

have a love for the church and who would like to be Adventists.

It is fair to say also that in the question of the morality of loving, committed homosexual relationships, all the good arguments aren't on one side. Careful students

on both sides concede freely that the subject is exceedingly complex and deserves patient and prayerful investigation. Whether or not the issue ever is finally settled, it will be impossible any longer to keep the question in a closet.

Growing Up Gay Adventist

In August 1980, six delegates accredited by the General Conference, including three seminary professors and two pastors, attended a camp meeting at Payson, Arizona, sponsored by SDA Kinship, an organization serving and representing homosexual Adventists. At one meeting the delegates asked Kinship members to tell their personal stories. "Growing Up Gay Adventist" contains excerpts from the accounts, here set down anonymously, of 10 of the 40 members attending. These accounts were chosen to be representative of the whole group.

The membership of Kinship is growing rapidly, now numbering over 300. There are perhaps 20,000 homosexuals with Adventist backgrounds in the U.S. (The number may well be higher: There is reason to think that conservative religious groups, such as Adventists, produce a higher proportion of homosexuals than average.) Many, perhaps the majority, leave the church, finding it too inhospitable an environment. (Half the Kinship members at the camp meeting no longer were attending Adventist churches, though most of these attended other churches such as "Metropolitan Community Churches," which have a particular ministry to homosexuals.) But many others continue in the church, some being very "closeted," even going so far as to bow to pressures to marry in

order to remain hidden; others now live openly and even win their friends to the church. According to Kinship leaders, a significant minority of their members are very active in the church, to the point, indeed, of holding various offices.

— The Editors

Speaker One: I do not ever remember having any sexual attraction toward women at all. As far back as I can remember, I always looked at men and was sexually attracted to them. For a long time, I did not really know the term for someone like me. I did not really know that much about sexuality when I arrived in academy. In my junior year there was a special class in sociology. It was in that class that I learned the name of what I apparently really and truly was. It was not until college, when I took several psychology and sociology classes, that I really began to understand it and began to do some reading on it. However, I never did anything about it sexually as far as actually being with another man until quite some time later. In both academy and college, I had felt several times like going and talking to someone, but I de-

cided there was simply no one that I could discuss the matter with in confidence who would respect that confidence and who would try to help me as an individual and not act like a hellfire-and-brimstone preacher.

Years later, I met a guy who over a period of time became my first lover. A year-and-a-half ago I went home to our family reunion, which I had not been to in about five years. One morning just before going to church, mother and I were talking as we had done for years about this and that and the other thing, when suddenly in the middle of a totally different topic she said, "I've been meaning to ask you a question." I had no idea what was about to come. She said, "Are you one of those California gay people?" I dropped the glass of orange juice that I was drinking. One decision that I had made when I became actively gay was that if anyone ever asked, I would not lie about it. I would not go around carrying a sign, but I would not lie about it since I have never made lying a part of my personality. So I said, "Yes, Mother, I am and have been for quite some time." My mother is normally a very happy-go-lucky type of individual. For the first time in my life, I saw her whole expression, her whole body, change. She began to cry; she began, symbolically, to beat her breast. She muttered a sort of semiquotation from the Bible which says, "It would have been better had you died in the womb than to be what you are now." She went on to state several times how dirty, how degrading, how obscene she felt it was. She has never been able to deal with sexuality very well herself. She felt that I was totally condemned to hellfire and damnation, that she was somehow totally responsible for my being this way, and that because she was responsible for my being gay, and therefore totally lost, that she was totally lost. It was just at this time that we had to leave for church.

We go to a very small church, the same one that she was baptized in, that I was baptized in. I had known everyone there all my life. We arrived there only to find out it was communion day. It was to be the first time that I had ever taken communion since becoming actively gay. I had no idea what to do. I could say "no," and the entire congrega-

tion would know that something was drastically wrong because I usually assisted in communion there. Mother went in and sat down; I went to a side room and prayed. I went out and sat down beside mother and we proceeded with the service. It came to the ordinance of humility, and the person who asked me was the pastor. I, of course, accepted; I had no other choice. Yet during the footwashing, I began to calm down. A peace began to come over me, and I accepted the Lord's promise that if it was His will that I should do it, then I should, and that He would understand and accept me. So I partook of the Lord's Supper. As it began, I reached over and took mother's hand and held it during the entire rest of the service. It is perhaps this one thing that has prevented her from totally disowning me. Somehow, because I lived through that experience, and was not struck dead, she apparently feels that the Lord must be in some way still with me.

Speaker Two: I was confused, and it affected me and the way I behaved socially because I didn't want anybody to know. There were a lot of things I didn't do because I knew I was a homosexual and I was afraid. Like schools — I would have loved to have gone to academy, and my parents would have sent me if I had asked. They sent my brother and my sister, but I didn't go because somebody might find out and I didn't want to risk the shame and all. And then when it came time to go to college, I knew my mother was concerned and she wanted me to go back to an Adventist school. I wanted to be an engineer, so I went to Walla Walla. But I stayed only a short time because I needed help and I wanted help, and I just didn't feel like I could get it there. While counseling was not the only reason why I chose the well-respected secular school I finally went to, it was one of the motivating factors. I went to Walla Walla thinking, "Okay, there will be people there that can help me." But I got there and I didn't know anybody who could help me, and I didn't know how to find somebody to help me. And even if I had, I'm not sure I could have trusted anybody at that time. But I went to the secular school and I

stumbled onto gay people. It was accidental; I guess all of us stumble onto them accidentally. I started to get into their mainstream, but fortunately, I was getting some very good counseling through the school. It was very personal, very private; there were no records or anything, which was good. But it was especially good that the counselor was a Catholic priest who could relate to it not only as a sexual matter but on a religious basis. And he encouraged me. He said that I had a good church, but that he realized that there were special problems — that being gay and being an Adventist was not going to be an easy thing for me.

My family knows now, and they're very supportive, but as far as I know they're the only Adventists who really know that I'm a homosexual. They reacted as I would expect them to. They were not happy at first; they bought me this little box of tapes. I think mother realized that was probably not the thing to do, but they were hoping, they were trying, and I appreciate that. They have been very good, they've accepted me, and my family life with my parents has been so much better since I have been able to say, "This is the real me." You know, "This is the way I really feel." We'd always been on the surface a close family, but I feel that the closeness is more true now that I'm not hiding something from them. I wish I could do that with the rest of the church and be accepted, because I feel like it would probably have a very similar effect.

Speaker Three: I grew up in a staunch Adventist family. My mother had taught in three different Adventist colleges; my father was a church elder, and so forth. When I realized that I was attracted to men, the fact was very horrifying. Indeed, it was a realization that I denied for a long time, because it meant that I was damned. And this showed itself in a number of unfortunate ways. For a start, it meant that for 10 years I was a practicing gay person but I didn't admit the fact to myself — I rejected the identity. It was not what I was, just something that I did. And it meant that I was very lonely because I never entered into a relationship. The reason was

that anybody who I had sex with then knew my terrible secret, so if I saw them coming, I ran the other way. So I never had sex with the same person more than once. You don't develop relationships that way. And it wasn't until I fell in love with somebody that the situation changed. And that was a remarkable transformation.

During this period of 10 years, I tried everything that I could not to be gay. All the things that you're supposed to do. Now I didn't go to any pastor, and wasn't told to do so, but I applied what one was supposed to do, like praying and crying and fasting and generally having a pretty miserable time. And worst of all, I went to the student counselor at the university, who was an exprofessor of psychology and said, "I don't want to be gay. I don't want to do these things that I do. I want to get married. I want to have children." And so he began a course of aversion therapy, and that was one of the most painful things I have ever faced. I responded by becoming very promiscuous and unhappy. Finally, after about six weeks, I broke an appointment and I never went back to him. And then when I saw *him* coming, I ran the other way. But all this was because of a guilt trip laid on me, I believe, by my background. And, of course, there was absolutely nobody to go to for counseling. I faced it alone. It was a very lonely existence.

Speaker Four: I became an Adventist when I was about 11. I went to Adventist schools from eighth grade all the way through college. I was attracted to the boys in academy and not attracted to the girls. But I never did anything in the academy with anybody. I managed to make it through college without seriously dating any girls. I did have some gay experiences, however, and all of them left me feeling very guilty.

My college roommate dated a girl who had a very close-knit family. They noticed that my family had moved and that I was awfully lonely. They sort of adopted me as an honorary family member. I grew very close to them. They were so together. Everybody knew everybody, and when there was a family reunion there must have been 75 people

there, and I was one of the family members.

After I graduated from college without getting married, my exroommate's wife was very concerned about this and kept telling me that if I didn't find an Adventist wife at college, it was going to be very difficult outside and that I'd better hurry up and find somebody. She told me, "You know, I know somebody who has a crush on you." That "somebody" was a member of the family.

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And we dated for eight months, at which point the little rumors in the family were suggesting that I either ask her to marry me or let her look elsewhere. I very much wanted to belong to this family. I said, "Okay, I will ask her to marry me." And in the back of my mind there was a little voice that said, "You know that there isn't any attraction there at all, and you know what men and women do when they get married." And I said, "Oh, yes, but that will all change, it will all magically happen the day we get married." I had repressed my true feelings. I had refused to look at the fact that I was attracted to men.

The honeymoon was a disaster. No sexual relationship took place on the honeymoon nor during the three-and-a-half years I was married. This really was a problem. At the end of the marriage, I was something like 75 pounds overweight. I was a televisionaholic and a workaholic. I worked on the average of 60 hours a week, sometimes as much as 80 hours a week, just existing, not really living. My wife would try to discuss our problem about why we weren't relating to each other and when she would, I totally turned in upon myself and would not say a thing. I felt about an inch tall. She would cry. She'd say, "Talk

to me, talk to me, talk to me," and I wouldn't. I'd just sit there, wherever we were, and just draw inside of myself. I don't even think I really heard too much of what she said. I was just totally withdrawn.

Finally, circumstances led to a point where I decided that this just had to stop. I had to face this issue. It had already put me in a state of obesity and mere existence and it had destroyed my wife in the process. And so I finally got the courage to admit to myself that, yes, I was attracted to men. I told my wife and she didn't believe it when I first told her. She said, "Well, is it all right if I go and talk to a marriage counselor?" I said, "Fine." She went to the ministerial staff where there was a pastor who was very good in marital relationships. But he didn't know how to deal with homosexuality. He said, "I have no counsel I can give you."

As a result of all this, I left my wife. She felt very bitter about this whole thing. I went through such turmoil over this that I nearly jumped off a bridge. I had just a few personal belongings. I knew absolutely nobody in the city where I ended up. I think I had \$300 cash, no job, and I checked into a YMCA hotel. It was a month-and-a-half before I got a job. All my money had run out. I was living on peanut butter sandwiches, dried cereal and powdered milk. But during this time, I had the opportunity to go to the Metropolitan Community Church, talk to their ministers and see something totally different from what I'd been taught. My concept of a homosexual had always been this: a homosexual either was a man who ran around in women's clothing and lisped and swished; or a man who stood in a schoolyard with a trench coat and seduced little children; or somebody who, if you were walking down the street, would jump out and rape you right on the spot. And I knew that wasn't me. But what was I, if that wasn't me and I wasn't attracted to women? I found out that all these stereotypes I had learned were totally wrong. It was at this time that I was totally able to give my heart over to Jesus Christ. And you talk about a conversion experience; I really felt Christ come into my life at that time. The change in me wasn't immediate, but a change started then. The

people who knew me three-and-a-half years ago and know me now say, "You're a different person. You are 10 times happier than you were then. Your outlook on life is very positive and everything is totally changed." My relationships with people, both men and women, have really improved.

After I had started accepting myself, I wrote back to my wife and to the family, and I said to them, "You know, I'm really the same person you knew before I got married. And if we knew each other six years before I got married, I really see no reason why we can't associate with each other now. But I got a letter back in the mail that said, "We could no more associate with you than we could associate with a murderer who thought it was all right to kill people." And they stopped all communication with me whatsoever.

Speaker Five: I'm a third-generation Seventh-day Adventist. My ancestors communicated with Mrs. White and I come from a family of ministers, missionaries and nurses. I was 33 and married when I came out. It was to someone with whom I was working and with whom I'd been friends for a year-and-a-half. Gradually, I found out she was a lesbian, and we used to run around after work and at different times. I am presently active in the local church where I am. I don't tell anybody. Some people in the church, I think, know about my being gay, but there's no real place where I fit in church. I'm 41 years old so I don't belong with the youth. I'm a single parent in the Adventist church, so what place is there for me? There's a young married people's club, and they graciously allow people up into the 40s to be in that. But, in what way could I bring my lover, whom I feel married to, to the young married people's club in the Adventist church? I wouldn't want to go to a socially-oriented Adventist group because I've got somebody; I don't need anyone else. But I'm willing to help. I helped paint the building and sweep the floor, and whenever they have a work bee, I'm there; when they need someone to play piano in the children's division, I do that. Every prayer meeting I'm there,

every church service, just because I enjoy being there. I guess I'm a person who has been thinking about spiritual things since I was small, and I just enjoy that. But there's no place for me socially.

Now, if people could accept the fact that I was a lesbian, then yes. That's what makes the difference. If people could accept that, too, then I would feel a lot closer to them. If the people around me would accept my lesbianism, I would relate to them in a different way. But, as it is, I close myself off. So, I wish that it would get to the point where a person could be accepted by the membership as a member, as a Christian, without this barrier of being a homosexual and therefore being unapproachable or somebody to be avoided.

Speaker Six: I have just a couple of things to say. As the lover of an Adventist lesbian, I've had probably a unique experience. We do attend church together; the pastor is aware of our situation. I must admit that our pastor has been kind in every respect, and I really have to give him a lot of credit for that. Initially, he did not know at all how to relate to me. What do you say to the lover of a lesbian? And so, about all he could muster was a "hello," a quick exit and turning red. But, gradually, we began to talk, and he has encouraged me both personally and spiritually and that has met a need for me. Yet even though I feel accepted by him, there is no way for me to identify within the church and so I often feel very isolated. And that's difficult.

Speaker Seven: I'm a fourth-generation Adventist. I knew that I was different from about the age of six, but I didn't know the correct name for what I was. I knew the names of pansy, queer, sissy — all these things that society gives us to grow up with. It was perhaps in the fourth grade that I got my hands on the book called *On Becoming a Man* and found out my condition was very, very bad and I was probably going to be lost eternally unless I could find some way to redeem myself. So I got as involved in the

church as I possibly could. When I was a junior in high school I was the earliten Sabbath school leader. And that's how I got into doing things. I have never been in an adult Sabbath school; I have always been working somewhere.

Later on, I decided that I would have to be asexual in order to be Christian, that I couldn't be homosexual. Needing something to take the place of sex, I turned to the church, and also the school. When I was in school, I was president of my sophomore, junior, and senior classes, and then, after graduating, I started an alumni association and was president of that for three years. I was very active trying to deny that I was sexual, and yet all the time I knew that I was very sexual.

After graduating from La Sierra, I got a job as a youth pastor and then went on to teach school in Hawaii. While there, a student was kicked out. I had always gone to bat for the

cocted this story to blackmail me into going to bat for this student. I said, "Go ahead. I didn't do it. I have nothing to hide."

In about 35 minutes, my phone rang. The principal was calling. He said, "I have a problem." I replied, "You have a hotel receipt, right?" and he said, "Yes, I do. Did you go there?" "No, I didn't." "Fine." We hung up. That was the last time the matter was ever discussed with me. I figured that issue was dead. However, they felt that if there was smoke, there was fire. Though I was not told about it, there was a big investigation — questioning of all the students, both male and female. Nothing could be proved against me; still I was told that I was not going to be rehired. I asked why, and they said, "Well, we think you'd have a better opportunity to find a wife on the mainland than here in Hawaii because there are very few single women your age." By the end of the school year, I still hadn't been offered a job, even though I had several inquiries from mainland schools. Later, a friend told me he'd overheard the academy principal telling someone who called for a reference concerning me that I was a suspected queer. Those were the terms, my friend said, that were used.

After not receiving a job, I went to Glendale to the union office, where I knew personally the head of education in the Pacific Union. I said, "I would really like to have a school. I have lifelong Adventist credentials, I'm a teacher, I want to teach." He replied, "With your problem . . ." and I interrupted, "What is my problem?" "You know what your problem is. I don't want to talk about it." After the conversation ended, I went down to my car, and wrote a letter in the parking lot of the union office requesting that my name be dropped from the church. Fortunately, I didn't have a stamp. When I got home, I tore up the letter. I decided that the Adventist church was stuck with me. I would always be an Adventist. I would stick it out.

Up to this time, I still had never had any sexual experience with anyone, male or female. I decided, here I am, unemployable, it's time I find out for sure. By accident I found where gays in my town meet at night. I went there three weeks in a row, every day,

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underdog because I felt I was an underdog. When this student was kicked out, his friends called me on the phone and said, "Would you go talk to the principal and try to get George back in?" This was the third time. I had gone to bat for him twice before. But this time he was being kicked out for having heroin in his room, and there was no way I could justify backing him another time. So I said, "No." And they said, "Well you have exactly a half-hour before we turn over to the principal a hotel receipt from where you took that drag queen last weekend." Now up to this time I had never had any sexual encounters with a male. I'd had plenty of offers, but I hadn't ever gone through with any of them. I was still living an asexual life. They had con-

meeting people, and I finally met a person I felt really comfortable with.

Later on, I came out to my parents. In the first initial shock they were very supportive. After about a week, they got to thinking about it and decided, "You know, this is something that should be prayed about." So they requested that the pastor make an announcement in church. As a result, I came out to the entire church and they have been very supportive.

Speaker Eight: I have a lot to be thankful for to the Adventist church. It has helped me a great deal in my life and I wouldn't have traded it for anything. Although being disfellowshipped is painful in many ways, I look back at it right now and I feel that God put me through that to be a bit more sensitive to others, and I want to use the experience in that way. The local church authorities found out some way or another — I haven't found out how, but they found my name either in a newsletter or some other periodical in connection with Kinship. And it was on that basis and nothing else that they went through with the procedure of disfellowshipping me. The pastor called me up at work on a Thursday evening about eight o'clock and told me that this was going to happen, that he was not going to tolerate anything like this in his church. Fifteen minutes after our conversation ended I was at my mom's house where I was supposed to have dinner. That pastor had already called her and told her everything. Up until this point my mom didn't know anything about my lifestyle. Well, I was later to learn that she had actually known that I was gay since I was a small child, but we had never discussed it. And she told me later that she felt that whenever I got ready to tell her that I would and that she would take it then. But now she was distraught as I walked in the door, completely apart. She was crying and I didn't know really what to do but just kind of calm her. She was angry, not at what she found out about me, but at the way the church had handled the thing.

I would like to see a little bit more acceptance within the church. I had a great time and enjoyed it very much for the almost 12

years I spent as an officer in the youth department, and also the MV society we had in our church, and being a deacon and a choir member and playing the piano and all the things that went with being in the church.

Speaker Nine: I was not raised in the Adventist church. I did not attend any of our schools. I was converted about 10 years ago. Up to that point, I had been living basically an open gay life. I didn't advertise it, but I didn't hide it either. I studied for about a year through the influence of friends and decided to make my decision and was baptized. Unlike most people, I was fortunate in having someone to go to and talk about things, because my lover was my pastor. But about three years later, he was defrocked as he was suspected of being gay. They did not have anything but circumstantial evidence, but nonetheless, they did it, and they did it in such a way that — well, the world wouldn't have done it that way. They wouldn't have been as cruel to him as the church was, including the conference and the secretary at the time. They never once went to the man, never confronted him the way that we're supposed to as Christians, and in fact, as human beings. This thing was dragged out. They brought in lawyers, told him if he would withdraw his name they would drop the whole thing. He did this but they continued it. And it's still being continued today, even though it's been years, and he's no longer in the same area that he lived in. This almost devastated me. I felt at the time that I would leave the church. What else could I do? I resigned my position — at the time I was the head deacon. I started going to another church and there I decided I was no longer going to hide this thing. So I confronted the pastor with the situation. His reaction was, "Well, so what?" We had a beautiful talk that evening for two hours; such discussion continued over time.

Because of my loneliness, I got involved with Kinship in order to make contact with other gay Seventh-day Adventists. I always printed my name, address, and phone number in our newsletter, and I knew that one day I would probably be disfellow-

shipped. I thought I was prepared for it. When it actually happened, it was not the choice of my pastor; it was an order that came direct from the conference president. My pastor, being not yet ordained, had no choice in the matter. He was against the idea, but he had to go through with it. He brought the head elder over. They went through the whole spiel. I was given an ultimatum — either resign or this thing would be taken before the church and everyone would know. This didn't bother me so much as the fact that if I was a known homosexual in that church, in any church, everyone that came to church with me would be suspect. And I had too

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many friends, both nongay and from Kinship, who attended church with me, and I didn't want to place this burden upon them. So I went ahead, after counseling with some other people, and had my name withdrawn. This has hurt a great deal. Even though I thought I was prepared for it, I wasn't.

Nothing has changed in my relationship with God or with the people in the church. Even though more people know about my situation, they are still warm and friendly, and I am fortunate in that respect. This is not true of most other gays, unfortunately. What bothers me the most, I guess, is the contradiction. I am accepted by God but not by His church, and my name has been dropped from the books.

Speaker Ten: I'm probably older than most of the Kinship members. I've been married 24 years. At the time I got married, if you were a Christian, you did not admit to yourself that you could possibly be gay. In

my case, I certainly didn't believe I was getting married simply for a front. I simply lied to myself and said that I could not possibly be gay. I hadn't really had gay experiences, except a couple of things that happened in academy, so I went ahead and got married. I found that organically I could perform. Emotionally, I don't think I was ever satisfied. I think I walked all night at least one night a week for 24 years. About eight years ago, my marriage started going sour and I believe, honestly, it was outside of the sexual thing. About five years ago, our three lovely children had all left, gone away to college or academy, and my wife was working nights. Eventually, one night I had to face myself and say, "The problem with you is that you're gay. If you're ever to love anybody it must be a man." The realization devastated me and my faith in God at that point, because I knew that I had not chosen to be this way. I had been trying to choose for 20 years to be otherwise.

A few years ago the Sabbath school lessons were on Christian ethics, and a friend of mine, who's a member of Jack Provonsa's class, used to tape the Sabbath school lessons and send them to me. Somehow, approaching the Bible for the first time from an ethical point of view rather than a proof-text point of view, I managed to at least save my sanity at that point. I realized that perhaps God could love me.

Yet I was still living a lie. About a year-and-a-half ago I finally came to complete emotional breakdown and I admitted to my wife and to my pastor that I knew that I was gay. Well, the first response was "You go home and pray about it," which I knew wasn't going to help. I'd been doing that forever. And then he handed me a whole bunch of books of the sort that were supposed to deal with problems in marriage. It had nothing to do with me and my problem. And within a week I found out that he had announced it to the whole church. He had also called my children and announced it to them. Well, I lived through that, and then they asked me to go see a psychologist, which I did — an Adventist psychologist. A dear lady, I must say. She at least helped me in some respects to regain my personhood,

although she didn't know anything about homosexuals. After five months of weekly 10-hour trips to go through this, and it wasn't doing much good, I finally had to tell my wife and my pastor I could not go back to living a lie. I couldn't do it conscientiously.

This time my wife and my pastor — I live in a very small community of about 5,000 people, very red-necked — went to every business in the community informing them of what I was. I lost half my customers, and for the next three months I got phone calls and letters threatening my life. Three times

shots have been fired through the windshield of my car as I drove along. I've had no more communication with the church, except for the pastor one time coming to say he felt that he'd made a mistake. I've continued to attend church. Only two people from church have spoken to me in over a year. One of those dear ladies, a church board member, called last week to tell me that my name was being removed from the books. They have never contacted me about it. More recently, three elders of the church visited me and asked me to stay away from church altogether.

Church Funds Program for Homosexuals

by Colin D. Cook

In a recent meeting the General Conference President's Advisory Council (PREXAD) decided to extend a three-year grant to Quest Learning Center, a counseling-training center dedicated to helping people find freedom from homosexuality. The decision was made in conjunction with a Columbia Union Conference vote to supply part of the funding for a six-month period with further consideration to be given after six months.

The General Conference hopes that as more and more union conferences are apprised of the work of Quest and become aware of the needs of people with a homosexual struggle, they will become sup-

portive to the grant and help the Quest program to develop nationally.

This decision follows an impressively balanced statement by the 1981 Spring Council of the General Conference, which stated that although "it is not possible for the church to condone practising homosexuality," nor "endorse organizations or individuals . . . who contend that homosexuality be considered an acceptable alternative," nevertheless, "the church must extend compassion and understanding to homosexuals seeking Christ's deliverance, restoration and redemptive grace. It must show concern by making every effort to develop a ministry that will meet their particular needs" (*Adventist Review*, May 21, 1981).

Neal Wilson, president of the General Conference, has led out in encouraging the new financial arrangements. He has named Duncan Eva, special advisor to the president

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