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I. Remembering Egon Pedersen, Founder of Danish Aid Fund (DAF)
   Palle Vara Prasad <pvprasadsir@gmail.com> Feb. 11:
   Born to a humble farm worker, Elder Egan Pedersen had gone to an elementary school near by his house. Due to financial restrictions, he had opportunity only to study up to 7th grade. Thereafter he became a farm labourer.

   He had a desire to help the poor and under privileged and educate them for self sufficiency. He lounged to see that no one who came to him for help for studies, suffer like him. Being an Adventist and with a small number of Seventh-day Adventist membership in Denmark, he started his vision of collecting funds to educate the poor in foreign lands.

   Egan Pedersen first started helping poor students in Sri Lanka. Mr. Bob Robinson was instrumental in initiating Egan Pedersen to start work at Sri Lanka. Sri Lankan students after completing their studies generally came to Spicer College. Mr. Egon Pedersen had come to Spicer College, Pune in 1990, to help Sri Lankan college students financially to pursue their college education. He was approached by mission leaders to also help other underprivileged poor children in other parts of India.

   I am extremely happy to share with you news about some of the projects undertaken and accomplished by DAF over the year:
   Technical School at Vijayawada
   Technical School Computers/Science Lab/Furniture/Library Project Extension of School Building at Nuzvid School
   Extension of Boys Hostel at Nuzvid School
   Extension of Girls Hostel at Nuzvid School
   Extension of Junior College Hostels at Nuzvid School
   Adventist Talent School Project at Nuzvid (18 Class Rooms)
   Rebuilding of Eight Staff Quarters Building at Nuzvid School.
   Type Writers Project
   Computer Project
   Science Lab Project
   Dining Hall Project
   Water Tank Project
   Water Bore Project
   Extension of Dining Hall
   Renovation of other Quarters
   Papa Anders Bible Project
   Guest Rooms in Nuzvid School.
   Welding and Carpentry Project etc. at Nuzvid School.
   Library and Toilet/ Rest Room Project at Vijayawada School.
   School Building at Singh Nagar
   Office Building at Avinigadda School.
Class Rooms at Avinigadda School.
Beds and Cots at Avinigadda School.
Extension of Office and Class Rooms at Machilipatnam School.
Supply of Computers and Cots and Beds at Machilipatnam School.
School Building in Chirala.
Boys Hostel in Ibrahimpatnam School.
Supply of Machines, Michanary at Rajahmundry Vacation Training School.
Supply of Musical Instruments for Music Class at Blind School Bobbili.
Supply of Hearing Aid/ and Audio equipment for the Blind at Bobbili Blind School.
Marlapalem Community Hall/Church Project Mobile Ministry Project Battu's Auto Rickshaw Project STD/Milk Project Polioman Poliash at Vijayawada Restroom/Toilet Project at Woodpet Lambadipet School Building Project Lambadipet Church Building Project Built Home for School Peon George Home for Watchman Jayapal Home for Chanty Latha Home for Baaji Home for Annavaram Widow Home for T Aruna Pr Christopher Technical School Pr Christopher Tailoring Project

There are other minor projects also completed by Danish Aid Fund. We are ever thankful to God for all these wonderful projects donated/completed.
They are so useful and a great blessing for the poor people and the developing Institutions this side of India.

DATANISH AID FUND EXTENDS SPONSORSHIP TO OTHER SCHOOLS Danish Aid Fund had extended new sponsorship Programs at :
Machilipatnam School
Ibrahimpatnam School
Avinigadda School

The sponsorship in these schools are progressing. Several needy students are getting help from DAF for their studies.

January 2013 Elder Egon Passes away leaving behind such wonderful legacy.

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II. Remembering Arthur William Robinson

1. Frederick Gerhard Christiansen <fred.christiansen@hp.com> Feb. 6:
   I was sorry to hear of the passing of Art Robinson. My condolences to his family -- Judy, Julia, et al. His was one of the names that would come up often in my late father’s conversation when reminiscing about hill leave at Kodaikanal. I don’t recall all the details, but I do remember badminton and games at their cottage.

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2. John McGhee <johnkmcghee@yahoo.com> Feb. 6:
   In 1988, Art and I crossed paths for the first time in Tillamook, Oregon. Of course I had previously heard of his legendary career as an educational leader. We sat in his living room where I asked, "Art, would you consider being the head elder of the Nestucca SDA Church? I promise you that it will be a missionary project." His answer..."yes." Over a five-year period he and Beth revived a tiny coastal church family which was dying. The weekly attendance grew from 6 to 35. The church building was remodeled.
   Prayerful, joyful worship, fellowship, and outreach become the norm.
   Although I was the official district pastor, Art and Beth were used by God as the functional pastors. I praise God for "retirees" like Art and Beth who have contributed heart and wisdom to building up God's family, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant.

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3. Augusta Malkanthie Ballowe <ballowes@aol.com> Feb. 6:
   It is with great sadness to hear of the passing into death of Pastor Robinson, but great joy to know that I will see him again at the Tree of Life. To say that he was influential in my life would be an understatement.
   His influence and that of Mrs. Robinson and Judy and Julia cannot be weighed on any man-made scale, but the influence is recorded in the Books of Heaven.
   As a little kid in Sri Lanka, I learned to love and respect him enormously.
Mornings at Lakpahan found him dressed in white trousers, white long sleeve shirt, and black bow tie, standing at the entrance to the school building as each student passed by. We would silently walk by him and he would smile and say "good morning" to each of us.

Upon entering the chapel for morning worship, it would sound like a beehive, with talking and laughing until Pastor Robinson walked in. He never uttered a word, but as he walked into the chapel it suddenly became so quiet that a pin drop could have been heard.

We students would always look forward to Friday evening vespers as the Robinsons always made the Sabbath very special. Pastor and Mrs. Robinson made it a priority to instruct students in music conducting and other areas of leadership and then to join them on the platform and be involved in all parts of the worship service, thereby training us for future service to God's people. This instruction would more often than not be accomplished in there home where Mrs. Robinson would play the piano as she and Pastor would practice with us in preparation for Sabbath activities.

On Sundays, he would don his work clothes and visit all the areas where students were working to inspect our work and to encourage us to do our best and then some. Sometimes he would join us in our labor thereby teaching us valuable lessons of industriousness and faithfulness in helping others. We were not fearful of Pastor Robinson, but we did have great respect for him.

Mrs. Robinson taught me Bible, English and sewing. She also spent much time at the girls' dorm helping us with our many different needs. Their two daughters, Judy and Julia blended in with those of us who live in the dorms and together we felt we were one big family, and we were.

The sadness I felt at their farewell party is still in my memory. When he made a grand entrance on an elephant I realized then that Sri Lanka was losing a very special person. For me personally, I can truly say that if it were not for their love and financial help, I may not be here writing this letter. Pastor and Mrs. Robinson's work is recorded in the annals of this earth, and kept in heavens library. I plan to someday soon read those records with the Robinsons and laugh and cry over the joy we experience. To the families of Judy and Julia I send my deepest condolences.

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III. Remembering the Enjeti Simons, Leonard and Shanthabai

Rajendra Prasad <rajendraprasad2000@yahoo.com> Feb. 6

Some things in life can be stranger than fiction. Losing my mother about a year after my eldest brother's demise, I thought, was tragic enough. I could perhaps fathom what the Simons family felt when they lost their mother hardly a month after they lost their brother, because I too felt half-orphaned when I learnt about the recent sad demise of Aunty Shanthabai Simon, the last of my mother’s closest friends, (or perhaps the closest friend, as far as we family members know) just as I was recovering from the shock of the sudden demise of her dear son, Leonard.

Pastor E. N. Simon's was the first Adventist family who befriended our family after my parents (the Somasundars) were baptized by the late Pastor B. S. Moses and moved to Lowry School back in 1956 with my father being appointed the school’s headmaster. Pastor and Mrs. Enjeti Simon who used to work in South India Union (SIU) then, often visited us, sometimes along with their children, Edward (now Ravi Narasiah), Evelyn, Leonard, Howard and Alice, on Saturday afternoons. Most often they were accompanied by the families of Aunty's brother, Pastor S. John, Pastor I. K. Moses and Pastor E. L.

Sorenson (then SIU's treasurer, secretary and president respectively) who were grounding my parents in their newfound faith. Fate brought us much closer when my mother was admitted in the Janana Hospital where my youngest brother, Edward Thomas, was born later that year and when my second sister, Caroline, was diagnosed with cancer a year later and was admitted in Vanı Vilas Hospital, when these saintly people used to visit her almost by turns every evening after their office hours encouraging my distraught parents.

And finally when she succumbed to this dreadful disease after languishing for almost a year on April 1, 1958, two days after she was brought home, these families were soon beside us again comforting us while the Sorensons arrived later in the evening with the coffin box. After the funeral it was Aunty and Uncle Simon who constrained my parents to accompany them to their home with us 6 or 7 children where we all spent a week with them. I still do remember Edward Anna or Leonard Anna bringing us children balloons and toffees and playing with us and Evelyn Akka giving baths to me and my 3 younger brothers every evening and dressing us up and serving us food, while Aunty took care of the older folk. ... She was indeed a Mother in Israel.

This close friendship continued even after my parents were transferred to Narasapur School (now Flaiz College) where Pastor Simon had served as school principal earlier. The Simons and the Johns used to have a day's halt at our home before and after visiting their hometown Lakkavaram across river Godavari, both when they still worked in Bangalore
and moved to USA a few years later. Later when my sister Eunice and I studied at Spicer their children (Evelyn, Helen, Mervin, Leonard and Danny along with Sunderan Moses) were sort of our local guardians there. And finally when all of them left for USA, there was a lull in the visits for a while though there were occasional greeting cards and gifts sent to us by the parents. And later when I visited USA briefly in 1997, though I could not visit the parents or other children, it was Leonard and wife Rani who invited me home for a meal, and as if to make up for the long absence between our families, overwhelmed me with bumper gifts for my mother and siblings-----sarees, shirts, suit pieces, socks, scents, ties, toffees, cash and a Bible-----topping all other gifts I received from any single donor. The gifts were so many that two more jumbo suit cases were arranged to accommodate them by my relative Cecilia Pamula (Baby) and Don Injety with whom I was staying then after spending about a month with my closest friend and classmate in school and college Dr. E. Raman Rao Epuri and his wonderful wife Mrudula. I remember also the tough time dear friends Helen Putla and Eileen Nowrangti had lugging those heavy suitcases when they took me to the airport.

And about 14 years later I briefly met Leonard Anna again when we bumped into each other near the deck where they served water during the Southern Asia Sabbath potluck on July 9, 2011. I was delighted to meet him as he was, exchanged news briefly and departed from him but not before he pulled out his wallet and stuffed in my coat pocket a wad of notes. His affectionate smile flashed just then will perhaps stay with me for the rest of my life.

And the next day too will certainly remain another memorable day in my life as it was then that Edward Anna (Ravi Narasiah) not only invited me and my brother Kishore for lunch in a hotel but was also thoughtful enough to take me to see our revered Aunt, his dear Mother Aunty Simon who was staying in a quiet, comfortable, and luxurious (at least by Indian standards) old age home. I was pleasantly surprised to find that she looked just the same----agile, active and unbelievably even younger than when I last saw her perhaps 45 years earlier, but with the loving smile missing. I do not know if it was her anger at the security personnel for not unlocking the main door of the facility soon enough when her eldest son came to visit her or the excitement at seeing him, or the advancing age, which made her seem a bit too agitated either to recognize me or remember my mother----her one time close friend, making me realize with a lump in my throat, the inevitability and tragedy of growing old, and gradually lapsing into amnesia, even if it were a momentary or temporary one. But though I was a stranger at that moment to her she spent a couple of hours talking to me showing an array of photo frames spread in her spacious drawing room and identifying the persons in them and explaining in detail the events connected with them..and showing her kitchen and what she cooked for lunch..But I am sure she is going to recognize me and my mother, when, by God's grace, we meet her in heaven and talk endlessly about all those countless people whom she, her equally jovial and loving husband Uncle Simon who preceded her a few years ago, and all her well-nurtured and affectionate children befriended and helped, bringing cheer and hope in their lives..

Aunty Shantha and Leonard Anna "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions."

IV. Death of Mrs. I. Sadanada Rao (Mrs. Kantharathnamma Injety)

(Southern Asia Adventists Association <Info@saaa.org> Feb, 6:

We are deeply saddened to inform you that Mrs. I. Sadanada Rao, (Mrs. Kantharathnamma Injety) a native of Lakkavaram, East Godavary District, Andhra Pradesh passed away on Tuesday February 4, 2014 in Brownsville, TX.

She was living with her daughter Susie and her husband Skariah Perakathu. She was the sister of Mrs. T. Paulraj. Also she was Shyamala Injety's cousin, was very closely related to Don Injety and the Injety families (of Lakkavaram), and other members of SAAA. The funeral service is being held on Sunday February 9, 2014 at the Brownsville SDA Church, TX. Please remember her daughter Susie Perakathu and her family and extended families in your prayers.

V. Life Sketch of Pastor Gomer Peter Rajadas

George Johnson <geoprasad@aol.com> Feb. 10:

Pastor Gomer Peter Rajadas, the sixth child of Pastor and Mrs. V. G. Peters, was born in Panniyoade, Kerala, India, on April 26, 1930. After his high school at Lowry Memorial High School, his oldest sister, Kamala, a nurse, was instrumental in encouraging him and providing Gomer with the money necessary to attend Spicer Memorial College, in Pune, India. At Spicer, G. P. was known for his athletic skills and even more for his
troubleshooting as he was perpetually trying to correct perceived faults with the system. In 1955, he surprisingly and finally graduated with a B.A. in Theology from Spicer Memorial College.

He spent the next 2 years traveling in the northern part of India convinced that he could use his smooth, sophisticated style to make a fortune selling religious books. However, after having to run for his life because of enraged non-Christian villagers, waking up with king cobras slithering across the floor and walking nearly everywhere with a heavy bag of books, he decided that he could be more safe and useful as a pastor. His life of ministry for the Seventh-day Adventist Church began when he became pastor of a small church in Kollegal, India, in 1956. Over the next 15 years, he was ordained and pastored various churches in India, including in Hubli, then Mysore, and finally Bangalore. His dynamic style of preaching ensured that there was standing room only for most of his sermons.

His nomadic adventure ended when he married Susy Thomas on July 11, 1957, and had four children (Steve, Phillip, Sheila and Sheiba) over the next 9 years. He then arrived in Maryland in 1972 with a small suitcase and $8.00 in his pocket, with the intent of furthering his education in the United States. Fortunately, a cousin, Daisy, and Abel Joseph, were instrumental in helping G. P. with money, housing and finding work selling religious books for the church. The rest of the family emigrated shortly thereafter and moved to Lynchburg, Virginia, where church members took the whole family in as one of their own. With a lot of help from his family and in-laws of Seeho Thomas and family, and John Fowler and family, G. P. was able to obtain his Masters degree in divinity from Andrews University in 1976. He was enticed to return to India with a leadership position in the Southern Asia Division, but he decided to stay when he realized that his wife and 4 children were not willing to leave Lynchburg.

Although he would not work for the church again, he continued to minister as a counselor for developmentally delayed adults in California until his retirement in 2003. He was also quite passionate, often too passionate, about organizing a church for South Asians in Southern California. He was also quite proud of the 20 different producing fruit trees that he planted and nurtured in his back yard. But he was most proud of his 4 children and 5 grandchildren.

A severe form of Parkinson's disease had afflicted G. P. for the past 3 years and he needed ever more increasing care, which was provided by his constant and devoted son, Steve. On Jan. 10, 2014, Gomer Peter Rajadas breathed his last breath with his son, Steve, daughter Sheila and grandsons Matthew and Anthony at his bedside. He is survived by his 4 children, Steve Rajadas, Phillip Rajadas, Sheila Duran and Sheiba Rajadas and his 5 grandchildren, Matthew, Anthony, Regina, Maya and Robert Jr. and six brothers and sisters in India, and a host of relatives and friends across the globe. He was preceded in death by his wife, Susy, his parents, and four brothers and sisters. Although the family is deeply grieving at this moment, we look forward to the day when we will all be reunited in heaven.

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