Who are Seventh Day Baptists?

If you've never read The Sabbath Recorder before, you might be wondering who Seventh Day Baptists are. Like other Baptists, we believe in:

- salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ.
- the Bible as the inspired word of God. The Bible is our authority for our faith and daily conduct.
- baptism of believers, by immersion, witnessing to our acceptance of Christ as Savior and Lord.
- freedom of thought under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
- the congregational form of church government.
- Every church member has the right to participate in the decision-making process of the church.

The seventh day

God commanded that the seventh day (Saturday) be kept holy. Jesus agreed by keeping it as a day of worship. We observe the seventh day of the week (Saturday) as God's Holy Day as an act of loving obedience—not as a means of salvation. Salvation is the free gift of God through Jesus Christ. It is the joy of the Sabbath that makes it special.

If you would like more information, write: The Seventh Day Baptist Center, 3120 Kennedy Road, PO Box 1678, Janesville, WI 53547-1678.

Phone (608) 752-5055; FAX (608) 752-7711; E-mail: sdbgen@inwave.com and the Sabbath Recorder Web site: www.seventhdaybaptist.org

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Sabbath Theology
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Seventh Day Baptist Center
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Please bring your photos and camp memories. For more information, contact Luan Ellis: (607) 587-8411 luan@mginc.com

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Staying home
by Grace Crouch, Daytona Beach, Fla.

"Delight yourself in the Lord; and He will give you the desires of your heart. Commit your way to the Lord; Trust also in Him, and He will do it" (Ps. 37:4-5 NAS).

I had always interpreted these verses to mean that if you delight yourself in the Lord, He will give you your "fleshly desires"—like a perfect husband or a nice house. Not too long ago, a friend said it meant that you will receive desires in your heart that are from the Lord. In others words, God will fill your heart with a desire to do His will.

With this enlightenment, I made it a personal challenge to draw closer to Him. One of the things I prayed for was wisdom in rearing our sons, Joshua and Caleb.

I was always a little uncomfortable leaving my kids with someone else while I went to work, yet I took pride in being a "working mom." We needed the money, and I needed the stimulation of working outside of the home.

But the twinges of guilt slowly turned into a constant stomachache, panic attacks, tears, and sleepless nights. My heart was being filled with God's desire, and I was terrified.

I continued to pray, and I even argued with God. How did He expect us to live on one income? Did He really think I would have the patience to deal with two very intelligent and energetic boys bursting with new challenges?

I was a good working mom, but would I be good at just being mom?

I recall saying, "I'm ever left alone, I am going to cook just like I always did." What a laugh! There is not much enjoyment in cooking just for me. However, I manage to eat at least three meals a day.

Filling my days
I find being alone after day after day gets very lonesome at times. So when those times hit, and the weather is good, I get out and call on someone else who may also be lonesome.

Maybe you have a friend or neighbor who isn't able to get out much. Bake a batch of cookies and take them to someone. Find out if there is something you can do for your friend or neighbor. Offer to read a book, or to go places—and especially to church—or to church functions. And try to greet people you don't know, to get acquainted with them. If it isn't possible to go church, have a tape of the service sent or brought to you.

Get out, get involved
There are many other things that can help to fill a long, lonesome day. Bake a batch of cookies and take it to a friend or neighbor. Offer to read to someone. Find out if there is something you can do at your church or, if you have a Senior Center, volunteer. You might discover you enjoy it.

I am sure my husband's death would have been much, much harder to adjust to if it hadn't been for my loving family and my loving "church family." Thank you so much for always being there and supporting me. God bless each one of you! 💚

Long, lonesome days
by Mabel Cruzan, Milton, Wis.

How did God expect us to live on one income?
I was a good working mom, but would I be good at just being mom?

Get a good book
Reading is another way to fill some of your time. There should be many good books in your church or city libraries.

It's just a sign that we are being flooded with memories.

Get out, get involved

"Take a walk"

After I had a heart attack five years ago, walking is one thing I was encouraged to do.

Walking is one of the best exercises anyone can do. You can walk at your own speed, your own distance, and feel so much better for it.

During the summer, when the weather was good, I was walking up to five miles a day. I enjoyed that very much. The birds sing, the squirrels chatter, and I talk and sing to my best friend, the Lord. Now that the weather is colder, I go to a mall to walk, and usually only walk a mile and a half to two miles.

Just do what you are able to do and extend it as you are able. It's very good for your heart—physical and spiritual!
Grow up (and bring the Jell-O)
by Doreen S. Davis, Renton, Wash.

"Hi, Doreen, this is Jeannette Thorngate. Would you be willing to bring a Jell-O salad and help serve at the after-funeral luncheon tomorrow?"

"Would it? You bet I would!" I was thrilled.

I got off the phone and immediately set to the task. I pulled out one of my many Ladies Aid fund-raiser cookbooks (you know the ones... every recipe calls for either a can of cream of mushroom soup, Cool Whip, or chocolate chips), surveyed the contents of my larder, and headed off to the grocery so I could fix Florence Bowden's "Under-the-Sea Salad." (I had everything except the Cool Whip.)

Becoming a "church lady"
The next day, following the funeral service, I served up squares of my pale green salad onto leaves of lettuce on small luncheon plates, helped make dozens of chicken salad sandwiches, poured coffee, and stayed to clean up the church kitchen.

To the casual observer, this wasn't any great event in church history; it was just a small lunch served to the family of a deceased saint, like those served hundreds of times in thousands of churches since the invention of the casserole.

But for me, by the end of the day, I knew that I had made an important transition. I had become a "church lady."

Growing up in the faith
As a child growing up in the Milton (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, I made the natural transitions offered by church programs: I sailed through appropriate Sabbath School classes; I sang in the junior, intermediate, and senior camps.

At the appropriate age, I made a public declaration of my faith in Jesus, was baptized and joined the church, took Communion, and could sit still during an entire sermon. I was active in Junior C.E., and then Youth Fellowship. I went to Pre-Cons and Conferences, and called the "College and Career" group, with no "program" in place to help people move from college to career. If a young adult doesn't make that switch, both in action and in mindset, he or she might never become a contributing member of society, let alone the church.

Having moved to another church at the beginning of my professional career, I had the advantage of being next-to-nothing is pretty much next-to-nothing.)

Suddenly, my financial support of the church actually had meaning. I cared about how the money was spent, and I was involved in how it went on in the business meetings.

Closely tied to that was having the means to actually help out other people, especially the students who attended our church. While in college, one of my professors—a wonderful Christian man—regularly invited students home to dine with his family. Whenever we thanked him, he reminded us to remember to bless others when we came into our own.

Lessons learned
I had many other awakenings to the adult world in those first few years in Denver. But perhaps the most important thing I learned was that faith has arms and legs, and hands and feet. Those church ladies taught me that loving Jesus is not always expressed up front in the church, but in the kitchen or their living rooms.

The transition between college and career can be a challenging one for young adults, with many leaving the church or falling away. But one dear old saint, now living in Glory, showed me a verse which became one of my life verses and continues to encourage me:

"Don't let anyone look down on you because you are young, but set an example to the believers in speech, in life, in love, in faith and in purity." (1 Timothy 4:12)

I carried this verse with me as I married, and built my career and ministry in yet another church. Now, even though I am not so young, I'm making another major transition. I have now moved from career to crayons.

Praise the Lord and pass the Jell-O!*

Some moving experiences
by Donna Bond, Bridgeton, N.J.

"Dear Lord, I'm headed for a nervous breakdown!" I thought 27 years ago as I read "the stress list" in the Reader's Digest. It enumerates various stress-producing events and assigned points to each one. The only numbers I recall now are death of spouse—100; divorce—50; and celebrating Christmas—12.

At the time I was preparing for several events on the list: marriage; moving 1,000 miles from home to join a family of relative strangers, being the family's new arrival instead of the firstborn, change of employment and financial situation, joining a new church, celebrating Christmas... The list seemed endless.

Fast forward 26 years through the purchase of a "handyman's special" farmhouse; arrivals of Levi and Sylvia just 19 months apart; doubling the family size and halving the income during the double-digit-inflation Carter years; denominational responsibilities; seven months of chemotherapy battling Hodgkin's disease; and the empty nest.

From all this, I have learned two things: God prepares us for our present challenges by allowing us to draw on past experiences, and that a sense of humor is a tremendous asset.

Recent stress: Tim's new job
In five months' time, beginning in April 2000, my husband Tim changed jobs, we sold the farmhouse and moved to a small house in the city, and our adult (financially independent) son moved into; said small home after four years in the Air Force. Granted, these were all positive events, yet there was a great deal of stress related to each change.

Tim's employment led him to prison work—something not everyone could stomach. Not being able to share anything of himself or his faith or take anything into the complex or even wear a necktie (think about it) was quite a switch after 10 years of teaching GED at a Christian "drug rehab" farm. However, a union-negotiated salary with benefits and having to tolerate no nonsense from his students has been easy to take. (Eat your hearts out, public school teachers!)

"New" house
The same week that Tim started his new job, we had an agreement of Sale for the farmhouse, just one month after signing the agreement for the "new" one. ("New" here means slightly older than we are, but 100 years newer than the old house.)

cont. next page
This Agreement led to some anxious moments as numerous inspections took place, giving the buyers a way out at any point. We worried if we would have to pump thousands of dollars we didn’t have into a house we no longer wanted just to unload it. But, Praise God! The septic system was non-toxic, the water was deemed “perfect,” and the buyers were willing to fix the termite damage even before they owned the house.

The big move
As for the move itself... I pray that God Himself will move me next time, and that Levi and Sylvia will be the ones to clean out the attic! Twenty-five years in a nine-room house on a one-acre lot inhabited by four packrats produced a monumental task of sorting, packing, and re-establishing in a seven-room house.

Office changes
God was also at work in 1995 when my office location was moved from the Administration Building downtown (a school with no kids) to Bridgeton Middle School (occupied by 800 hormone-driven adolescents with many overwhelming problems). I was further apprehensive when I discovered that the Emotionally Disturbed 8th grade class was next door. Now, however, I am thankful for this change because I can walk to work from my new home. This is not only a bonus for my fitness but also gives respite to my deteriorating 89 Buick station wagon.

New challenges
Our new house was built and, until recent years, maintained through the decades by well-to-do professionals. As various vices detected the gray Twenty-five years in a nine-room house on a one-acre lot inhabited by four packrats produced a monumental task of sorting, packing, and re-establishing in a seven-room house.

...and a new car.

Tim and Sylvia were working during the day, Levi was in South Korea, and “guess who” was home during July and August. Thank God for a 10-month contract!

To add to the confusion, Tim lived in the new house two weeks before we officially moved in, to satisfy the insurance company. The advantage was that he could work out some of the “bugs” without inconveniencing us girls. (I have no doubt that I was able to tolerate the physical tasks required of me only because God had pushed my couch potato body into an aerobics class in 1998.)

There’s no place like home
by Rodney Henry, Denver, Colo.

My wife, Camille, grew up in a family that was always on the move. For the most part, they lived in the Lakewood area of Southern California, but they moved from house to house for many years.

When Camille met me, she was impressed that I was actually living in the same house where I grew up, in San Pedro, Calif. That is what she wanted for our children when we got married. But in the 30 years since our wedding, we have moved 18 times.

Half of our moves were contained within the Los Angeles basin as one or the other of us would change jobs or schools. That was easy. Our families were still in the area. Our church did not change. Our friends were still the same. The only thing that really changed was the place where we lived.

Big move, big changes
Our move to become missionaries in the Philippines in 1979 impacted us the most. Two things had to take place before we were ready to leave.

First, we had to reduce all of our possessions to the suitcases. We knew that we would be on the road for many months and had to keep our life as mobile as possible. We left behind many things that would be valuable to others, including quite a few books and all of our clothes. We wanted to be able to move “light” and be flexible in our choices if we needed to change plans.

Secondly, we had to deal with our attachments to family, church, and friends. It was easier leaving stuff than it was leaving people. When we said “good-bye,” it would be for years.

For four years (until furlough), we lived in an apartment, driving 9,000 miles, ending up at General Conference. After taking one year to finish a two-year Master of Theology degree at Fuller Theological Seminary, we prepared for our return to the Philippines. We were so anxious to get back, we didn’t even stay for my graduation ceremony.

We realized that now that our attachments to people in the Philippines were just as strong as our attachments to people in the United States. Our goal was to turn the work over to the Filipino leadership after a two-year term. We accomplished this in one year and returned to the United States.

Another calling
Leaving the Philippines was one of the hardest things that we ever did as a family. The children were 10, 8, and 6. Their “life as they knew it” was in the Philippines. Our oldest son, Erik, had a bad knee and couldn’t have any surgery while we were there.

Again, it was our sense of calling that motivated us to deal with the difficulties of letting go of attachments. We felt that God was calling us to develop a pastoral training program within our General Conference in the United States. But there was the challenge: Camille and I were the only two people who felt this calling; the Conference did not know about it until we returned to the U.S.

Our Conference leadership responded favorably to our call to develop pastoral training for those who could not go to seminary. This...
New church with young adults? Adjust!

by John M. Peil, San Gabriel, Calif.

Any transition will cause a disturbance in your life and require an adjustment. It may be the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to you, but you will have to modify parts of your life to accommodate the transition. It is the same with a church.

Our beginnings

Our church has had many changes or "disturbances" in the last 18 years. On March 5, 1983, the San Gabriel (Calif.) Seventh Day Baptist Church of Faith broke away from the Los Angeles church and met for the first time in a couple's home. Twenty-two individuals were present. We were a house church for about a year and then we began to look for a church to rent. The committee responsible for finding a church called an American Baptist Church in Covina.

The associate pastor who answered the phone actually knew my wife, Ruthie, and me from seminar, and he reported that they would be pleased to rent to our group. We were excited because they knew us, we felt like a "real church" because we were in a building. That was a change.

Address changed, church changed

When we moved to that church building in 1984, some interesting things happened. Suddenly we were stable. We were permanent. Like a couple living together who finally get married, now we could discuss what was bothering us. Four families soon solved the problem of an accommodation. However, nothing seems as good as home. The people are not as good at home. The restaurants are not as good as home. The countryside is not as beautiful as home. "There's no place like home."

Deciding on a "home"

We decided that we were going to make the Philippines our "home," even if we were going to stay there only five years. That meant sinking our roots deep. We would make close friends, even knowing that they would be temporary friends.

It was our goal to fall in love with the people and the culture of the Philippines, and we accomplished that goal. The downside is that in leaving the Philippines, it was painful to pull those deep roots.

When we moved to Wisconsin, we did not know how long we would live there. But we knew that we were going to make Wisconsin our home. We were going to love the people and the place with passion.

For me, part of making a place home is dealing with the issue of my passion for the National Football League. I grew up a fan of the Los Angeles Rams. But part of making Wisconsin my home was becoming a fan of the Green Bay Packers. This does not happen in just one season, any more than making a place "home" happens in a few months. It requires an act of the will, followed by checks on the emotions.

Now, here we are in Denver, Colo., pastoring the Denver SDB Church. We have been here for a year and a half, and already this place is our "home." Our roots are deep in the lives of the people of our wonderful church. We love the mountains and the city.

Every place we have made home has been our favorite place to live—until we got to the next place. Then that became our favorite place to live. Now, the Lord has given us a wonderful life, ministry, and new home in Denver. By the way, Go Broncos!!

decided to move to another church. Systems theory warns that when you change buildings, you will have a major crisis within six months. And, right on schedule, we did. (We're nothing, if not normal!)

The charter members who still attended decided to leave. Others moved on until the entire membership had changed twice.

Ten years, third generation

The church's third generation stayed and began to rebuild the little group. One charter member family returned to help, and that gave a needed boost. Our son, John B., learned to play the piano, which solved the problem of an accompanying organist. We moved on as a group with a new identity. It took a long time and a great deal of work, patience, and the faith that God was working with us and that we would become what He wants us to be. Eight years later, halfway through the year 2000, the church finally healed and began to prosper. It took ten long years, third generation, to go from having a "hotel room" to a "good view from the motel room" to a "good view from my home." Why bother with all the issues that are required of a new church? Because we are part of making a place "home" happen. The young adults are in the process of discovering that. What can more can you ask of God? Adjust your goals, appetites, and pace.
The best business is God's business

by L.B. Lee, Colorado Springs, Colo.

I will never forget the words of my father in 1972. He said, "Son, I left home when I was 12. You can at least get a job."

That kind of advice may seem out of the question today. I can't imagine telling my 12-year-old, Kristen, "Get a job." She would just laugh and say, "Yeah, right, Dad."

But, believe it or not, I did. I got my first job at age 12 and have been working ever since. My father gave me the work ethic I needed to make it through life. He told me to always come in early, look at what everyone else was doing, and then double that.

At age 20, I started in business as a Farmers Insurance Agent in Corona, Calif. I had no college degree and no real business experience or background. Just the work ethics of my father, my faith in God, a supportive wife, and a desire to succeed. I guess that is all I really needed.

The first five years were rough, but we made it through. The last five years were quite successful. We had our own office with a small staff, lots of customers, and debt.

The "local boys" at the IRS office and I were on a first-name basis. I even kidded around with them once in awhile. Like trying to write off my previous year's payment to the IRS as a "bad investment." Or telling them that I put the IRS in my will, asking for me to be cremated and my ashes sent to them with a note saying, "Now you really have it all."

No matter how successful we were, it seems there was always someone with their hand out, asking for money.

We moved to Colorado and took a six-month sabatical. During this time of soul searching, I remember-ed how strong my call to ministry was when I was a younger man. But I had been too preoccupied with work and success.

Once again, I shelved the idea of becoming a minister. After all, I had no college degree, and I wasn't getting any younger. It would take too long, I thought.

I got back into the insurance business, working for USA in Colorado Springs. This time, I was in the corporate world, ready to try my hand at climbing the corporate ladder. But every time I got a little higher—every time I got that promotion—I really wasn't any better off. I may have succeeded in this business world, but all for what? Another title? More money?

I had money before, and it didn't make me any happier. I never kept it. People say "money talks." It sure does; it says "good-bye!"

An old adage says, "You can't take it with you." But I heard of one guy who tried.

He gave a million dollars to his pastor, doctor, and attorney, and told each of them to throw their portion in his grave and bury it in his casket. Although the first two threw in most of their money, the attorney threw in his personal check.

It's true, you can take it with you. That's why Jesus told us to lay up our treasure in heaven.

I knew that I wanted my life to have more meaning than just being successful in the business world. So, at the age of 30, I decided to sell my business and get out before it took me out.

I knew what I was supposed to do, and it wasn't this. I was supposed to be in the ministry. I had a heart for those entrusted in my care, they will know it. So I made a difference to that one, he replied.

I, this has learned, is my ministry, I don't think you can make a difference in the world attend church three times: One man walked up to the boy and asked, "Are there so many. Surely you don't think you can make a difference, do you?"

The boy quietly picked up another starfish, looked at it, and threw it into the ocean. "It made a difference to that one," he replied.

And Rod said, "If I called Rod Henry (then Director of Pastoral Services and head of the SDB Council on ministry) to see if there was any way for me to study for the ministry while still working. I knew that I had to make a living. And Rod said, "If you're going to be an SDB pastor, you have to know how to make a living!" So I continued working (and still do part-time) at USA.

As a pastor, I was beckoned to be a pastor, but I didn't feel ready. My original plan was to finish the ministry study programs, and then think about getting started in church planting. But God was clearly out of the question. He gave me a million dollars to his SDB heritage back to the Great Flood! But I did. I do think you can be successful in the business world, but all for what? Another title? More money?

I knew what I was supposed to do, and it wasn't this. I was supposed to be a pastor, and God was just waiting for me to quit playing games.

I knew what I was supposed to do, and it wasn't this. I was supposed to be a pastor, and God was just waiting for me to quit playing games.
Traditions to transitions

by Chuck and Lorna Graffius, Oviedo, Fla.

“Pastor Chuck’s” story:

Traditions have a way of evolving into transitional ones as we face new traditions. So it was with me.

I was happy and enjoying my adventure through life with three wonderful children who loved the Lord and were now on their own, each in a different ministry.

The house that Chuck built was paid off and the mortgage burned. As a retired couple, Anne and I were now ready to live the traditional “retired life.” This, we promised, would include relaxation, travel and, of course, continuing our various ministries.

Anne had her own ministry of counseling, hospitality, and being a servant where needed, while providing lots of TLC to anybody in her world.

All of these dreams came to an abrupt end when doctors informed us that Anne had amyloidosis. There was no cure in sight, and they gave her two years to live. But this child of God was a fighter, and she stretched those two years into 10.

Anne was healed, just like she said in her testimony before the SDB General Conference in 1981. Many of you provided that healing by your cards and letters, and words of comfort and encouragement on a daily basis.

Anne was healed but not cured. So she left this world behind with a cheering cry, trusting that the Lord is still our refuge in sorrow and the continual sunshine of our lives. Who could want anything more?

I don’t know about tomorrow, but I know who holds my hand through every future transition.

Great strength came from the Summer Christian Service Corps (SCSC) trainers and workers. Throughout the 10 years that I spent as an SCSC trainer, these loving people cried with me, prayed with me, loved me, and were a part of my “transition team.”

It was about this time that the Lord gave me one of the greatest blessings ever—the vision of the Senior Saints. I could foresee a collection of talented, “mature” adults traveling the country to assist churches and camps in their construction projects.

In this group, God has given me the most loving, caring, supportive Children of God. What can I say? The Senior Saints are a blessing to people wherever they go. I continually praise the Lord for these “saints” whom I have come to love so deeply.

During a trip from Pennsylvania to South Carolina for an Association meeting, the opportunity arose for me to have a conversation with a beautiful gray-haired lady whose husband had recently died. I felt I could give some counsel, and at the same time secure her permission to at least be on the mailing list of the Senior Saints.

And it worked! But she became a Senior Saint in a different process.

On one of my form letters, I added a note in my own handwriting, inviting Lorna Austin out to lunch during my upcoming trip to Florida. We would discuss, among other things, her involvement in the Senior Saints.

Imagine my surprise when she turned me down with an invitation of her own!

Lorna proposed that we go to Cypress Gardens where we could talk about our common interests and try to determine if there really is life after the death of a spouse.

One thing led to another and, on April 5th of that same year, another Senior Saint was successfully enlisted. With Lorna as my lover, worker, partner, and friend, we now travel together (as leaders and trainers) to Senior Saints projects, NET and youth retreats, church projects, and wherever!

The Lord has blessed us with the best of anything. We pray daily that He will make us a blessing to someone in need. Even in the recent death of my son, Larry, the Lord is still our comforter and barer of our burdens.

I met Bob in England. After the war ended, we married and lived in Minnesota for five years. In 1950, Bob was recalled to duty, and he left for Camp Carson in Colorado. Our two daughters and I moved there three months later.

We attended the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Denver and were so happy to be in fellowship with them. Our girls were included in Daily Vacation Bible School, and it was a melodically smooth transition for us.

Our next transition was moving our family to the Washington, D.C., area, where there was always warm welcome at the SDB church. Other assignments were not as easily adapted to, since we were far from family and our churches, which had always provided a comfort zone.

Our choice to move to Florida in 1969 was necessitated by Bob’s need to be in a warm climate. We were now near our daughter Shelley, and she and the Daytona Beach SDB Church were a big blessing to us.

During our second year in Florida, Bob’s health deteriorated rapidly. All of our daughters were with us during his final days. The girls were able to make decisions that I could not make, and my husband was able to express his love and peace with the Lord.

Bob received good medical care but his enlarged heart failed completely on January 23, 1993. We were able to bring him home the day before he died.

It was easier to accept Bob’s death—knowing that he was willing to meet the Savior—than it was for me to accept being a widow. I couldn’t face a day without asking, “What now?”

Shelley answered first by asking me to go back to work in home health care. This work had always been very rewarding, and it did help me. But evidently my inner feelings were still apparent, especially to my fellow workers.

The psychiatric nurse who worked in my group handed me a brochure for the second time, directing me to bereavement counseling. I eventually went, and help was there in wonderful, godly teachers.

Being willing to finally accept help fulfilled my need to meet life as it was after Bob’s death. It was much easier to listen to others who were hurting, and I began to believe that the Lord could use me again in some helpful way.

When Chuck asked me to join Senior Saints, I quickly answered: “I do not have those skills, nor do I want to leave home and face new frontiers.” His invitation to join meant traveling alone, learning new work, etc. It is hard to describe how the Lord brought about my change of heart.

When Chuck came to Florida, we both shared our feelings of loss in the deaths of Bob, and of Chuck’s wife, Ann.

After we met again, the following verse came to me as I drove back home to Orlando: “For it is God who works in you, both to will and to do for His good pleasure” (Philippians 2:13). This satisfied my belief that the Lord would create for me the right desire, to make the right decision. And you know the rest of the story!

Chuck and I believe our marriage was made with God’s blessing. We have found happiness being as one, together in Christ. We are blessed with love for each other, and with joy as all of our children gave us their blessing.

All of our succeeding transitions have been happy ones, as we have always been involved together in whatever event and place we are to serve.

God is good and greatly to be praised!”

Lorna’s story:

I found two descriptions of the words “tradition” and “transition” which I felt applied to my transition of marrying again:

“Tradition—An inherited pattern of thought or action (as in religious doctrine or practice).”

“Transition—A musical passage leading from one section of a piece of music to another.”

This affirms for me that tradition makes transition smoother, if that tradition includes a bold faith in the Savior.

My profession as a physical therapist led me to work in an Army Hospital during World War II. Here I was first real awareness of transition, causing complete reliance on God. The comfort of knowing my Lord, and my need for His care, enriched me during the two years spent overseas.

I met Bob in England. After the war ended, we married and lived in Minnesota for five years. In 1950, Bob was recalled to duty, and he left for Camp Carson in Colorado. Our two daughters and I moved there three months later.

We attended the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Denver and were so happy to be in fellowship with them. Our girls were included in Daily Vacation Bible School, and it was a melodically smooth transition for us.

Our next transition was moving our family to the Washington, D.C., area, where there was always a warm welcome at the SDB church. Other assignments were not as easily adapted to, since we were far from family and our churches, which had always provided a comfort zone.

Our choice to move to Florida in 1969 was necessitated by Bob’s need to be in a warm climate. We were now near our daughter Shelley, and she and the Daytona Beach SDB Church were a big blessing to us.

During our second year in Florida, Bob’s health deteriorated rapidly. All of our daughters were with us during his final days. The girls were able to make decisions that I could not make, and my husband was able to express his love and peace with the Lord.

Bob received good medical care but his enlarged heart failed completely on January 23, 1993. We were able to bring him home the day before he died.

It was easier to accept Bob’s death—knowing that he was willing to meet the Savior—than it was for me to accept being a widow. I couldn’t face a day without asking, “What now?”

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April 2001

The SR
Indebted to transitions

When my daughter bought a stick shift automobile a few years ago, I tried to teach her how to shift gears smoothly. She had learned to drive with automatic transmissions and had never had to coordinate a clutch with the gas pedal and a shift lever.

Although I had learned to drive before automatic transmissions, I now had to concentrate on easing off the gas pedal while pushing in the clutch to avoid a racing engine and grinding gears. Once she learned the reason, her driving became more enjoyable and safer. I also discovered that a new driver could be a better teacher than one who operates from habit.

Some of this process of teaching a new driver is applicable to the transition of the Gospel message. When people understand the reason and experience the benefits, they are better equipped to share it with others.

This principle of transition is particularly evident regarding Sabbath, where one has to consciously change what had become “automatic” in a subsahert society “to shift” into a meaningful Sabbath experience.

Historically, many of our most prominent leaders have been those who were raised in the churches of other faiths. These men and women were forced to make a decisive transition in their personal biblical convictions.

Alexander Campbell

Last month’s “Pearls” mentioned the transition Alexander Campbell made from his Presbyterian background to accept the Sabbath. In his biographic account, Campbell recalled how his church appointed a committee to work toward reclaiming him to Sunday observance. But the committee never met because as they searched for arguments to convince Campbell of his error, they found none. Even his pastor admitted that there were none, and that if the church would turn and keep the Sabbath, he would also.

His pastor’s final argument was more economical than scriptural. If Campbell stayed with the Presbyterians, they could offer him his education and greater areas of service than he could find among Seventh Day Baptists. He ended his argument with a question for Campbell: “How can you be converted to shut yourself up among that ignorant people and abandon all hope of future usefulness?”

In his autobiography, Campbell recalled that “those remarks planted the germ out of which DeForest Institute grew; for I then and there resolved that should my lot be cast among the ignorant people, I want to live in the light of the world, to be able to convince Campbell of his error, as they searched for arguments to persuade him to accept the Sabbath.”

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord” (Lam. 3:22-26).

God as our Anchor will help us maintain a balance in a sometimes tempestuous ocean of changes.
Published for sale

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Sabbath Nurture Series
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Missions and Ministry Nurture Series
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Please send this form (photocopies acceptable) to:

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CENTER
PO BOX 1678
JANESVILLE WI 54547-1678

e-mail: sdbmedia@inwave.com

April 2001

Guyana, a small country on the northern coast of South America, is one of the larger SDB-populated countries. Its 11 churches are located mostly along the coast between Georgetown and the Pomeroon River. The remaining ones are located out in the Savannah, where the Amerindians live.

The churches serve the surrounding areas with social, medical, and Christian education programs. When Val Bennett was in Guyana, we discovered that the Conference was not registered. It took a lot of effort to develop a constitution and by-laws to enable the Conference to approach the government for registration.

Seventh Day Baptists have been in Guyana since 1913. How could we miss registering the Conference? The answer is simple: for years, registration was not required for holding meetings and conducting business. The government just recently called upon the Conference to pay taxes and duties. Our church officials realized that they needed to complete the registration process, which has been done. Conference members participate in bee-keeping, raising poultry, and farming. The bees are kept at Camp Glory, a youth camp located near the highway between Georgetown and Linden. They "raid" the hives and bottle the honey for sale.

Chickens are raised at members' homes and sold to help with the Conference budget. Farming is done in two areas—at Camp Glory, and at a former campground on the Pomeroon River, where coconuts, sugar cane, and row crops such as beans are grown.

Three hundred and ten coconut trees have been planted at Camp Glory. They came from several sources, including Pastor Sherlock Caesar, Donauth Dwaka, and Pastor Jacob Tyrell.

Now that these plants are in, the Conference plans to continue clearing the land so that a greater emphasis can be placed on farming. They have several acres of land that still need to be cleared. If the land is not developed, the lease agreement may be forfeited.

In a report to the Missionary Society office, Brother Bennett wrote, "This site has a tremendous potential for growth, development, and profitability. Moreover, the Lord is just waiting on someone to make himself available as a manager for the camp farm projects." SDBs continue to reach out in their surrounding communities, hoping to attract people to their churches. At times, new congregations are established in these areas. The newest church is located in Joanna Cecilia, a coastal town between the Essequibo and Pomeroon Rivers. This new congregation is involved in a prison ministry. They sponsor services at the New Opportunity Center located a short distance from Joanna Cecilia.

Youngsters who have indicated an interest in Jesus, or have accepted Him as their Lord and Savior, receive follow-up support. SDB pastors living closest to the troubled youth are contacted so that they can offer much-needed guidance and encouragement.

We congratulate two members of the Puraka SDB Church who were recently ordained—Pastor Dyrick Thomas and Sister Yonnet. We praise God for those willing to stand apart from the membership with promise of dedicated service. We pray for their continued work and ministries in His Kingdom.
SDB afflictions
by Eowyn Driscoll, Baldwin, N.Y.

Seventh Day Baptist Youth-Type Personnel Withdrawal Syndrome (SDBYTPWDS): An affliction whose origins are unknown. Possible cause, an extended absence from other members of Youth-Type Personnel classification. This syndrome is also known as "Post Conference Blues."

The life cycle of SDBYTPWDS

We are the Seventh Day Baptist Youth of North America. We are the Youth-Type Personnel (YTP), a group of kids who enjoy wearing their name tags in complete random places, break out into song at any given moment, and--like all the Baptists before us--we continue the tradition of sitting as far back in the sanctuary as we can, or up in the balcony if possible. We get together for one and a half weeks each summer, to see each other, not go to committee meetings, or become a "lost interest" committee, and of course a good dose of complete randomness—or Stained Glass.

And then after one-and-a-half weeks of fun, frolicking, and a lot of singing, there is a reprise of the sappy going-away song before we all depart to our native towns scattered about the world. So we go home, e-mail and write our friends across the country, go to our Youth Groups, church, and school. The year drags on and we miss our friends dearly. Some of us see each other again at the year-end retreat--five days of fun with lots of snow, and many see those in their region again at Association.

A full year, united in Christ; in spirit if not in reality. We have to learn to stand up for ourselves and our reality without a majority of our friends. So we live and learn how to make time for God, on our own. He sets up the challenges and calls the shots, and we slowly overcome our fear and our pride as God brings us back in Aug. 5-11, 2001.

Pre-con, or skirt hems—as well as on other parts of our bodies. Possible solutions:

1. Pray each night for someone different. (If you don't know who to pray for, find a contact sheet from Pre-con, camp, a church directory."

The President's Page

Try God In Lindsborg

"Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to observe all that I commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age" (Matt. 28:19-20).

Each of us has a command to tell others about God. Jesus can do for them and what they must do as a disciple or follower of Christ. Many of us often think that "someone else" will do it.

Over the years, our denomination has followed or instituted several programs to help prepare us to spread the Gospel—Church Growth back in the 1970s, Evangelism Explosion, and Natural Evangelism Training (NET). These are tools on how to spread the Gospel.

How I got started

In my own life, I started to share the Gospel when it became "real" to me; when I accepted Jesus as Lord and Savior, and was baptized with the Holy Spirit. The change in my life was real, and my relationship with Jesus was real. I had put my trust in Him and was blessed with peace, joy, and prosperity.

Having received God's blessings, I wanted to share them with others. I did this in a number of ways, but the end result was the same. I was able to tell others what God could do in their lives. And as I shared my experiences with other believers, I encouraged them to do the same.

who accepted Christ back then are now married and their children are going through the same experience. I was even able to share Christ at my work place and helped many come to the Lord. This was done by listening to people's problems or crises and then asking if they really wanted to solve them. I told them about God and how He had helped me in difficult situations. "Would you like to do the same?" I asked. Most were eager to try to put their trust in God. It was so rewarding when a number of these people came back and told me how God had helped them change their lives.

In a similar vein, several students came to me with their problems when I was teaching at Salem (W.Va.) College. I always shared with them how I solved my problems and, again, asked if they would like to do the same. I saw lives and attitudes change when these students put their trust in God.

We can all share Christ

All of us who can share God with our family, friends, neighbors, coworkers, business associates, and even strangers.

All of us can share God with our family, friends, neighbors, coworkers, business associates, and even strangers.
A popular adage proclaims, “Only two things in life are certain—death and taxes.” I’d like to add a third certainty to that list: change.

To be perfectly honest, I dislike change. In fact, I loathe it, despise it, hate it, disdain it, detest it, and I’m thankful that we had moved to Wisconsin four years earlier. Relatives and members of our church family were now close by to lend support.

In 1999, I was diagnosed with Stage 3 breast cancer and underwent several months of chemotherapy and radiation. It’s been a confusing time as I’ve switched from being “a healthy woman,” to “a woman with cancer,” to “a cancer survivor who prays it doesn’t come back.” Difficult changes, difficult adjustments.

I’ve also been blessed with an array of “good” changes. Two happily married children, independent and engaged in life. A 10-month-old granddaughter living in Florida, and twin “Wisconsin grandbabies” on the way.

During those times when change makes me uncomfortable, I can simply look to my Savior for the stability I crave: “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever” (Heb. 13:8 NIV). “If the Lord do not change” (Mal. 3:6 NIV).

“Rock, rock, rock your boat...”

It’s been over a year since our beloved pastor, Larry Graffius, passed away. What a tragedy! It affected all of us, but some “took it harder” than others, especially the children. They loved him so much and, for many of them, this was their first experience with grief.

The first Sabbath after Pastor Larry’s death we met as a church with no guest speaker. We sat close together near the front of the sanctuary. There was no sermon, only a chance to talk. It was bittersweet as we began our mourning.

Since then, we have been blessed with many warm, caring guest speakers, especially two local ministers—Rev. John Dubois and Rev. Everett Dickson. They each preach at our church one Sabbath a month and have been a special help to us.

We also have other guest speakers—two or so Sabbaths each month. Once a month, our Worship Committee takes charge of the service, with one of our laymen usually giving the sermon.

Life moves on, even for churches, so Marboro remains active. Last year, a Community Relations Committee was formed. Its main responsibility is to introduce our church to the community. So far, we have done this through newspaper ads, a new web site, and the development of a newsletter.

The web site gives information about our church, including our beliefs, schedule, driving directions, and each week’s service and bulletin information. Please visit us on-line at <Marlboro.org>.

Our newsletter, Marboro Matters, is mailed three times a year. Among other things, each edition includes a featured member, upcoming events to which the community is invited, a historical article, and a recipe from one of our members.

The newsletter is mailed to over 1,200 households in our area and to individuals across the country who have an interest in the Marboro SDB Church. If you would like to receive Marboro Matters, let us know through our web site or call Diane Cruzan at (866) 451-0904.

Also during 2000, we started holding a once-a-month worship service at a local managed care facility for older adults. The service is led by Marboro church members and includes a lot of hymn singing, special music, and readings. We have discovered that the residents love to sing! Tui’s endeavor has been rewarding for all who attend.

One Marboro church member has been certified as a financial counselor by Christian Financial Concepts. Through the church, he is available to area individuals and couples who need financial direction. Marboro has also sponsored three seminars, at another church and here in Marboro.

Besides considering different pastors for our church, the Pastor Search Committee has spent considerable time studying our congregation, our facilities, and our community. This will help us determine what we need in a pastor and aid any prospective pastor who is thinking of joining us.

During this process, we learned a little more about ourselves, and our strengths and weaknesses. As a church, we are doing okay, but we need a leader.

So, how are we doing at Marboro? We are still loving one another, helping one another, and trying to help our community. All in all, we are doing well, with much hope for the future.

Hill climbs academic ladder

Just four years ago, Australian SDB David Hill left the comfort of his supervisory position in the Queensland Ambulance Service to take on full-time study in Theology.

As an elective, he researched the development of the SDB denomination in Australia. During holiday breaks, he completed his T.I.M.E. studies, a requirement for pastoral accreditation by the Australasian Conference of Seventh Day Baptists.

David won the Advanced Theology Prize in December 1998. At the end of 1999, he graduated with the highest marks in the Bachelor of Divinity course at the Queensland Baptist College of Ministries.

In Christchurch, New Zealand, a few weeks later, David became President of the Australasian Conference of SDBs. During 2000, David set up his own business as a web-page designer and continued part-time study.

In February 2001, he was awarded a Bachelor of Theology (Upper Second-Class Honours) by the Australian College of Theology.

David puts all of this into perspective by saying, “I look back now and remember the many times that I really felt like I just couldn’t go on, and I praise God for His strength and grace that kept me.”
Dallas/Ft. Worth, TX
Earle Holston, pastor
Joined after testimony
Melissa Brumfield
Stanford Brumfield

Denver, CO
Rodney Henry, pastor
Joined after baptism
Brandon Parker
Timothy Thorngate

New York City, NY
Harold Smith, pastor
Joined after baptism
Shoshounova Dallas
Charmary Foster
Stacey Granville
Wendy Gooden
Arlene Gordon
Jennifer Sealy
Shayla Shorter
Harold Smith Jr.

Riverside, CA
Eric Davis, pastor
Joined after testimony
Brian Clark
Lawrence Cruz
Kim Freeman
George Lawson
Karen Lawson
Matthew Lawson
Angelyn Nether
Stephanie Ritchie
Don Shackleford
Lisa Shackleford
Patty Shackleford
Joe Wilson
Joined by letter
Evelyn Gibson
Norman Gibson

Waterford, CT
Leon Lauton, pastor
Joined after testimony
Arts Springer
Keith Springer

James - Martin.—Keith James and Jennifer Martin were united in marriage on August 11, 2000, in the Salem (WV) Seventh Day Baptist Church. Revs. Dale Thorngate and Steven James officiated.

Obituary
Cruzan.—Frank Cruzan, 85, died on February 4, 2001, at his rural home near Bridgeport, N.J. He had been in good health until the two weeks before his death. He was born in North Loup, Neb., to Roy and Stella (Clement) Cruzan. He was raised in Nebraska and moved to New Jersey in 1957. He was the husband of Ruth (Allen) Cruzan. A farmer all of his life, Frank owned and operated Cruzdane Farms in Stow Creek Township. Originally a dairy and poultry farmer, he later grew vegetables. Most recently, he was a potato and grain farmer.

A lifelong member, deacon, and former trustee of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church. He had also served as the church’s moderator. He was the former president and a board member of the Stow Creek Township Board of Education. Frank enjoyed woodworking and hunting and was a member of the National Rifle Association. During their retirement years, he and his wife visited 49 of the 50 states. Survivors include his wife; five sons, Duane and Daniel of Hopewell Township, Dale and Duke of Stow Creek, and P. David of Orlando, Fla.; one brother, Bert, of Stow Creek; 10 grandchildren, and 18 great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by one brother, the Rev. Earl Cruzan, and one sister, Emma Werkheiser.

Services were held on February 8, 2001, in the Marlboro SDB Church. Rev. Everett Dickinson officiated. Burial was in the church cemetery.

A most noble Association
by Andy Samuels

And it came to pass—well, on the 10th day of November, in the final year of the millennium, that representatives from eight churches of the brethren called South Atlantic Seventh Day Baptists gathered at the Assembly in the South known as Miami for their Association weekend. Brothers and sisters sojournered from the realms of South Carolina, Georgia, and other regions of Florida.

Pastor Andy of the tribe Samuels, President of the Association and host pastor, convened the congregation under the theme, “Making Our House a Lighthouse.” Pastor Luiz of Lovelace gave the Word at the service entering the Sabbath, prophesying on the subject, “Letting the Light of Your Life Shine.”

The worship service on Sabbath morning was highlighted by the ordination to the Diaconate of Hugh Bando and Shirley Morgan from the hosting assembly. There was worship in dance, and the Miami church choir ministered like the heavenly host. Participants in the Ordination included Pastor Leland of Bond, Elder Ron of Johnson (from Orlando Seventh Day Church of God), Pastor Alvin of Bernard, and Pastor John of the tribe of Camenga. And when they had laid hands on them and prayed, they were ordained.

Pastor Ray of Winborne spoke the Word as the Spirit gave him utterance, and everyone was moved. That is, moved to the lunch area under the tent, which had been erected on the eastern wing of the church building for the occasion. This temporary tabernacle provided supplementary accommodation for all the attending tribes.

The afternoon program consisted of reports on Macedonian calls from Peru and Haiti, with Luiz of Lovelace and Andy of Samuels sharing about their missionary journeys to those regions. Distinguished Conference President Clayton of Pinder also exhorted all to attend General Conference in the 8th month of the new millennium called August.

At the annual Bible Bowl, three competing teams answered questions primarily from the Bible according to St. Luke. Emerging as the victors was the host team Miami, followed by Atlanta and then Dayton. Later on, the Association Committees convened and planned, and the youth and young adults had enjoyment at a local place of family revelry called Kahome.

A most productive weekend came to an end with the business meeting on the first day of the week, after which all the tribes scattered to reassemble in Atlanta, Ga., in the new millennium under the guidance of new President Luiz of Lovelace.
Indebted to transitions, cont. from page 17

He was a trustee of Alfred (N.Y.) University at the time it was chartered and established the School of Theology. His extensive library was given to the School of Theology, and many books were later transferred to the SDB Historical Society, where they are still available for use by current generations.

A marble plaque in the Little Geneese Church, honoring the 23 years of Thomas B. Brown's pastorate, bears witness to his final transition with a phrase from Hebrews 11:4—"He being dead yet doth speak."

While attending a missionary meeting, Jones found some tracts introduced him to the Church in London, England. "Yes, we have a book on these subjects—a very good book we think it is; indeed, we know of no better one. And if you haven't one, I shall take great pleasure in presenting you with a copy. It is the Bible, sir."

Jones later wrote that this reminded him of the oft-repeated Baptist aphorism: "The Bible is the only rule of faith and practice." He began observing the Sabbath in 1848 and was thus recalled from his Baptist mission to Haiti.

After serving as pastor at Shiloh, N.J., Rev. Jones was called (along with Charles Saunders) to start a mission in Palestine, where he studied Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, Italian, and German. Upon his return, he served churches in Scott, N.Y., and Walworth, Wis.

In 1882, he was called to the Mill Yard Church and immediately began to publish tracts. In 1875, he published the first edition of the Sabbath Memorial, a quarterly that continued for 14 years. Much of the background study for "The Chart of the Week" is contained in issues of this quarterly.

With meetings last year in Florida and Washington, D.C., with Jackson and Jenny, this rounds out my plan to tell each of our kids on a "special trip with Dad." (Yes, Janet gets to accompany me once a year, too.) Each of the journeys gave the children a better idea of how absorbing air travel can be—and how good "coming home" feels. But more importantly, it was a chance for us to build memories that just the two of us can share. Or, so I thought.

After we related the "just our" stories to the rest of the family, we discovered that another child would later bring up a funny incident from a different sibling's trip. Like Jackson begging for a wheelchair after a full day at Universal Studios (and riding the 'Incredible Hulk' 13 times); Jenny and her "guide" getting lost late at night walking around the Jefferson Memorial; Crystal turning around, waiting for me to catch up in line at "D-land" (just resting my eyes...); or Matthew's attempt at splitting out the window of a speeding rental car in Arizona, or Dad being "this close" to getting eaten up by a recently-retired NFL linebacker in Vegas.

The power of stories. That power came alive last Thanksgiving as I watched the kids really "get into" some of the childhood stories of yesteryear that my sister and I shared while visiting my father. Since then, our offspring have repeated the punch line of many an event that took place long before they were born. The power of stories.

This month’s feature section is full of powerful stories, told by people who have lived them. Life seems to be one change after another, and I pray that recalling God’s shepherding hand in these testimonies will help you through your next transition. Then, go share your story with someone else. It might be just what they need to hear.

SDB afflictions, cont. from page 20

tory, close your eyes and point at the paper.)
2. Jump up and down in a circle when your copy of the Sabbath Recorder comes because the "Beacon" is in there and you get to read about what people halfway across the continent are doing.
3. Go to Youth Group, Sabbath School, and church every week. Set aside a time with God every day.

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Kevi'n's Korner

Working my way through the pile of receipts, it felt like I was in the middle of a credit card commercial:
Rental car and gas—$186
Cheap motel in Vegas, Flaggstad, and Grand Canyon—$193
Mileage drawn from frequent flyer account—$25,000
Vacation days used—4
Time alone as father and son—Priceless.

Attn: Crafty, creative, and generous souls!!

The SDB Women's Society will once again have a craft table at Conference. We’re starting "from scratch," with no carryovers from the previous year, so we need everyone to pitch in—men, women, boys, girls. We can sell handcrafts, woodwork, jewelry, jellies, pot holders, blankets, picture frames, etc. Just use your imagination! Information as to where proceeds will go and where you can mail your handcrafts will follow.

Conference workshops:
Please contact Susie Fox with any ideas you have for workshops to be held at the SDB General Conference in Lindberg, Kan. Pray about it and send your ideas to:

Susie Fox
1722 Taylor Station Rd.
Blacklick, OH 43004

Or call (614) 501-1918

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The freedom and responsibility of choice is one of the basic tenets of Baptist beliefs. Seventh Day Baptists, as a part of this Baptist heritage for 350 years, have upheld and practiced that right. The decision to follow the Bible instead of ecclesiastical authority and tradition led them to accept the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath holy unto the Lord. This choice of the Sabbath sets them apart from other Baptists, but as Dr. Winthrop Hudson noted, "Seventh Day Baptists are separate but not sectarian."

_A Choosing People: The History of Seventh Day Baptists_ documents the history of this oldest Sabbathkeeping Christian denomination within the framework of both religious and secular history, from the Reformation in Europe to modern times in America.

From their origins in mid-17th century England and American colonial Rhode Island, the book traces their development of associational relationships during the 18th century; expansion with the Western frontier, the organization of General Conference and related societies in missionary and education outreach in the 19th century; and grappling with social, theological, and organizational issues in the 20th century.

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