Dear Lexie,

"Water is Thicker than Blood"

I visited Ghana for the first time about three years ago. It was a very emotional trip. The moment I entered the country I felt as if I belonged there. There was something about it that resonated with my spirit. The experience became even more intense when I heard several words that were used in the village where I grew up being used by members of the Ashanti tribe.

Read more>>

The Road Less Traveled
Bring a Friend!

As we celebrate every year the Resurrection of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, we rejoice together in a great weekend celebration with family and friends.

Learn more>>

Tithes Honored, Dreams Honored
Giving Story

The year was 1968. I arrived in America as a visitor from India, with the hope of graduate school slimming by the minute. Paying for my plane ticket had taken a major bite out of

Read more>>
The late writer, Kurt Vonnegut, once described his wife and his daughter, who had recently become Unitarians, with a sense of awe—and perhaps a touch of resentment too—when he said, "They glow like bass drums..."
“WATER IS THICKER THAN BLOOD”

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Tithes Honored, Dreams Honored DAT Feature: We Have This Hope!!

I visited Ghana for the first time about three years ago. It was a very emotional trip. The moment I entered the country I felt as if I belonged there. There was something about it that resonated with my spirit. The experience became even more intense when I heard several words that were used in the village where I grew up being used by members of the Ashanti tribe. The little benches and stools that I saw in the interior of the country were similar to those made by my great grandfather and my grandfather.

It was all very surreal. In my heart I felt that my forebears came from that land. I felt a kinship with the people there. I felt that their blood ran through my veins and mine through theirs. I felt at one with them. Perhaps only one who like me has descended from slaves that were forcefully shipped from Africa to the Caribbean and the Americas can identify with the emotions that stirred in my heart on visiting Ghana. It was as if I had found my long lost family.

My colleague, Gerry Lopez, will be speaking on the theme of family on Sabbath. The older I get the more important family becomes. The kinship with mother, father, spouse, siblings, children, grandchildren, cousins and other family members is a relationship that should be nurtured and treasured. Just being with family is a special treat. One of the things that I value most about family is being able to be myself in their presence, warts and all!

Our spiritual family ties are also very important. In Mark 3 Jesus indicates that as important as our human family ties are, our spiritual family ties are even more important: “Who are my mother and my brothers ... Here are my mother and my brothers! Whoever does God’s will is my brother and sister and mother.” (Mark 3: 33–35). Jesus made these remarks in the presence of His mother and brothers.

We are part of God’s family in a very practical and personal sense. Having accepted the lordship of Jesus and having been born of water by baptism and the Spirit, we are now
members of the family of God. This relationship takes precedence over all blood relationships. There is an old adage that says, “Blood is thicker than water,” meaning that blood relationships are stronger than all others when put to the test. However, for those who are followers of Jesus, those who have been born of water by baptism, the adage can be reversed to say, “Water is thicker than blood.” While our human family relationships are important, kingdom relationships are even more so.

Being part of the family of God is not a future reality; it is our privilege here and now. We can be ourselves in this family, warts and all, knowing that we are loved and accepted unconditionally. But just as with human family relationships, our spiritual family relationships need to be nurtured and treasured.

We are children of the king and joint heirs with Jesus! “Water is indeed thicker than blood.”

By: Don W McFarlane

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Resurrection Weekend – Bring a Friend

As we celebrate every year the Resurrection of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, we rejoice together in a great weekend celebration with family and friends. Though we often invite people to join us through conventional means, this year we are making an extra effort in inviting our friends to be a part of this celebration. We want to use this event as an opportunity for all of us to invite our friends and neighbors to join us as we celebrate the Risen Christ.

In order to make this even easier we have prepared 1500 door-hangers, just over 1,000 will be distributed on March 16th after second service to our local community. We invite you to dedicate an hour of your time in helping us distribute this invitation in our community. But wait! We ordered another 500 extra door hangers for you to distribute in your own local neighborhood as you invite your friends and neighbors to celebrate with us.

But we didn’t stop there. we also made an extra 500 PERSONAL INVITATIONS for the events. These invitation will be made available so that you can invite your close friends, family, and neighbors to church this resurrection weekend. We pray that you may use these tools and seize the opportunity to share the good news of His Resurrection and His soon return.

For More information on the event CLICK HERE

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upcoming events

Annual Family Tax Festival
April 14, 2013
12 noon – 5:00 p.m.
Free refreshments provided.
• Inside Out Entertainment
• Free trade show with vendors
• Volunteer from the Washington County Child Advocacy Center

Spring Family Fun Night
April 27, 2013
7:00 p.m. – 10:00 p.m.
Tailgate party, games, bouncy house, food, and more.

Free Workshops & Activities
• Annual Tax and Audit Seminar
• Register for the 2013 Season
• Tax and Audit Seminars

Vacation Bible School (VBS)
June 24 – 27, 2013
9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

ALL ARE WELCOME!

Sligo Community Adventist Church

Door-Hanger back
The year was 1968. I arrived in America as a visitor from India, with the hope of graduate school slimming by the minute. Paying for my plane ticket had taken a major bite out of my savings, and the exchange rate at National Airport depleted the rest of my money. One hour after arriving in America, I was left with exactly $20.00—not even enough for a taxi to my brother’s house. But I did have my dreams, which I hoped were God-inspired.

On exiting the airport, I encountered an even worse shock. I had arrived in Washington, D.C. just days after the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. My expectations of coming to “the land of the free” were met by what looked like a war zone. Streets were barricaded. Shops smoldered from gang burnings. Police were everywhere. Sirens wailed.

Less than a week later, Andrews University’s graduate admissions office informed me that all foreign students had to make a deposit of $1,000.00 before they could register. Although earning that amount of money seemed fairly impossible, I started working. Living with my brother helped, and gradually, earning less than $3.00 an hour, I started to recoup my money. Although I missed the September deadline for registration at Andrews, I did make the December admission deadline with the help of a small loan.

My biggest surprise was arriving in South Bend, Indiana to begin graduate studies. My plane landed after a major snowstorm. I had the admissions fee but no boots and not much of a coat. Luckily, someone picked me up at the airport and brought me to the campus, while others helped me find a job at the university’s furniture factory.

Was I tempted to spend my tithe and offering during my no-money days? I don’t remember that as one of my options.
Two years later I had my master’s degree and no debt. I paid God first, for He had blessed the effort that paid for the rest. I remember the blessing. If I had any doubts, they’ve settled into a pattern of giving that shelters me with security.

Psalm 34:10 “The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they who seek the Lord shall not be in want of any good things.”

Fred Khandagle was born in Nasik, India. He completed undergraduate work at Spicer Memorial College and a Master’s degree at Andrews University. He was Bible teacher at Sligo Adventist School for fifteen years. Fred and Maria have three children: Kenneth, Keith, and Kathleen.

By Fred Khandagle
Edited By: Elizabeth Wear
Photo by: Michael McKennis (eyesoulphotographyllc.com)

Tagged with → · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Conversion Every Day

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Shout Now! DAT Feature: We Have This Hope!!

The late writer, Kurt Vonnegut, once described his wife and his daughter, who had recently become Unitarians, with a sense of awe—and perhaps a touch of resentment too—when he said, “They glow like bass drums with lights inside.” Nothing upset them anymore, not even the things that used to raise their ire about injustice and discrimination.

At the other end of the balancing pole we find those ardent souls whose greatest joy in life is the public bearing of their sufferings, recounted in detail and with relish, and shouldered with a sigh and downcast eyes, while they pause for a commiserating word from their captive audience.

And you, like me, might find yourself at times neither glowing nor pining, your spiritual life a matter of trudging dutifully through the daily round. As the Eagles put it in “Desperado,”

“You’re losin’ all your highs and lows
Ain’t it funny how the feeling goes away?”

When I came to the Christian life voluntarily—having been raised one—I knew some people whose conversion transformation gave them a new personality. Almost overnight, it seemed, they had gone from morose to giddy, gray to pink, pablum to jalapenos. They were exuberant, overflowing, abundant in their praise for all people, generous in their regard for all living creatures. I envied them a bit, but I knew I could never put my hands in the air for Jesus or lose myself in a praise song. It just wasn’t me and there didn’t seem anything I could do about it. At times I questioned my commitment or wondered if I lacked the emotional fiber to really be a dedicated Christian.

Kathleen Norris, in a wonderful book called Amazing Grace: A Vocabulary of Faith, speaks of conversion as a process, like the changing of our cells, a process that occurs over time, energizing and renewing us, and yet we remain recognizably ourselves. “If the incarnation of Jesus Christ teaches us anything,” she writes, “it is that conversion is not one-size-
fits—all. Christian conversion is, in fact, incarnational; it is worked out by each individual within the community of faith.” I take that to mean we are met by God where we are, we are accepted as we are, and we are transformed into who we are, once all the pretense and false defenses are stripped away.

Those of us who fear conformity, but long for consistency, can be assured that in Christ we are not losing ourselves. We are gaining our true selves in a “conformity” which takes shape in different ways, each one to his or her own form, in a path which only God knows, and only we can experience.

Conversion, notes Norris, does not mean seeking out the most exotic spiritual forays nor the ideal religion nor the holiest of gurus. “Conversion is seeing ourselves, and the ordinary people in our families, our classrooms, and on the job, in a new light.” The everyday process of transformation continues—if we want it—through the peaks and valleys and the journey across the plains. That is where the community of believers can offer a wide latitude of acceptance to its members in the startling conviction that all of us are called, in Paul’s mysterious phrase, “to work out our salvation with fear and trembling.”

Barry L. Casey, a long-time Sligo member and a co-leader of the Believers and Doubters Sabbath School class, teaches philosophy and communications at Stevenson University, Trinity University DC, and Washington Adventist University.

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