I. Honoring the Memory of Mr. Pylee Abraham
   Paul Dara <darapaul44@hotmail.com> April 16:
   You remember the story of a centurion whose servant was sick and he besought the healing hand of Jesus. After seeing the faith of the centurion, Jesus said "I HAVE NOT FOUND SO GREAT FAITH, NO NOT IN ISRAEL." These words could very well be said of Mr. Pylee Abraham whose legacy will live forever in the hearts and minds of all those whom he touched in many countries. His life is an epitome of Christlike love, sincerity, dedication, commitment and sacrifice. He valued all people as equal in the sight of God. He spread the sunshine of Christ's love by touching all those whose paths he crossed. I have not heard one negative thing even from those that disagreed with him.
   I have known Mr. Pylee Abraham for more than 55 years from my Narsapur High school days and in fact I have become a member of his loving and caring family. Mrs. Abraham (amma) very affectionately called me "my eldest son". That was a great honour for me, more than any other title.
   Now, a little bit about the great qualities I admire and try to emulate in Mr. Pylee. He is a great teacher, a genuine Christian, a loving father, a caring husband, a practical philosopher and a man of high ideals and great principles.
   As a teacher, he genuinely loved his students and drew the best out of them. He had seen those students not as they were but by the grace of God what they could become. He, painstakingly, helped them to do their very best. He did not accept a mediocre job. He took time to help them to bring them to the high standards he had set. He inspired all his students to do the best and to do the very best they could. I have attended many several institutes of learning in my educational endeavours and I dare say that "I have not found so great teacher, no not in any institution I have attended.
   I have taught for more than 45 years and in all my teaching career, he had been my model and I have tried my best to emulate his teaching methods and his genuine interest in his students. Wherever I have taught, I have received very high honours: the "Teacher of the Year award", "Excellent Teacher Award" and fifteen years in a row I had honour of being nominated for the "Excellent Teacher Awards' in the colleges I had taught. I give credit to Mr. Pylee's influence on shaping my teaching career. If there were such a thing as "Excellent Teacher Awards" in those days, I think he would have received them every year and in every school he taught. He was simply the best teacher ever. He did his job passionately.
   He was a genuine Christian. He lived what he preached. He practiced what he believed. He lived a very simple and humble life. He showed a Christlike attitude and character in his very life. His Christlike character was very evident in all his dealing either in the classroom with his students, or at home with his wife and children. There was no trace of hypocrisy nor arrogance in any of his bones. I can honestly say that I have not seen so genuine Christian in all my life.
   He was a very loving and caring father that would go to any length to provide the best for his family. He had made endless sacrifices to give the best to his wife and children. He not only gave to his family but to any needy person on the street. He did not do this to receive any praise from others. He did it out of love for God's children. He saw the need and he met it. His life is life of sacrifice and dedication. He went far away many years sacrificing his family life so he could provide for the needs of his family. He loved his family till the end of his life. Even in his last days, he wished not to give
any trouble to his children. He would not even tell them where he was hurting. He swallowed his pain and he alone bore the pain and suffering. What a great example of a loving and caring father!

He was a supreme example of a very caring husband. He would teach all day and come home and do all the house chores. My wife commented that she had not seen another Indian husband who would come home and wash his wife's clothes and dry them out where everybody saw. He loved his wife very dearly.

I know this personally as I used to spend much time at their home in Narsapur school. When mother was sick he would work all day and come home and cook, clean, feed and take care of the children and when they were gone to bed he would sit down and prepare his lessons for the next day. He did not let his work suffer. Never did he complain of doing all this. He may often have sacrificed his sleep but never did he show that in the class.

He was a practical philosopher. If he believed something, he would practice it. He believed in all people, loved all people genuinely, even those who disagreed with him. He never would summit to cheap tactics nor take advantage the situation for personal gain. He believed simple and lived a simple and humble life. Let me give an example of his simplicity. He wore a simple shirt and clean pants and walked to school barefooted. On the Sabbath days, he would wear a nicely pressed shirt and a white dhoti and walked to church barefooted when the ground was so hot with the summer sun. He had simple living and high thinking.

He had very high ideals and great principles to live by. He lived a very exemplary life. he was honest and would not sacrifice the principles though the heavens fall. He lived by Christian principles. He did not show any kind of arrogance or superiority. He did not tolerate any injustice. He spoke out justice and he stood for right even at the cost of personal loss. if he saw injustice even his higher authorities, he would condemn with out fear of consequences. He would rather suffer loss than to succumb pressure.

He had a great influence on my childhood as a genuine Christian and a great teacher. A great soul is gone out of our midst and the loss is felt by not only his family but to all those who looked un to him. I personally feel a great loss. Even though he will be bodily missed, his influence and his ideals will live with me as long as I live.

In closing, we are going to miss a great teacher, a genuine Christian, loving father, a caring husband a simple philosopher who lived by great ideals and greater principles. SO LONG MR. ABRAHAM. WE WILL SEE YOU AT THE RESURRECTION DAY IF WE ARE FAITHFUL AND BY HIS GRACE.

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II. Remembering Pastor A. M. Job

Sunny Wycliffe <sunnywycliffe@gmail.com>

I am compelled to remember with much gratitude Pastor A .M. Job with whom I had the first encounter as a non-English speaking high school student at Spicer freshly transplanted from Kerala, speaking only Malayalam, in June 1955. He was the headmaster and Bible teacher at Spicer High School, Poona.

When my dad, Pastor Japagnanam John, was transferred from Bangalore to Karmatar, Bihar in the Northeast India Union as the Publishing Director, they took me to Neyyattinkara, Kerala to live with my grandmother, Mrs. D. Mary Teacher, who was the first teacher at the first SDA school in Kerala (Adventpuram), because I spoke only English and they wanted me to learn Malayalam, my mother tongue.

In 1955 at the Boys English High School in Neyyattinkara, Kerala I passed form (standard) IV and going to be in form V and in form VI, I would have written the Kerala State Government Secondary School Leaving Certificate exam and then go to college. Even though the name of the school is English High School, Malayalam was the medium of instruction which is my mother tongue. There, instead of learning Malayalam, I chose to learn Sanskrit - one Brahmin teacher and one student for four years!

My dad got me admitted into Spicer High School, Poona into 8th Standard, which were two grades below what I studied in Kerala because I did not know English.

At Spicer School, many of our workers children came from our unrecognized SDA schools to study because Spicer had just got recognized by the Bombay State Board of Education. Many of them had the hope of getting into medical colleges which required a government recognized school leaving certificate!

My dad's youngest brother, Jason John, was already studying at Spicer College and so he took care of me and introduced me to Pastor Job who was a close friend of my dad. They both spoke in Malayalam very fluently.

Upon my enquiry, Pastor Job told me that he is from Kolachel in Kanyakumari District where he learnt Malayalam and Tamil. Kolachel is about

20+ miles from my home in Neyyattinkara, Trivandrum. (Before 1956
Kanyakumari District was part of Travancore State (now Kerala State) under the rule of the Maharaja of Travancore. On November 1, 1956, Kanyakumari District was annexed with the Tamil Nadu.)

Since all the new high school students came from unrecognized Seventh-day Adventist schools, as per the rules and regulations of the Bombay State Board of Education, they all had to take an entrance examination for evaluation and placement. I had a very genuine fear about this examination because the entrance examination was in English which was Greek and Latin to me. So I went to Pastor Job and talked to him in Malayalam informing him that I have a government school leaving certificate and enquired whether I need to take this exam. He looked into my file and told me that I need not take this exam because of my government certificate. I still remember with much gratitude this FIRST encounter with Pastor Job who was the headmaster of Spicer High School. For any problem, I used to go to see him with much ease and confidence because I could converse with him in my own language and not in English.

He taught us Bible in the 8th standard and he used to give 10 point quizzes at the beginning of the class. I could understand the questions like: Who was the brother of Moses? But I did not know the name Aaron and so I wrote Aharon. When the quiz papers were exchanged for correction, my answer was marked wrong. I took it to Pastor Job and told him in Malayalam about my answer, he said that Aharon is also correct! This was a great relief to me. Before the Bible class every day we took turn to pray. Since I did not know how to pray in English, I prayed in Malayalam.

At Spicer when missionaries spoke to me, I used to hide or run away from them for not understanding what they spoke and how to respond. Thank God, in spite of this difficulty, without failing in any class, I passed the Bombay government’s SSLC examination in March 1959 and also the DSIC exam conducted by the Southern Asia Division education department and then went to Trivandrum to study at the University College. At that time our other schools in division were trying to secure recognition by the government and for that they needed teachers with government degrees. Knowing this, my dad sent me to Trivandrum, Kerala to study at the University College. While studying at there I learned to fly at the Kerala Flying Club in Trivandrum and got my private pilots’ license in 1962, and was planning to join the Indian Air Force.

In 1966, my were delighted to lean that after finishing my MA degree in English language & literature my wife and we were called to teach at Lasalgaon High School which got recognition from the Maharashtra government but the teachers who had degrees from universities -- like Pastor Jesusdas Bhaggian, Dr. David Sukumaran (my brother-in-law), Mr. Paul Eswara Rao left Lasalgaon School for higher studies or got transferred. So Pastor M. D. Moses, Western India Union President, sent a call to us to teach at Lasalgaon. My wife and I were the only two who had recognized degrees and this helped our Lasalgaon School to continue their recognition after the yearly inspections by the government education inspectors.

Year rolled by and we had the privilege to met Pastor and Mrs. Job several times at Sligo Church in Takoma Park, we always spoke to him in Malayalam thanking and reminiscing about Spicer School and his help to me. Those who know him well can recollect that he always spoke in a soft voice and with a broad smile. I have a lot more to pen but I will refrain from boring the readers.

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III. Letters

1. Falvo Fowler <FowlerF@gc.adventist.org> April 14:

   To all those who wrote in for my parent’s 50th: Thank You! Because some of my relatives are still running on Indian Standard Time (even after living here for decades) the project just chugs along till I can get all that is told is coming in. However, the many letters—-with stories and memories---I received so far touched my parents to tears of joy. Such kindness is much appreciated and well remembered. Thanks again! This one is a keeper in so many ways.

   
   On another note: I just received the Mizo and Telegu Sabbath School lessons to add to the Nepali and Tamil at <http://bit.ly/1cDxpT>. I need help in translating some words/phrases (months, lessons, etc) into Mizo and Telegu so we can display the languages in HTML. Anybody willing to help? Please email me at fowlerf@gc.adventist.org

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2. Amanda Sager <mandynp2@hotmail.com> April 18:

   I would like to congratulate Don Bankhead on his new appointment in the Philippines. You mention that Don has an identity "at last." Let me just say that maybe he just has another title, and to me that would be trusted friend.
In 1975 I arrived in India as a young hippy with a backpack and a broken heart. I had met John and Joan Curnow on the plane on the way to Bombay and they had invited me to come to Poona to stay for a while. I stayed in the house of each missionary and was gently loved into our church. Don and Marge, and their 3 boys showed me the love of a family home. We went on a family vacation to Goa. Don repaired the Green goose with one of Marge's nylon stockings! We started each morning with worship, and ended each day with pray. On Don's birthday, he gave me a gift, one of Ellen White's books, which I still have, and treasure. Many years later, when I again needed a place of refuge, Don and Marge, opened their home to me. These dear folk are not just missionaries to the masses overseas, but to all who cross their path. I was one so fortunate. I am so grateful to know Don and Marge Bankhead, true friends.

IV. Pakistan's AWR Offers Free CD
  Samuel Nazir <samuelyouthpku@hotmail.com> April 18:
  Greetings! Adventist World Radio Pakistan cordially invites you all to the launching ceremony of our first CD album "YESU JALD AA RAHA HAI" (JESUS IS COMING SOON) regional language. This CD will be available free of cost to anyone sending a request so we can reach more listeners and produce more CDs; free-will donations are welcomed and greatly appreciated. Please send us your postal address if you are interested to receive your personal music CD:
  Pakistan Union of Seventh-Day Adventist Church, Adventpura,
  14 Km Multan Road,
  Lahore, Pakistan
  Contact: Samuel Nazir +92 345 2300153/ Sadiq Abdullah +92 306 4906677/ Emmanuel Nazir +92 300 4161487
  Looking forward for blessings through this event to us all. Please keep us (AWR TEAM -Pakistan) in your prayers.
  Samuel Nazir
  Director Communication Dept.
  Pakistan Union of Seventh-Day Adventist

V. Late Obituary of Johnson Mall
  Charles Shad <charles.shad@gmail.com> April 5:
  I am little late with this e-mail. I am not sure if you knew that Johnson Mall son of my uncle, the late Pastor S. M. Mall, passed away on April 11, 2011. We remember him at his first death anniversary. He was born on July 12, 1950. He was only 61. Johnson had a gall bladder surgery which got infected and he died of the infection. He is survived by his wife Violet, three children--Junita, Gerald and Jennifer--and six grandchildren.

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