

t Church in Mid-America | February 2011

News and Inspiration From the Seventh-de

In the Dark? **See the Light!**

Busted and Broken p. 29 Romantic Melting Pot p. 16 Scream of Silence p. 4 Surviving the Wild p. 23

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On the Cover:

Communication major Cassi Fitzpatrick designed our cover. A delightful, insightful and devoted disciple of Jesus, she has served in Africa as a student missionary. Cassi will be a blogger on our soon-to-be updated Mid-America Union blog network.

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In This Issue...

Welcome to our annual student-produced edition of *Outlook*. The young adults in Chris Blake's editing class at Union College have written articles on the theme of spiritual light versus darkness.

I'm particularly impressed this year with the depth and maturity of these students. Some already have served as missionaries, overseas and domestically. All have experienced God at a fundamental level that I find personally inspiring and instructive.

The convictions expressed are their own. I suggest they have both a right and a responsibility to communicate their minds and their hearts with us—and we ought to ponder what they have to say. And maybe even consider changing some of our own attitudes and approaches.

They are pictured at right with Chris Blake, who shares a guest editorial on the theme of light.

Turning the page, you'll find an encouraging challenge from Elder Tom Lemon, new president of the Mid-America Union. Tom's passion is that all of us will be God's ambassadors to a world desperately in need of His love and light.

Martin

Martin Weber, editor

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Let the True Light Shine by Chris Blake

Many Christians—including lots of Adventists—have had a problem with the assurance of salvation.

To be clear, John didn't. "I write this to you who believe in the Son of God, that you may know that you have eternal life" (1 John 5:13).

Peter didn't. "It shall be that whoever calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2:21).

Paul didn't. "I am sure that he who began a good work in you will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1:6).

Jesus didn't. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand" (John 10:27, 28).

God's deposit is in the bank—the grace bank. It's there, secure. For collateral, all God asks for is our heartfelt commitment. Yet some Adventists have lost sight of Christianity's bedrock claims, deep-veined in the Word of God.

It is possible to give up our salvation, but that is a conscious choice—like opening the shower door and stepping outside, not like dropping the soap. If you walk into an elevator and punch the button for the top floor and then fall down in the elevator, you're still headed up.

Some people, however, believe we are lost every time we mess up or carry unconfessed sin. Here's how that view practically plays out:

8:14 am—Harbor a sinful thought.

[8:14-11:42 am—Unsaved]

11:42 am—Confess sin to God.

[11:42 am-12:39 pm—Saved]

12:39 pm—Dishonest in conversation.

[12:39-12:47 pm—Unsaved]

12:47 pm—Confess sin to other person and God.

[12:47-1:11 pm—Saved]

1:11 pm—Experience sinful pride.

3:26 pm—Neglect to stand up for one of "the least of these"

[1:11-4:36 pm—Unsaved]

What a weird, demented, yo-yo existence! (We haven't yet made it to supper.) Imagine trying to live your life under such consternation. It's like a child insecure about her parents.



The Fall 2010 Union College editing class: (front) Joyelle Worley, Serena Stevens, Brittany Harwood, Taleah Valles, Caitlin Edwards, and Rebecca Fagan; (back) Addison Hudgins, Chris Blake, Cassi Fitzpatrick, and Liza Ngenye.

"Are you really my mommy and daddy? I know you told me so a thousand times, but I disobeyed you just now so I'm not truly sure."

What sadistic parent would want to keep a child that fearful? Would you? Are you a better parent than God?

Fortunately, the gospel of Jesus is nothing like that. Freedom is sacred to God—including freedom from fear and anxiety. Moreover, this gospel isn't some future event.

We are saved now. We experience eternal life now. We are liberated from unresolved guilt and worry now.

"Peace I leave with you;" Jesus says, "my peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid" (John 14:27).

Flawed and resilient, we live in the eternal light of the Cross and the Resurrection. "Personal salvation" isn't the end of the joyful race—it's the beginning. Christianity is the land of beginning again.

As for me, I will live in the bright, powerful light described by John, Peter, Paul and Jesus.

How about you? ■

Chris Blake is associate professor of English and communication at Union College. He has written many books, including Swimming Against the Current (Pacific Press, 2007).

The Love Note Ambassador by Tom Lemon

Do you remember your early adolescence? Back when you looked furtively across the classroom to someone of the opposite sex and hoped she (or he) would not catch you staring at her, but half-wishing she would? You could not have a real face-to-face conversation with her. That was much too forward and even somewhat scary.

So you wrote a note using your best penmanship. You folded it as many times as you could and taped it shut for privacy, then found a friend to deliver it. Upon delivery of the note, the real anxiety began. Would he (or she) laugh at you? Would there be a return note? What would it say? Maybe she "hated your guts" as we used to worry, or maybe he didn't even know who you were. So moving forward in the relationship required your friend to become your ambassador as it were, to build at least some diplomatic bridges if you ever wanted to put more into or receive anything from the potential relationship.

Your choice of the right friend was crucial. For if you chose the wrong person, he could alter your note, or not deliver it, or substitute one of his own. Your ambassador had to be implicitly trustworthy in delivering a message on your behalf. He or she had no authority to deliver anything more or less than what you wanted.

The spiritual application may be so obvious that it might seem too simple for some but stay with me on this.

Use your imagination to put yourself in God's position. He wants a relationship with us, but if He comes at it directly in all His blazing glory, He will destroy us. So He sent you and me a note—Holy Scripture, and He sent an ambassador—Jesus Christ. Note what the Bible writer says in 2 Cor. 5:19: "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses to them, and has committed to us the word of reconciliation."*

We know that Jesus came as the Word made flesh (John 1:14) for the purpose of revealing the Father to us (verse 18). His mission was to do the will of His father, not His own. And He accomplished God's will fully and completely. But upon His ascension He in turn imparted to His church the ambassadorial role: "Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God were pleading through us: we implore you on Christ's behalf, be reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5:20).

The ambassador represents his or her home government to the alien country. Jesus represented His holy Father to a sinful planet for the purpose of winning back that sinful planet for His Father, to be a place of growing goodness and productive tranquility. It is our privilege—yes, our responsibility—to accept the role Jesus has imparted to us. We are His ambassadors, carrying His message to a foreign world for the sake of reconciliation. When you stop to think of it, this is truly amazing. We say we trust in God, but think of the trust He has placed in us! It is vitally important that we get it right.

The message is not one freighted with a political ideology; we must not load it up with personal baggage nor make it exclusionary by our own attitudes. We dare not alter His message; heaven forbid that we should withhold it or even worse, substitute His message with one of our own.

If we are His ambassadors (as the text makes clear that we are), then the impression others get of the God we serve and the kingdom He leads will be dramatically impacted by the kind of ambassadors we are.

So the questions I leave with us today are straight forward: What kind of ambassadors are we? Do people hear us, observe us, get to know us and then desire to be a part God's kingdom? Or do they go the other way? It is sobering to think about, but think about it we must.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself... and has given to us the ministry of reconciliation." Amazing! ■

Thomas L. Lemon is president of the Mid-America Union. *All scriptures are from The New King James Version.

Legal Notice of the Seventh Session of the Mid-America Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists

Notice is hereby given that the Seventh Session of the Mid-America Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists will be held May 1-2, 2011 at College View Seventh-day Adventist Church in Lincoln, Nebraska. This regular session is being called to receive reports, to elect officers, departmental directors and members of the executive committee, to consider recommended changes to the constitution and bylaws, and to transact such business as may properly come before the session. The first meeting will convene Sunday, May 1 at 7:00 p.m. The delegates to this session are the regularly elected delegates from the conferences and institutions in the territory of the Mid-America Union Conference. Thomas L. Lemon, president

Legal Notice of the Quinquennial Session of the Mid-America Union, Central Union and Northern Union Conference Associations of Seventh-day Adventists

In accordance with the constitution and bylaws of the Mid-America Union, Central Union and Northern Union Conference Associations of Seventh-day Adventists, legal corporations, the regular business session will be held at the time of the Seventh Business Session of the Mid-America Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists at College View Seventh-day Adventist Church in Lincoln, Nebraska. The first meeting of the associations will convene at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday, May 1, 2011. The purpose of the meeting is to elect trustees, to receive reports and to transact business that may properly come before the corporation at that time. The members of these associations are the accredited delegates in attendance at the meetings of the Mid-America Union Conference Session.

Thomas L. Lemon, president

Elaine Hagele, vice president for finance





e pushes through the crowd, forcing people apart. Bracelets and rings jangle and his silken robes whisper as they brush the ground. Reaching the front, he thunders, "Oh, good Teacher! What must I do to be saved?" Sporting immaculate hair, he glances around to see what attention he's garnered.

Jesus turns to study the wealthy man, whom He loves. "Why do you call me good? No one is good except God. You know how to be saved."

"Oh, yes!" the young man gushes, nodding. "I must keep the commandments! And I've done that, all of them—ever

What is impossible for humans is possible for God.

since I was born." He beams at Jesus and the surrounding crowd.

Jesus shakes his head. "No, you're still missing something. You have to put away all your distractions—all your wealth—and come, follow Me."

The ruler stares at the ground, unseeing. Then he slowly walks away as the crowd parts again. Jesus continues, "It's hard for the rich to get into heaven—in fact, it's impossible. But what is impossible for humans is possible for God."

The Point

The main idea in this story is often lost. We argue about whether rich people can go to heaven,

about whether we should give away our possessions, about the importance of the command-

ments—and we miss the point. No matter what we do, we can't save ourselves.

Even if the rich young ruler had obeyed all the commandments, even if he had given away his wealth, it wouldn't have been enough. He needed to follow Jesus. Jesus—God—is the only one who can save us. "It is by grace you have been saved, through faith—and this is not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast." As my professor Chris Blake observes, "We cannot save ourselves any more than we can kiss the top of our own head."

Christians today acknowledge the concept of grace in word but often ignore it in practice. Even though we know Jesus did all the work and fixed us up, we still believe we have to be flawlessly perfect.

The Perfect Problem

"Perfect" in the Bible has many meanings. One is reconciled with God (Col. 1:22). With His sacrifice, Jesus "made perfect forever those who are being made holy" (Heb. 10:14*). Another is "mature" the Greek word for "perfect" is *telos*, which means "full-grown."

Perhaps the most important meaning of all is often overlooked. In Matthew chapter 5, Jesus told His follow-

ers to "be perfect, therefore, just as your heavenly Father is perfect," meaning merciful,

Our self-righteousness pushes God away.

kind, loving. Before this, He asked, "If you are kind only to your friends, how are you different from anyone else?" The same passage in Luke chapter 6 is, "Be merciful, just as your Father is merciful" (verse 36).

We Christians strut around church, preening and posturing and desperately trying to hide our insufficiencies. We scoff at people whose sins we can see while scurrying to stuff ours under the rug.

Or we hide from the church, afraid to be judged—knowing we can't conceal our pain, our sin, our darkness. We know we aren't perfect.

But that's exactly the reason the church exists.

When Jesus ate with tax collectors and "sinners," the religious leaders almost fainted in hor-



ror. But He told them, "I have not come to call those who think they are righteous, but those who know they are sinners. Healthy people don't need a doctor—sick people do." But how can sick people be healed if they aren't welcomed in the hospital?

Brennan Manning tells a story in his book, *The Ragamuffin Gospel*, of a man kicked out of church for being a "sinner." He goes to God and pleads, "Please, Lord. They won't let me in!"

God smiles wryly and asks, "What are you complaining about? They won't let me in either."

Our self-righteousness, the delusion that we can fix ourselves, pushes God away. In Matthew chapter 6,

Jesus discusses these delusions. "If your eyes are good, your whole body will be full of light. But if your eyes are bad, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light within you is darkness, how great is that darkness!" (verses 22, 23).

The more we delude ourselves into thinking we can earn our salvation, the more blinded and confused we become. Manning summarizes: "The men and women who are truly filled with light are those who have gazed deeply into the darkness of their imperfect existence." Only those who realize they are empty can be filled with God's grace and love.

In fact, the emptier we are, the more God can use us. Jesus said to Paul, "[God] said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12:9). Paul responded, "Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me. That is why, for Christ's sake, I delight in weaknesses, in insults, in hardships,

in persecutions, in difficulties. For when I am weak, then I am strong" (verses 9b, 10).

God sometimes uses our weaknesses in surprising ways.

whole pot. It couldn't stand the smug look.

One day, at the beginning of the trip down the mountain, the imperfect vessel snapped. It wailed at the water bearer, "I can't take it any longer! I'm cracked! I'm broken! I can't carry water. Why don't you just get rid of me?"

The girl peered at the cracked pot and gave a sad smile. "You're more important than you

"I'm broken! Just

get rid of me."

realize. When we go back up the mountain, look at the ground on your side of the path."

"I don't see why. . ." the cracked pot grumbed.

As the group started back up the path, the broken pot felt the water dribbling down its side, but it remembered to watch the ground—what a spectacle! Exquisite wild flowers in fuschia, aquamarine, and chartreuse sprouted in bursts along the path; dragonflies

> and butterflies danced among the petals, sipping nectar. The cracked pot stared awe-

struck at the beauty.

The girl smiled. "You grew those flowers, my dear clay pot. The crack in your side—the imperfection you so despise—dripped

water on the ground and let the flowers rise."

A smile crept onto the pot's face as it realized it was perfect in its imperfection.

Broken but Whole

A young water bearer carried a pole slung across her neck with two clay pots of water. One pot was whole and strong. It rarely

spilled a drop of precious water.
The other pot had a thin crack down one

side from which water continually bled.

Every
day when
the girl carried the water
along the winding, hilly

path, the cracked pot tried to keep

water from escaping. It thought waterproof thoughts and dreamed of dry deserts. But every day, when the water bearer reached the top of the hill, the sad,cracked pot was only half full. When the young girl unslung the pole and unhooked the pots, the cracked pot avoided the gaze of the

Serena Stevens is a senior psychology major from Centerville, Ohio.

Caitlin Edwards is a sophomore journalism major and graphic design minor from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

*All scriptures are from The New International Version.

Dark: ignorant or unenlightened

Light: spiritual illumination

The Scream of Silence

By Addison Hudgins
Design by Joyelle Worley

What does it mean to be homeless?

It estayed in the background of the Ethiopian village. Nothing dazzling drew Tina to him, but she sensed an aura of peace in his presence. Scanning dozens of thin faces, she wondered when they had eaten last. Every day they walked hours merely to get water, and even then—contaminated water.

This homeless man's clothes hung off him; his skeleton nearly protruded through his skin. *He is living through darkness*.

Tina began to interview him, aware that his answers could be heartbreaking. She drew a deep breath. "What is the first thing you do when you wake up?"

"I pray," he answered without hesitation.

Tina paused. Her cheeks burned with shame. Should this answer be so surprising? "Why do you pray? Does God answer your prayers?"

How can He, when you have so little? Do you really believe God is here where everyone is starving?

"I have five children," the man replied, "and not one of my children has died." His eyes glistened. "Everyone I know has lost a child but God has kept mine alive. God answers my prayers."

How can a man be calm when surrounded by chaos and darkness?

Frederick Buechner writes, "To be really at home is to be really at peace, and there can be no real peace for any of us until there is some measure of real peace for all of us." That gaunt Ethiopian man radiated peace. In the midst of darkness, he shone with Light.

Blanket of Security

Too often we dwell physically in beautiful homes but our spirits wander restlessly. Where do we find security and light? Does darkening the door of a church or keeping the Eleven Commandments (including "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another" John 13:34), or reading the Bible daily wrap us in security? No. For lasting peace and security, we must search deeper.

Tina travels and writes for ADRA International, a non-profit organization active around the globe. In November 2009, she visited western Kenya,

In Kenya, she explains, a woman's voice does not matter. The shrill sound of a scream is an everyday occurrence.

When Tina arrived in the humble Kenyan hotel room, the first thing she noticed was the window. It sat in its iron frame, flung wide open. Tina finally closed the heavy, stubborn window after a half hour of struggle. Only a curtain covered the glass door entrance to her space. She shivered. *God, I'm in Your hands tonight*.

Around 12:30 she awoke with a start. Something was wrong. She lay motionless, listening to the crunch of footsteps on gravel. Suddenly the window began to rattle. At first the sound was small, but it grew faster

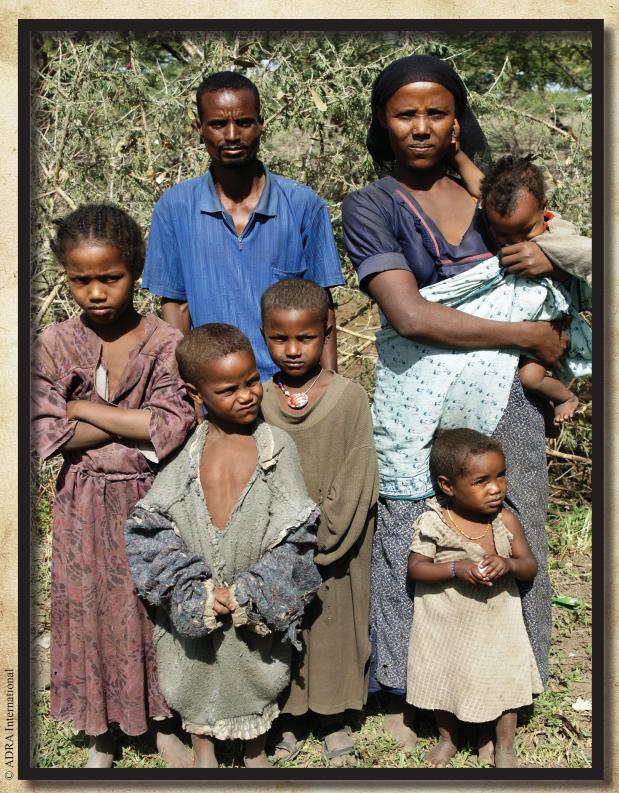
His skeleton nearly protruded through

and louder as the intruder grew rougher.

He paused. Tina held her breath. Crunch, crunch. She heard his footsteps as he approached the bathroom. The window rattling began again.

Frozen with fear, Tina gripped her flashlight tightly. I am in the middle of nowhere. I have no cell phone service. I have no voice in this country. All I can do is pray.

"Not one of my children has died."



The homeless Ethiopian man poses for a family portrait.

All you can do? The thought reverberated.

Immediately, shame gushed through her veins. Is prayer a last resort or is it the most important thing? Is it your final hope or is it your only hope?

Every night for four days the same man with the same distinct footsteps tried to break into the room. And every night God cloaked His blanket of security around Tina. He did not allow the darkness to overtake her.

Imprisonment

"I have a God who protects me." Ngate stated this as non-negotiable. Where she lives, everyone is legally mandated to be at home and indoors by 6 pm, lest they brush with danger on the streets. But she does not abide by thisshe trusts that God envelops her in His wings.



Peace is the presence of love.

Ngate is short, dark-skinned, and the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She was visiting America for a conference in the Washington, DC area, and ended up spending Saturday afternoon with my family.

Her homeland is Rwanda, and when she speaks of it I am enraptured by her words. The thick African accent harmonizes with the American lilts I hear daily. I often find myself longing to remember the sound of a pure and peaceful tone.

"The government in Rwanda wants never to speak of the genocide," Ngate shared. "But people still need to heal. You cannot be silent and heal."

Perhaps silence is the greatest prison, the greatest darkness of all.

What Is Darkness?

Darkness is the absence of peace. Ngate, though surrounded by darkness, is at peace. That Ethiopian man—who is starving as we speak—is at peace. Peace is not the absence of struggle—it is the presence of love. Darkness, then, is the absence of Love.

Silence severs us from others. Connecting with others is the purpose of life—connecting with one another and with a Higher Being. Tina, who is my mother, and Ngate call this Being God. The homeless man in Ethiopia is just as devoted and just as enveloped in His security, though he calls this Being Allah. Each of us, when we pray to the True Source of Power, will be protected and at peace.

Ironically, often those who have struggled the most are the deepest at peace and the closest to Love. Sometimes we are too comfortable. We find our sufferings light enough to bear alone and we do not commit them to a Higher Power. This too is darkness—inner, spiritual darkness.

I have never experienced the suffering many have lived through. Sometimes I wonder if I don't deeply understand Light because I have not seen the darkness deeply. When have I cried to God to spare my life? When have I feared not living another day? Never. My life has been comparatively comfortable.

What does it mean to be homeless?

Some are homeless in body, some homeless in spirit. Only when we are at peace can we be at home in our souls. A peaceful life may not be the quiet, plush American life we assume it is. Real peace comes from a Higher Being, whatever we may call Him, in Whom resides love. Of course, the presence of love carries another name.

Home.

Addison Hudgins is an English: writing and speaking major from Jessup, Maryland.

Joyelle Worley is a communications: public relations major from Johnstown, Colorado.



An Ethiopian child clings to hope.

Bigger Than a Business Card

Shalom. Peace.

In the Jewish Talmud, Shalom is a name for God. "God be with you" means "peace be with you." As a result, Orthodox Jews greet one another with "Shalom" only in a holy place. Yahweh, another traditional name for God, is too holy to even utter aloud.

How can a God so holy, so other-than, also be personal? If we cannot utter His holiness, how can we cry to Him? So we sit in silence.

But then we hear Jehovah Raah, where Raah means shepherd, friend, companion. God is a paradox of kingly and lowly. Holy and humble. He rolls the universe off His fingertips, but bends low enough to look us in the eye and call us friends.

Exodus 15:2 says "God is my salvation." Salvation here comes from Yeshuah, a feminine noun. God? Feminine? We tend to press God into a wallet-size business card so we can conveniently carry Him about and flash His glory when we require a back-up.

But He is so much more.

- •The stone (Gen. 49:24)
- •Sophia, or wisdom (1 Cor. 1)
- •The creator of angels (Col. 1:16)
- •The gentle whisper (1 Kings 19:12)
- •The Man of sorrows (Isa. 53:3)
- •The joy of our strength (Neh. 8:10)
- •The Sun (not son) of Righteousness—and when He shines on us, we can't help but skip for joy like calves who have been locked up all winter (Mal. 4:2).

Shalom. Too holy to utter aloud? But in the quiet of our rooms, in the depths of our heart, may we glimpse His character as we seek the Peace that penetrates our souls.

homas Fuller, an English churchman and historian who lived in the 1800s, said a name is a kind of face whereby one is known. When we call upon God's name, we are catching a glimpse of His face. Maybe Jehovah Nissi, meaning "the Lord is my banner," is His forehead. Maybe Azilut is His mouth, because it means "animation." Whatever name you may address Him by, know that His names are miniature portraits of who He is. His name is not a string of arbitrary syllables. God's biblical names describe His amazing character.

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The Burden Is Light

Light: exerting a minimum of force or pressure; gentle

By Rebecca Fagan | Design by Taleah Vallès

while ago, I was told about a school that had an interesting predicament. It was an elementary school, small, looking like an old church building. At some point, it might have been, with its white fence encasing the yard. Laughing children filled every corner of the yard, playing wild games, some even playing on the fence itself.

One day as several mothers sat together watching their children, a thought struck them: If the fence isn't in the way, all the children will have more room to play.



So, after a meeting with the school board, the small white fence was taken down. The next school day, the mothers who had worked to get the fence removed decided to stick around and see how much happier the children would be without the fence's restriction. At play time, the mothers

walked outside, waiting to be bombarded with happy giggles and joyous laughter. Instead they were met with an almost eerie silence and hushed whispers. The children congregated near the entrance to the yard, still playing, but not nearly as spread out on the field as before.

"Why are you over here and not playing?" a mother asked the child nearest her.

"We are playing." The little girl smiled up at her. "Well, why aren't you out there?" The mother gestured to the open field. "There's so much more room."

The little girl's smile faltered before she answered with a shrug, "We don't know how far we can go."

Setting Up

Time and time again, I've heard how friends of mine don't want to follow Christianity because they feel that they will be bogged down. Restricted. That being a Christian puts a huge obligation and cage on people.

Actually, Jesus' burden is light! He says so Himself: "Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and

my burden is light" (Matt. 11:29, 30, NIV).

Now what exactly do I mean by all this old-school yoke nonsense?

In high school I used to play volleyball. Like everyone else on the team, I played almost all positions, but my favorite was setter.

For setter's practice, we used a special volley-ball—typically 75 percent heavier than a regular ball. The longer you set with this ball, the easier it is, but not in the beginning. At first, it kind of hurts. But when you start using a regular ball again, it seems a lot easier and you generally have more control over it than you did before.

The discipline exerted earlier makes the actual game go better. The ball's "burden" is lightened.

Biblical examples

Abram was told by God to leave his country. On Abram's journey—when he wasn't obeying God—his wife, Sari, was taken to be married to

The more you

set, the easier it

gets.

another man. Both Abram and Sari were almost killed by Pharoah in Egypt. But in the end, Abram was blessed in many ways. He had a loving family who cared for him and an abundance of money and animals.

David was told to kill the giant Goliath. He did, with just a small stone fetched from the bottom of

a river. Imagine how he must have felt when he was given that command. What if he just made the giant angrier instead of killing him? But the mountainous man fell, and David was the hero.

common: faith. Later, he was anointed to be the king of Israel, but not before he had to go into hiding and fight for his life. Known as a man after God's own heart, David wrote out his praises, through the good times and bad, in the book of Psalms.

To round out our examples, there is Jesus. He, I think, had the hardest time. He gave up omnipresence and heaven's splendor when coming to earth and saving a race who didn't even like Him. He was killed because of His obedience, but He ended up being raised from the dead. He promised that He would see us all—His friends—in heaven one day.

All the people we've considered here had one

trait in common: faith. They each trusted that God would help them. And as with those kids at school, the biblical characters had the most satisfaction when they were in the yard of His care. They knew they weren't alone or abandoned to

their own devices.

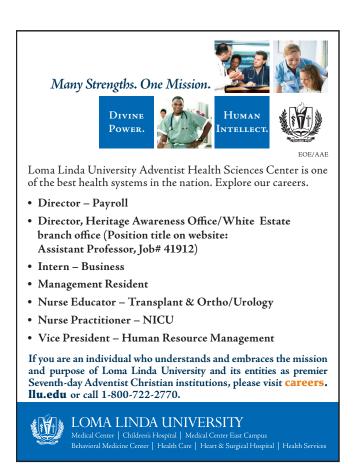
These people

had one trait in

When we have Jesus as a fence around our souls, we are spiritually free. No matter what comes our way, we know we are safe in Him.

Rebecca Fagan is an English major from Loveland, Colorado.

Taleah Vallès hopes to find a cure for mange one day.





Gimmer of Hope By Cassi Fitzpatrick Design by Joyelle Worley

ere life is frail during the darkness of night. In the Maasai Mara Game Reserve, life is cut short by sharp teeth and jagged claws. At night, you pray you're not on the menu.

The Hunt

"Wow! Look at that herd of elephants!" I shout while squinting into the setting sun. Our SUV races as we try to find our favorite predator in Kenya. Peering through the hot, blasting air, I survey the scene. No luck yet. They will be here soon. Darkness means feeding time.

"Look, there's a vehicle parked up ahead!" Elvin, our driver, yells. "That's a good sign."

Rolling up slowly to the other tourists, we notice

You pray you're not on the menu.

they're looking intently into the distance. Curious, I follow suit. Then I see her. A lioness, sprawled on the grass. Beside her lies a wildebeest, motionless. We've found Africa's stalker of the night. "Can we get any closer?" I ask, scrambling for my camera. "I'd love some good snapshots."

"Oh, don't worry. I'll make a way," Elvin replies with determination. My friend Chris snaps photos beside me. We're both

sitting on the roof, feet dangling through the tophatch. I feel an extra tinge of excitement.

Elvin maneuvers toward the lioness until we're 10 feet away. Unfazed, she continues to gnaw at the wildebeest.

Life is cruel to peaceful animals. Predators know darkness is their ally. Grazers such as wildebeest and gazelle are daytime dwellers. They are made to be creatures of light. Light is key to their survival.

Elvin backs up. As we roll, I see her stand. Making her way across the road, she roars, talking with an invisible friend. "What is she doing?" I ask Chris.

"Her friends are coming. Do you hear that sound over there?" He points in front of us. Sure enough, I hear it—a response. But who are they?

A couple minutes later, two ferocious male lions stride through the grass. They prowl with the presence of killers. We dare not tempt their taste buds. They're out to devour.

"You guys need to get down," Elvin says quietly. I'm shaking slightly as Chris and I hop down and stand inside the vehicle, peering over the roof.

One male lion approaches us.

Adrenaline pumps through my veins.

He's within five feet now, edging closer. He looks at me intensely, giving me the urge to crawl under the seat and hide. I sense I'm staring death right in the face.

Whew. The breath I've held

Light: Something that makes vision possible

rushes out as the lion decides we're not worth the effort. He walks to the wildebeest. Relentlessly, he tugs and tears at his meal.

"Hey, we found the lions but we can't stay here after dark," Elvin says reluctantly.

We start our drive back to camp. The sounds of the night echo through the open windows. Roars of lions, laughing hyenas. I soak it in and wonder, What am I missing? I wish I could see. I stare into the abyss, hoping the vulnerable creatures are out of harm's

Don't you crave to be rescued?

way. Luckily for us, our vehicle has lights for the road, our only guide home.

Light in Sight

God created us to be like the wildebeest, a creature of light. We're made to live peacefully, not to be consumed by the darkness here on earth.

I know you're reading this, expecting the part where I say, "I've found Jesus and everything is perfect now, including me." But I'm not. I still struggle, I still mess up every day. Yet Jesus accepts me—it's mind-boggling. It's like He stays in a relationship where He does all the work and I complain. Never-

theless, like wearing a headlamp in a cave, He guides me through the darkness. He loves me more than I'll ever comprehend.

Do you ever feel in the dark about life? What's next? Where do I turn? The only One who keeps me going is my Light. If I need hope, I know where I can get it. I'm speaking from my heart.

The Rain That Shines

"Cassi! Cassi! I can't find my lens. I was outside playing and it must have fallen out of my glasses!" Emily hollers in our cabin. She's having a hard time homesick and trying to make it through her week of summer camp. Seeing her desperation, I feel impressed to pray. All eight of us in our cabin join in a circle and bow our heads.

After prayer, the young girls chatter: "Emily, we know God will help us find it. He cares about you."

I hope they do find it. But that lens is clear and we're in the middle of the mountains. It could be anywhere! God, please come through for them.

We rush to get ready for our next activity and head out the door. The girls are with my substitute this period, so I need to drop them off.

"Here we are. See you after you're done swimming."

I head out for a walk in Colorado's beautiful scenery, enjoying my down time exploring nature. Are those rain clouds over there? Oh, no! I'm 20 minutes from camp. I head back, but it starts to sprinkle. That's not so bad, I think. At least it's not pouring. The rain makes the pine trees glisten in the half-hidden sun. Drops rest peacefully across the landscape.

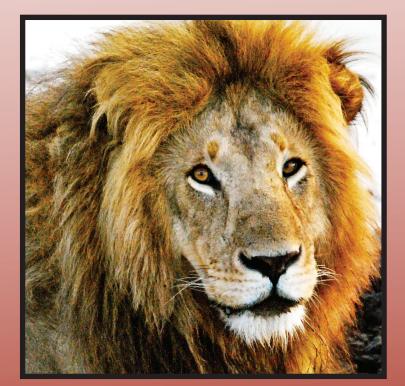
Hope Glimmers

Passing the craft cabin, I see something out of the corner of my eye. NO WAY. I walk excitedly toward a patch of grass near the rocks. Looking down, I can't believe it! Nestled in a cushion of green is a

> lens. It's covered in sparkling raindrops, shining from the sun. I pick it up—not even a scratch! Thank You so *much.* I jog toward the cabin.

Entering the cabin, I walk over to Emily by her closet. "Hey Emily, guess what?" I say, trying to hold back my thrill. Sensing my enthusiasm, the other girls come over to listen.

"Weren't you looking for something earlier?" I hold out the lens to Emily. She responds with the



biggest grin I've ever seen.

"Thanks, Cassi! You're the best counselor ever!" she says, giving me a big hug.

"Hey, I know I'm awesome," I say jokingly. "But I don't deserve the credit on this one. The Light guided me to it."

I learned from this experience that God wants to make us happy. Those girls enlightened me to how Jesus asks me to act. To be trusting, faithful, loving, and to know that He ultimately has everything under control, no matter how messy things appear.

You may be wondering, What does this have to do with me? When I wasn't a Christian, I was satisfied filling my life with fun stuff and never-ending projects. Still, I was empty, no matter how much I'd deny it.

Jesus sought me out and opened my eyes. He took my life and gave me purposeful adventure. This awesome God sent me to the wilds of Africa and the mountains of Colorado. I never dreamed of that! He loves us all just the same. Do you crave to be rescued from the dark too?

Light for Our Lives

Praying and reading the Bible daily has transformed me. I need to spend time with a Friend who will love me no matter what.

Reading about Jesus' life is the biggest encouragement. The book of John shows how Jesus dealt with betrayal, friends letting Him down, people gossiping about Him being born out of wedlock, and religious figures condemning Him. Yet, He pushed through it with a strength I've never seen before! He's a shining example of how I need to live my life—devoted to loving others, ignoring the darkness around me.

"And night will be no more. They will need no light of lamp or sun, for the Lord God will be their light, and they will reign forever and ever."

(Rev. 22:5)



The lioness, stalker of the night.

Cassi Fitzpatrick is a communication: journalism major from Clarinda, Iowa.

All photos taken on location by Cassi Fitzpatrick.

Joyelle Worley is a communication: public relations major from Johnstown, Colorado.

Hope in Darkness

By Brittany Harwood Design by Taleah Vallès

"ERRRRR! I rolled over, hitting the alarm clock to stop the annoying sound interrupting my sleep. Pulling the covers around my neck, I stared up at the ceiling. Disappointment flooded me and then turned to anger. Nothing was different. I felt the same as the day before—numb. No reason to get up, or at least I couldn't think of any. I held no interest in my classes and no life goals to work toward. My ambition had left weeks ago.

Out of duty, I dragged myself out of bed. I could hear my father's voice of reason in the back of my head: "Brittany, you need to go to school." My feet hit the cold cement floor, and I walked over and flipped on the lamp. The dim light looked eerie in the pre-dawn, bouncing off white empty walls. I couldn't bring myself to turn on the main light. It was too cheerful.

After pulling on a pair of jeans and my black hoodie, I put on my makeup, purposefully leaving a thick layer

of eyeliner. My eyes were rimmed with darkness. I felt dark. Tears trickled down my cheek as I tried to convince myself I shouldn't cry. Falling on my bed, I wept uncontrollably, shaking. I felt so alone. There was no one I could trust.

Weeks of submerging pain had turned into months. I didn't remember why it hurt; I just knew it hurt. Gradually, all interest in life faded. In the past, I found joy in

photography, reading and writing. Now, I found photography a chore, my shelves empty, my blog silent.

"Why, God?" I screamed, out of breath from crying. I pounded my fist on the bed. How had I reached this point? Nothing was dramatically wrong in my life. My life was good compared to others I knew. I had a family that loved me, friends that cared, and a bank account that was adequate—but the girl my mother had called her "sunshine child" had long since died, and I didn't remember when it happened or why. For me, attending church for healing was a myth. The downward spiral had taken me with it.

Held Captive

The darkness grew thick as I lay on the bed. I could feel it. It had me trapped. The past had suctioned down the drain and no hope appeared in the future. There were no more tears to cry. I simply lay on my bed with the question: God, why didn't You answer my prayer?

The 7:40 am on my alarm clock taunted me that I was going to be late if I didn't hurry. I grabbed my backpack, trudged over to the door and placed my hand on the knob. I stopped, leaned forward, rested my forehead against the door, and closed my eyes. Outside, the ground was covered in snow and ice. A thick fog made it impossible to see farther than a few feet. We hadn't seen the sun in weeks. Dang it, God! Why didn't You just let me die last night like I asked? Opening my eyes, I opened the door, smiled, and went to class.

The Darkness of Depression

"Why didn't

you just let

me die?

Depression is the absence of hope. It is the belief that you have lost all purpose for existence. You believe those who criticize you instead of those who have faith in you. The world becomes dark and its intolerable weight presses upon your shoulders. For some, tears trickle down their cheeks; others have dry eyes. Some

> find themselves tired and constantly wanting to sleep; others can't seem to ever sleep. Some want to be in a place that echoes left alone. Life becomes dim and gray. Even in the moments when you should be happy, you are not. You dwell on the negative, especially the feeling of being unloved.

Depression is not a sin. Jesus

struggled with depression in the garden of Gethsemane when he confided to His disciples, "My soul is overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death. Stay here and keep watch with me" (Matt. 26:38). He begged His closest friends to "watch and pray" with Him. They opted for sleep. Three times He begged, "My Father, if it is possible, may this cup be taken from me" (Matt. 26:39). Have you ever asked for something three times?

Jesus knew what pain was. Isaiah described Him as "a man of suffering, and familiar with pain" (Isa. 53:3). In the garden of Gethsemane, Jesus felt alone, later even stating on the cross, "Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?' (which means 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?')" (Matt. 27:46). Although in agony, Jesus didn't give up. He refused to give up hope.

You cannot "snap out" of depression. It is not simply having a bad day, a bad week, or even a bad month. It is a state of being. Many people who struggle with depression don't remember what the catalyst was. Living in denial is particularly harmful. Telling yourself

Are You Depressed?

If you identify with several of the following signs and symptoms, and they just won't go away, you may be suffering from clinical depression.

- You can't sleep, or you sleep too much
- You can't concentrate or find that previously easy tasks are now difficult
- You feel hopeless and helpless
- You can't control your negative thoughts, no matter how much you try
- You have lost your appetite, or you can't stop eating
- You are much more irritable and short-tempered than usual
- You have thoughts that life is not worth living (seek help immediately if this is the case!)

Taken from http://helpguide.org/ mental/depression_signs_types_diagnosis treatment.htm every day that you are not sick enough to go to a doctor is like refusing medical treatment for a disease. Depression is a disease. When treated early, its effects and the length of time it imposes on your life may be

lessened and shortened.
Many people struggle with depression because of a chemical imbalance rather than a previous negative situation.

If you struggle with depression, never believe that you have no hope. There is always hope when there is life. Place yourself in situations that don't allow you to concentrate on the negative aspect of life. Turn off sad

There is always hope when there is life.

music, get out of bed, take healing action, and never give up.

Brittany Harwood is a French and communication major from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan Canada.

Taleah Vallès hopes to find a cure for mange one day.

Steps for Healing and Hope*

Challenge Negative Thinking

- Think about some one besides yourself
- Keep a journal
- Replace negatives with positives
- Socialize with positive people
- Realize that thoughts may not reflect reality

Cultivate Supportive Relationships

- Turn to trusted friends and family members
- Visit a physician
- Try to keep up with social activities (even if you don't feel like it)
- Join a support group for depression

Take Care of Yourself

- Do things you enjoy (or used to)
- Expose yourself to sunlight every day
- Aim for eight hours of sleep
- Identify your stressors
- Get regular exercise

^{*}Taken from http://www.helpguide.org/mental/depression_tips.htm



Different Strokes, Different Folks

ebecca grew up on a hobby farm in Wisconsin. In the predominantly white rural town, there were few minorities. Perceptions of other races were sometimes based on negative stereotypes. The older generation strongly discouraged miscegenation.

Rebecca remembers when it was a big deal when an interracial couple was seen in

public. "Although nothing was said outright," she recalls, "people would say negative things about the relationship to each other."

Social strain pulled them together

Rebecca was warned by a number of people against intercultural relationships, but she always brushed off the warnings. She never dreamed she would marry someone of a different culture. Her goal was to become a nurse and return to her small town. She would live and die in Wisconsin. But God had a different story.

Tom grew up in a city in Kenya. He is a product of interracial marriage of a different kind. In Kenya, there are more than 30 tribes, each with a distinct language, cuisine, tradition, and practice. Tribes rival fiercely and multicultural relationships are loathed. Tom's parents are of opposing tribes.

"When you are in an interracial marriage, one race will be more accepted than the other," Tom says. "One side will inevitably be more dominant than the other."

He saw how ignorance is prejudice of the worst kind, and was determined to leave Kenya to find a society that would give opportunity in prosperity.

equal opportunity in prosperity,

job security and independence.

Tom arrived in America with very little in his pocket, but he had optimism, determination, and faith in God. His naïve bubble was burst when his friend warned him, "People will be prejudiced. Don't expect people to treat you fairly because of your skin

color." All Tom knew of America was the smiling people he saw on TV.

Like Rebecca, he was confident that after he completed his degree he would return to his homeland. The Almighty was willing to do so much more with Tom.

On the surface, Tom and Rebecca have little in common. She is white and he is black. Though from different worlds, they met at the Cross of Jesus—united in one spirit, one purpose, and one mission. They found perfect love.

Perfect love permeates a sinful planet. A corrupted world doesn't believe perfect love is possible, but the Spirit that dwells in those who claim Him know the Author by name—He whose presence exceeds emotion, logic, desire, and mortality. When the believer surrenders the will, the Author writes the story.

In 2002 Rebecca began to attend Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska. Being introverted, however, held her back from entering the social scene. She was hired at the English as a Second Language (ESL) office and her perspective broadened through her exposure to many cultures. Soon Rebecca became friends with the international students, finding a group that shared similar interests.

Within that group, she particularly enjoyed being with Tom.

Tom had been at Union College a year and a half before Rebecca came.

Union was most persistent in helping him financially and tailoring a computer science major. As Tom remembers, "they seemed to care more than the other schools."

When Tom arrived at Union, he saw a chasm between American and international students. American students associated mostly with their kind; likewise international students kept to themselves.

Tom notes, "The perception of many American students was all the international students didn't speak English, and most international students were afraid that the Americans wouldn't understand their accent." Even among the international students, Tom watched as Asians largely kept to themselves and Latinos with their like. African-Americans were often

cold toward Africans. Tom remembers his first roommate, a black Canadian. "He would speak only to the North Americans and generally didn't care for me."

The social strain pulled Tom and Rebecca together. They were drawn to similar interests and valued one another's company. They enjoyed bowling, going to Associated Student Body social events, eating at The Chat, singing in the Gospel choir, and attending Allon Chapel, a culturally diverse church in Lincoln.

Rebecca admired Tom's confidence, optimism, and altruism. Tom appreciated her principles, vision for the future, and spiritual journey. Their relationship centered on their commitment to living a Christian life. Over time they became best friends.

In 2005, after three years of friendship, the couple became engaged. "It's all about your relationship with God," Rebecca says. "When you wait on Him, He will make all things work for your good."

The couple attended pre-marital counseling and found that they had already dealt with many of the personal, social, spiritual, and financial issues. "Pre-marital counseling is a firm foundation for marriage," Rebecca observes. "People think that when you get married it's a bed of roses,

and you have to be prepared to deal with them "

The couple dealt with their finances before any wed-

ding preparations were made. As an international student, Tom was not eligible for government loans and had to find other resources to pay off his school bill. Tom's college schedule filled with 80-hour workweeks and additional off-campus employment during vacations. Rebecca helped support Tom with his finances, and when Tom graduated he was able to help with her school debt.

Sharing the news of their engagement with their families was another task. Rebecca's parents struggled at first with her decision. "They thought I was too young, that I needed to finish school and were worried about me marrying someone from another country," she recalls. "They were also concerned how our biracial children would be able to fit into



Rebecca, Tom and Jaci Mae

any culture." Rebecca made several trips home with Tom, and when her family got to personally know him, they warmed up to the idea.

On the other hand, when Tom shared the news with his parents in Kenya, they were ecstatic. Tom's mom wanted to talk to Rebecca and congratulate her personally. "They had no problem with her skin color," Tom says. His parents saw the marriage as the Almighty's plan for their son.

The couple's decision on the wedding venue in Nebraska's friendly state capital was inevitable. A majority of Lincoln's population is knowledgeable about other cultures. Lincoln is an immigration center, and many minorities have made this their Midwest home. It is common to find a Hispanic and Asian eating lunch together, a multiracial group of teenagers at the movie theatres, and a black man holding a white woman's hand. The white majority has daily interactions with minorities; they work together, go to school together, and live in the same neighborhoods. Tom's friends from Texas, Rebecca's friends and family from Wisconsin, and the Lincoln community brightened the wedding day.

It has been four years since the couple walked down the aisle and made their nest in Lincoln. People in society and the church have become more accepting of multicultural relationships. Rebecca is a part-time nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital and Tom is program director for the Good Neighbor Community Center. Although it hasn't been an easy journey, the couple has no regrets.

"God knows whom He has for you," Tom says. "Whether they come from the same culture or

something different, you should open yourself to what God has for you." As he speaks, Tom smiles at Rebecca.

She beams back at him. "Tom is my best friend. We are a perfect fit. It's amazing—I can't even explain it!"

Tom observes, "I love my wife for who she is. I accept her background and culture. Her people are my people and her God is my God. We have our own family and our own culture."

The couple has recently been blessed with a beautiful baby girl named Jaci Mae. Rebecca and Tom's wish for Jaci is that the Almighty will be perfected in her life. "There is only so much that parenting can do for a child, but they can show her who God is," says Rebecca. "Jaci needs to have a friendship with her Creator and let Him write her perfect love story."

One love story between a farm girl from Wisconsin and a city boy from Kenya continues to be written.

Liza Ngenye is a communications: public relations major from Nairobi, Kenya.

Caitlin Edwards is a sophomore journalism major and graphic design minor from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Darkness: absence or deficiency of light. Light: the part of the wavelength range that is visible to the human eye.



Hands of Hope

Although there is certainly more to Woosik Chung than his hands, it's his hands that reveal who he is. His hands connect him to his father, his grandfather and a deep heritage of doing good in the world. His hands, trained in traditional Korean martial arts, could kill. Instead, they heal.

Chung is an orthopaedic spine surgeon at Porter Adventist Hospital in Denver. Becoming a spine surgeon is a remarkable enough story for any person, particularly a boy who was born in Korea and spent seven years in a British boarding school in Malawi, Africa.

But Chung's story is even more miraculous when you learn that both of his hands were severed in an accident when he was three years old and reattached by his own father, a microvascular surgeon.

"Becoming a surgeon was the right way to show my appreciation," Chung says.

Chung's first memory in life is when his hands were severed by the swirling blades of a tractor engine fan. It was the Lunar New Year celebration in Seoul and the farmers had come to the city to celebrate. Chung and his friends were playing games around the tractors when the fan caught the three-year-old's attention.

"My dad picked me up to run to the hospital and I remember hearing my mom yell, 'I found the hands," Chung says.

Chung's father reattached the hands—a near-impossible surgery today but an unprecedented surgery 32 years ago. After recovering, Chung went to live with his grandfather in the mountain village of Namji, South Korea. His grandfather, still alive today at 93, is a direct descendant of Confucius and a master of martial arts. He trained Chung "day and night" in the practice of taekwondo for four years, mainly as rehabilitation but also as a way of teaching discipline. "Maybe so I'd learn not to put my hands where they shouldn't be," Chung laughs.

His grandfather also taught him the importance of doing good. "You should try to take care of people better than they care for you," Chung says.

Although Chung began medical school with the intention of becoming a hand surgeon, he was attracted to spine surgery during his orthopaedic residency at Columbia University.

"Back problems affect the psyche of a person more than any other biomechanical disease," he says. "When you're able to help correct that, the patient's mentality and outlook totally changes. That really appeals to me."

The 35-year-old surgeon hopes to someday volunteer to perform surgery in underserved communities-another way for him to "do good" in the world. When Chung

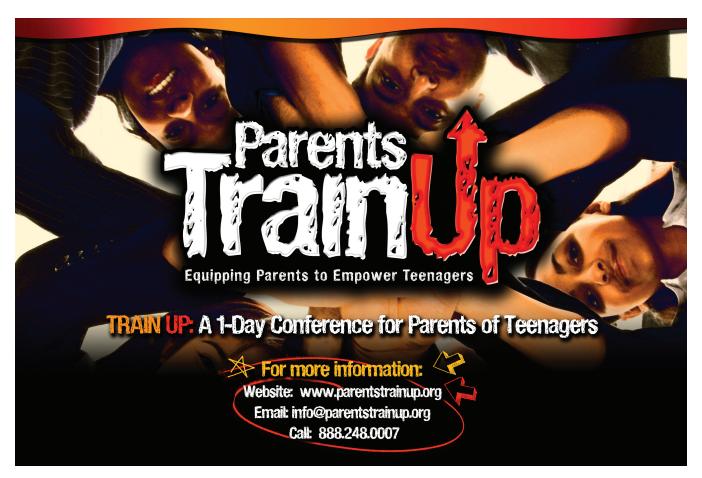


After surviving an accident in which his hands were severed, Porter Adventist Hospital surgeon now pays it forward by helping to relieve the pain of others.

was seven, his father—inspired by the work of Albert Schweitzer-left his career as a successful surgeon in Korea and moved his family to Malawi, one of the poorest countries of the world. His father and mother spent seven years helping to set up two hospitals and recruit surgeons from around the world before moving their family to America, where Chung attended Yale University.

"I don't know if I can do what my Dad did, but I'll look for opportunities where I can best help," he says.

This article was submitted by Stephen King, senior vice president for Mission and Ministry for Colorado's Adventist hospitals, and written by CMBell Company.





WHEN: March 4-5

WHERE: Summit High School, Frisco, CO

TIME: Friday 7:00-9:30 p.m. and Sabbath 10 a.m. - 10 p.m.

COST: Entirely FREE

FOR WHOM: Youth, young adults and those

young at heart

Community Outreach • Concert • College Booths

Free Food • Basketball 1 on 1 • Dodgeball

For discount lift tickets, rentals lodging and programming information, visit www.adventistwinterfest.org or call RMC Youth Department at 303.282.3660.







Adventist-Laymen's Services & Industries Convention

March 31 - April 3, 2011 - Northglenn, Colorado

Speakers:

Shawn Boonstra, Don MacKintosh, David Asscherick

Featuring:

- "Members in Action" / Catch up on what your Mid-Am ASI family is doing to finish the work locally and around the world.
- Reports from 2010 mission offering recipients
- Sabbath evening musical vespers
- Fellowship with other lay members who are on fire for God and His work

Register: 402.484.3002; email rajones@maucsda.org

IOWA-MISSOURI UPCOMING EVENTS

Contact the Dakota Conference at 605.224.8868 or visit www.dakotaadventist.org

March 4-5: Missouri Honors/Leadership Weekend at Camp Heritage

March 13-19: SAA and Elementary School Spring Break

March 25-27: Iowa Honors Weekend, location TRD

March 31-April 2: Elementary Music Festival at Sunnydale Adventist Academy

April 15-17: Youth Rally/Academy Days at Sunnydale Adventist Academy



April 28-May 1: |A-**MO Spring Camporee** at Camp Heritage



Farewell

Bollinger, Wilma 0, b. May 24, 1924, in Greenway, SD, d. Dec. 1, 2010, in Lincoln, NE. Member of the College View Church. Survived by husband, Delbert; sons, Gary and Randy; sister, Shirley Goetz; brother, Earl Brenneise; three grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Boydston, Mary "Sue" (Seckel), b. Dec. 5, 1920, in Platte County, MO, d. Nov. 2, 2010, in Clinton County, MO. Member of the All Nation Church in Leavenworth, KS. Preceded in death by a son; infant brother; and two sisters. Survived by husband, Eugene; daughters, Mary Hunt, Paula Raccuglia, Robyn Wahlgren; five grandchildren; and six greatgrandchildren.

Glaser, Burton "Buddy" Douglas, b. Aug. 1, 1941, in Colorado Springs CO, d. Nov. 13, 2010, in Colorado Springs, CO. Lived in Colorado Springs all his life and was a longtime member of the Colorado Springs Central church. Preceded in death by father, Eugene. Survived by wife, Charlotte (Pretzer); daughters, Kimberle Glaser and Jacqueline Jensen; son, Christopher; sister, Barbara Fairburn; mother, Mary Darlene (Atkinson); and four grandchildren.

Hass, Martha (Schroeder), b. June 20, 1915, in Cleveland, ND, d. Nov. 20, 2010 in Burnsville, MN. Member of the Cleveland Church. Preceded in death by husband, Ernest. Survived by daughters, Betty Wetzel and Bonnie Meyer; seven grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

Kaiser, Eleanor, b. March 11, 1922, at Kenmare, ND, d. Nov. 21, 2010 in Mission Viejo, CA. Member of the College View Church. Survived by husband, Kenneth; son, Jim; daughter, Alicia Murray; and seven grand-children.

Massey, Sue, b. Sept. 17, 1915, in Osage Iron Works, MO, d. Nov. 27, 2010. Preceded in death by husbands, Maurice K Wilson and Lawrence Paulson; and grandsons, Lynn L Greenlee Jr, and Jacob Gaines. Survived by spouse, Wilbur Massey; daughter, Elaine (Lynn) Greenlee; son, Maurice K "Bud" Wilson Jr; stepchildren, Pam Polifroni, Larry Paulson, Ralana Guerney, Garey Massey; 13 grandchildren; 25 greatgrandchildren and six great-greatgrandchildren.

Mohr, Ricky Wayne, b. Mar. 29, 1964, in Lincoln, NE, d. Oct. 25, 2010, in Moreno Valley, CA. Survived by parents, Ted and June; sister, Tamara; and brother, Daniel.

Reed, Donald, b. March 21, 1926, in Randall, KS, d. Nov. 15, 2010, in Abilene, KS. Member of the Enterprise Church. Survived by wife, Anna Margaret; daughters, Melody, Judy, Alta and Hope; sons, David; sister, Barbara White; and brothers, Howard and Robert.

Riffel, Adeline (Roehl), b. March 25, 1928, in Forbes, ND, d. May 22, 2010, in Spokane, WA. Member of Central Church in Spokane. Preceded in death by son, Steven; grand-daughter, Angela; four sisters; and six brothers. Survived by husband, Gordon; son, William; daughters, Krista Woodruff, Debbie Shrock, Karen Marshall; sisters, Emma Johnson, Ruth March, Shelly Kuninobu, Viola Williams, Lydia Spies, Helen Hartley; 13 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

Thorman, Leona (Bietz), b. Oct. 14, 1924, in Cleveland, ND, d. Oct. 31, 2010, in Olivia, MN. Survived by husband, Joesph; son, Joseph, Jr; sisters, Sharon Schmierer and Donna Rittenback; brother, Darwin Bietz; six grandchildren; and 11 greatgranchildren.

Weis, Albert, b. Sept. 9, 1914, in Saskatchewan, Canada, d. Nov. 28, 2010, in Lincoln, NE. Member of the College View Church. Preceded in death by brothers, Jacob, Willie, Herbert and Theodore; and sisters, Teresa and Hannah. Survived by wife, Zella; and daughter, Carolyn May Stahly.

Wombacher, Steven, b. Dec. 26, 1957, in Columbus, NE, d. Dec. 3, 2010, in Columbus. Member of the Columbus Church. Survived by wife, Candy; daughter, Destiny; sons, Phillip and Andrew; sisters, Ann Kammer, Jane Wombacher, Babs Thingstad, Mayla Prososki, Peg Rock; and brothers, Richard, Dan, Barry, and John.

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Sunset	Ca	lene	dar		
Colorado	Jan 28	Feb. 4	Feb. 11	Feb. 18	Feb.25
Denver	5:15	5:23	5:31	5:39	5:47
Grand Junction	5:30	5:39	5:47	5:55	6:02
Pueblo	5:16	5:24	5:32	5:40	5:47
Iowa					
Davenport	4:42	5:22	5:31	5:39	5:48
Des Moines	4:54	5:34	5:43	5:51	6:00
Sioux City	5:34	5:43	5:52	6:01	6:10
Kansas					
Dodge City	5:59	6:07	6:15	6:22	6:29
Goodland	5:02	5:11	5:19	5:27	5:35
Topeka	5:39	5:47	5:55	6:03	6:11
Wichita	5:48	5:56	6:04	6:11	6:19
Minnesota					
Duluth	5:05	5:16	5:27	5:37	5:48
International Falls	5:05	5:17	5:28	5:40	5:51
Minneapolis	5:15	5:25	5:35	5:45	5:55
Missouri					
Columbia	5:25	5:33	5:41	5:49	5:57
Kansas City	5:34	5:43	5:51	5:59	6:06
Springfield	5:33	5:41	5:49	5:56	6:03
St. Louis	5:18	5:26	5:34	5:42	5:49
Nebraska					
Grand Island	5:45	5:54	6:03	6:11	6:20
Lincoln	5:39	5:48	5:56	6:05	6:13
North Platte	5:55	6:03	6:12	6:21	6:29
Scottsbluff	5:05	5:13	5:22	5:31	5:40
North Dakota					
Bismarck	5:40	5:51	6:01	6:12	6:23
Fargo	5:24	5:35	5:45	5:56	6:07
Williston	5:48	5:59	6:10	6:21	6:32
South Dakota					
Pierre	5:45	5:55	6:05	6:14	6:24
Rapid City	4:58	5:07	5:17	5:26	5:36
Sioux Falls	5:33	5:42	5:52	6:01	6:10
Wyoming					
Casper	5:13	5:22	5:31	5:41	5:49
Cheyenne	5:11	5:19	5:28	5:37	5:45
Sheridan	5:11	5:20	5:30	5:40	5:50

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April 29, 30, May 1. Honor Classes 2001, 1996, 1991, 1986, 1981, 1971, 1961, 1951, and 50+ years; LSA Alumni Office: 951 351-1445 x 244 lsaalumni@lsak12.com email to: alumni@lsak12.com



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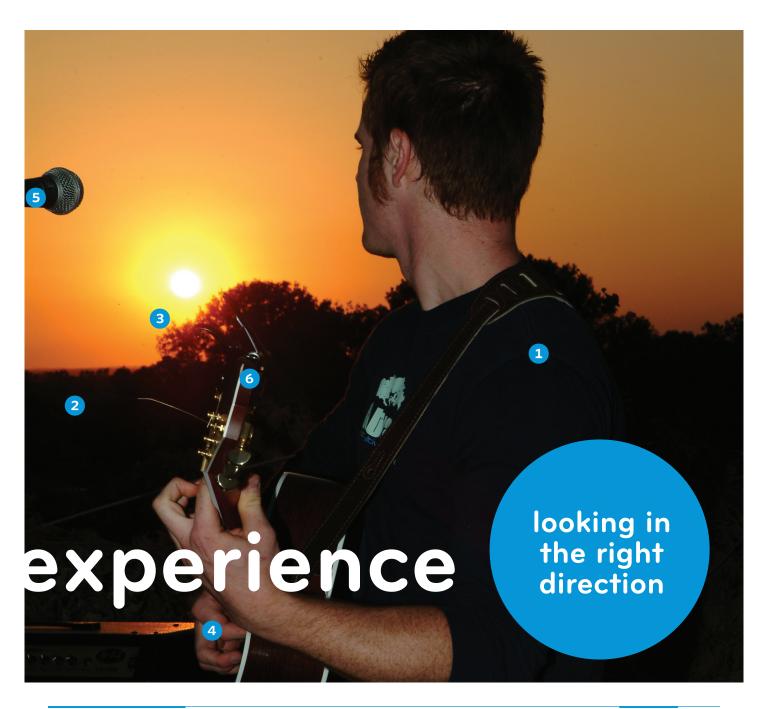




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