I. SPECIAL NOTICE

II. Remembering Pastor V. Raju
   1. John M. Fowler
   2. Gerald Christo
   3. Johnson Christian

III. Dr. Gulraiz Baziel's Sad Move Out of Simla Hospital

IV. Remembering Azeb Andom Gemechu
   1. Steve Omeng Mainda

V. Remembering Josephine Francis
   1. Margaret Solomon

VI. Bangalore Youth Team Work in Andaman Islands ~~~~~~~~~~~

I. SPECIAL NOTICE

We are changing the way we distribute the SUD eNews. In the future it will be posted via Yahoo Groups. Our daughter-in-law, Lila Tidwell, is currently sending invitations to each of you to sign up to the SUD eNews Yahoo group. I encourage you to accept the invitation if you wish to continue to receive my newsletter. Some of your email addresses have rejected the invitation as spam because it does not recognize Lila’s email address. If you didn’t receive an invitation, you can request to join by sending an email to the following address:

SUBSCRIBE: <sudnews-subscribe@yahoogroups.com>

~~~~~~~~~~

II. Remembering Pastor V. Raju
   1. John M. Fowler <FowlerJ@gc.adventist.org> March 26:

I am saddened to hear of the passing away of a giant among our leaders. Pastor V. Raju who had spent his entire life (except for his opening innings for a year or so in Shillong/Jowai) at the Oriental Watchman Publishing House. He began his career in the publishing house as a secretary to the manager, then served for a few years as assistant manager, and in the mid 1950s became the first Indian to assume the mantle of leadership at the Oriental Watchman Publishing House. His leadership years stretching for almost three decades were the golden age of publishing in Southern Asia. It was my privilege to work under him for 18 years, the last 10 as chief editor. He knew the printer’s ink, smelt it every day, loved it very much, and turned it as the best possible medium for spreading the work of the Adventist church throughout India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma and Sri Lanka. Under his dynamic leadership, our publishing ministry reached out to readers in Singapore, Malaysia, Kenya, Uganda, Zimbabwe, South Africa and other parts of Africa. Whatever he touched, it prospered. As a leader, he seemed at times hard, but beneath that look there was a tenderness and a gracious fervor. If he looked harsh, it was because he could not tolerate anything that looked "slow" or "lazy." Like the continuing clicks of the Intertype (many of our younger readers would not know what this is), and the humming of the huge Helderberg presses, and the fast moving belts that turned signatures into books—he loved to move and keep moving until the goal is reached. Never to miss a worship, never to question the church nearby or at large, ever an obedient servant of the Church and the Lord that called him, Pastor Raju was ever a friend of the hard worker and a threat to the easy-go-by.

His life was a saga of God’s leadership. The weakness of humanity triumphed through him because from the time he embraced the truth he trusted in the Lord. Nothing could diminish his contributions to the growth and development of the Adventist church. At the age of 95 he passed away, and the only regret he may have had is that he could not see that little cloud, the size of a man's hand on the eastern sky, emerging to reveal the coming King of glory. But he would see Him, breaking out of that little resting place in Hosur. My prayers are with his beloved wife and his daughter Rani, and other members of the family.
2. Gerald Christo <geraldjchristo@gmail.com> March 28
   Three widows, reminiscent of the three women from Moab in Old Testament times, stood by the crude, cruel newly dug grave of the 94-year old family patriarch Venkatswamy Raju—Rosemary his wife-- faithful to her vows to the end, Ranee his daughter who still grieves for Leonard her husband who passed to his rest just last month and daughter-in-law Dr. Renu who was widowed at a tender age when death snatched away her physician husband Jonathan, the Raju’s only son.

   I first met Pastor Raju in the winter of 1943 when we were both bachelors. What was a mere acquaintance at the beginning flourished into a deep relationship after the 1962 General Conference session in San Francisco when we moved into bungalows constructed just for us-V. Raju, the first national General Manager of the Oriental Watchman Publishing House, his brother-in-law V. P. Muthiah, the Division Sabbath and Lay Activities Director, and I the Missionary Volunteer Secretary.

   We were delighted when they chose Maranatha Colony in Hosur as for their place of retirement. Pastor and Mrs. Raju spent some time in our home while their cottage just across ours was completed. They finally moved into the one of swanky residential villas of Shoba Emerald in Bangalore which Ranee and Leonard had bought for them.

   I added my tribute to the memory of a God-fearing man, a "giant in the church", a man of integrity and all the qualities that word implies who was given five talents by the Master and who with common sense and business acumen conducted the affairs of the Publishing House turning it into a "pot of gold."


3. Johnson S. Christian <JSCFRUIT@aol.com> March 28:
   It was with great sadness that Jessie and I learned of the passing of Pastor V. Raju, a very good family friend of ours. What a marvelous person with so many good qualities; a very good wife, Rosemary by his side all the way in his life. I remember as a young boy he and others like William Sharalaya, D. David, V. P. Muthiah, M. D. Moses, S. James and other young men used to eat at our house—all bachelors, wonderful men of God who contributed so much to the work of God in India and elsewhere.

   Pastor Raju worked in the publishing house, starting as a secretary to Pastor L. C. Shepherd the manager for some years. When the time came for Pastor Shepherd to leave, Pastor V. Raju became the manager.

   In all those long years of his wonderful service, almost 25 years, he improved the Oriental Watchman Publishing House to a great extent in many ways, so many improvements in the press and elsewhere could be seen. My father, S. Job Christian worked in the press along with brothers like Kurian, P. A. Dass, P. M. Dawson, N. P. Borge and others with G. N. Abraham as one of the finest press foreman at that time.

   When I think of Pastor Raju and his good work for so many years, I think of two others who also served almost 25 years: Pastor R. S. Lowry, president of the Southern Asia Division (what a great leader in God’s work) and Dr. M. E. Cherian, president of Spicer College and later president of the Division.

   These three men I admire for their devotion to leadership in God's work for so many years. I was honored to be a good friend of these men whom I supported in every way I could.

   Pastor Raju will be greatly missed by his good wife and daughter, Rani, who recently lost her good husband, Leonard, both of them my former students, and a host of friends in India and the United States.

'Ties almost time for the Lord to come; let's all be ready for that great day ~~~~~~~~~ III. Gullu Bazliel's Sad Move Out of Simla Hospital
Dr. G. R. Bazliel <grbazliel@gmail.com> March 26, 2014
A Sad Day: Today a page turned in the history of life.

I went to the Simla Sanitarium & Hospital to clear out the last of our belongings and bring them to the Farm. This has been a 'gradual' procedure and because of climatic conditions with an intense winter on hand, had to be done on a 'piece meal basis'.

As I walked around from room to room to kitchen to bathroom, picking up the last bits and pieces, my mind started a replay of my time at this healthcare institution. The historical rewind included:

§ That Dad had spearheaded the services here way back in 1950.
§ That during schooling years my brothers and I lived with our parents on the top floor of the unit. This flat included an open terrace, which now houses the out patient services and consultant clinics. Then, it was used by us boys for vigorous snow ball fights.
§ That it was here that I met, fell in love with, and married Yvonne Stockhausen.
§ That there were many years of challenging, but happy hard work, with innumerable stories of miracles and success.
§ That in December of last year, it was in this same room that Yvonne breathed her last.

A few days ago, while it still came on prime time, I watched a TV serial called "The Practice". Yvonne and I loved watching this together. There came a very touching scene of a wedding ceremony, and when the vow's came to, "till death do us part" I broke down in tears.

History and memories that spanning these many years would fill volumes.

I walked around switching off the lights for one last time. Before heading out the main door, I paused and through moist eyes thanked God for those many years, and pleaded that he guide the institution through the difficult times it currently faces.

It felt like 'cutting an umbilical cord'. Sadly and slowly, I walked to the waiting vehicles. I couldn't help but remember the words that Yvonne and I with much enthusiasm put on many of our hospital board reports.

"To Him who has kept us from falling, and who presents us faultless before the Throne of Grace be all Honour, Praise & Glory". For to Him alone we owe our eternal thanks. Through every accomplishment we have seen His guiding hand by our sides; and just as much, through every disappointment or failure he has given us the fortitude to bear, surpass and overcome.

~~~~~~~~~~

IV. Remembering Azeb Andom Gemechu

Steve Omenga Mainda <maindasteve@yahoo.com> March 27:

Thanks to Vijay and Ben Pandit who were kind enough to break the sad news of the passing on of Azeb Andom Gemechu, nicknamed by her African colleagues at Spicer Memorial College in the 60's, simply as "Double AA".

I received this sad news, on my arrival in Orlando, Florida, to attend the American Spring meeting of the National Association of Insurance Regulators. After listening to Vijay very carefully narrate the tough times bravely borne by Azeb and family, my first reaction was---"It is not possible!! I can't believe the news that she is no longer with us. We do enormously grieve as college mates and classmates. A sense of shock combined with a feeling of deep loss of a collegemate is slowly descending on me.

We first met Azeb at Spicer Memorial College in May, 1965 and one was left with an impression of a gracious lady with unique intelligence,integrity,a breadth of vision, courage and energy. Azeb had a gift of being meticulous in handling things. Deeply private, but sometimes portrayed as tough. She was once described at college as an Ethiopian-Indian-African. A unique triple inheritance. A daughter of Ehiopian Diplomatic parentage. She was poised and articulate. We all as collegemates and Classmates appreciated her quick - wit, "I think that I have always had composure handed down to me" she once remarked.

Azeb was always more willful. Born with delightful ability of a teacher. A fact that was confirmed by the Educational Psychology class teacher, Prof.
Cyril Roe. She excelled in logistics. She always went out of her way to accommodate other people's views. I once had the privilege of attending a closed meeting, plotting to elect a Graduating Class President and other Officials in 1968. She was able to smooth out difficulties of a very heterogeneous gathering. All of us acknowledged her lore of languages and unique qualities. She had the courage to look at facts, and the intellect to weigh such facts and the will and resolution to change them. A keen appreciation of the need to radical changes to the menu in the College Cafeteria to accommodate International Students led her to apply her diplomatic skills in explaining to the College President late Dr. Cherian and the rest of the members of the "High Command" that included Prof.
Amirtham etc., the plight of African students with regard to very Indian spicy food, though tasty!

Azeb was grossly devoted to the family,collegemates, and friends to the very end. She will always be remembered for her remarkable capacity for total commitment to any cause in which she believed. She did not seek concessional treatment. In Azeb, we have lost a friend,a born diplomat and teacher, a philanthropist, and above all, an Internationalist. The loss is particularly heavy for all who have committed themselves to the same cause.

As a Classmate in English literature, taught by Mrs. Fernando, I could not find better words to conclude this tribute to AZEB than the words written by William Shakespeare:

"Fare thee well,great heart!" We all mourn AZEB ANDOM GEMECHU.

--By Dr. Steve Omenga Mainda Ph.D., EBS ~~~~~~~~~~~~ V. Remembering Josephine Francis

Margaret Solomon <solomon.margaret7@gmail.com> March 26:
Josephine Francis was my Dean at Spicer in 1963. I remember her with much love and respect because she was a great Dean. She showed love and Christian compassion in all her dealings with us. I remember her especially for the spiritual morning and evening worship she used to conduct. Her joyful temperament was encouraging to us. I still remember her timely advise and her serious outlook on life and its challenges. She became an inspiration to many when she beat the lung cancer a few years ago and shared her story with many! She was indeed a witness for God and His power. I used to call her once in a while and share our faith experiences and pray. I certainly miss her. May God comfort Mr. Francis, Joyla and her sisters.

VI. Bangalore Youth Team Work in Andaman Islands

Dudley Ponniah <dudleyponniah@gmail.com> April 5:

Bangalore youth, inspired by Division Youth Director Elder Ravindra Shankar formulated Mission Andaman Team 2014. They took the help of Dr. William Borge to conduct a medical camp and health talk in the effort where, Elder Ravindra spoke, assisted by Pr. Dudley J. Ponniah, pioneer and first Mission Director of the Andamans. As a result of Elder Ravi’s sermons and team witnessing, 62 people have given their names & addresses for Bible studies. Praise the Lord.

The team sent Pr. Dudley a week before the meeting started. We were able to retrieve 63 old members and baptize 4 new members. A request has been made to the Division to install Tamil and Hindi workers at Haddo and Shadipur in the South Andamans.

One more Mission trip plan is under way. Please pray for our Andaman work.

To remove your name from the mailing list of this newsletter, simply reply to this e-mail and put "REMOVE" in the Subject line.