

Outlook

January 2005

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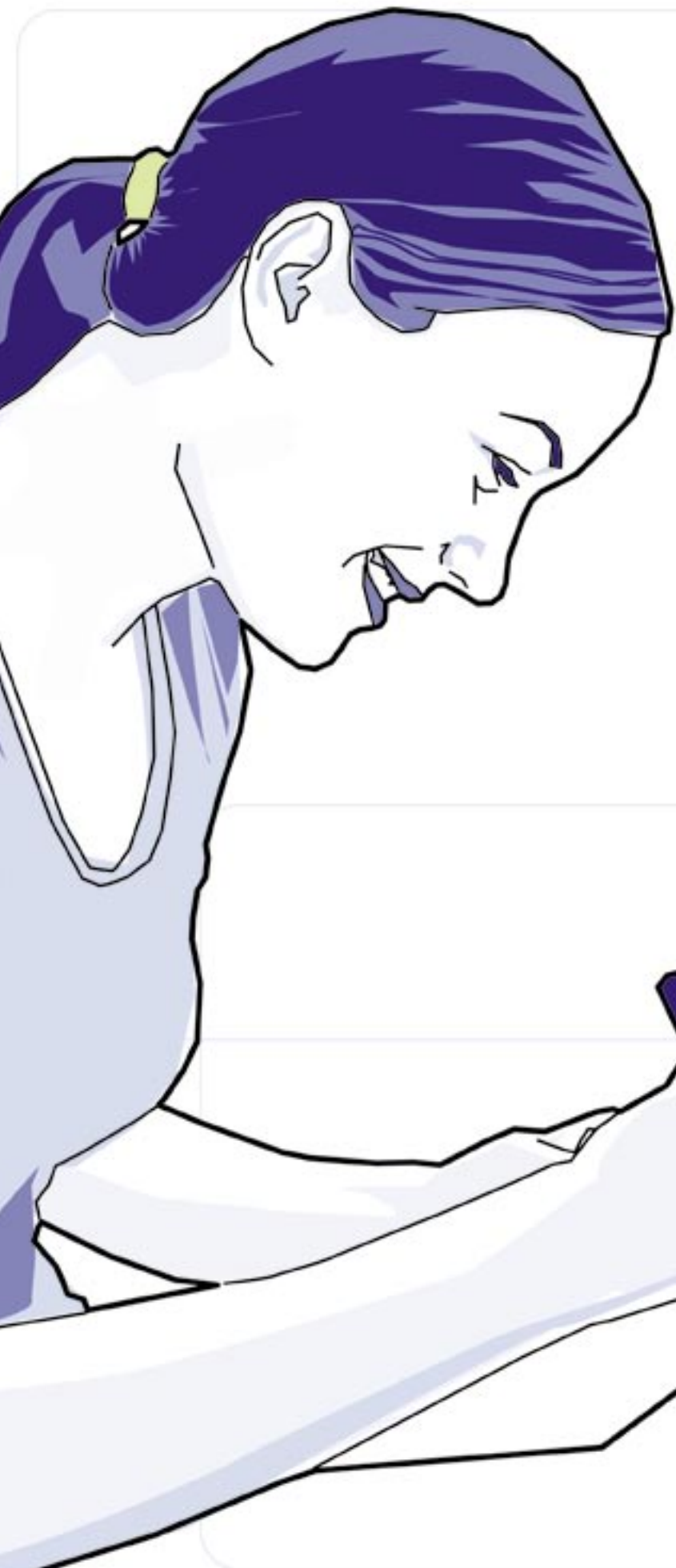
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Union College Students' Issue



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Outlook

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Cover: This issue focuses on reconnecting – with the church, with God, and with others.

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The cover is designed by Lori Gibbs, a junior communication major from Utah.

We have more in common that just the 27 fundamentals.



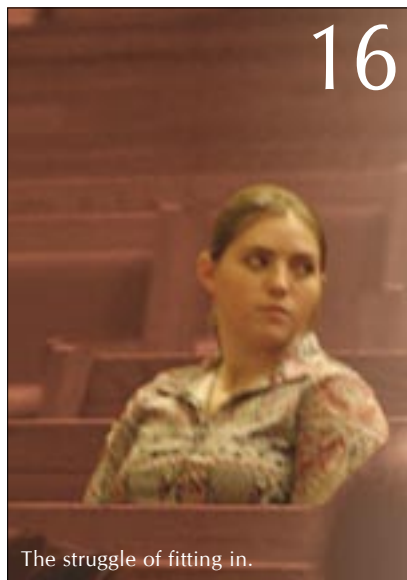
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Meet the Student Editors



The Union College editing class: Seated in front: Beth Reynolds, Angela Schafer, Kristina Camadeo and Adam Dobbins; Second row: Chris Webb, Mindy Mekelburg, Katrina Emery, Lori Gibbs, John Rivera, Larissa Stanphill and Kate Simmons; Standing in back: Ben Yancer, Josh Loshman, Chris Blake, Cale Prindle, Brian Weed Candice Powell and Chelsea McIlwain; Not pictured: Chris Anderson and Jenann Elias.

What inspires you to be a better person? Assimilating the pontifications of a powerful preacher is okay, but doesn't really instill in me a desire for self-betterment. Not even the properly punctuated prose of a prolific author always gives me cause to try something new. Personal connections provide my inspiration. When I visit a church full of people on fire for God – passionate about growth – that spirit infiltrates my soul and makes me long to make a difference in my little corner of the world. It is the experience, not the knowledge, that drives my will to change.

Every other January we hand over the editorial and creative reins of *Outlook* to Union College's editing class taught by Professor Chris Blake. As you peruse the following pages, you will discover the ideas, the study, the research and the creativity of students training to be the communicators of today.

This issue is not only about helping you understand the views of Adventist youth and how they relate to the church, but it is to help them immerse themselves in the creation of a magazine.

That's part of the Union College experience – preparing students for the world beyond the diploma. Not so many years ago I found myself crammed into room

202 of the Dick Building listening to the wisdom of Professor Blake and many others like him. As a communication major, I felt sure my path led toward a career in television production. Yet as I studied at the feet of experienced professors and actually helped create the January 1997 *Outlook* as part of this same editing class, I could see the path shift before me.

The point? My life was changed as a result of this experience, and I hope that you can see inspiration of each of these aspiring communicators as they get the chance to experience a career, not just study it. Just maybe you'll be inspired, too.

The editors and students are very grateful to a number of people and organizations who helped make this issue possible including:

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Piecing It Together

Story by Chelsea McIlwain and Beth Reynolds

Design by Lori Gibbs

“I killed them, and I can kill you,” Aunt Barbara growled. She charged across the kitchen at my mother, who narrowly evaded her. They faced each other in silence, the words hanging. The blood drained from my ten-year-old face, and I cringed against the refrigerator, pulling five-year-old Iain close. Grandma alternately scurried to the back door and slumped brokenly at the table, repeating, “Oh, my! Oh, my!”

How could someone I loved say such hurtful things? It was the Fourth of July. Grandma had made her traditional red-and-blue Fourth of July Jell-O, cut into festive shapes. We were supposed to have fun. Usually, Grandma got very excited about holidays because the whole family was together. Aunt Barbara, however, had once again managed to disrupt the festivities.

Now, she glared an icy challenge, until my mother replied, “Barbara, isn’t it time to take your medication?” Turning to Grandma, Mom demanded that she do something to stop my aunt’s behavior. Getting no reaction, Mom exploded, “This is enough! We don’t need to deal with this.”

She grabbed Iain and me, and we left.

We didn’t see that side of the family again for five years.

Then one Sabbath after church, Mom

announced that she needed to see her mother. So we went to Grandma’s house. Approaching the door,

we saw her through the window. She watched us guardedly, contemplating whether or not to let us in. When she finally opened the door, she wouldn’t talk to Mom at first. She was still angry.

However, after Mom apologized for blaming Grandma for the situation, they began to patch the relationship. It took time, but within six months, the bond was restored. My mother tried to reconnect with Aunt Barbara as well, but my aunt wanted nothing to do with her. Sadly, in this world not all negative situations can be resolved, and not all severed ties can be mended. The Aunt Barbaras of the world are everywhere. They confound us; they are us.

Our broken hearts and broken homes are our greatest tragedies.

Reconnecting the Puzzle

Family. What other word carries as much passion? What can stir so many stories, provoke so much heartache? It seems every family is dysfunctional, and normal is impaired. Why, then, do we cling so passionately to an outmoded ideal?

Because family is the very core of humanity. It is the deepest need placed within our beings. We exist only in its context. We were formed from the dust of Eden not merely to live and breathe, but to be the living family of God. Our



Creator named Himself our Father and formed our hearts to love and be loved. This is our highest purpose, our truest joy, our surest comfort.

Thus, in all the evil of the world, our broken hearts and broken homes are our greatest tragedies. We cannot escape our God-given need for the embrace of family. It is our need for God Himself.

From Genesis to Revelation, God paints Himself into every role of the family. He is the Lover, Husband, and Father, the Protector and Provider, the Mother and Nurturer. He is the faithful and attentive Son, the loyal Brother and Companion. He comes to dwell with His earthly off-spring. He takes our name and nature; He takes our family tree, our offensive relatives, our disgraceful heritage.

And, somehow, we Christians miss the implications of this. We glibly sing, “I’m so glad I’m a part of the family of God” and still fail to truly see that family. Are we blinded by the stained-glass windows?

Our vision seems limited to the churning kaleidoscope of groups around us. Like spotlights on a dance floor, the cliques constantly focus on dif-

fer-
ent
people.
One
moment
we're

in, the next it seems we're not. We're left bewildered and feeling foolish, dancing alone in the dark. To this dancer abandoned in a sea of churning people, does our church shout, "Over here! There's a Light who'll never leave you?" To the teenager stranded with his lunch tray amid a sea of tables — plenty of seats, but no room — does our church call, "Here, I saved you a spot?" To the woman who dares only cry in the rain and love in the dark, do we whisper, "I have a Friend who wants to get to know you?"

Edwin Markham's poem "Outwitted," aptly raises our challenge in this harsh world:

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

The Sacrifice for Humanity

When Jesus stretched out His arms on Calvary, He embraced all the pieces of our shattered lives. The Father God drew near, encompassing the cross in a dark cloud, hiding the shame of the Son and the presence and pain of the Father. In that cloud, God encircled all of humanity, acknowledging our sinful, broken state, but overruling its reign with the Son's blood and the Father's tears.

In our pews, behind our pulpits, beneath our stained-glass windows, are we not all at the foot of this cross, bowed first beneath our crippling burdens and then by the awesome wonder of His love?

Peering through
the blood-stained
prism of His Son's
sacrifice, our

Father makes
no dis-
tinc-

tion among His children, save between those who will permit His company and those who will not, those who delight His heart and those who grieve it. For each, His love flows the same; His blood was poured out for all.

Heaven's Mosaic

Heaven's eyes don't range over an array of single portraits on the celestial walls. God runs His fingers over only a single puzzle-pieced mosaic. He designed it with no ragged edges, no missing pieces — only sin threatens the perfection of the whole. The celestial vision encompasses every soul birthed by the heart of God in the moment He conceived humanity. Every soul, living or asleep, born or still veiled in His mind, has a name and a place in the family of God, unless the individual relinquishes them.

He desires our unity with one another.

We must see ourselves in this grand mural. Each of us is a part of the heart of God. The abandoned dancer, the lost teenager, the homeless woman, they and I are pieces of the same puzzle.

This is no stagnant collection, no haphazard collage, but an intimately connected union of individuals into one whole — the body and heart of Christ. Earthly puzzles are stagnant, but the creations of God are always malleable. Though I have my ideas of the boundaries of my world, God sees no dividing lines. The edge of my comfort zone is no barrier to Him. This is God's picture, not mine. I don't get to choose the other pieces; I'm just thankful for my place. Paul writes, "You are not your own, you were bought at a price" (1 Cor. 7:23 NIV). Oh, how that frees me to be as He pleases!


With my eyes on the puzzle of this world, the myriad pieces which don't make sense, the rough edges that rub me wrong, I'll only falter as Peter did. But gazing at Christ, I'll be blind to the "unsightly" pieces which He may place beside me. As He

embraced my unsightliness at the cross, we embrace each other. I may even learn to pray that God will blind others to my unsightliness.

Image of Love

God desires that the image of Himself be displayed in our world and then permanently framed and exhibited in the throne room of His Love forever. To accomplish this, He designed that we should, as a body of believers, reflect His character. "They will know we are Christians by our love," we still sing, long after the apostle John proclaimed it in the first century.

Our Heavenly Father desires more for us than simply a reconnection with Him; He desires our unity with one another. Thus, He placed within us the need for family, for friendship and human companionship. The desire and effort to experience harmony in our relationships here on earth prepares our hearts for union with God. Our failure to desire or strive for unity with one another bespeaks a still broken relationship with God. John says, "Whoever does not love does not know God, for God is love" (1 John 4:8, NIV).

God is the all-forgiving parent-friend, faithful and loyal as an old hound that after being kicked will return to warm the feet which bruised and comfort the one who raged. What love is this? Who can resist it? It heals wounds, mends schisms. Even with the Aunt Barbaras of the world. 

Beth is a senior language arts education major from Tennessee.

Chelsea is a junior communication major from Nebraska.

Lori is a junior communication major from Utah.

Sometimes the Path is The Destination

The story of how one student found God at Union College

Story by Adam Dobbins
Design by Brian Weed

As a junior in college, I was lost and lacked motivation. My major was not an area that I envisioned would get me the kind of career that I wanted. I knew I needed to take a break and reassess my goals. Despite advice from my loved ones, I dropped out of college and went back to my home in Des Moines to get my head together.

When I came home, there seemed to be a constant cloud hanging over my head. I was the only one out of my close group of high school friends to venture out to attend college. I thought my friends and family would be so happy to have me back, but I was wrong. It wasn't until I saw the disappointment in their eyes that

I realized how I not only let myself down but them as well.

As my empty semester dragged on, my

**I honestly didn't
know if it was
some kind of
cult or what.**

drive to be back in school was gradually rekindled. I moved in with my high school buddies and got an office job downtown, but as the weeks passed I started to become frustrated with my job and depressed about my life. What did I get myself into? Only my friends made it bearable to get through this hard time.

The worst part of this whole mess was that the only girl I had ever truly loved was in Lincoln, Nebraska. Melissa was finishing up her last year in college. Then I knew my life needed a kick-start right away. Rotting in my hometown was just not an option.

On a trip to see Melissa in Lincoln, I happened to drive by Union College and was very intrigued. I had never even heard of this school, but was impressed by the outer beauty of the campus. After much thought, I decided to schedule a visit to see what this place was all about. I thought about all the possibilities of how being in the same town with Melissa would benefit our relationship immensely and salivated at a legitimate shot to get out of Des Moines for good. Melissa and I had been together for a while and things were going great. Although I was skepti-



cal, it was worth it to check it out and see.

Upon arrival, I was very surprised about how kind and energetic the staff at this school was. I felt like Union was where I'd meant to be all along. The students were great and the faculty was so easy to talk to. "Hey, I haven't had the opportunity to meet you yet," was something I heard on a daily basis, which made me feel the Union family truly cared that I was there. I was hesitant to make a decision because I knew I couldn't afford to go to the wrong college again. Also, I knew I had the desire in my heart to get close to God and I wasn't sure how to go about doing it. At this point I was planning on proposing to Melissa, and moving to Lincoln really completed the package. After three or four months of contemplation, I decided to transfer to Union College. Melissa also decided to make me the luckiest man alive and accepted my offer for marriage.

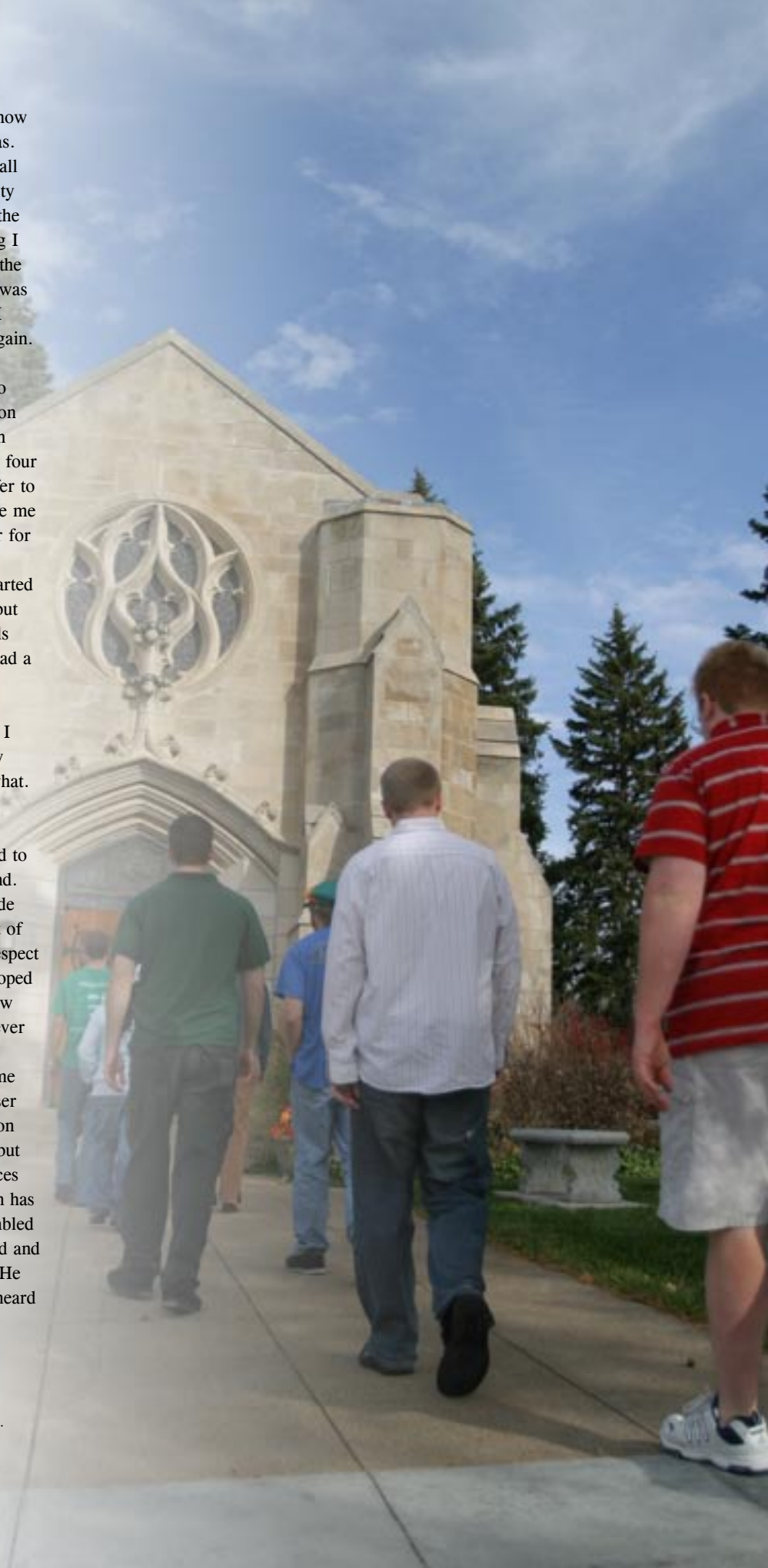
Literally the day I stepped on campus I started to make friends, not only with the students but with the faculty as well. Although my friends back home were great, Union College just had a better quality of people than I was used to.

After a few days on campus I learned that Union was a Seventh-day Adventist college. I had no idea what that even meant. I honestly didn't know if it was some kind of cult or what. When I visited, nobody said anything to me about this. At that point I was so impressed with the people I had met that I fully decided to go into the whole situation with an open mind. Within a matter of months I had already made friends that I knew I would keep for the rest of my life. I not only quickly gained a lot of respect for the professors at Union, but I also developed friendships with some of them. I enjoyed how they challenged me in a positive way. I'd never met faculty that acted this way.

Union College has really aligned life for me and the positive atmosphere brought me closer to God. I am thankful for every day I have on campus. I am not a Seventh-day Adventist, but I regularly attend vespers and Sabbath services and truly treasure the relationship that Union has helped me establish with God. To have stumbled upon this place has been a gift from the Lord and I truly feel in my heart that Union is where He has wanted me all along. I just now finally heard Him.

Adam is a junior public relations major from Iowa.

Brian is a junior communication major from California.





When Church Loses Its Fizz

Story by Cale Prindle
Design by Brian Weed

I've grown during a time when church was boring. I've grown during a time when tradition was not good enough. I've grown during a time when not enjoying percussion and loving hymns was looked down upon by my peers. I've grown during a time when people fought to worship how they wanted. Churches split services to appease the tastes of those who were tired of the King James Version of church. That didn't seem good enough. To escape "persecution," the rebels left the mother ship to create a better space.

"You can't sing that way in church!"

"The New Living translation is better than the King James!"

"Leave Ellen White out of this!"

"Do you even keep the Sabbath anymore?"

Among a cycle of offensive and defensive attitudes, I realized that something was wrong. It was not the slow tradition of my parents' religion, nor was it the outrageous nuances of the new era. It was the war. No doubt, fighting about such trivial and opinion-based matters is no good for a church community or for those looking at the Seventh-day Adventist faith for a spiritual home.

It seems to me that we care too much about ourselves and not enough about those who are looking for the love of Jesus. I would say to one side, "Just because the world progresses doesn't mean we have to compete." The lively tunes and large-roomed warehouse churches may not be what people are looking for. It's likely that outsiders are looking to escape to a holy land, not to a real-world duplicate with different lyrics.

To the other side I would say, "We can't win souls if we don't meet people where they are." Adventist traditions may be too far from reality. Nobody can drop old habits and pick up old customs at the blink of an eye.

The church exists to share God to the world. To do this, we need to grab the world by the brain. This is the intellectual tradition that many people find boring. At the same time, we need to grab the world by the heart. This is the emotional attitude of the new era that many people also find boring. The truth of the matter is that both are needed.

Compare the church to a refreshing root beer. I grab a glass and pour my beverage. Lo and behold, there is so

much fizz that I can't get to the sweet nectar. I often feel like this when I sing the 713th round of praise music. I need something of substance. I want to get to the awesomeness of God's Word. By the same token, I hate reaching for a two-liter jug only to find it totally flat. I have experienced this many times when the pastor drones on into the fourth hour of his sermon and has yet to make a point.

John Brunner alleges, "There are two kinds of fool. One says, 'This is old and therefore good.' And another says, 'This is new and therefore better.'"

Without the sweet base of Jesus' love and without the excitement that we should have for His love, nobody on either side will want to drink the healing waters.

So kick back and crack open a cold one with God. ✚

Cale is a senior language arts education major from Colorado.

Katrina is a sophomore communication major from Michigan.

Brian is a junior communication major from California.



Reach up and grab God's power and give it to someone who needs a charge.

Because Pews Aren't Lazyboys

by Katrina Emery

“We're from the church down the street.”

She smiled broadly as she handed Mrs. Smith a pack of batteries.

“It's storm season, so we thought you might be able to use these sometime. Have a great day!”

With another smile she headed for the next house, leaving the bewildered woman standing in her doorway holding the pack.

“Th-thank you!” Mrs. Smith called out. Her thoughts swirled. Didn't they come last month? Wasn't it a coupon for a free haircut that time? What was it with these people? They were hardly Jehovah's Witnesses; Mrs. Smith had never once felt pushed to attend their church. But though the words weren't spoken, she felt the invitation was open. Perhaps she should investigate this church a bit more.

After all, it is right down the street...

Inviting Power

To its neighbors a church can be many things. It can be like a stained glass window: beautiful to look at, but too fragile and specialized to be of any practical use.

It can be a schoolbook lesson: useful, but too boring to be paid any attention to. Or it could be batteries to people who are powerless: life to those who are spiritually dead, community to someone who is alone.

But how can we help people stick those batteries in and receive power from God? How can we get them to come to church? The comfort of our pews won't attract them — other spaces are more comfortable. The truth of our message might not

The comfort of our pews won't attract them.

even attract them — other truths may be more alluring. People will visit the church because that church, that community of people, has fulfilled a need in their life.

Community is the core issue: eighty percent of the people who visit church come because they have been invited. Someone took the time to meet needs and

communicate an invitation: “Come to my church!”

Congregation attracts people when it fulfills their needs. A church I know does everything in its power to do that. They go door-to-door in their neighborhood each month, chatting with people, praying with them, giving them gifts. “We've tried to shatter people's stereotypes of the church,” the pastor explained. “We just want to be nice!” And so they started a campaign to adopt a block. Though she has never attended their church herself, one neighbor told nine of her friends to try it out. “People have come to love it,” the pastor laughed, referring both to the church people that go out and the homes that receive their attention.

Every congregation has gifts — gifts that go beyond the traditional church service. Can someone cut hair? Can someone give massages? Maybe someone can help film a video, or babysit for a night, or bake a meal. This doesn't mean they have to be ready to give a Bible study on Revelation; just be ready to help someone for one hour. Fulfill a need.

Give someone a battery. It could bring them that much closer to God's power.



Worship when it COUNTS

Story by Larissa Stanphill & Angela Schafer

Design by Kate Simmons

Worship doesn't stop at the end of the church service. We worship on Sabbath afternoon, at work, watching TV, or spending time with our families.

Out of the Sanctuary, Onto the Sofa

Well, I thought, that's an example of what Jesus would not do.

It was 8 o'clock Tuesday night and I had just arrived home. I loved Tuesday night because it was the one night of the week when I could sit and relax, a novelty in my schedule of 19 credit hours and 20 hours of work each week.

I lived with my aunt and uncle during the school year, and they were always happy to see me. Aunt Pat immediately started talking to me when I walked in the door.

"I had a candle party last week, remember? And my candles just got here

today. Are you home for the night?" she asked.

"Mmm-hmm," I mumbled as I put my books away.

"Oh, good. Do you wanna play with candles with me?" she asked eagerly, and by this she meant she wanted to show me all the candles she'd bought and explain what occasion or season she was saving them for.

"Well, I was gonna watch TV," I told her. "Are you gonna talk to me while we look at candles?" I asked with just the right amount of disdain in my voice. She got the not-so-subtle hint.

"Oh," she said dejectedly. "You don't have to talk to me. We can play with my candles some other time." She left the room, and I was left with my thoughts.

It occurred to me that I had never read a passage in the Bible where Jesus chose entertainment over a friendship. He never

told His disciples, "Hey, that's a good question you asked about that parable, but there's this storyteller in town tonight and I just want to relax for a little while. We'll talk about that parable again later."

Jesus never brushed His friends aside for a little rest and relaxation. Instead, even while on the cross, He put others first.

I've found that it's so easy to go to church, ask people how they're doing, and take the time to wait for the answer — the real answer. But when the middle of the week comes, I find myself hurting the people who know me best, love me most, and receive my worst. Then I wonder — does my worship on the Sabbath mean anything at all when my actions during the week are unkind?

I believe Jesus wants me to worship Him when it counts: when I'm in a rush at the grocery store and if the checker



worked any slower she'd actually be putting the groceries back on the shelf; when I'm driving down the street and someone cuts me off only to drive five miles an hour under the speed limit; when I'm working at my job while my colleagues are working on their sleep; when I'm at home and I can spend my time with my family or my television.

These are the times that worship is the furthest from my mind. These are also the times that people will see whether I worship every day, or on Sabbath only.

I heard a knock at my door. "What show are you gonna watch?" my aunt asked.

I named the show and added, "Do you wanna watch with me? If not, we can just play with candles."

"No, I like that show. I'll watch with you. Do you wanna play with candles during the commercials?"

"That sounds perfect," I told her. I don't remember what show we watched that night, but I do remember that my aunt bought vanilla-scented candles that she'll probably use at Christmas. I think Jesus was smiling that night, and I'm glad my aunt gave me a second chance to worship.

A Rest in the Rush

Don't get me wrong. I loved working at camp, but it sure made me long for the relaxing Sabbaths I enjoyed at home. When I applied to work at camp when I was 16, the only jobs available were in the kitchen, so that's where I began. After my kitchen duties were over, recreation, skits, and song service ate up any free time that I dreamed of. Sabbaths were no different from other days. In fact, many days they were more hectic.

Sabbath included the most complicated meals of the week: Sabbath lunch and the agape feast. Sabbath lunch included an enormous salad bar, a fancy entree and delectable desserts. For the agape feast, the kitchen staff cut hordes of fresh fruit, designed ornate cracker and cheese trays, and individually sliced sandwiches. With all that work, I didn't have time to go to church or on a Sabbath afternoon hike. Even if I did, I went back to my room

and fell into bed, completely drained. I never realized how much I relied on that one day to get me through the rest of the week.

Sabbath, for me, is a time of revitalization and fellowship. If I miss a week of church, I feel incomplete and hungry for the fellowship and worship that happens there. I understand why God gave us a Sabbath. It's a time of reconnecting with Him and it gives us strength to carry out our ministry during the week. If we spend the week preparing for the Sabbath, our focus is going in the wrong direction. We need to spend Sabbath focusing on how we can minister best during the week. Sabbath is a reminder to us of our need for God.

When I came home from my first summer at camp, I began using my Sabbaths for more than just catching up on sleep. I went with my youth group to feed the homeless or to visit nursing homes

If we spend the week preparing for the Sabbath, our focus is wrong.

and hospitals, singing and praying with patients. Now that I'm in college I enjoy many of the Sabbath afternoon ministries that Union provides such as Kingdom Kids, a bi-monthly VBS-style program for inner-city kids. These activities feed my soul and remind me of how Sabbath should be spent, giving my time to others and to God.

Not everyone can spend a summer in the kitchen to help them appreciate the Sabbath. Maybe examining the way we spend Sabbath, where our focus is, would be a good place to start making Sabbath more meaningful. In Mark, chapter two, Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath" (NIV). The Sabbath is God's gift to us. Let's make the most of it. ✚

Larissa is a language arts education major from Oregon.

Angela is a communication major from Tennessee.

Kate is a journalism major from Iowa.

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Defining Terms

Worship: To regard with ardent or adoring esteem or devotion." That's what the dictionary says worship is. What does worship mean to you? It has a different significance to all of us. Here's what some Union students think about worship.

"Worship is something you give your heart to in exchange for life." —Leslie de Fluiter, senior, Hendersonville, Tennessee

"It's just praising God's holiness." —Stacey Tryon, junior, Clarksville, Tennessee

"Worship is abandoning self to God." —Greg Okimi, staff, Lincoln, Nebraska

"Momentarily forgetting about this world and focusing on God." —Jeremy Barber, sophomore, Jamestown, North Dakota

"Worship is taking the time to slow down and acknowledge and praise God." —Ashley Bohlender, senior, Loveland, Colorado

"It's a time-out to reflect and think about the things God has blessed me with." —Matt Nunez, junior, Mansfield, Texas

"Worship to me is my own personal experience with God." —Stephen Carlile, junior, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma

"Worship is uplifting and praising God for the wonderful things He has done in my life."
—Audra Hansen, sophomore, Grand Island, Nebraska

"To me worship is praising God through songs or singing." —Martha Lucar, sophomore, Lincoln, Nebraska

"Worship is spending time with God, going on a nature walk, reading the Bible or going to church."
—Jami Simpson, senior, Grand Junction, Colorado

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Anticrombie

Story by Josh Loshman & Chris Anderson
Design by Chris Webb



“**Y**ou are welcome to come in, but we’ve got nothing for you. Feel free to look around.” Not a great invitation, is it? And yet for clothing retailer Abercrombie & Fitch, in many cases, the invitation is the only thing that fits.

Abercrombie & Fitch is a popular clothing store for teenagers across America. So why are so many people uncomfortable about even walking past their doors at the mall? It is because Abercrombie and Fitch is an exclusive store. Almost like a club. For many people there are no fitting products.

For an overweight person, Abercrombie has nothing. Abercrombie & Fitch clothes are for slim body types. A&F doesn’t exclude only obese people — even normal-sized people have to buy something in 3XL. Anyone surpassing normal has little hope.

Abercrombie has created fashion outcasts.

Jewish Outcasts

After the first Hebrew exile, thousands returned from Babylon. According to the Pharisees in Judea, they had been tainted with foreign blood and inoculated with the beliefs of an uncircumcised nation.

However, Jesus treated the Samaritans as equals, though they were rejected from their very own church family. The synagogues should have welcomed their returned family with open arms. However, only the pure-blooded Jewish elite were allowed to enter.

Who is an Outcast?

Any business may refuse service for a number of reasons. A bar may turn away known drunkards. Restaurants can reject customers if they cause a disturbance to the environment of other diners. The restaurant doesn’t call it a crime — they call it a courtesy.

Worshippers seek a place of peace, or sometimes solitude, to worship and find perfect meditation with the Divine. Often those hindering their connection with their Savior are shut out.

Religion and history are loaded with tragedy. A gospel mission may be infinitely loaded with idealism, laws and principles, but certain problems are inevitable. Madmen weren’t allowed into the synagogue. Nor were lepers, active uniformed officers of the law, or crying children.

The sick may be cured and the child quieted, but what to do with the blasphemy-screaming maniac?

One may ask if this is evil. One might also note that Daniel secluded himself in prayer. The synagogues cast out those who were irreverent. Babies crying during a church service are hushed elsewhere. Jesus cast out merchants from the synagogue of Jerusalem — and thereby cleansed His Father’s house.

Religious outcasts can be a product of church separatism. They may be people embittered by the rejection they have felt simply from their appearance, their not-so-reputable friends, or their shady past. They may also be rejects because of their lack of conformity, their lack of reverence and respect, their religious tyranny, or their not-so-reputable social conduct.

There are two kinds of outcasts — those rejected by their own choosing, and those who are victims of another’s idealisms. One type holds fast to his own tyranny, resenting the conformity desired by his peers simply out of spite. The other wants desperately to be part of a greater family, but is rejected because his immured character is past honing. One

clings greedily to a lesser life, while the other can’t conform because to them it would be living a lie.

No amount of dieting or posture-altered sitting can allow Paul to comfortably fit in a Honda Accord.

Modern Standards

Paul is a middle income American, trapped by a modern elitist ideal. He needs a new car. The latest automobiles are fuel efficient, sleek, and compact. Herein is a problem: Paul surpasses six feet tall, and is wide-framed. No amount

of dieting or posture-altered sitting can allow Paul to comfortably fit in a Honda Accord.

Some car buyers proudly display their vehement anger for another brand with a “clever” comic of a boy urinating on a select manufacturer’s symbol.

Foreign car companies are by no means elitist. Their products are merely designed for the average person. Paul simply exceeds the limitations of “average.” Not many people strive to be average or mediocre — but they often reject perfection. In fact, the human embodiment of perfection was rejected by His own people.

The Perfect Outcast

Jesus was an outcast from His own church family. None of His teachings were theologically incorrect, and He was often called rabbi. He probably didn’t look or talk differently from the typical Jew, being born and raised so. In fact, there was nothing at all wrong with Him. But He still didn’t fit.

The synagogue’s honing of itself had been flawed, and put a limit on perfection. The perfect being was too big for



His own people. He associated with lepers and prostitutes. His friends were tax collectors, zealots and thieves. What did Jesus look like? The Bible gives few hints. But given His reportedly unruly conduct, the people could judge Him without any reference to appearance.

If Jesus was too big for His church, can any human be too small? The average sinner is supposedly received with a great welcoming when the church doors are thrown wide. But might someone be rejected for being more or less than an average sinner?

Jesus' disciples have become the most revered of outcasts. Killers, thieves and blasphemers became the foremost voices in spreading the gospel — and so have the average sinners.

Jesus saw the potential in every human. Every person is perfect in God's creative hands, and has the potential to receive perfection once again. However, every person must first embrace this gift.

Anticrombie for a Reason

Some people become permanent Abercrombie rejects, and wear blatantly

A knocking believer patiently waits for the door to be opened, and the impatient tyrant curses the house for having a door.

counter-fashion shirts that proudly proclaim "Anticrombie" in bold type. Some drivers decorate their pickups with a comic character urinating on a lesser auto brand's emblem. And some people wait on church steps for all their lives, but the door is never big enough.

"Happy Sabbath! Glad you're here. Would you sign our visitor's registry?"

It's a warm, open greeting for a church with open doors. Everyone can feel like a church family member simply by walking in the doors. Fashion, size, cars and diet habits make no difference.

The church has a two-way responsibility. A knocking believer patiently waits for the door to be opened, and the impatient tyrant curses the house for having a door. The church decides when to answer.

The church is a doorkeeper. Many knock, and a great "Happy Sabbath!" awaits their entrance. Some scorn the welcoming. And some may appear to be the least of these, but if something is offered to the very least, it is offered to Christ. The door mustn't be slammed in its Creator's face. ✚

Josh is a sophomore communication major from Iowa.

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Chris Webb is a sophomore communication major from Kansas.

As a bridegroom rejoices, so too does God rejoice. Isaiah 62:5



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Shaking Hands with God



Story and design by Kate Simmons

Two years ago I was in a play. One

stressful rehearsal we were lost in the rubble of set construction, and people arrived late or unprepared. Without announcement, our student director stopped everything, raised one hand, and started praying. Everyone went quiet. A new power had been introduced.

I'd grown up with a "down on your knees" kind of worship, but the unfamiliar method implemented that night stood up, looked up, and reached up to heaven. This raised hand enabled an easy transition from stress to supplication as a handshake enables a friendly first impression. Conversing with God took on a brave new appeal.

Worshipful movement is not dependent on emotionalism. As Adventists we emphasize a health mes-


sage because we believe the mind, body, and spirit are intertwined and cannot be divorced.

So why do so many of us squirm when people express themselves physically during worship? We tell children to fold their hands and close their eyes for prayer. Why? We communicate every intention of the heart with our hands. How much sense, then, does it make to disable this expression of worship? Do we think it's disingenuous? Undignified?

We're afraid to appear emotional instead of purely intellectual. But movement and reverence are not mutually exclusive. Paul writes in I Timothy, the second chapter, "I want men everywhere to lift up holy hands in prayer, without anger or disputing" (NIV).

Lifting up holy hands is more than raising our hand in class. If we raise our hands to God we must reveal their contents: our intentions, our actions. Lifting hands means a surrender of anger, a confession of wrong, a request for something better.

In Psalm 28, David pleads, "Hear the voice of my supplication, when I cry to thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle" (KJV).

We were created to connect mind, body, and spirit with God. He is not far away. He's close enough to reach out and touch. 

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Could Jesus and Buddha Be Friends?

Story by John Rivera
Design by Ben Yancer

“There’s crocodiles in the stream, you know?” Paul said one day during recess. “Miss Natty told me.”

“Uh uh,” I replied in disbelief.

“Yes huh,” Paul rebutted. “There are crocodiles, and Miss Natty put them there so the bad guys can’t get us during nap time. She told me so.”

Years later, I do remember the tiny stream behind our little preschool tucked away in Hawaii’s Nu’uanu Valley. I do remember Miss Natty in her dark blue flower print dress, trimmed in lace, her curly black hair and trimmed fingernails. I remember how she smelled of caramel and cough syrup. I remember recess in the wooden playground, and what seemed like miles and miles of chain link fences. But I don’t remember the crocodiles. In fact, I’m rather sure there

were no crocodiles in that stream, mostly because there are no crocodiles in all of Hawaii.

With all of these floating images in my head, the most vivid is of Paul, my best friend. We would sit cross-legged on the pavement, squishing red ants with our bare fingers to prove our strength, pretending we were giants. During nap time we would wait till everyone else fell

cushions and dirty sheets. But now we couldn’t be more different.

Different Gods

Thousands of miles away from Hawaii, I live in Lincoln, Nebraska, studying English, getting a minor in religion, and Paul is in India, studying to become a Buddhist monk. I laugh in my head as I picture him, tall and thin with wavy

blond hair and blue eyes in a neon orange monk’s robe. But more than laughter, I am filled with confusion. How did we each end up this way?

We were the same person, inseparable. We both hated recess. We both at one time were incessantly attracted to Kimberly Cabrall (a minor detail

that we both later regretted), and we both have a deep love for the comic style of Miss Whoopi Goldberg. What happened? How could we, practically the same person through most of our childhoods, now

Different beliefs,
different desires,
different gods.

asleep, and then sneak over to the library and look at the pictures in magazines. We did everything together. We shared everything: our first trip to Pizza Hut, ice cream sundaes, tents made out of couch

have entirely different beliefs, different desires, different gods?

One evening, a few months back, I decided to call Paul, for our once-every-six-month conversation. If we want to stay in touch, our efforts need to be entirely intentional. After a few minutes of obligatory banter, I finally mustered up the courage to ask, "So what do you really believe?"

"Well," Paul said after a few moments' silence, "I believe in love. I believe in morality and justice. Buddha has taught me not to kill or steal. I do my best not to lie. I believe I shouldn't misuse sex, or cloud my mind with alcohol or drugs. I believe that I should do my best to be a better person, because in the state I am now, I am too much like the world."



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teachings of his Lord Buddha.

In our differences, we both believe in something deeper and greater than ourselves. We both believe in royal men that left their thrones because of their deep longings to end the suffering of the world. We both desire to be

better than we are, to help others. We both believe in mercy, justice, and love. Jesus has taught me to love all others unconditionally. Buddha taught this lesson to Paul. I cannot picture a heaven where Jesus would not reward this love, nor do I believe that Paul could

deny that the love I have has brought me

a little closer to enlightenment.

Though we share many cloudy childhood memories, our paths have brought us to very different places. Neither of us has slept under a couch cushion tent in a while. Neither of us gets to pretend we're giants very often. Nor do I think that either of us has squished any red ants with our bare fingers lately. But I remember the crocodiles now. I understand what Paul believes, and though I still can't see them there, swimming in that tiny stream, I know that whatever is out there is protecting both Paul and me as we sleep. ✚

John is a senior English major from Hawaii.

Ben is a senior English major from Maryland.



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Compassionate Kings

In approximately 563 BCE, a prince was born to King Siddhodana in the foothills of the Himalayas. As a child he lived a luxurious life in a beautiful palace. Then one day, he received a vision of an elderly, frail, helpless man. It compelled him to help those less fortunate than himself, and he left his life in the palace courts to seek truth. He desired to end suffering. He later wrote in the Samyutta Nikaya, verse 353, "A state that is not pleasing or delightful to me, how could I inflict that upon another?"

Similarly, several hundred years later, a young Hebrew boy was born near the Galilean Plain. He had lived in a beautiful palace with his father, the Universal King, but concerned with the pain and suffering of the world, chose to leave it all so that we may know the truth. He desired to end suffering. It is recorded in the book of Matthew, chapter 7, that He once said, "In everything, do to others what you would have them do to you, for this sums up the Law and the Prophets."

Protecting Us

In my life journey, I have come to the place where I would rather die than deny my love and commitment to my Savior, Jesus Christ. Similarly, in his eightfold path, Paul wouldn't even think of giving up his deep belief and surrender to the

What We Share

Understanding each other through common ground is important. Sometimes, as Adventists, it's easy to think that we're so unique that we have no common goals or teachings with people in other religions. However, if we take a closer look, there are a lot of believers who are very much "like Adventists." They do not always share the same motivations, the same goals, or the same God, but what they do share is a desire to make the world a better place to live.

- Buddhists believe in the importance of serving others. To them, loving one another is essential to achieving enlightenment.
- Muslims believe in the importance of confession. They regularly confess their sins to God.
- Judaists believe in the Sabbath. From Friday sunset to Saturday sunset, Judaists stop work and worship God. He made the Sabbath holy and gave it as a gift of remembrance and rest.
- Latter-day Saints (Mormons) believe in paying tithe. It is one way they show their faith and give thanks to God.
- Baptists believe in baptism by immersion, that is, fulling submerging a person in water.

Common Ground

Going Beyond the Pews

Story by Kristina Camacho
Design by Ben Yancer

Imagine the perfect Sabbath morning. Smiles grace the faces of the congregation sitting neatly in their pews as the deaconess gives announcements — the sun glaring off her gold necklace. *Who let her up there wearing that? Oh well, it's Lorelee; she's like that.*

Sometimes the obvious differences make me forget how much I have in common with those around me.

Sour-Hearted Fish

I didn't like Sarah. Everything about her, right down to the way she always left her hair wet after a shower, bothered me. The way those wet curls bounced weakly around her shoulders made me want to shave her bald just so that she would suffer some humiliation. Her prim little nose always seemed pointed in my direction, as if to say, "Try not to be jealous."

I hated her. I hated her boyfriend for choosing her over me. A certain dark tint in her eye always let me know that she had won. Ah, but would she have triumphed if she were bald? I should have thought of it sooner.

I seethed whenever I saw her in the cafeteria or in the hall. When she was assigned to

sit next to me in class, my mind played visions of throwing her books on the floor and screaming, "How could you do this to me?"

We didn't speak to each other for months at a time, though we often found ourselves in the same circle of friends. It didn't matter. What would we talk about anyway?

I told myself to get over it. The situation was getting out of control. I didn't normally feel so much hatred. Trying to forget her seemed like the best idea.

Amazingly, I did. I no longer felt like leaving the moment she entered the room. We managed to simply ignore each other when we found ourselves headed up the dorm steps together. The hate subsided and life carried on peacefully.

For a while.

When Sarah and I applied for the same job the following school year, the wet curls snapped back into focus. There were six positions open. Surely the boss wouldn't include that sour-hearted fish on the team. Surely I was a necessary addition.

Seeing Past the Suit

On this perfect Sabbath morning, I see lots of sour-hearted fish. There's Ted,

the sound guy, who always turns up the microphones too high, and the pastor who wears the same black suit every week. And the pastor's wife is always trying to push her Special K loaf recipe on me.

I would rather host a Pathfinder camporee in my backyard than be caught in public wearing anything that glitters. Suits seem too stiff. I lack any sort of technical ability for running sound, and Special K loaf makes me nauseated. So what do I have in common with these people?

Let's dig a little deeper.

Do I honestly stand firm on the foundation of every one of the 27 fundamental beliefs? Maybe I do, but what about the guy sitting next to me? What about Sister White? Is she really my "sister?" Is she "related" to everyone in my pew? Surely everyone in this congregation believes in the life-saving concepts of the Bible. Or is there someone who doubts? Do I doubt?

And deeper still.

What do I have in common with Jesus? After all, He was a carpenter and I'm a college student. He never pursued marriage or having children as I hope to. The most basic structure of our lives seems totally different, and yet I feel drawn to

spend increasing amounts of time with Him.

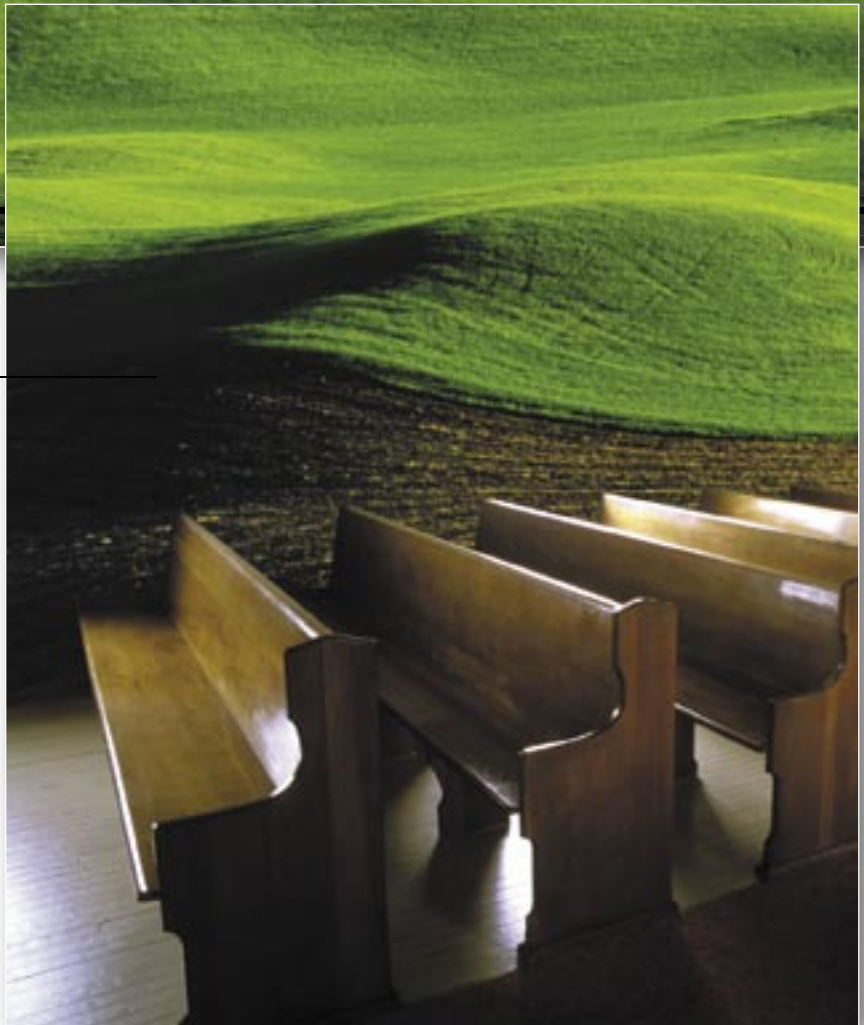
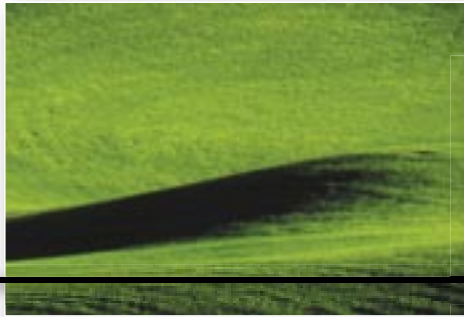
When I learned that both Sarah and I had been hired, I never believed that I would want to spend increasing amounts of time with *her*.

The Common Wound

One rainy Sabbath afternoon, after we had been working together for several weeks, she knocked on

my door.

As I sit in my pew, I wonder what I have in common with the people around me.



Working side-by-side was going better than I had expected. We had upgraded from ignoring to smiling at one another in the hallways, but that was hardly grounds to call her my friend. Why had she come?

I opened the door and she took a seat on my bed, as if planning to stay. Confused, I also sat down. The ever-generic question popped off my tongue like a reflex, “What’s up?”

“I’m bored. I just thought I’d come see what you’re up to.”

The words snuck out of her mouth and into my heart where they unlocked a surprising amount of joy. Within moments we relaxed.

Smiling turned into laughing, laughing turned into getting acquainted, which turned into the deep seriousness of sharing what mattered in our lives.

“I can’t believe I’m telling you this,” she explained. “A couple of years ago, I wanted to die.”

Suddenly I realized that we weren’t so different. We told similar stories of depression and hope. I couldn’t continue to hate her once I knew what we shared. We had been wounded.

Hope Fulfilled

As I sit in my pew, I wonder what I have in common with the people around me. I find that the majority hold some claim to the 27 fundamentals, such as keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, life-long marriage to one partner, and the Trinity. And though it’s definitely okay to question God, most everyone clings to the promise that He sent His one and only Son to save us and that we will spend the rest of our lives rejoicing with Him. But when I wrack my brain to think of what every Seventh-day Adventist has in common, only a few things come to mind. We have all been wounded because

of the Devil. We all need hope for healing. A friendship with God fulfills that hope.

This small but mighty fleet of commonalities brings us together. It unites even the “suits” and “necklaces” with one another and with me. It also unites us with Christ. Isaiah 53:5 says, “He was pierced for our transgressions”(NIV). Yes, Jesus was wounded. He was also healed by His Father, so that “by His wounds we are healed.”

1 John 3:1 proclaims, “How great is the love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called the children of God!” The same Father who restored Jesus also restores us and calls us His own. This is the most joyous hope that draws us together. ✚

Kristina is a junior language arts education major from Texas.

Ben is a senior English major from Maryland.

We have all been wounded because of the Devil.

We all need hope for healing.

A friendship with God fulfills that hope.

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Learning to Let Go

by Jenann Elias
Mindy Mekelburg

Designed by Candice Powell

My heart ached and cried in confusion. My friend's silent treatment was breaking me down.

I couldn't take it anymore. When I'd asked my friend what I'd done wrong, she didn't answer. I was left to play guessing games.

Rewinding my memory, I played the event over and over in my mind. What had I said? What had I done? How had I hurt one of my dearest friends? What should I do now? I tortured myself, searching for answers and pleading with her to talk, but she still would not

respond. Each day the tension grew. When we saw each other, we were pleasant but superficial: the weather, homework, our busy schedules. I didn't want to push her, but I wanted to solve the problem.

As I pleaded, "God help me understand what to do," He impressed me to e-mail her. I pounded the keyboard, filling the screen with words of distress and a longing to know my mistakes.

A day went by, and I didn't get a reply. Then came the words that calmed my heart like the stillness after a storm. She told me that I had hurt her feelings

and belittled her. She explained her frustrations and how she had interpreted my actions.

As I read her words, my mind filled with clarity. I realized my joking had been harsh and had come across as cruel. As a good friend, I had abused her; I had taken advantage of our friendship. I knew that I needed to explain my actions and more than that, I needed to apologize. In my reply, I told her how sorry I was for unintentionally hurting her feelings. Then I asked for forgiveness and waited for her reaction. The words, "I forgive you," brought soothing peace.



Pain of Grudges

I took an “honors”-type American literature class in high school. The teacher was known for being very stern, very cold. An urban myth circulated that no one got “A’s” in any of her classes. I’d been a student under this teacher before, and had experienced a difficult time with her class.

This time felt different. I loved the class material, and I always read ahead in our assignments.

About a month into the school year, I got to class early and pulled out a book to read before we began. I still remember the book: *Right and Wrong* by Josh McDowell.

Just as the bell for class rang, the teacher entered the room and immediately came to my desk.

“What are you reading, Jenann?” she asked. I told her. She looked sternly at me from behind her small reading glasses.

“This isn’t considered high school material. Most people your age wouldn’t read something like this.” I shrugged, saying that I enjoyed this type of reading.

“You don’t need to pretend to be something you’re not, Jenann. We already know you’re dumb,” she said, passing her hand over the other students. They all stared at me.

“Stop pretending to be a good student. We know you just want attention.” With that I got up, almost in tears, and left the

class. I didn’t come back, either, for the rest of the semester.

That was more than five years ago. I still remember the burning sensation on my cheeks from those words. I kept that hurt inside for a long time — until last year. My father bumped into that teacher at the grocery store, and while talking, he brought up that incident and mentioned how her words had shattered me.

“I said that to her?” the teacher asked, shocked. Confused, my dad assured her she had said that to me.

“I feel awful! I don’t remember doing that to her at all” she exclaimed.

For five years I had been bottling up anger and resentment toward this teacher, and she didn’t even remember it.

When my dad told me about his run-in with her, I felt a little sad.

Letting go of a grudge has to do with forgiveness and turning the other cheek. So many times when someone angers me or rubs me wrong, I tell myself, “I’ll get them back next time they need something. We’ll see how they feel then.” That, to me, is holding a grudge. It’s an ugly thing. It makes me feel sick; it makes me inwardly dry and cruel.

My challenge for myself this year is to forgive and move on when someone hurts me. When someone wrongs me, I am going to remember that I make mistakes too.

I am human and I wouldn’t want someone else to hold a grudge against me for

a long time, maybe even years. I am going to treat people remembering that I am a child of Christ, and Christ didn’t hold grudges.

While He was on earth, the very people He loved hated Him. As the Son was dying, He pleaded, “Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing” Luke 23:34. Christ never held a grudge.

In the book *Watchman Nee: Man of Suffering*, author Bob Laurent said, “If you cannot stand the trials of the cross, you cannot become a useful instrument. It is only the spirit of the lamb that God takes delight in: the gentleness, the humility, and the peace. Your ambition and ability are useless in the sight of God. I have been down this path; it is not a question of right or wrong; it is a question of whether or not one is like the bearer of the cross.”

I want to be like the Bearer of the cross: able to forgive people for hurting me.

To capably step back and ask God to forgive me for getting angry. Forgiveness and becoming patient hurts much less than holding a grudge.

Teacher, I forgive you.

Forgiving Myself

I knew something had gone wrong. We were slowly disconnecting from each other; our friendship was decomposing. Was I to blame? I failed to recall what had gone wrong. I reviewed my daily routine and our interactions. I hadn’t





spent much time with my Friend lately, yet something had happened.

When we'd last talked, I'd shared with Him how I was doing and what happening in my life. I had caught Him up on my busy life, yet there was still a chasm I couldn't cross. I tried to stretch my mind and reach the other side, but I fell short. Something was missing.

Finally, I gave up and gave in by asking Him, "Did I do something wrong?" I was amazed when He simply answered, "You don't know Me."

He was right. Our conversations were focused on me. I'd used Him to fulfill my desire and need for acceptance, advice, and encouragement. Selfishly, I'd drained Him by not listening.

Our friendship was one sided. I realized He had been there for me when I had needed Him, but I hadn't been there for Him.

In my selfishness, I had hurt my best friend. I apologized and asked His forgiveness. He had no reason to forgive me. He had nothing to lose. I hadn't offered much to our friendship.

Despite this, however, He forgave me. Amazement flooded over me as I thought

of how undeserving I was of his attention.

Our friendship changed after that.

I started shutting my mouth and listening to him. As I got to know Him, He became a new person to me. I regretted not exploring His friendship earlier. I beat myself up about wasting our precious time.

One day He hit me hard with a question. He asked, "Have you forgiven yourself?" Honestly, I hadn't.

Being forgiven by someone else is receiving the keys to release the chains that bind us, but forgiving ourselves is realizing that we hold the keys to freedom and using them to set ourselves free. The decision is ours.

Will we open the lock or be imprisoned forever?

Peace of Forgiveness

The word "forgive" is defined in Webster as "to grant pardon for or to cease to feel resentment against."

In order to "cease to feel resentment against" we must turn to the ultimate forgiver, God.

Day in and day out we sin and when we ask, He forgives. Then we turn around and sin again. Yet, each time He doesn't hesitate, He forgives. If God can forgive millions upon millions of times each day, shouldn't we be able to forgive when a few people hurt us?

Holding a grudge and not forgiving is like living in the middle of a battle zone.

There is such an internal battle with terrible reminders being shot like bullets through our mind and shrapnel of bitterness lodging in our hearts.

All we need to do is S.O.S. God for help. Just raise the white flag of surrender and let Him take control. ✚

Jenann is a sophomore communication major from California.

Mindy is a junior communication major from Nebraska.

Lee, Witness. *Watchman Nee: A Seer of the Divine Revelation in the Present Age.* Living Stream Ministry. Anaheim, California: 1991.

Braham, Carol. *Webster's Dictionary.* Ballantine Books. New York: 1996.

Obituaries

BURLEW, JAMES O., b. June 6, 1930 in Valenica, Kan., d. Oct. 13 in Topeka, Kan. He was a member of the Wanamaker (Topeka, Kan.) Church. Survivors: sister, Dorothy Bears; brothers, Donald and Billy Burlew.

BROWN, BRUCE ELVIN, b. July 22, 1918 in Sharpsberg, Iowa, d. Oct. 17. He was a member of the Norfolk (Neb.) Church. Survivors: wife, Ruth; daughters, Twilla Schinkus and Barbara Johnson; sons, Bruce Jr., and Richard; sisters, Dora Mae Pederson, Leora Hilliard and Opal Knight; nine grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren.

COLE, NORMAN J., b. May 25, 1915 in Hinsdale, Ill., d. Sept. 25 in Rifle, Colo. He was a member of the Rifle Church. Survivors: sister, Vi; daughter, Anita Neilson; son, Barry; four grandchildren.

ESCOE, EDITH ALIDA, b. Nov. 18, 1900 in Montgomery County, Iowa, d. Oct. 27 in Norton, Kan. She was a member of the Norton Church. Survivors: nephew, Olin Sprague.

GALLEMORE, BLANCHE N., b. Dec. 2, 1910 in Manes, Miss., d. Nov. 7 in Olathe, Colo. She was a member of the Montrose Church. Survivors: sister, Maxine Rowan; daughters, Charlene Cox and Maxine London; four grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren.

HARDISTER, STANFORD M. (SONNY) b. May 11, 1923 in Lexington, N.C. d. Oct. 31 in St. Joseph, Mo. He was a member of the Three Angels Church in St. Joseph. Survivors: wife, Helen; daughter, Stormy Cox; sisters, Mary Louise Wilson and Ella Rae Jones; brother, Henry; one grandchild.

JOHNSON, RUTH J., b. June 23, 1928 in Makoti, N.D., d. Aug. 13 in Grand Junction, Colo. She was a member of the Paonia Church. Survivors: husband, Robert; sons, Delmer, Malcolm ADean@, Lyndon and Jay Robert; four grandchildren.

KOEPLIN, ESTHER b. Jan. 13, 1915 near Lehr, N.D., d. in Wishek, N.D. She was a member of the Lehr, N.D. Church. Survivors: husband, Willie; sisters, Ruth Fernandez, Martha Koeplin and Hulda Dias.

MCHENRY, WINSTON, H., b. July 13, 1918 in Aurungabad, India, d. Oct. 4 in Shawnee, Kan. He was a charter member of the West Lenexa (Kan.) Church. He served the Southern Asia Division for 40 years as an accountant, teacher, business manager, auditor, and assistant controller. Survivors: wife, Maxine; sons, Bill and Eddie; daughter, Sharon Staddon; three sisters; nine grandchildren; one great-grandchild.

MORRIS, ETHEL LESTINE JONES b. Apr. 23, 1908 in Vashti, N.D. d. Aug. 29 in Carrington, N.D. She was a member of the New Home, N.D. Church. Survivors: son, Clyde; sisters, Agnes Bierdeman, Marie Laurie Sedro Woolley and Annie Watkins; one grandson.

NELSON, SELMA (SALLY) b. Jan. 1, 1903 d. Nov. 2 in St. Cloud, Minn. She was a member of the Dakota Conference Church. Survivor: sister, Myrtle Overdahl.

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NERPEL, RAYMOND H., b. Apr. 28, 1923 in Carpenter, N.D. d. Aug. 16. He was a member of the Bottineau, N.D. Church. Survivors: sons, Gordon, Wilfred, Michael, Harvey and Forrest; sisters, Ann Dunlop, Elnora Bishop and Maude Abraham; brother, August; 15 grandchildren; 25 great-grandchildren.

PENDERGRAS, ZANOVIA, b. Sep. 15, 1923 in Naughton-Glen, Alberta, Canada, d. Oct. 25 in St. Joseph, Mo. She was a member of the Three Angels Church in St. Joseph. Survivors: daugh-

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ter, Barbara Stiles; sons, William and Emmett; brothers, John, Alex, and Nestor Lakusta; sisters, Victoria O'Meara, Ruth Grande and Kathy Keehn; 11 grandchildren; 21 great-grandchildren.

SHELTON, DOYLE, b. June 15, 1921 in Cleveland, Okla., d. Nov. 1 in Springfield, Mo. He was a member of the Springfield Church. Survivors: wife, Helen; daughters, Dandy DeMand and Cheryl Wright; step-daughter, Janie Feathers; step-son, James West; sister, Marie Cline; six grandchildren; three great-grandchildren.

TERRILL, KENNETH ALLEN, b. Sep. 8, 1939 in Columbia, Mo., d. Nov. 8 in Columbia, Mo. He was a member of the Columbia Church. Survivors: mother, Doris Schuermann; brother, Bruce; step-brothers, Robert and Lawrence Schuermann.

WAGNER, DONALD E., b. Nov. 18, 1962 in Brighton, Colo., d. Oct. 21 in Loveland, Colo. He was a member of the Loveland Church. Survivors: wife, Cherie Adriane; son, Andrew; stepson, Shilo Criswell; parents, R. Stephen and Doris; brother, Robert; sister, Rhonda Hallnagel.

Notices

LA SIERRA UNIVERSITY invites all alumni and friends to Homecoming 2005 February 25-28. Honor classes include: 1925, 1935, 1945, 1955, 1965, 1975, 1980, 51+ and 61+. La Sierra University Sabbath church service with Gary McCary >75, Saturday night class reunions, and Sunday night Homecoming banquet. For more details contact Alumni at 951-785-2LSU (2578).

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Sunset Calendar

COLORADO	DEC. 31	JAN. 7	JAN. 14	JAN. 21	JAN. 28
Denver	4:46	4:52	4:59	5:07	5:15
Grand Junction	5:02	5:08	5:15	5:23	5:31
Pueblo	4:48	4:55	5:02	5:09	5:17
IOWA					
Davenport	4:43	4:49	4:57	5:05	5:14
Des Moines	4:55	5:01	5:09	5:17	5:26
Sioux City	5:03	5:09	5:17	5:26	5:34
KANSAS					
Dodge City	5:31	5:38	5:44	5:52	6:00
Goodland	4:34	4:40	4:47	4:55	5:03
Topeka	5:11	5:17	5:24	5:31	5:40
Wichita	5:21	5:27	5:34	5:41	5:49
MINNESOTA					
Duluth	4:30	4:37	4:46	4:56	5:06
International Falls	4:28	4:36	4:45	4:55	5:06
Minneapolis	4:42	4:49	4:57	5:06	5:16
MISSOURI					
Columbia	4:57	5:03	5:10	5:18	5:26
Kansas City	5:06	5:12	5:19	5:27	5:35
Springfield	5:06	5:12	5:19	5:26	5:34
St. Louis	4:50	4:56	5:03	5:11	5:19
NEBRASKA					
Grand Island	5:15	5:22	5:29	5:37	5:46
Lincoln	5:09	5:16	5:23	5:31	5:40
North Platte	5:25	5:31	5:38	5:47	5:55
Scottsbluff	4:34	4:40	4:48	4:56	5:05
NORTH DAKOTA					
Bismarck	5:05	5:12	5:21	5:30	5:41
Fargo	4:49	4:56	5:05	5:14	5:25
Williston	5:11	5:18	5:27	5:37	5:48
SOUTH DAKOTA					
Pierre	5:12	5:19	5:27	5:36	5:46
Rapid City	4:25	4:32	4:40	4:49	4:58
Sioux Falls	5:00	5:07	5:15	5:24	5:33
WYOMING					
Casper	4:41	4:48	4:56	5:04	5:13
Cheyenne	4:41	4:47	4:55	5:03	5:11
Sheridan	4:37	4:44	4:52	5:01	5:11



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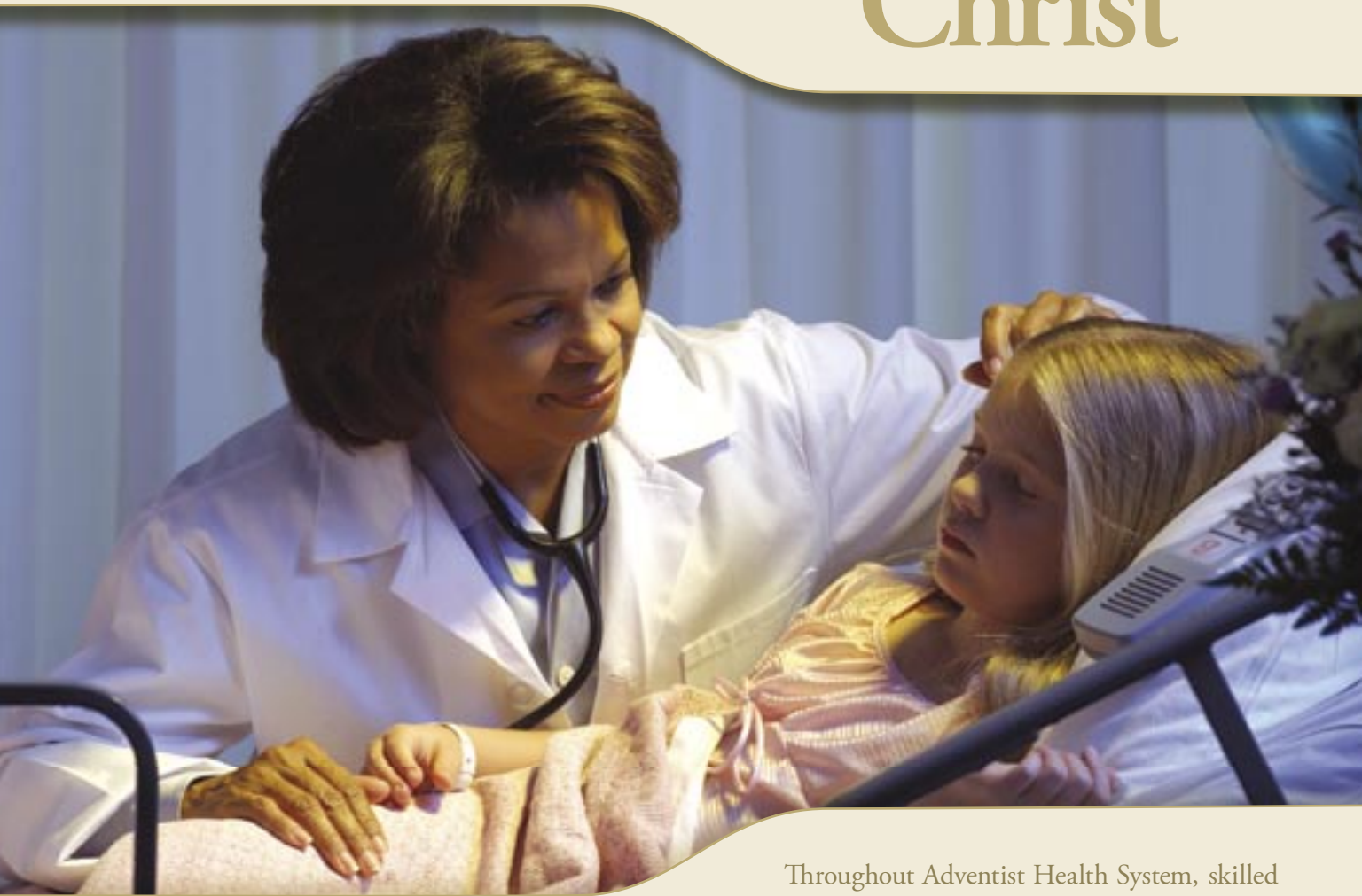
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