days (over 40 years ago), and I went over to sit with Mr. Moses. We got to talking. And once we started we couldn't stop. When I was in high school, Mr. Moses was the manager of the Kottarakara school Press. But he also used to conduct song services in church. I remember him stretching up on his tiptoes to his fullest possible height and curving into a graceful arc as he waved his hands when he got into the full swing of things. He also taught some of us 'Physical Fitness'
on Sabbath afternoons for a JMV award. I confessed that I had not been following the things he had taught us. He laughed, as it was obvious. I met him a number of times at church (SASDAC) since then, and it came as a shock to hear that he is no more.

   Our sincerest condolences to Mrs. Moses and the children, from our family.

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IV. School and Church Problems in Nepal
  Kapil Baniya <kapilrajani@yahoo.com> March 19:
  Last week several teachers' unions have called an indefinite strike all over making several demands to be fulfilled by the government and they have called that schools run on Saturday, as the government level and school board exam was going on Udaipur. Our Adventist children studying in different levels refused to go the school for Saturday exams whereas other Christians went and rook the exams. Now the non-believers are asking why only these Adventists did not go for the exam.That seemed to be the right time to tell about the Sabbath and our people did not want to waste this opportunity. It was a very good witness that our small children showed the whole district. Praise the Lord for this wonderful witness.

   Now the school and government education office refuse to give the exam again and our people are demanding to have the exam on an other day than Saturday. Several talks have been made with the concern authority but still without success. Today there is going to be the final talk with the concern authority; if they refuse again our people wants to file a case the file against the concern people for not giving the exam again. They have asked our counsel in this matter. Please kindly pray for this situation that our people are facing in Udaipur district.

   Udaipur is one of the Adventists' fastest growing place in Nepal. We have 13 workers (1 pastor and 12 volunteers) in whole district and almost 6 churches and 9 companies. We have keep two Bible workers there with elder Tim Saxton's support. They have planted the fellowship in the District headquarters. The total number of Adventists are almost 3000 in Udaipur. You can see the very good changes in this place after the Adventist message has been spread. The people are so very conscious about health. Most of the Rai kept pigs before. Now they have stopped eating pigs, even keeping them. They have started to conserve the forests and every house uses solar power. They have started to send their children to the school. Now we have started to build three churches as they need them very badly. Other Christian denominations are trying to take our sheep! Our own believers have already donated expensive land nearby the road. We are trying to find the way to build church buildings. Each church needs $7,000 to complete. it and we have already paid Rs 50,000 for each church and we hope before the monsoon starts to complete it.

   As you are aware of the financial situation over here so, we would like to make the humble request to everybody who have a concern for the work in Nepal. Please remember in your prayer as you have taken so much concern for us as always.

Yours in His service
Kapil Kr Baniya, Treasurer
Nepal Field of S.D.A
P.O Box 4373
Kathmandu, Nepal

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