Dear Lexie,

"Big Camp"

Good-day mate! No, I haven't just finished watching a Crocodile Dundee movie marathon. Rather, this is the greeting that I hear each day as I walk across the grounds of the South Queensland Campmeeting, better known as "Big Camp" here in Brisbane, Australia. For the last several days I have been here on these grounds sharing God's Word with the thousands of campers that have come from all over the entire conference, even as far away as twelve hours by car.

Read more>>

Dawn's Testimony

Christian Life
This Sabbath:

September 28, 2013
Religious Liberty Day

Speaker:

8:45am
Walter E. Carson
"Joshua's Farewell"

11:15am
J. Brent Walker
"Two Sides of the Same Coin"

Special Musical Guests:

Karla Rivera Bucklew, soprano
Mark DiPinto, pianist

In January 2008 I had my second miscarriage at five months. My husband and I were devastated but couldn't imagine what was to come next. I was already having major intense pain in my right shoulder, neck, and was unable to raise my right hand. I went to see a chiropractor but my symptoms just worsened.

Read more>>

9/11 and Counting
Food for Thought

My grandfather was an historian and a college teacher who filled me with a love for history and a respect for those who write it. I was raised by my grandparents...

Learn more>>

Sligo By The Sea

Have you attended Sligo By The Sea yet this summer? The final service is in Ocean City, Md. this Sabbath on the 28th!

Read more>>

Missed Last Week's Sermon?

Watch Live or OnDemand:
Sligo WebTV>>

Sermon Audio Archive:
Audio Archive>>
“Big Camp”

pesposito

Dawn’s Testimony DAT Feature: We Have This Hope!!

Good-day mate! No I haven’t just finished watching a Crocodile Dundee movie marathon. Rather, this is the greeting that I hear each day as I walk across the grounds of the South Queensland Campmeeting, better known as “Big Camp” here in Brisbane, Australia. For the last several days I have been here on these grounds sharing God’s word with the thousands of campers that have come from all over the entire conference, even as far away as twelve hours by car.

If you are like me, you have probably had the opportunity to attend a Campmeeting or two in your day. But never have I ever experienced anything like what I am experiencing here in Australia. If you didn’t know that this was a Campmeeting in progress, you would swear that you were on the grounds of some religious commune. And there is a reason they call it “Big Camp.” There are literally thousands on these grounds each day from every walk of life and from nearly every part of the region. In a time when the traditional Campmeeting experience is on its last leg in many parts of the world, here in Australia Campmeeting is alive and well.

One of the reasons why I feel “Big Camp” is such a success is because the organizers have made a concerted effort to meet the spiritual needs of not just the adults, but if you were here, it would quickly become apparent to you that there has been just as much effort devoted to the younger campers as well. As a matter of fact, if you were to visit the youth tent, which is just slightly smaller than the adult tent, you would quickly see that the organizers are serious about helping their young people to experience personal encounter with God. And the same can be said for the primary tent, the young adult tent, the family tent and the children’s tent.

There is a adage that is sometimes used in sorts that says, “Go big or go home.” Well, here in Australia the message that is being sent is loud and clear; they are not ready to go home. As a matter of fact, for many of these campers that have taken vacation for the past twenty years in order that they might attend Big Camp, this is their home for the ten days of camp. And to that, all that I can say is, “AUSSIE AUSSIE AUSSIE Oi Oi Oi!

Tagged with → • • • • • • •
In January 2008 I had my second miscarriage at five months. My husband and I were devastated but couldn’t imagine what was to come next. I was already having major intense pain on my right shoulder, neck and unable to raise my right hand. I went to see a chiropractor but my symptoms just worsened. I told my doctor about it and asked for a referral to a physical therapist. After several months of therapy, without any success, my therapist decided to write a detailed letter to my doctor urging him to order a MRI of my brain because the level of weakness on my right side was inconsistent with my age.

I had also started to feel deathly ill several times each day, but couldn’t pinpoint why. In August 2008 I was diagnosed with Chiari Malformation which in turn caused Syringomyelia and Hydrocephalus.

Most people go through their entire lives without major symptoms…but I wasn’t one of those people. It is hard to diagnose because symptoms mimic regular day to day illnesses such as headache, migraine, allergies.

I was referred to a neurosurgeon in NYC where I lived at the time, but decided on the doctors at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. I sent Hopkins the report from my MRI on a Thursday and spoke with a lovely lady who told me not to expect a reply for several weeks. However, by the following Monday I got a call back that I should come in ASAP! I thought for sure that I was on the verge of death!

When I got to Hopkins the doctors couldn’t believe I was still standing and not using a cane or a walker! I found out that I had lost 80% of the nerve function in my right arm and 50% in the left. One doctor proclaimed me to a ‘very strong woman’…they suggested that I had compensated so much over the years that I didn’t even notice until it became unbearable. So, today I claim that blessing; back then I didn’t see it that way.

I was scheduled for brain surgery with Dr. Huang on September 25, 2008, which lasted 7 – 8 hours. I was so scared going in but Pastor Mark Sigue had come to my admitting room along with my husband and family and he prayed for me and for my family. Lots of other people were praying for me as well. We actually had a bit of a revival meeting in the hospital room, singing and praying. As I was wheeled into the operating room, I had such ‘peace,’ which I never knew existed. I had let go of EVERYTHING and prayed “Thy will be done!” I was awoken during the surgery to make sure it was going well, but thankfully I don’t remember it.

It was a slow recovery, requiring me to stay in the Maryland area for several months after. Thankfully I had lots of family living in Maryland.

A lot of patients have leakage and complications and have to go back into surgery, but thankfully I did not experience any of that.

In less than a year, (August 6, 2009) I had a second brain surgery for the Hydrocephalus at Hopkins with Dr. Rigamonti. This was about 3 hours of surgery. I was still weakened from the first surgery but I somehow survived the second as well.

In July 2010 I lost my job in NYC. I had worked for over 20 years at a not-for-profit, growing it from an annual budget of less than $500,000 to over $20,000,000.

So it’s been a trying several years, to say the least, but I am claiming my blessings every chance I get. I know and understand how precious life is and that we do ourselves an injustice to squander it and not be thankful for EVERY blessing!
Today, I am under 50 years old, I couldn’t work even if I wanted to, I still have pain 24×7; I can’t cook because I burn my hands and don’t know it, due to loss of sensitivity to hot and cold. Every day is a new struggle but I learn to cope and keep going. I am claiming my blessings daily!

A few weeks ago my husband and I went to the cemetery with flowers for the first time and we were able to talk about how old the girls would be and what they would be like. I am able to now talk about them without getting too emotional.

“Sometimes blessings don’t taste good but it is good for you. That is why we do not recognize our blessings immediately and claim them.” (from Pastor Tapp’s sermon on “Claiming your Blessings”).

The Journey continues….I started a blog to chronicle my thoughts and feelings as I navigate this illness and subsequent disability. I don’t look sick but boy am I! People from as far away as Serbia, Russia and Germany are viewing my page, which inspires me to continue the daily struggles.

Let us continue to pray for each other…

By Dawn Brule

Tagged with → • • • • •
Barry Casey

My grandfather was an historian and a college teacher who filled me with a love for history and a respect for those who write it. I was raised by my grandparents, teachers both, and our home was packed with books, magazines, and journals, many of them about ancient history, medieval history, and modern history. My first understanding was that history told the story of what had happened long ago, that it was a true and valid record of those events, and that it stood in the same relation to the Eternal Verities as the Law. One learned and believed History and one kept the Law. Neither was profitably to be questioned.

These beliefs, solidified and tested by teachers in elementary school, were gently but firmly undermined by my grandfather’s tutelage. History, he said, was what historians reconstructed from written documents, eyewitness accounts, physical evidence and a sanctified imagination. The story could have been written another way; in fact, there were many ways to tell the story and most of them could be seen to fit the facts as they were known.

This was endlessly fascinating to me. It threw a relativism into the works that furnished my imagination with a constant stream of long shots and close-ups seen from different angles. Historical figures, outsized characters like Lord Nelson, Napoleon, and Winston Churchill, became, through my grandfather’s stories, people whose flaws were as tangible as their virtues. Neither was to be ignored nor were the flaws to define the person, as tempting as that was. History, in the way my grandfather taught it, was complex and multi-layered, a spider’s web of nobility, contrivances, deceit and bravery. It was not, as Henry Ford was famously quoted as declaring, ‘one damn thing after another,’ but a vast and ongoing story—a tale told with a point, freely offered up for scrutiny.

The events of the 60s, exploding over my generation, came so fast and furiously that Ford’s complaint seemed justified. It was one damn thing after another. Apparently random events took on a sinister afterglow, conspiracy theories bred like fruit flies, and the Book of Revelation bookmarked the nightly news. And if journalism was the rough draft of history, then propaganda from all points on the political spectrum was the marketer’s flack, guaranteed to fill the worst with a passionate intensity.

My cognitive dissonance over America’s manifest destiny gone rancid in Vietnam was further jolted by the realization that Martin Luther King, Jr. was breaking the Law. He didn’t just break it though, he first hauled it up from the depths like some blinkered Morlock, where it could be seen for the poisonous creature it was. The social effect of his nonviolent resistance to institutional racism was the permanent dwarfism of law. From that point on, certainly for my budding political awareness, the law no longer had the implicit seal of approval from on high. I saw it as a human construct, flawed and dangerous when it served only the interests of the powerful.

For me, this was a new experience: I found myself in a dark wood without the familiar landmarks and the path I’d traveled daily suddenly looked alien and forbidding. Thoreau had been there too, literally if not metaphorically. The traveller in the forest looks around and “Though he knows that he has travelled it a thousand times, he cannot recognize a feature in it,” says Thoreau. “...[I]t is as strange to him as if it were a road in Siberia.”

Perhaps that was our feeling on 9/11 when, on a perfect day in September, our predictable world turned dark and terrifying. How could this happen here? Twelve years on from that day I wonder what we have learned. “Not till we have lost the world,” said Thoreau, “do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations.”

Someone once remarked that “the world is passing strange and wondrous.” That it certainly is. There is mystery and wonder all around us—in the violent dislocations as well as in the harmonies we find. Our common histories quickly become uncommon when we make allowance for a shift in view.
“In rethinking our history,” says Howard Zinn, historian and author of The People’s History of America, “we are not just looking at the past, but at the present, and trying to look at it from the point of view of those who have been left out of the benefits of so-called civilization. It is a simple but profoundly important thing we are trying to accomplish, to look at the world from other points of view.”

Perhaps that can be a legacy of 9/11.
Sligo by the Sea 2013

Going to spend the weekend in Ocean City, MD? Need a place to Worship? Well you’re in luck! From June 29th to September 28th 2013 you can join our Sligo family on your vacation too!

Join us for Sligo by the Sea
Join us for sligo by the sea

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
10301 Coastal Highway, Ocean City, MD, 410-524-7474

Sabbath School 10 a.m., Worship Service 11 a.m.

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Casual attire is appropriate

www.sligochurch.org

Schedule 2013