From: charles tidwell <charles.h.tidwell@gte.net>
Sent: Friday, November 08, 2013 2:55 PM
To: Self
Subject: SUD e-News, November 8, 2013 #47

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II. Heart Attack Takes Life of Pakistani Friend
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VII. Mrs. W. L. Sharalaya Turns 90

I. Invitation to SAAA Sabbath Services November 9
   Priscilla Shyam priscillashyam@SAAA.ORG Nov. 1;
   The Southern Asia Adventist Association Welcomes You to
   **Sabbath Services on? November 9, 2013 At Eglise Baptiste Du Calvaire
   10002 Riggs Road, Adelphi, Maryland 20783
   **10:00 A.M. Combined Sabbath School Dr. Catherine & Nathan Purushothaman
   **11:15 A.M. Divine Service
   Speaker: Charles A. Tapp, Sr. Pastor, Sligo Adventist Church
   **12:45 P.M.Fellowship Lunch

II. Heart Attack Takes Life of Pakistani Friend, Waris Bhatti
   Joseph Zahid <josuna4@gmail.com> Nov. 3:
   Many of the Pakistani Seventh-day Adventists knew Miss Ulfat Samuel (her student name from the time she was doing
   her health course in PASC, Farooqabad). She had married Waris Bhatti, a young man who worked in the Pakistan army.
   Waris passed away last Sunday, leaving behind his wife, Ulfat Bhatti, his two grown-up sons (one is working and the other
   one studying in college), and his siblings. While Warris Bhatti did not study in PASC, he loved the visit of his wife's
   teachers, classmates, and friends, those from the years that she spent in PASC as a student and an elementary school
   teacher. Waris Bhatti was a kind, loving, and hospitable man. His funeral is being held on Monday in Lahore. For those,
   who want to contact his wife, Ulfat Bhatti, can do so on this Cellphone No.: 011-92-334-974-2973. For you who live in
   Pakistan, you will dial 0334-974-2973. They have their double-story house in Nishat Colony, Near R. A. Bazar, Lahore. A
   few yards from them, live Mr. and Mrs. William Stephen (Mr. Obed Khan's sister and her husband). Our prayers are that
   God will give them the comfort and peace that they need at this time.

III. Spicer Solicits Funds from the Alumni, Friends and Well-Wishers for the Centennial Projects
   Rajendra Prasad <rajendraprasad2000@yahoo.com> Oct. 26:
   As you are aware Spicer is preparing for the Centennial Celebrations during January 28-Feb 1, 2015. The College was
   established as South India Training School at Coimbatore in 1915 with just 13 students and has gradually developed into
   a larger institution now offering even post-graduate and doctoral programmes and is poised to receive the University
   charter from the state government soon as it inches toward its centennial year. This is certainly the time to rejoice and
   celebrate God's marvelous leading over the decades and to express our unstinted gratitude for His continuous and
   magnanimous blessings.
   The College has decided to build a Centennial commemorative edifice, - a College of Management and Computer
   Science building with state-of-the-art facilities. The construction work has already started and is expected to be
   completed with all the facilities before January, 2015. This will be inaugurated during Centennial Celebrations and
   dedicated by Dr. Ted N. C.
   Wilson, President of the General Conference.
This project is estimated to cost about Rs. 10.2 crores (1.8 Million USD at the current exchange rate). The structure would cost us about 60% of the estimate and the interiors will cost the other 40%. We have raised most of the funds for the structure and are looking forward for donations for interior and furniture layouts.

The video of the project, details of floor-wise layouts and the section-wise estimates are uploaded on the college websites and can be viewed by clicking the following links: www.spicer-100yrs.in and www.spicercollege.com. We request you to be part of this noble endeavour and adopt whatever scheme is convenient to you. We do realize this is a monumental task but if all of us can join together we can complete this project successfully. Kindly consider our request and help us to fulfill our dreams for our Alma Mater and the future generations. You may join together with the Spicerians and other friends in your area or your Church and adopt whatever plan is possible and be blessed in return. "Cast your bread upon water and ye shall find it after many days"—Eccl. 11:1. We will recognize all such donations with appropriate plaques bearing the donor's name, preserved for posterity at strategic locations of the college.

May the Good Lord continue to bless you as you ponder over your share of participation in this sacred venture of building monuments for His cause thus bringing glory and honour to His matchless name. We look forward to hearing from you encouraging and inspiring reports of how God led you to and though Spicer and how you would like to respond to His amazing grace bestowed on you, and finally to meeting you in Spicer campus during the centenary celebrations, hopefully a foretaste of what it will be in the world to come.

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IV. Burma Vignettes— Early Missionaries # 67, # 68, # 69

Mervin Myat Kyaw <mervinmk@yahoo.com.au> and his wife Nan are Karen Adventists who worked many years in Burma and Thailand and now live and work in Australia. He has written a manuscript covering Adventism in Burma from its very beginning to the present and of his work in Thailand.

# 67. Eliada Mann (Nurse)
Miss Eliada Mann arrived in May, 1952. She replaced Miss Johanson and served as superintendent of nurses. She was later appointed as director of nursing school.
Miss Mann worked faithfully until the hospital was nationalised in 1966.

#68. Harriet Dinsmore (Nurse)
Miss Harriet Dinsmore arrived in April of 1953 and took charge as the director of nursing service. Miss Dinsmore continued to give faithful service until the hospital was nationalised in 1966. After retiring from missionary service, Sister Dinsmore married Mr. Harold Johnson, the Chaplain of the Florida SDA Hospital. The Johnsons currently reside in Avon Park, Florida.

#69. Petra Sukau (Nurse)
Miss Petra Sukau arrived in August 1954. She was from Germany. She joined the nursing staff. She served well for 12 years until the hospital was nationalised in 1965.

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V. Eugene & Lois Anderson Celebrate their 75th [Part 3 of 4]

While still in Burma, when we were located in the Chin Hills of northwestern Burma, we had only the local medical help of the national people, which was limited. For any serious conditions we would have to travel at least two days, or longer, even if we could go by plane. If your need came on a day when the airplane did not come, (it came twice a week), it would be longer. It was not possible to go by car. How we praise God that we did not have any emergencies with three boys, two who were soon to enter their teens, and a baby about two. But the angels were there when David passed under the wheels of a heavily loaded trailer being pulled by our trusty Jeep.

Gene found some discarded iron planks which had been used during the war by the invading Japanese army to make jungle landing strips for their aircraft. Yes, the world war reached to the farthest corners of little countries like Burma. "Now, these could be useful in building up our new mission station," he thought. So, he got them loaded on to a trailer which had heavy wheels with thin iron rims, to take them to the new mission compound on the outskirts of Tiddim town. The two boys, always wanting something new and adventurous, asked if they could ride on the trailer. It seemed that there was a little space where they could sit and it wasn't far anyway.

"Can we, Daddy? Please! " begged Dave and Les.
"Oh, I don't think that is a good idea. You could fall off," he said.
"Oh, we will be careful and sit very still. Please, Daddy," they replied.

Well, in that isolated little village where you hardly ever saw a car, but just an occasional truck bringing supplies, you could readily understand how two boys would love a ride. So, reluctantly, he gave in with the usual caution, "Alright, if you promise to sit still until we are stopped." Of course, they promised, and climbed on top of the trailer with the heavy, heavy load of iron planking. All was going well, with Gene going very slowly on the bumpy road, when a piece of lumber began to slide off. David's natural instinct was to reach out to try to steady it. Somewhow, the board slipped and catapulted David off the trailer where he fell right in front of the trailer wheel. Gene stopped and rushed back to see him lying just behind the wheel which had obviously run over his legs. He carried him up to the new little house we had just moved into, knowing that both legs must be broken and crushed. But examining him closely we could find no damage whatsoever, but two telltale red marks on both legs showing where the wheels had passed over the shins! There were no cuts, bruises, swelling or any other indications that those two sharp-rimmed, heavy wheels had crossed over both legs, except the clear marks left to show where they had been! If his legs had been broken, it would have been several days before we could have gotten him to our fine hospital in Rangoon. How many times has David recounted this experience, looked at his legs and thanked God for the angels that had been riding beside them on the trailer that day. He realizes he has had two good legs to carry him his whole life, as he too has worked around the world as a pastor, teacher or nurse, because in some way the trailer was lifted so the full weight did not cut his legs off or crush them. When these things happen you feel very small, vulnerable and dependent. Our praises to God were very earnest that evening.

Change seems to be the name of the missionary game and the government no longer would allow overseas personnel to live in the border areas of Burma, so after a series of challenging posts, as mentioned above, we found ourselves in a new area, the ancient land of Ethiopia. Here we found a mixture of the new and the old, some making you feel you were back in Bible times. It is a beautiful country with wonderful people and we were enjoying our time there.

But to take a day or two to refresh our energies, one weekend we spent on a campout with 2 or 3 other missionary families and their children. It was a nature beauty spot along a river where we could see a variety of the wildlife found there. A few of the teenage kids, along with Dan and Vern, naturally wandered along the river bank a short distance from our campsite.

I don't remember the date exactly, but I think Dan was about 14 or 15. I am sure they knew there were crocodiles in the rivers; but they stay in the river, don't they? So, sitting on the river bank, poking in the water with a stick, is a most natural thing to do, isn't it? Apparently, a crocodile was watching from under the mud colored water where he could see Dan sitting near to the water's edge, but Dan couldn't see him. Without warning, this watching croc sprang up out of the water, his gaping mouth wide open, grasping, just inches from Dan's feet! With no time to think Dan rolled over backward up the bank, the croc's teeth-filled mouth closing on thin air just where Dan's legs had been!

Talk about angels! This one must have been close enough to grab Dan and flip him over backward! No other way could he have escaped that hungry maw!

These many years later, whenever this scene comes up in my mind, I still feel weak and in need of kneeling to thank God for His protecting angels.

Just an inch more and Dan would have disappeared into that muddy water, gone forever from this earth! Until the great resurrection day! But he has spent many years as a pastor and now he has his own ranch working with kids who have very big emotional problems to rehab them back to normal, productive citizens.

We relocated to another part of Ethiopia, where Vernon had no school available, so we arranged for him to stay with a faculty member's family during the school week on the campus of Kuyera College, near the village of Shashamani, some hours drive from Addis Ababa. He then attended the little school for the missionary kids whose parents were on the faculty of the college. We lived at Awasa, about an hour's drive south of Kuyera. There was regular bus service from Addis Ababa to Shashamani and then on past our place to the next large town south of us. These were large, quite modern, 60 passenger buses and were always filled to capacity with passengers and all of their baggage. So on Friday, as soon as Vern was free from his school, he would go to the bus stop and board the big, fully loaded bus. He always chose the first seat right up near the windshield, next to the driver.

On this day, the bus took its usual route, rushing along the well-kept gravel road. Just a short way from where he would get off the bus to walk home, there was a little canyon with a deep gulch at the bottom, carved by the rushing water during rainy season. It had the name of 'Ribii Con Tu', which means, "I cry out, but no one hears my cry". This came from the time when travelers were walking, since there was no road, across the deep cut where the river rushed
through, Just below the crossing was a desolate area where much erosion had cut, leaving many pillar-like towers for perfect hiding places for thieves and robbers. It was so desolate that no one would come to the rescue, thus the name. There is a bridge across the canyon now, and after a stop at the little village at the top of the grade, the bus descends the long, straight descent to cross the bridge. On this day, as the bus began the long descent, some say they heard a bang, and then as the bus was racing down toward the crossing, it veered off and ran along the embankment for some distance, increasing speed, till it came to the drop off of the bank above the deep cut of the river. It shot straight across the gully, hit the opposite bank, bounced back and went nose down into the river bed. There was little water at this time. The impact threw all the passengers forward. The force of their fall broke the seat backs allowing the passengers to fall forward to the front of the bus where they piled up, one on top of the other and were smashed together all around Vern's seat. Many were seriously injured and a number were killed. But Vern was not injured; he wasn't there! God had intervened.

On Thursday, the day before Vern's usual day for coming home, we looked up and were surprised to see him walking into the yard. "Well, what a surprise to see you! What happened that you came home a day early?" He told us, "Marty just told us she wasn't feeling well, so was letting school out and we could all go home. So I grabbed my things and ran to catch the bus before it left." That is why he wasn't at the bottom of that death pile in the bus! What can you say, but "Thank you, God, for your watch care!" He is now working as a contractor, building the most beautiful, one of a kind houses, that you can find.

VI. Remembering Gnani Prasad Moses
1. Peter Mundu <peter.mudu@yahoo.com.au> Nov. 4:
   
   This is just to say that we are very sorry to know that Mr. Y. J. Moses has lost his beloved wife, Gnani Prasad. We last met them in Singapore in July, 1974 on our way to the Fiji Islands. They entertained us the whole day and in the evening provided dinner for us in a restaurant. Their hospitality and her sweet voice of singing in Spicer College can never be forgotten. We trust she is resting in the Lord to be called back to life on the resurrection morning. May the good Lord comfort Mr. Y. D. Moses and the family members is our prayer for them.

   2. Roseline Muthiah Davy<davyp@bellsouth.net> Nov. 4:
   
   It is sad to know that the voice of our "Singing Lark" of Spicer days has been silenced for a time but we know that it is not forever. Gnani has shared her talent with us and we enjoyed her singing. Even though I left after high school to take a nursing course, I did meet her again in Michigan USA many years ago. I am sending condolence on behalf of all of us Muthiah siblings. Many of our Spicer friends have been laid to rest and I sure am glad for the blessed hope of meeting them again. It is not possible to see everyone here on planet earth but in heaven we can see everyone and live eternally. May God give each family member the peace that passeth all understanding; the peace that only God can give.

   3. Raghuthamnan Opeh <docopeh@gmail.com> Nov. 6:

   Gnani Prasad Moses who is no more was my junior in Spicer High School. She was also a member of the SMC Choir. She sang alto while I was in the bass section behind her row during church service. A very private person and happy to be a part of small group activities. May God give strength to Mr. Moses and children to bear the loss. My prayers are with the family.

VII. Mrs. W. L. Sharalaya Turns 90

Premi (Sharalaya) Rathan Raj <prathanraj@hotmail.com> Nov. 4:

I just returned from a quick visit to India to celebrate my Mom's 90th birthday with her. We praise the Lord for the 90 wonderful years of her life.

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The 90+ Club:
Y. Robert Samraj, Mrs. Grace Prasada Rao, S. John, I. R. Thomas, Mrs. A. M.
Mrs. W. L. Sharalaya. Total = 31 ~~~~~~~~~~ To remove your name from the mailing list of this newsletter, simply reply to this e-mail and put "REMOVE" in the Subject line.

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