Lost in a Foreign Land
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Dear Friends,

We are from the Philippines and are currently volunteers at East Pasco Adventist Academy, which is located in Dade City, Florida, USA. Florida is a beautiful place. The people are nice and friendly, and the beaches are so relaxing. We are provided with free food and housing.

Both of us are helping with whatever is needed. We help teach lower elementary piano lessons, P.E., music and computer classes, and we assist the teacher in Pre-K and Kindergarten. We have also joined the church choir and a singing group.

God has blessed us in so many ways. His blessings are overflowing and we can’t resist sharing those blessings with others. God has provided us with everything we need and He has given us good health.

We serve the people of God because they are our brothers and sisters. Psalm 107:1 says, “Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good! His faithful love endures forever.” There are many ways to give thanks, and one is showing people love as God has done for us.

Your brother and sister in Christ,
Muzzel & Nely Abdulmajid
I Will Go, Lord!

Who will go to the forgotten places of this world?
Who will go to far away and dark corners of the globe?
   Who will go where there is real adversity?
   Who will go where people die by necessity?

I will go, Lord, wherever Thou leadest me.  
I will go wherever no one would like to be.  
I will show your love to those who don’t have peace.  
I will be your light in the midst of day-cease.  
   I will go, Lord, please send me.

Who will go to save those who have been led astray?  
Who will go in search of the fallen?  
Who will go where ignorance weighs more?  
Who will go where there isn’t peace or hope?
After more than ten years of serving as Director of the General Conference Adventist Volunteer Center, it is time for me to retire and return to my homeland, Australia. What a thrilling ride it has been. God has filled these years with times of joy and sadness. It has been exciting to see this new department grow from very small beginnings to the point where we have thousands of volunteers serving in innumerable roles all over the world. On the other hand, I have also experienced the sadness of seeing volunteers lose their lives in active service. I look forward to the Resurrection Day when we will see those who made the ultimate sacrifice.

I am indebted to my Adventist Volunteer Service Directors and their assistants, in each of the thirteen divisions of the world, who have shared the vision of engaging our church members in the unfinished task of sharing the Gospel with those who do not know Jesus Christ. I also wish to pay tribute to all those who have served with me over my ten years in the Adventist Volunteer Center. There are too many to name, but the program would not be where it is today without their commitment to the task. And finally, I would like to pay tribute to my colleagues in the General Conference Secretariat who have supported and encouraged me when the going got tough.

Most of all I want to pay tribute to those volunteers who have left the comforts of home and family. To those who have gone into lonely and difficult places and made a difference for Jesus Christ: you have your
reward. And to those, whose experience may not have been entirely positive, I pray that you have learned to walk closer with your God because of it. Despite their experience in service, I believe that most, if not all, would testify that serving God as a volunteer is a life-changing experience and, as such, the volunteer is the one who is blessed the most.

As I look back, I could point to many milestones on this journey but there is one in particular that I pray will continue to grow and blossom under the direction of the Holy Spirit. The HisHands program is still in its infancy but continues to amaze us as it develops in so many wonderful ways. HisHands takes us back to the definition of true volunteerism. The need for volunteers is now greater than it has ever been. The need is for volunteers, who, in the true spirit of sacrifice, are willing to pay their own way or at least find sponsors so that the financial burden does not rest on the mission field.

The unfinished task is beyond comprehension. Millions have not heard the name of Jesus Christ and yet the harvest is ripe and ready. The signs of the end stand out in stark reality. The laborers are few. Matthew 9:37, 38 says, “When He looked out over the crowds, his heart broke. So confused and aimless they were, like sheep with no shepherd. ‘What a huge harvest!’ He said to His disciples. ‘How few workers! On your knees and pray for harvest hands!”* The Message. When we look at the crowds who do not know Jesus, I pray that our hearts might break and that we will become HisHands.

We have a vast array of talented members all over the world.

In the words of Paul, I say, “Goodbye, friends. Love mixed with faith be yours from God the Father and from the Master, Jesus Christ. Pure grace and nothing but grace be with you all who love our Master, Jesus Christ.” Ephesians 6:24, *The Message.*
Twenty Tons of Gravel for Nothing!

By Coral Camps

In Mongolia, gravel is about 10,000 tugruks a ton—about $10 Australian. But with God’s help, we got 20 tons ($200 worth*) for nothing!

With the coming winter temperatures, which drop to minus 40 degrees Celsius in Mongolia, it was important to protect the footings of the new church building at Bulgan. If water from the melting snow seeped down and turned to ice, it could crack the foundations of the newly-built church.

So, my husband, Doug, was about to surround the church with a wall of concrete. This would slope outwards 250mm (10 inches) and then drop down to a one-meter wide, 100-mm (approximately four inches) thick strip right around the building. To mix the cement, Doug would need gravel, and it was my job to get it.

That’s when I prayed. How was I supposed to find out where to get the gravel and how to get it delivered back to the building site? I had no interpreter, and, at this time, my knowledge of the Mongolian language was still scant. Besides, who would I even ask?

I did know that the road construction company seven kilometers away manufactured mountains of gravel. Earlier in the year, however, Peter Koolik, a friend of ours who had come to build the church, had been unable to convince them to give him a little of their massive stores due to an unresolved dispute between the government and the company. I guessed that by now this dispute would surely be a

* $200.00 AUD = $159.00 USD
thing of the past, so I took with me a young Mongolian named Alyosha who spoke very little English, and off we went.

At the bus station, Alyosha checked out the bunch of taxi drivers all vying for our attention and suddenly turned to one who seemed to have appeared from nowhere. When he heard what we were looking for, the driver, who was heading out of town, inquired if we would need a truck. He said his brother had one. I was quietly excited. I had the feeling God was answering my prayer already, because I had no idea how to get a truck or even where to look for one. It’s not like you can just look up truck rentals in the Yellow Pages. If you could even find a phone book, you would be hard-pressed to understand it!

Now in the taxi, we were heading toward the river. Finally, we parked right beside it, and there—sure enough—was an old Russian truck, a bit of a dinosaur, but just what we needed!

After this, we headed toward the gravel quarry. When we got there, the security guard at the gate would not let us in. We were told that the relevant personnel were all at lunch, so we just sat there and waited. Suddenly, Alyosha pointed to a group of cars on the roadside up the hill a bit and a group of people standing by them. He said one word, “Director!”

We headed up the hill fast. I approached one of the men with the customary greeting, “Sain Bain yy!”

He replied in English, “Hello. How are you, and why are you speaking to me in Mongolian?”

Then, I realized this was a Korean company! I hoped I hadn’t insulted him too much!

“What do you want?” he asked.

I said I wanted gravel.

“Who are you and what do you want it for?”

I answered that I had a friend from Australia named Peter Koolik who came here last year to build an Adventist church in Bulgan.
“Yes!” he said. “I remember that man.”

He asked if I could come to the office tomorrow—Sabbath. I said, “No.”

“How much gravel do you need?” he asked.

“Twenty tons.”

“Do you have a truck?”

“Yes!” I said, so thankful that the Lord had already provided one for us by leading us to that particular taxi driver.

The Korean man immediately got on his cell phone and talked for a minute. Then he pointed in the direction of the prohibited area.

“Go and see Mr. Cha,” he said.

“Are you the director of the company?” I inquired.

He said, “No.” He was just a worker. The director of the company was in one of the cars about to head to Korea.

We had arrived not a minute too soon, or we most certainly would have missed this man who was obviously a vital link in the chain allowing me to get gravel that day—indeed—that week.

We went immediately to Mr. Cha (this time the gate opened for us), who agreed to provide the gravel if we had our own truck. Yes! We had a truck!! We would get it right away!

On our return, we hardly got inside the premises when we saw in the distance a huge front-end loader heading straight for us. It only took minutes to load on 10 tons with his four-meter (approximately 6 tons) bucket. Alyosha’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. He just looked upwards and pointed to the heavens.

The old Russian truck groaned and struggled up the hill towards Bulgan. Then the driver turned off the engine and we coasted for four to five kilometers down the hill into town. On the second run, the same thing happened. With 10 tons of gravel behind us, I wasn’t sure what would happen if we had to stop suddenly without the engine running.

Before we’d left the company the second time, I had offered to pay Mr. Cha for the gravel, but he refused, saying something about the office in Bulgan. I had no idea
where that was, but he seemed pretty casual about it.

Later on, I made inquiries as to where the office was but never found it. I prayed a lot about it because we wanted to do the right thing. Just before we returned to Ulaanbaatar, a gentleman, who spoke English, wandered onto the church grounds. He said he worked for the road construction company that was, at the moment, working on the road outside the church. I asked him to take me to the office so we could pay for the gravel we had gotten. He said, “No, the office will be closed because of the electricity blackout for the next three days.” (We had no blackout where we were working even though we had been warned of it.)

Then he said, “You don’t need to pay for the gravel. This is a very good company. They like to help temples and churches.”

So, we say thanks both to them and to our wonderful Heavenly Father, who reminds us that when we feel pretty helpless and when we ask Him for help, the results can be quite amazing! 🌟

**Coral Camps** writes from Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia, where she and her husband, Doug, have been serving since March 2006. As a volunteer, Doug teaches cabinet-making skills, while Coral divides her time between being his personal assistant and teaching conversational English to some of the locals. Hailing from Australia, Coral and Doug plan to continue serving in Mongolia until March 2010.
Once upon a time I spent a year in Europe and it changed my life…

No, I guess the story starts further back than that. Going back to the real beginning of this saga would require backtracking into my life two years ago. That story would start off something like this: Once upon a time, my life was falling apart. Yeah, that’s about right.

In my sophomore year of college, I did not start off on the right foot. It was only October and I was already feeling the weight of the world on my shoulders. Classes were tough, my social life was non-existent and I’d just ended a two-year relationship with the boy of my dreams.

I found out pretty quickly that in the absence of all the other noises we put into our lives, God speaks the loudest. It was only when until my boyfriend was gone, my grades were in shambles and my friends were all thousands of miles away that I could really feel the pull on my heart that I think may have been there all along.

Around this time, a friend of mine who was overseas as a volunteer for a year wrote a blog about the wonders of his new life on European soil. He was working as an English teacher in a country in Eastern Europe. I’ve often thought back on this and wondered if I’d ever even heard of this country before, but the way he described it made it seem magical. The more I thought about it, the more I felt pulled to follow in his footsteps and dedicate a year of my life to the same work he was doing. Before I knew it, I was writing a fundraising letter to my family and friends telling them that I was going to be teaching in Europe for a year and asking if they could help me earn the money for a plane ticket.

My life started to fall into place almost immediately after I made the decision to go to Europe. I felt happier and very excited to start my new adventure. I even got back together with my boyfriend (who had decided to volunteer as well,
but in a different country). When I got to the country of my volunteer service in August of 2006, only five days before my 20th birthday, I was in complete awe of my surroundings. I fell in love with Europe immediately. Not only did I fall in love with Europe, I fell in love with my fellow volunteers.

I spent ten months in Europe, and they were ten of the hardest months of my life. Even today when people ask me how my year as a volunteer was, I don’t quite know how to answer. It was both the best and the worst year of my entire life. I did things in those ten months which I never would have believed myself capable of.

Growing up in the Adventist haven of Loma Linda, California, USA, I was in for quite a reality check, since the country I served in is the second largest atheist country in Europe. Going to Adventist schools all my life and being surrounded by Adventist friends, I’d never had to answer for my faith. Suddenly, on a daily basis, I faced tough questions and struggled to answer them. I encountered emotions having to do with God that I’d never encountered before. Students were angry, doubtful, disrespectful, jeering. It seemed like everything they said was with the intention of making me feel ashamed of my beliefs. In their eyes, Christianity was synonymous with naivety. To them, I was a fool. To them, believing in Jesus was as childish as believing in Santa Claus. Most days, I felt like I was fighting a losing battle.

Although most of the time I’d plop onto my bed and feel completely useless after classes were over, I have no doubt that my time in Europe was well spent. I know, because I saw Jesus change my life. After months of grasping in the dark and finding nothing, a student finally came to me and said the words I’d only dreamed of hearing. In broken English, she asked me to pray for her. I heard her tell me that she was reading the Bible. I heard her say she wanted to be a Christian. She started coming to church and talking more to some of the other teachers about our faith. Out of the over 200 students we saw day to day, one might not seem like anything. But to us, that one was everything! She was the living, breathing evidence that all our hard work was paying off.

I came home from Europe with a new world view, a new family, a new driving force of passion in my life, a renewed love for the God who saw me through every trial I faced, and a fiancé. When I think back on the darkest hour of my life thus far, I can’t help but realize what God had in mind when He planted that seed in my heart on a night two years ago. I can’t help but marvel at the wonder of a God who could...
bring me to my lowest low only so He could lift me to my highest high. Had I been happy and content in my relationship, I never would have considered going to Europe or even being a volunteer. My purpose would have been to graduate, get married and start a family. God knew I needed to go down a side road before I went down that path. God knew there was something bigger for me than I could have ever imagined. 😊

Laura Holland* is currently a Senior English Literature major at a college in Riverside, California. The next big thing she’s looking forward to? Her wedding next summer!

*A false name has been used to protect the author’s and the country’s identity.

1. Potluck after church
2. Laura’s first time seeing the city’s castle
3. A snowy walk in the city with fellow teachers
4. Singing hymns in the church choir
5. & 7. All of the volunteer teachers
6. Camping in the countryside during a weekend off
8. The girls after playing American football in the park
A Volunteer Interview

Manny Nelson is a 24-year-old former marketing coordinator from Kennington Community Church in England. He is currently serving as the Assistant Youth Pastor at the Invercargill Seventh-day Adventist Church in New Zealand. Karen Plaatjes, Assistant to the Volunteer Coordinator of the Trans-European Division, interviewed him about his experience as a volunteer.

Karen Plaatjes: Why did you decide to become an Adventist volunteer?
Manny Nelson: Simply to do something that makes a positive impact on someone else’s life. Doing it within the Adventist framework is important to me, as I want my efforts to be connected to the work of Jesus, whether subtly or overtly. Another reason is the opportunity it gives me to travel.

Karen Plaatjes: How is this experience changing your life?
Manny Nelson: It is helping me to finally understand why it is better to give than to receive.

Karen Plaatjes: What is the biggest challenge you have faced while volunteering?
Manny Nelson: My volunteering is a stepping stone to changing my whole direction in life, so I really don’t know when I’ll be back home. At the moment, learning to surrender my future fully to God is a challenge I have to face at least once a week.

Karen Plaatjes: What would you say to encourage others to volunteer?
Manny Nelson: There are so many people hurting out there who could use your help in many different ways. Irrespective of how little you might feel you have to offer, offer it anyway! The blessings you will get for stepping out of your comfort zone will far outweigh whatever you could have imagined.

Karen Plaatjes: What Bible text is the most meaningful to you?
Manny Nelson: Jeremiah 29:13. “If you seek me, you will find me.” Why? Not only do I find God in a bigger, deeper, more real way through volunteering, but I also give others a chance to find God through me and the service I give to them. Letting my light shine will allow others to see it and praise my Father who is in Heaven.

Karen Plaatjes: Anything else you’d like to share?
Manny Nelson: Jesus really is coming soon! What do your priorities say about where your treasures are? Here or in Heaven?
Above: Guys from Big Camp, North Island. Manny Nelson, far right.

Right and Below: Invercargill Youth Retreat, Queenstown.

Background: Lake Rotaroa, North Island.
A Gift of Blood

By Sonya Reaves

The only explanation I have for what I am about to share is that it was a miracle. It all happened at Bere Adventist Hospital, where I serve as a volunteer.

On Friday nights I usually get to bed late because we have group vespers with all of the volunteers. Vespers ends with the generator being turned off around 8 o’clock. On the Friday night in question, it finished even later because the big generator that gives the hospital and the house power wasn’t on, so we went longer than normal in worship. When I got back to my hut, I wanted to read for a while, so I ended up in bed at 10:30 pm. As I started to drift off to sleep, I heard the generator go on at the hospital and I prayed to God for Dr. James, the hospital’s Medical Director, and whoever else must have been working on the surgery that was surely taking place.

The next thing I knew, I heard Liz, a fellow volunteer, calling to me, and I saw a bright light coming in my door. It was about 12:30 am, and Liz was dressed up in surgery gear. They needed me to give blood to the woman who was in surgery. I’m O-, the only universal donor on staff. I was up in a flash trying to find something to put on to wear to the hospital.

A few minutes later, Liz and I went running off to the hospital, praying the entire time. I prayed for my veins to open up and for the blood to just flow. I prayed for a miracle, so the needle wouldn’t hurt like it did the last two times, so I wouldn’t pass out, and so I could actually give a bag of blood to help the person who so desperately needed it.

On the way, Liz told me the woman in surgery was bleeding everywhere. The blood, she said, was all over everything—her feet, the floor, the woman herself. Her spleen needed to be taken out and her intestines needed to be cleaned up. She was in bad shape. As we neared the hospital I told Liz that it would be a miracle if I could give a bag of blood.

We got into the block and I sat by the wall, waiting for the woman who was
giving blood to finish. They had to stick her with the needle six times to get a vein. Anatole, the lab worker who is the best around at drawing blood, was massaging her arm to get the blood into the bag. She looked a bit bored and was very quiet. They told me that she was the older sister of the woman in surgery.

The whole time I was praying, “Please make my veins bigger. Be with the surgeon, the nurses, the woman.” I concentrated solely on praying. I didn’t want to let my mind wander; I didn’t want to think about my fear, about passing out again like I’ve done before.

Finally, the older sister finished giving blood, and the workers cleared off a spot on the transportation gurney for me to sit down, just in case I passed out. I suggested that they try my left arm, because the last two times my right arm was no good. They applied the rubber band and pulled out the fatty needle. I was still praying. They stuck me, and instantly I knew that this time was different. I felt the warm blood flowing from my arm through the plastic tubing into the bag. Sarah, the Danish nurse, even commented on how fast it was coming out. I started giving praise to God. He gave the miracle we were all asking for. He opened up my veins and let the blood flow. They finished drawing my blood and took the bag into the operating room to give to the woman.

I stayed seated and prayed. Sure, my part of giving blood was done. Maybe I wasn’t called only to give blood, though, but also to pray for this woman. So I prayed.

I have never sat somewhere before just pleading for someone’s life. I claimed the hospital for God and asked that the blood of Jesus cover all of us and those who were helping the woman. A little over an hour later, they had closed her up and taken out her huge spleen. It was larger than a loaf of homemade bread. They still weren’t sure what was wrong, but they had done all they could do for the time being, so they took her to her bed.

Back in my hut, I sat in the darkness and thought about how great God is and how amazing the night had been for me. I continued to pray for the woman and her healing. And I smiled in the darkness because I knew God had performed a miracle for her and for me.

It wasn’t the first time He’s given a gift of blood, and it won’t be the last!

Sonya Reaves writes from Chad, Africa. At Bere Adventist Hospital, Sonya does grant writing, teaching and program development. She is a recent graduate of Southern Adventist University, where she received a BS in Social Work.
I met her one of those days when I was feeling homesick. I had gone to the park and was sitting there on a bench with my hands covering my face, crying and crying. All of the sudden, I saw these tiny, dirty hands in front of me. As I looked up, I saw two little...boys (at least, I thought they were boys). They were dirty and toothless, and they were asking me for money. I tried to tell them in my very limited Russian that I didn’t have any money, but they wouldn’t stop begging. I felt like such a bad volunteer; I had gone to the street with nothing, not one single tenge (penny). I wanted so much to give them something, but I had nothing to give. And they wouldn’t take no for an answer. Then, I thought, I know. I will give them a song. So, I sang, “Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world,” and like magic, they were quiet; they stopped begging and only smiled. When I stopped, they started begging again. They touched my lips as if to say, “Sing more.” I sang the same song over and over again, until their adult guardian noticed they were not making money and came to pull them away.

A week later, my roommate and I were walking down the street, when a group of kids surrounded us, begging for money. Well, I had learned my lesson, so we gave one tenge here, one tenge there. Then, a little hand pulled me down. When I looked, it was a little girl, one of the girls from the park who I had initially thought was a boy. Looking at me, she began to hum “Jesus Loves the Little Children.”

From then on, she was my friend. Sirina was her name. We didn’t understand each other’s language, but we would run from one end of the street to the other to hug each other. Her guardian became my friend too. When she saw me, she would call to Sirina saying, “Sirina, Sirina. Angelou, angelou.”

During the last week of my first year in Kazakhstan, the Almaty police did a “clean up,” as they called it. They went out picking up street kids, taking them to orphanages where their hair was cut very, very short for two reasons. First, the lice problem. Second, there were too many girls to fit into the girls’ dormitory, so they would send some of the girls to the boys’ dorm, where many of the girls were raped.

Before I left for home, I wanted to say goodbye to Sirina, so I went looking for her, but I couldn’t find her or any of the other children. I went to about five different orphanages looking for her. I didn’t know her real name, so I carried a picture of her with me to present to the orphanage directors. Some of them wouldn’t even look at the picture. Others would let me go inside to look for her myself. I never found Sirina. At the last orphanage I went to, I
was told that she had been there, but that the day before, a man had come to pick up ten little girls, and Sirina was one of them.

Soon, I left Almaty, but I went back again for another year. One of the biggest reasons I went back was Sirina, my precious little friend. When I returned the second time, my mission was to find Sirina. After a month in Almaty, I found her guardian. She told me (with the help of a translator) that Sirina had been beaten by the police and that she was in the hospital. She gave me the address, but as much as I tried, no one would let us in; the kids in the hospital were all under intensive care.

One day, I was eating with the other volunteers in a restaurant that had windows which opened onto the street. It was a hot day, and all the windows were open. A crowd of children came to the windows, asking for money. When the store owner noticed the kids, he started screaming at them, and as they were moving away, I saw her! Sirina! She was taller and skinnier than I remembered. She had a big bump on her forehead, band-aids all over her arms, and one of her arms was in a cast.

I called out to her. The other kids had to stop her. She turned. Her look was so lost. I went and gave her a hug. The other kids were laughing and talking, telling me something I couldn’t understand. Sirina was quiet. No smile. She didn’t seem to recognize me; she was gone.

After that, whenever I saw her, I would hug her. It was always just me doing the hugging. She would just stand there. Things had changed for her at only six years old. However, I know that one day soon, I will be able to hold my Sirina, and smile and play with her like I used to. We will both understand each other. One day soon, we’ll sing again, “Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world.”

While Sayuri Ruiz is originally from Mexico, she grew up in California, United States. She served as a volunteer in Almaty, Kazakhstan, for two years. Currently, she is finishing up a year-long internship with the North American Division Volunteer Ministries Office.

A note from Sayuri: After coming back from my second year in Almaty, Kazakhstan, I started working in Angwin, California. Every year I was there, I would pray, “Here I am, Lord. Send me.” During my first year back, my family was going through some problems, and, because of this, I believe the Lord wanted me to do local service. The second year after coming back, I prayed again, “Here I am, Lord. Send me,” and He instead sent to me two Muslim girls from Japan to live in my house as exchange students. The third year, I prayed the same thing, and He sent me here to the North American Division, to serve Him by processing other volunteers to go out and serve all over the world. I prayed again in 2008, and God sent me a wonderful man who is now my fiancé. He is a pastor in the San Jose Central Seventh-day Adventist church, and together we will be serving there until God sends us somewhere else.
Whether it was rain falling down in the form of blessings or blessings falling down in the form of rain—either way, we weren’t going anywhere!

Let me start further back! During the summer of 2006, a team of fifteen others and I started a summer camp program known as Camp Micronesia on six different Pacific Islands. This experience was a greater blessing than we could ever have imagined. We never expected to see such spectacular sights as we saw on the island of Pohnpei. The sunrises and sunsets were marvelous, the scenery was beautiful beyond comprehension, and the hospitality of the generous locals was beyond measure.

Though our main reason for being there was to be good Christian stewards, we also decided to do a great deal of sightseeing in order to soak up the culture of Pohnpei. On one particular day, we decided to head to the famous Pohnpeian ruins. Since our group was quite large, we had to split up and take two Japanese-made trucks. We had only one local person with us to drive one of the trucks, so one person from our group had the privilege of driving a stick-shift truck on the opposite side of the road to what we were accustomed. I happened to be riding in the latter truck! As we were heading out to the ruins, we were told to stay close to the vehicle ahead of us so that we would not get lost. Since there is no speed limit on the dirt roads, and since there was tropical rain coming down, we soon lost the guide truck.

For most of us, getting lost on a tropical island with our friends is basically a dream come true. However, there was one major problem. It was our last day on the island, and our flight was going to leave in just three hours, so we were on a time crunch. Since a tourist, who was unaccustomed to slick roads, was driving the truck—not to mention the fact that we were LOST—well, something was bound to happen! As we flew down the road trying to catch up with our guide, our truck decided to take control of our driver and form a mind of its own. Because of the combination of the mud and the driver’s inexperience, the truck slid...
off the road like a brick slipping from a tall building.

Imagine the scene for a moment. Five tourists who can’t speak a word of the local language are lost in the middle of nowhere, and a perfectly good truck is stuck in the mud. What a funny sight!

This is actually where the story gets better! Our driver was confident that he could get the truck back onto the road with no problem, so we took coral from the road and tried to make a modified ramp for the truck to drive on up out of the ditch. The only problem was that we had tons of mud to work with, so no matter how hard we tried, we just got the truck down to the axles in mud. Finally, after some praying and crazy mud slinging, we decided that we weren’t going anywhere without some help.

We decided that two of us would leave to locate the rest of our group so that the other truck could help pull us out. On our way, we found a large family huddled around their porch laughing at us tourists running down the road in the rain. We had the brilliant idea that we could get them to come and help us. The only problem was that we had no clue what they were saying and, more importantly, they had no clue what we were saying. Somehow, they understood that we were in distress. So, with some convincing, we got a large group of locals to follow us back to the truck. Meanwhile, the other truck was searching for us, and, to our amazement, had gone all the way around a giant loop in the road and had finally located us. Now, with the help of twenty people, one unstuck truck, two seatbelts cut out of the cab, a ton of heaving and hoeing, and praying and hoping, we were able to get our truck back on the road.

Often in life, we find ourselves in situations that we never could have expected. We certainly never expected to be able to make our flight a few hours after our truck became stuck in the mud. No, we thought we were all alone, lost in a foreign land. But God had just gotten started! We were thinking that because we couldn’t communicate with the locals, we would get nowhere asking for their help, but God was probably laughing and saying, “It can’t hurt to ask.” If you think that the things you do are done with your own power, think again! You need to be willing to let God take control of everything. He may allow you to be put in situations that you don’t think are reasonable, but think again! He just may be helping you understand your own true potential. So, give everything to God and don’t worry because everything will be all right with Him on your side.

Jeffrey Ryan Veness writes from California, USA.
New Zealand

Abordo, Renee Delicano—Office Secy, from Philippines to Kenya

Acosta, Elena—Reassign as Theology Dept. Secy, from USA to Spain

Akie, Mark Hari—English Language Tchr, from Papua New Guinea to Ukraine

Allen, Beverley—English-Language Teacher, from UK to Korea

Angela, Ashley Brooke—Elementary English Teacher, from USA to Thailand

Anderson, Phillip William Jr—High School Math Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Anderson, Heather Ferguson—High School Math Tchr, from USA to Taiwan

Aquino, Zolma Celine—Accounting Asst, from Argentina to Spain

Arevalo, Virginia del Carmen—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Chile to USA

Armstrong, Michael Duane Alan—5th Grade Teacher, from USA to Ebeeye

Armstrong, Todd David—5th Grade Teacher, from USA to Pohnpei

Awdish, Katee Noelle—Instructor, from USA to Hiroshima

Baird, Raymond Harold—Health Educator, from Australia to Hong Kong

Batuik, Teliesha Amy—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Malawi

Bischof, Travis Oscar—Reassign as 7th Grade Teacher, from USA to Delap

Bissell, Ronald Deane—Theology Lecturer, from Canada to Thailand

Blize, Landen Bruce—6th Grade Teacher, from Canada to Ebeeye

Blond, Daria Jane (Festian)—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Blond, William Daniel II—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Blood, Eileen Carol—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Blood, Arthur Harold—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Booth, Katie Marie—Reassign as Clinical Asst, from USA to Nicaragua

Bonde, Richard Michael—German Teacher, from USA to Korea

Boudreau, Colin Cory—3rd Grade Teacher, from USA to Peru

Bruno, Eileen Carol—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Burn, Laurence G—Seminar Speaker, from USA to UK

Cadet, Monique Cindy—English-Language Summer Teacher, from USA to Korea

Caldwell, Andrew Edward—History Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Caragea, Allen—English ESL Teacher, from USA to Mexico

Carli, Bryan Anthony—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Cavalcanti, Hudson Meira—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Brazil to USA

Chand, Dorothy Nilesni—Teaching Asst, from Solomon Islands to USA

Chandler, Christopher Paul—English Teacher, from USA to Brazil

Chavez, Enoc Abalson—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Chile to USA

Chetty, Anastacia Nerissa—English-Language Summer Tchr, from USA to Korea

Chetty, Dhanalutchme—English-Language Summer Tchr, from USA to Korea

Chetty, Issan—English-Language Summer Teacher, from USA to Korea

Christiansen, Christopher Scott—English Religion Tchr, from USA to Mongolia

Christie, Dawn Karen—English-Language Teacher, from Canada to Korea

Chulia Menguai, Miguel Angel—ESL Teacher, from Spain to Egypt

Clairobe, Toffani Renna—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Clevenger, Zephany Davis—Maintenance, from USA to Nicaragua

Cloke, Carrie Elizabeth—3rd Grade Teacher, from USA to Delap

Connors, Gillian Lindsey—English-Language Summer Tchr, from Canada to Korea

Cooke, Deborah Sophia Noreen—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Cordis, Rachel Adell—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Cremades, Rebecca Maria—Med Intern, Kenuad Adv Hosp, from Spain to Kenya

Currier, Kathryn Michelle—Admin Asst, from USA to Tanzania

Dalaguan, Joel—Chief Executive Officer, from Philippines to Kenya

Danie`r, Cameron Joseph—Vice Principal for K-12 School, from USA to Delap

David, Ashley Cameron—English-Language Teacher, from South Africa to Korea

Dawes, Trudy-Ann Camille—Vice-Principal/Registrar, from USA to Taiwan

Dawkins, Everest George—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

de Klerk, David John—English-Language Teacher, from South Korea to Korea

de Vlieger, Elanande Adriana Jacobs—Secy, from Netherlands to Cameroon

Diaz, Julio—Asst Men’s Dean, from Mexico to Denmark

Dixon, Cynthia Carolina—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Do Vale, Rebecca Araujo—Elementary Teacher, from Brazil to Spain

Donker, Bryan Scott—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Donnelly, Trevor Austin—6th Grade Teacher, from USA to Esp

Dorta, Paulo Henrique Steiner—Church Planter/Bible Wkr, from Brazil to USA

Dotson, Karis Sophos—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Dysart, Cory Duran Morris—High School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Dysart, Holly Marie (Shivner)—High School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Earle, Stephanie Nicole—Teacher, from USA to TESL Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Edwards, Leana Michelle—2nd Grade Teacher, from UK to Delap

Engelhart, Blake Andrew—Elem, 6th & 8th ESL Tchr, from USA to Ecuador

Engelhart, Brittany Ann—Elem, 6th & 8th ESL Tchr, from USA to Ecuador

Esler, Kristin Ade—Nursing Student, from USA to Peru

Fatooma, Amos Dawdolo—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Fatooma, Eulaaloe Angelica—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Fava, Maria Olga—General Duties, from Argentina to Italy

Ferguson, Linda Michelle—Assist Nurse, from USA to Peru

Fleary, Nicole Kathrina Kassandra—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Fleurant, Ngalula—Primary English Teacher, from USA to Spain

Francis, Jason John Charles—6-8th Grade Teacher, from USA to Laos

Francis, Veronica Imally—2nd Grade Teacher, from USA to Laos

French, Nicole Sheree—5-10th Grade Science/Math Tchr, from USA to Saipan

Gabel, Jeffrey Paul—Obstetrician/Gynecologist, from USA to Guam

Garapasi, Tinoda—Website Developer, from Zimbabwe to Germany

Garcia, Cecia—Music Teacher & Librarian, from USA to Pohnpei

Georgescu, Florin Marius—Bible/English Instructor, from USA to South Korea

Giacarini, Amiel Leonward W—Chrch Pntnt/Bbl Wkr, from Argentina to USA

Gibb, Shannon Melissa—Teacher, from USA to Nepal

Gille, Matts Emil—8th Grade Teacher, from Sweden to Delap

Gillham, Angela Marie—Elementary Teacher, from USA to Taiwan

Gimbel, Brinja Dajen—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Gongora, Andy Del Socorro—Teacher, from Nicaragua to USA

Gordon, Nicholas John—Student Missionary, from USA to Zambia

Green, Kristal Dianne—Foreign Language Teacher, from USA to Russia

Gulfan, Edwin Cuyos—Church Pastor, from Philippines to Korea

Hallman, Joyce Elaine—Elementary Teacher, from USA to Chukk

Hallman, Wesley James—Elementary Teacher/Principal, from USA to Chukk

Hatline, Joel Gregory—Construction Worker, from USA to Ethiopia

Hector, Jeneva Martin—Asst Bldg Spvr, from South Africa to Papua New Guinea

Heisler, Stefan Morgan—Accountant, from USA to Chad

Helm, Shauanda Laurelle—Admin Support Vol & ESL Tchr, from USA to Ethiopia

Hendley, Xenia—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Herrera, Carolina Ximena Marin—Church Planter/Bible Wkr, from Chile to USA

Herrmann, Dustin Werner—Kindergarten Teacher, from USA to Pohnpei

Hidalgo, Zachry Apelo—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Hippler, James Allen—Construction Consultant, from USA to Philippines

Hodder, Natasha LeAnne—English/ESL Teacher, from Canada to Mexico

Hollbrook, Tony Ray—5th Grade Teacher, from USA to Yap

Hopf, Evelina—ESL Teacher, from Germany to Mexico

Hotelling, Erin Ashley—ESL Teacher, from USA to Thailand

Howard, Krista—Pastoral Asst, from Australia to USA

Howe, John Elliott—Admin Support Volunteer, from USA to Ethiopia

Huenfano, Consolation Liceth (Becerra)—Eng-Rl Tchr from USA to Taiwan

Huerfano, Donyeun Moises—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Hughes, Carla Nicole—Teacher, from USA to India

Humbert, Kacey Jean—Asst Dean/English Teacher, from USA to Malaysia

Hurdado, Cynthia Beatriz—Asst Women’s Dean, from USA to Norway

Husbands, Shelly-An Fernella—English-Language Teacher, from USA to Korea

Hwang, Chan Sun—Physical Medicine & Rehab Physicin from USA to Guam

Infante, Victor Hugo—Asst Boys Dean, from USA to Spain

Ishkanian, James Scott—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Iverson, Mark Andrew II—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Jääskeläinen, Senja Anneli—English Teacher, from Finland to Brazil
Jenkins, Beverly LaVerne—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Johnson, Vidya—English Teacher, from USA to Ukraine
Johnson, Monique Renee—English Language Teacher, from Ukraine to Australia
Joseph, James—Dentist, from USA to Democratic Republic of the Congo
Joseph, Leonardo Thomas—Assoc Academic Dean, from South Africa to Korea
Jordan, Andy Louise—Nurse, from USA to Saipan
Kamsmoon, Amanda—Bible Worker & English Instructor, from India to So Korea
Kang, Jennifer Yujin—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Kattenhorn, Jordan Sean—High School Science Teacher, from USA to Ebeve
Keightley, Marisa Renee—6th Grade Teacher, from USA to Cambodia
Kenner, Krystal Allisyn—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Kietzmann, Laura—Optometry Intern, from USA to Guam
Kinne, Nolan—Hosp Volunteer, from USA to Ethiopia
Kirk, Megan Ellen—4th Grade Teacher, from Canada to Ebeve
Kruger, Josel Luis Zegarra—English/ESL Teacher, from USA to Mexico
Kurts, Summer Celeste—Church Planning/Bible Worker, from USA to Thailand

Kurtz, Donovan Joel—Business Manager/Accountant, from USA to Ethiopia
La Madrid, Kristen Marie—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Lawson, Casey Mark—7th Grade Teacher, from USA to Palau
Lazarus, Emilienne Cynthia—ESL Teacher, from Thailand to Thailand
Lee, Sung Min—Pharmacist, from USA to Guam
Leson, Emily—Medical Asst, from USA to Guam
Lindsay, Grace-Anne Elisabeth—English Teacher, from USA to Brazil
Long, Lauren Marin—Nurse/Health Care Asst, from USA to Cameroon
Lopez Marin, Astrid Isabel—Asst Girls Dean, from Mexico to Spain
Lysempaska, Holyna—Guest Administration, from Ukraine to Austria
Mackey, Sarah Suzanne—3rd Grade Teacher, from USA to Puerto Rico
Manu, Luisa—Kindergarten Teacher, from USA to Pohnpei
Marais, Sarah Jane—Nurse/Health Care Asst, from USA to Cameroon
Marine, Carol Jean (Cordelia)—English Language Teacher, from USA to Korea
Marks, Linda Lee—Midwife, from USA to Ethiopia
Marrero, Jasmin—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Mayer, Jacob Lee—EMT/RN, from USA to Chad
McCullom, Megan Noel—Office/Teaching Asst, from USA to Saipan
McCreery, Skyla Dawn—English Language Teacher, from Canada to Ukraine
McLarty, Olene Charis—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Mello, James—English Teacher, from USA to China
Meyer, Jeremy Mearie—English Computer Teacher, from USA to Nicaragua
Mizushima, Masaki Andrew—Reassgin as Instructor, from USA to Japan
Montaldi, Natalie Grace—1st Grade Teacher, from USA to Palau
Moody, Karine Longueuil—English-Religion Teacher, from Canada to Korea
Moon, Margaret LeNora—3rd Grade Teacher, from USA to Delap
Moreira Araujo, Rodrigo Cezare—Asst Boys Dean, from Brazil to Austria
Morgan, Chris Blair—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Morrill, Amber Elizabeth—Midwife, from USA to Ethiopia
Mouliom, Liton Prosad—Asst Men’s Dean, from India to Denmark
Muller, Alfredo Ariel—Asst Boys Dean, from USA to Norway
Nam, Jennifer Jin—ESL Teacher, from USA to Cuba
Neisner, Steven Michael—5th Grade Teacher, from USA to Pohnpei
Nickell, Jaimie Marie—Preschool Teacher, from USA to Saipan
Nikyri, Maria Sadie Elisabet—ESL Teacher, from Finland to Thailand
Ono, Delfred Abarquez—Youth Pastor, from Philippines to Australia
Owen, Austin Robert—Youth Minister, from USA to New Zealand
Park-Hwang, Esther Miran—Obstetrician/Gynecologist, from USA to Guam
Parker, Christopher William—Student Missionary, from USA to Zambia
Patel, Neil Dilip—Student Volunteer, from USA to Tanzania
Penrose, T enda Karen—Elementary Teacher, from USA to Madagascar
Perez, Angiel—Kindergarten Teacher, from USA to Saipan
Perez, Suleen Avila Pinch—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Brazil to USA
Peterman, Milton—Construction Worker, from Canada to Tanzania
Peterman, Shirley—Contractor, from Canada to Tanzania
Pierson, Luke Joseph—Construction Worker, from USA to Ethiopia
Pierson, Mark David II—Construction Worker, from USA to Ethiopia
Pierson, Mark David—Construction Worker, from USA to Ethiopia
Pillay, Dornic Narayan—Asst Pastor, from Fiji to India
Pongwana, Zoliwe Zoe Yvonne—English Teacher from South Africa to Mongolia
Preuss, Rafael Caparve—6th Grade Teacher, from USA to Pohnpei
Ravennal, Pauline—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Recinos, Ismaia Lemuel—High School Science Teacher, from USA to Pohnpei
Reddick, Steve Ann—Construction/VBS Teacher, from USA to Ethiopia
Reyes Morejon, Lelis Esteban—Program Director, from Cuba to Spain
Rhuan, Kristina Ruth—English Bible Teacher, from USA to India
Roberts, Sandra Lee—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Roberts, Thaudeyln Alexandra—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Robinson, Ulena Blossom (Baptist)—Elementary Tchr, from USA to Taiwan
Rojas Romero, Ivana Melissa—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Paraguay to USA
Rollins, Lorraine Ashley—3rd Grade Teacher, from USA to Ebeve
Romeo, Kalmaire Heleno—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Roon, Eva—Elementary Teacher, from Germany to Moldova
Rusiani, Giorgi—Computer/Website Asst, from Georgia to Italy
Sabando,Licci Daglas—Physician, from Philippines to Korea
Sanchez, Cristina Isabel—2nd Grade Teacher, from USA to Saipan
Sardela, Logan Tho—7th Grade Teacher, from USA Palau
Schlager, Maya—English Teacher, from USA to China
Schwarz, Veronika Stefanie—ESL Teacher, from Austria to Mexico
Scott, Sarah Irmgard—ESL Teacher, from Germany to Mexico
Sexton, Fay Sharee—Nurse, from Australia to Zambia
Sexton, John Martin—Teacher, from Australia to Zambia
Seymour, Jennifer Yvette—Nurse Asst/Kitchen Coord, from USA to Nicaragua
Sharman, Lindsey Anne—School Asst, from USA to Delap
Sheedell, Steve Lynn—Media Specialist, from USA to Grenada
Show, Daniel Timothy—Secondary Science Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Silafa, Lucinda—French English Language Teacher, from USA to Brazil
Silva, Erenly Meliza—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Skachkova, Svitlana Igorovna—Bible Teacher, from Ukraine to USA
Sloan, Frederick Douglass II—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Smith-Rodriguez, Leah Marie—ESL Teacher, from USA to Thailand
Soire, Olivia Onyiego—Instructor, from Philippines to Japan
Spady, Jeffrey Edward—Office/Computer Worker, from USA to Lesotho
Specht, Kristin Nicole—Preschool/Kindergarten Teacher, from USA to Chukch
Srirukrea, Gabriel Shawn—Relief Physician, from USA to Chad
Srirukrea, Surin—Relief Physician, from USA to Chad
St. Fleur, Makerbie—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Stark, Robert—Self Help Group Coordinator Asst, from Germany to Kyrgyzstan
Stratte, Michael Charles—7th Grade Teacher, from USA to Yap
Tablang, Moises Duyac Jr—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Theodore, Eugene Tong—High School Science Tchr, from Canada to Pohnpei
Torres, Everson Erick—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Brazil to USA
Tozer, Christina Nichole—Elementary Teacher, from USA to Nicaragua
Trampe, Marsha—Grant Proposal Writer, from Germany to Tanzania
Tyler, Michael Reginald—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Van Cleave, Moriah Amber—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Van Dolson, Ryan Douglass—English Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
van Rooyen, Ellen-Beatrice—Elementary School Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Vornholt, John William—Dentist, from USA to India
Wagers, Matthew Darby—Church Planning/Bible Worker, from USA to Thailand
White, Brandon Albert—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Mongolia
Wilkins, Emily Star—EMT/RN, from USA to Chad
Wilkins, Fletcher Keith—Hosp Volunteer, from USA to Ethiopia
Williamson, Derrick Matthew—ESL Teacher, from USA to Czech Republic
Wilson, Sharlene Michelle—English Teacher, from USA to Mexico
Woods, Justin D—Student Volunteer, from USA to Tanzania
Woods, Lisa Nicole—English Religious Summer Teacher, from USA to Thailand
Yoon, Ed—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Yoon, Sarah—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Zapata, Jose Bernado Salomon—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Zawilinski, Melojeane Obanil—High School Teacher, from USA to Korea
Zuppan, Kelcey Renae—Elementary, Secondary & H School Tchr, from USA to Ecuador
Listed are samples of volunteer opportunities available at the time this issue went to press. There are currently hundreds of volunteer opportunities available throughout the world, and more become available each day! For the most current information on these and other volunteer positions, visit us online at: www.adventistvolunteers.org. If you are interested in becoming a volunteer, contact your division volunteer coordinator for more information. Your home division will process your application.

To find your Division Contact from the website, click on “divisions.”