A New Missionary
Of Typhoid and Trust in God
Through her delirium, Gisela questions why God would allow such a thing to happen to her.

The Difference Love Makes
“Throwing a punch or a rock isn’t the norm any more.”

Faith Through Experience
God had the power to rescue us from jail just as He had the power to rescue Paul from jail long ago.

A Lesson in Giving
She was clenching the box firmly and I knew she really wanted to keep it for herself.

Straight from the Classroom
For his assignment, Wesley was supposed to write directions in English to a local tourist site. He wrote: “Buy a GPS.”

A Volunteer Interview
As a result of Carlos’ witnessing, five people were baptized.
We welcome unsolicited manuscripts, letters to the editor, volunteer tips, postcards and stories and photos.

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Greetings,

My name is Gideon Nyasinga Onchari. I am from Kenya. For seven months now, I have been serving as a volunteer at Villa Aurora Adventist University in Italy. I am very thrilled to be a part of the volunteer team here this year.

From the time I left home up until now, I have witnessed God’s hand protecting me and caring for me. I’ve never been alone. I was met at the airport. The director, administration and student body here at Villa Aurora are all loving and caring. I feel like I really belong to this extended family. Although there are some slight differences in the way church programs are run here and the way my home church operates, I really enjoy worshipping with my new “family.” The church here is growing; they have an FM radio station, and recently they launched a program to assist needy people in Africa.

I am glad that I came here. It’s wonderful to have the opportunity to see another culture and experience so many new things. The city here is so beautiful with its old and well-preserved buildings. The snowy mountains are amazing. Skiing and snowboarding are new sports I have learned here.

One thing which scared me at first was the fact that I would have to learn how to deal with the foreign language (Italian). The different kinds of food here—especially mushrooms—also caused me to worry, but I like them now. I have learned that everything requires prayer, patience, hard work and flexibility. With the help of these things, I have adapted quickly and have learned to love the Italian culture and language. God is so wonderful; after just one month, He enabled me to speak some words in Italian!

So, I appeal to all of you who are thinking about being volunteers: stop thinking, stand up, go out and do it. It is when we actually become His disciples that Jesus fulfills the promise to be with us. So try volunteering! Not only will others change because of you, but you will find yourself changed too. You will experience spiritual growth and the exhilarating feeling of being a part of God’s movement towards a new life. I strongly believe that you can do it, by God’s grace. Just put your hands together and pray about it. He will open a way for you.

In Christ’s Service,
Gideon
Reflections

Thou shalt not worry,
for worrying is the most unproductive of all human activities.

Thou shalt not be afraid,
for most things we fear never come to pass.

Thou shalt not cross bridges before thou comest to them.

Thou shalt not handle but one problem at a time,
leaving the others to the Lord until their proper time.

Thou shalt not take troubles to bed,
for they make poor bedfellows.

Thou shalt not try to carry the problems of the world on your shoulders,
for only One hath a back that strong.

Thou shalt be a good listener,
for God often speaks through the mouths of others.

Thou shalt not try to relive yesterday; for good or ill, it is gone forever.
Live and rejoice in today.

Thou shalt dismiss feelings of frustration,
for they are rooted in self-pity and interfere with positive action.

Thou shalt count thy blessings, never overlooking the smallest,
for our biggest blessings are often composed of our smaller ones.
The big plane roared down the runway and plastered me against my seat. Nervously, I checked my seatbelt one more time as I prayed a desperate prayer, “Lord, please protect me.” It was 1971, I was 15, and this was my first flight in a large commercial plane. I was on my way to the Amazon jungles as an Adventist volunteer. As far as I know, the Church didn’t have a volunteer program back then, but my folks had some friends near Manaus, Brazil, who were carving a school out of the jungle. Back then, there were no e-mails or faxes, just the long process of writing questions and waiting weeks for answers. But, finally, I was on the plane and on my way.

I can see now why the Adventist Volunteer Service (AVS) policy says you have to be at least 18 years of age to go on an extended trip like that. I doubt I helped much, but I know my life was changed by the experience. The malaria, the exotic bugs and birds and fish, the singing in a language I didn’t understand at first, the new words I was learning, the baths and laundry in the creek, the palm fruits, mangoes, papayas, and large number of different types of bananas, all made a profound impact on my life; I loved being a missionary and wanted to go again.

It wasn’t until many years later that I was able to serve as a missionary once more. And even after that experience, I still had a strong desire to serve yet again.

Maybe you have had a desire down deep inside to go as a missionary. Maybe you have read mission stories all your life, watched mission DVDs in Sabbath School, gazed wonderingly at National Geographic pictures of fascinating lands and wondered how the gospel would ever be carried to the ends of the earth. But maybe you have also heard (or felt) that the days of missionaries are over. Maybe you have given up on the idea of ever getting to go as a “real-live-missionary.” Maybe you have resigned yourself to a life of gazing longingly at travel guides in the bookstore and exploring the globe using Google Earth.

Well, I have news for you! The General Conference (GC) still sends out hundreds and hundreds of missionaries every year, and sometimes months go by without the GC being able to find a person willing to fill a desperately needed position. As I write this, there are 19 unfilled calls for regular full-time missionaries (IDEs)* and

Missionaries—You Can Be One!
more than 300 unfilled calls for volunteers (note: volunteers often get a stipend, housing, and sometimes even help with travel). Besides that, there is a need for hundreds of tentmakers** to be carefully screened, trained and sent out.

Here are just a few of the positions we are currently trying to fill: Secondary School Principal in Sudan (IDE), French Teacher in Ecuador (AVS), Assistant in the Theology Department in Germany (AVS), English Language Teachers in Korea and many other countries (AVS), Dean of the School of Education at Spicer College in India (IDE), German Teacher in Poland (AVS), Dentists in Kyrgyzstan (AVS), Assistant Dean in Malaysia (AVS), Accountant in Chad (AVS), Computer Technician in Guam (IDE), Elementary and Secondary Teachers in Taiwan (AVS), Music Teacher in Uruguay (AVS), Chaplain in the UK (AVS), Media Specialists in Grenada (AVS), and an Anesthesiologist in Nepal (IDE).

Feeling a tug on your heart strings? Go to our website, www.adventistvolunteers.org, and have a look. You will find volunteers’ stories in the online version of our magazine, frequently asked questions about volunteer service, a list of things you should consider if you’re thinking about volunteering, tips on how to get started and more. Take a look around and then click on the “Find Positions” link to see if there is a volunteer assignment that fits your skills and interests. After some prayer and thought, if you decide you’d like to be a volunteer, start the process by filling out our online application form.

However, if you don’t see something that interests you, keep checking back, because things are changing constantly.

Be a missionary in your community, but go ahead and knock on this door as well, and see what God might open up. You might be surprised and you will be changed.

To check out more stories, pictures, blogs, podcasts, videos and music on the mission work and the missionaries and volunteers of the church, go to www.adventistmission.org.

You might be surprised and you will be changed.

*To view IDE positions, go to the AVS website, click on “links” and then click on the “Interdivision Services” link.

**According to the Adventist Mission website, “Tentmakers are professionals, skilled artisans, perennial students and others who use their professional, vocational or academic skills to support themselves while they share the Gospel of Jesus in parts of the world and to groups of people otherwise inaccessible to traditional mission approaches. The term ‘tentmakers’ is taken from the Apostle Paul, who supported his own mission activity by making tents (Acts 18:1-4).”
I came to the Sunshine Children’s Home and School in Bangalore, India, because I wanted to have the experience of serving God, and India is the place to which He guided me. I am definitely experiencing service here. Everyday there is so much work to do at the orphanage. It’s not an easy task to get 38 children ready for school, help them with their homework, supervise their chores, see that they are properly dressed, teach them music, send them to sleep, supervise meal times, gather them together for worship and keep track of the hundred different other things that happen everyday. The children are lovely, though, and I’m really enjoying the time I’m spending here serving.

But I have also experienced trials here—one trial especially has helped me to learn to trust in God more.

One day at the orphanage, I was talking to a group of 12-year-old boys. They told me that they wanted to take Bible studies and get baptized someday. So, I decided to give them Bible classes. The first Sabbath afternoon that we were supposed to meet, I didn’t feel very well. I had a slight fever, but I didn’t worry about it. I met with the boys anyway and studied the Bible with them. After our meeting, I took part in some other activities. By suppertime, I was so weak that I couldn’t stand anymore, so I went to bed. I thought that my illness wasn’t serious and that the next day I’d be just fine. I could never have imagined what was really going to happen to me.

My Illness

The next day I felt terrible. I had a high fever, diarrhea, vomiting, and a stomach ache; it was typhoid. For the first week, I survived on water, oral rehydration salts and coconut water. When I tried to drink fresh fruit juice, I vomited. In one month, I lost twenty pounds. The diarrhea was the worst part of all. My stomach was shouting for help. I cannot describe with words the way I felt.

My fever was about 40 degrees Celsius (104 degrees Fahrenheit), and I was delirious. I remember a big, cute tiger having a nap in the bed next to mine, and I remember some people I didn’t recognize bringing Greek sculptures to my room to decorate it. One night I woke up at five o’clock and spent more than an hour trying to find a huge rat that was trying to eat my food. The next morning, I realized that the “rat”
was a paper bag on the floor that had been making noise because of the wind coming in through my window (and, by the way, I had had no food in my room).

Questions
In those hours that I spent alone lying on my bed, I had plenty of time to think. For the first time in my life I thought about death. Sometimes I felt so bad that I actually thought I would not be going back home alive.

I had many questions on my mind. My thoughts went more or less like this: “God, I came all the way from Argentina to India to serve You and this is how You bless me? Why are You allowing this to happen to me? If You are a loving and powerful God, why can’t You make the fever come down? I’m here all alone. I depend only on You. Why don’t You heal me??!!”

Answers
For some time, I had no answers. I was not angry with God, but I could not understand His ways.

One day when I was not feeling very well, I started thinking about death. I
thought about the good and bad things I’d done and all the things I still wished to do in the future. But if death was God’s will, I was ready. My only worry was my family and how they were going to deal with the fact that I had died in a far away country.

So, I prayed and I told God about it. Then I fell asleep. After some time, the woman who was supposed to give me my injection came into my room and woke me up to do it. After she left I saw him. He was sitting at the foot of my bed.

When did this man come to my room? I thought.

I could not see his face—only his back. I started to say something to him, but he spoke first. He told me, “You are not going to die. Trust in God.”

The weird thing was that he didn’t speak in English like everybody else here. He spoke in Spanish, my mother tongue! I still don’t know anybody here who can speak Spanish. He said something else, but I only remember the words, “You are not going to die. Trust in God.” By the time I reacted and tried to speak to him, he had disappeared. I still don’t know if he was an angel or if it was part of my delirium, but I’d like to think he was an angel!

After that, I started recovering very slowly. I spent a month in bed. The only thing I could do for the children was stitch their clothes when my fever was down. But during this time I had the opportunity to see the hand of God working in my life. And He answered all the questions I had asked.

Every time that I asked God to show me His love, He sent me somebody to ask how I was feeling, or if I needed something. Or somebody would come with food made especially for me. Or someone would come to clean my room and give me a bath.

Then, every time I asked God to show me His power, someone would come with a big smile and sweet, encouraging words. Those words had the power to make me feel better.

Through the people that God sent to help me, I felt His love and experienced His power. Through them God blessed
me immensely. Now, I can say like David did, “Even when I walk through a valley of frightful shadows facing death, I will fear no evil, because you are with me”* (Psalms 23:4).

Gisela Gigliotti writes from Neuquen, Argentina, where she is currently working on finishing her thesis in Nutrition. She hopes to be finished by the end of the year. And after that? “I’d like to go somewhere as a volunteer again,” says Gisela, “or I’d like to be a missionary right here in my hometown. Once you are a volunteer, you are always a volunteer. Right now I am planning some projects in which the youth group from my church will work with street children and the elderly.”

*Scriptural reference taken from The Clear Word Paraphrase Bible by Jack Blanco.
Just two days ago, I found myself at our mission school with a student crying on my shoulder. He sat on my lap and wiped his nose and eyes on my sleeve while burying his face in my arm. Sammy is now a first-grader, but the youngest of seven children, he’s still just a baby. His dad is leaving our small island of Paata in Chuuk for Hawaii today to find work. We’ve seen this before. As far as I can tell, this little boy won’t be seeing his dad again until he can pay for the visit to Hawaii himself. Since we heard his father was leaving, we have seen a marked difference in Sammy’s behavior. He shuts down and cries a lot more than usual. It breaks my heart to see this happening to a kid I love so much. I said a prayer for him in my heart while he was on my lap and I thought to myself, Just to know this one little boy alone is totally worth two years of my life here in Chuuk.

My thoughts were interrupted by B-chok, one of our eighth-graders, saying “I loff you!”

“I love you, too!” I shouted back.

Last year, when we were both teaching, my husband Matthew and I developed the practice of telling the kids we loved them. We had discovered this is not something many of them have ever heard used properly in their lives. The term is usually reserved to lure young girls off into the jungle. The students at our school have slowly warmed up to the phrase so that we share it freely around the school and, now, around the island.

I turned my head to look around the playground. There in front of me were 60 kids that I truly do love! How I want to take the hurt away from each one of them, to erase their tragic stories of abuse, betrayal and abandonment. Every single one of them has a story all too similar to Sammy’s, many unimaginably worse.

During our recent evangelistic series here on Paata, as the only medically trained individual on the island, I was put in charge of health talks, but I also somehow became involved in doing the children’s meetings whenever I was around. At those meetings, I believe I witnessed Chuukese kids at their worst. The kids’ behavior at the meetings actually reminded me of what our students were like the first few months after our new school opened last year. They were loud, unruly, unkind and just plain horrible! Nightly at the children’s meetings, while we were trying to lead a rousing rendition of something like “Peace Like a River,” a child would stand up, walk to a new

The Difference Love Makes

By Karisse Lee
place to sit on the floor and punch at least three others on the way. I was shocked to see how normal it was for the children to abuse and bully other children. I began to imagine what their home lives must be like in order for this behavior to be displayed in public by children so young. I didn’t need to imagine for long because I am reminded all too often that their home lives really are worse than I can imagine.

Just two Fridays ago, an 11-year-old girl was brought up to my clinic by her 30-year-old guardian and sister. This young girl had a large machete wound on her chest, just over her heart, and another cut on her left index finger. When I had finished suturing both cuts, I noticed dark, striped bruising developing all over her back and arms.

“How did this happen?” I questioned my translator.

The older sister informed me that she had beaten her.

This is common, so it was said without remorse. I inquired as to what kind of instrument was used.

“A machete.”

WOW! The girl’s own sister had used the backside of a machete to beat her. The knife had slipped and the result was the cut over the younger girl’s heart. Oh, how I longed for Child Protective Services or someone to pass this off to! All I could do was cry. Although I deal with domestic violence injuries often, some days it is just too much to take. Searching for words to end this deeply engrained cycle of abuse, I prayed silently to God. After that, the
two sisters and I discussed alternatives to violence, as well as our feeling of thankfulness that this situation didn’t end up as badly as it could have. Then, the three of us prayed together, and I hugged them as they left the clinic to return home. Indeed, life is worse in some of these homes than I ever want to imagine.

But the good news is that the kids in our school are different! The homes may be the same, but the students have seen a new way to live! Many of our students really did behave as horribly as the kids at the evangelistic series only a year ago. But we have seen that in only one year, our 60 students are drastically different from their village peers. What an incredible witness! We have students walking around saying, “I loff you!” Throwing a punch or a rock isn’t the norm anymore.

For us, demonstrating this kind of love is tough and exhausting, though. As principal, Matthew has had to suspend seven students just this week, all for various offenses, but they are learning consistent consequences without violence. The kids know without a doubt that Matthew loves them and that Jesus loves them too! And there’s more good news! The girl who had the machete cut was enrolled in our school just this week! She’s going to learn about love too!

After all of my attempts to imagine what these kids have to deal with at home, I am much more encouraged by
imagining the future for them. I like to think about how this island will be even more transformed by God’s love when we have a second story on our school and even more kids will be able to attend and to learn a new way to live! This school is truly a beacon of light in the darkness of Paata!

After serving on Paata for two years, Karisse Lee, a Registered Nurse, and her husband, Matthew, a 7th and 8th grade teacher at a local Adventist school, have returned to northwest Washington state in the USA. “We’re thoroughly enjoying being back home,” says Karisse, “but we miss our kids on Paata with all our hearts.”
I am sure that it was God who brought us all the way from Pakistan, our home country, to serve as volunteers here at Maxwell Adventist Academy in Kenya. And He has been with us ever since, through all of our experiences here. We see Him working all the time.

**Going to Kenya?**

I never thought I would become a volunteer, and I never thought I would live in Kenya. In fact, before we came here, I had a full-time job as an accountant in the Pakistan Union office, and my wife, Kalsoom, was working as a kindergarten teacher in the Union school in Lahore.

A friend of mine had applied to serve as a volunteer at Maxwell Adventist Academy, but due to family problems, he could not take the assignment. One day as we were talking, he said to me, “Why don’t you become a volunteer? There is an opening at Maxwell Adventist Academy.”

“No,” I said, “we are working as regular employees and are receiving benefits. We don’t have any problems here. We have housing, medical insurance, an education allowance for our son, a retirement plan and our service credit. We would have to sacrifice all of this and leave our permanent jobs to do a volunteer assignment.”

Indeed, there was no reason for us to leave our home. However, the offer remained stuck in my mind. I did not say yes or no to my friend, but I started to pray about it with my family. We put everything in the Lord’s hands and asked Him to help us know what to do. We didn’t know whether to accept the offer or not. We didn’t even have the money for the plane tickets.

Then, God answered our prayers. We felt Him say to us, “I will be with you wherever you go.” So, we sold our household items to raise money for plane tickets to Kenya. I had faith that God was leading. As it says in Deuteronomy 31:8, “The Lord himself goes before you and will be with you; He will never leave you...
Family

1. Philip and Kalsoom Javaid
2. Philip preaching on Sabbath.
3. Philip with sons, baby Nathan and Aman
4. Aman
nor forsake you. Do not be discouraged.” Keeping this in mind, we were ready to serve Him.

**Going to Jail?**

We came to Kenya on a visitor’s visa, as we were told to do. Our visa was valid for three months. When it expired, we went to the immigration office to renew it, but they referred us to the seventh floor. We were not aware that it was the floor where they did investigations. When we entered the office, the immigration officer looked very angry. He started asking us questions, and, finally, he said they would put us in jail because we had committed a crime by working on a visitor’s visa.

Though we had unknowingly committed a crime, we were calm because we knew that our God is an awesome God, and a great God, and that He had the power to rescue us from this problem just as He rescued Paul from jail long ago. During the investigation, we were praying in our hearts, and, after some time, the immigration officer finally told us to come back on Monday.

In church on Sabbath, the entire congregation prayed and asked God for guidance for our situation. God did guide us and He sent His angels to change the immigration officer’s mind. There is no other way to explain what happened. When we arrived at the immigration office on Monday, by the grace of God, the officer extended our visas. This was the first time during our volunteer service that I saw God’s great influence in our lives.
5. Notes night
6. Girls’ choir
7. Students shooting hoops
8. Students in the Sophomore class
9. Students playing soccer
Faculty & Volunteers

Kenya
Because He came to our aid, I learned not to worry in times of difficulty. God is always there to help us.

**Being a Boys’ Dean**

I never dreamed of becoming an Assistant Boys’ Dean, but you never know what assignment God is going to pick for you. He is using me in this work to guide students not only mentally, but spiritually as well. It is always my privilege to lead them in morning and evening worship, and in conversations about God. Some students at Maxwell are non-Adventist, but I have faith that the time is near for them to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior. I have even given some materials about the importance of keeping the Sabbath day holy to a group of non-Adventists. When I talked with this group, I convinced one of the students to start respecting the Sabbath, and I hope he will soon be ready for baptism. God is working marvelously among the students here.

**A Broken Arm**

On October 26, 2007, my son Aman, who is 3½ years old, hurt his left arm, and it was just as painful for Kalsoom and me as it was for him. We took him to the Adventist clinic where a doctor recommended an x-ray. The x-ray showed that he had fractured his left arm. The doctor advised us to show this x-ray to an orthopedic surgeon named Dr. Atinga at the Nairobi Hospital. After looking at the x-ray, Dr. Atinga decided to put a cast on Aman’s arm as a temporary solution. If the cast did not correct the problem, it would mean that he would have to have
an operation. We were told to come back in one week so the doctor could check on Aman’s progress. The report turned out to be unpleasant, and Aman had to undergo the operation. We, being his parents, endured a painful period. However, the operation was successful and our son is fine now.

**A New Baby**

After this experience, God blessed my wife and me in the form of a pregnancy. We were very excited about it. Everything was going fine until December 24, 2007. On that day, we went to see my wife’s doctor for a routine gynecological checkup. After the checkup, we were on our way home when my wife started bleeding. We panicked and went straight back to the clinic. The doctor said the unborn baby had died in the womb and that we had to proceed with a D & C (dilation and curettage). My wife objected to carrying out a D & C without first doing an ultrasound to confirm that the unborn baby had died. My wife’s gynecologist agreed to send her for an ultrasound, adding that if the baby was, in fact, alive, she would prescribe medicine for her. But if the results turned out otherwise, they would have to go ahead with the D & C.

Meanwhile, outside the doctor’s room, I prayed to God the following short prayer, “God, You are the Great Healer and Source of Life. This is a blessed eve; please give us good news as You gave to the shepherds on this night so long ago.”

God heard my prayer, and the ultrasound report brought us the news that our baby was alive! Along with the healing of my son, this is one of the great miracles that God has performed in my life.

Through all of these experiences, I have felt closer to God. Our volunteer
The assignment here will continue up to the end of this school year, May 31, 2008. *We still don’t know what God’s plan is for us in the future. But I believe a time will come when He will tell us what our next work is.

I have faith in God. He has always been with me in my time of trouble and He is always there to take care of His loved ones. I encourage all of you to be faithful with your talents and use them to witness for Christ. If you do, He will bless you abundantly. No matter what happens, He will be there to uphold you.

His promise for us is this: “No man will be able to stand before you all the days of your life. Just as I have been with Moses, I will be with you; I will not fail you or forsake you. Be strong and courageous” (Joshua 1:5-6).

May God bless you all as you open your hearts to Him!

*Philip Javaid* writes from Kenya, where he and his wife have decided to spend a second year serving at Maxwell Adventist Academy. Philip writes that he is happy to spend another year being “a witness for God by serving as a dean.” In addition to his work in the boys’ dorm, Philip also helps out as a volunteer in the Finance Department of the ADRA Africa Regional Office. Kalsoom serves as the Assistant Cafeteria Supervisor at Maxwell Adventist Academy.

On July 4, 2008, Philip and Kalsoom were blessed with an addition to their family—a baby boy, Nathan Josiah Philip.
ne of the most important lessons I have learned during my time in the field is the importance of giving. That may sound trite, but it hit home to me in a new way one Christmas in the mountains of Honduras in Central America where I was a volunteer.

For me, as a volunteer, every day was full of challenges and frustrations, but joys and blessings as well. One of those joys was teaching the primary Sabbath school class in a small church. The class was filled with local children, some Adventist, and some with no religious affiliation at all. All of them were very precious. We had a lot of fun together, singing, learning and doing various crafts each week.

As Christmastime neared, I decided to do a special project with the children to get them thinking about giving instead of getting. The project was an origami box, which I planned to fill with some little trinkets I had brought with me. I wouldn’t tell the children until the very end of the project that the boxes were meant to be given away. I wanted to leave the choice to them and I knew it would be difficult, since all the children came from poor families. The following week I planned to reward those who followed through by presenting them with little gifts that they could keep. I hoped that through this activity, they would, in some small way, come to understand God giving His Son for us. I wanted them to learn that when we give, God always gives us good things in return.

Everything went smoothly that Sabbath. The children enthusiastically folded the colorful paper squares into neat little boxes, which they then decorated with stickers. As I watched them, I indulged in a little speculation. There were several children I honestly doubted would give, including a young girl named Rita. She was an orphan and not from a Christian family. I saw her eyes growing wider and wider as we completed the boxes and began to fill them with little toy animals, erasers and stickers.

After the boxes were completed, I pulled out my notebook and asked the children to give me names of other children they knew who didn’t come to church and who were, if possible, even poorer than they were. They all shouted out names and I wrote them down. Then I told the children what I wanted them to do with their boxes. There was a moment of silence, as they all sat and stared at the boxes, contemplating losing such a treasure. I could see that Rita was
especially struggling. Presently there was a murmur of agreement amongst the class members and the children perked up again, except for Rita, who remained silent, with her eyes downcast. I smiled at the children and gathered them in a circle for our final prayer.

Most of the children usually stayed for church with their families, but Rita generally left right after Sabbath School. I watched her from the window as she went out. She paused on the front step, looking rather miserable, clenching the box firmly in her hand. I knew she really wanted to keep the things inside for herself.

I sighed and was just about to turn away, sure that she would lose the battle, when a movement caught my eye. A little boy from far up the mountain was passing by with a sack on his back, lugging his heavy load uphill. His head was down, eyes focused on the road in front of him. His old, oversized clothes flapped as he walked. Rita had spied him as well, and suddenly her mind was made up. Dashing down the steps and onto the road, she waylaid him and pressed the box into his hand.

“This is for you,” she said breathlessly. He looked up, surprise and confusion playing on his face at the same time. Then, suddenly, he smiled, happy at the unexpected blessing. He nodded and grinned his thanks before continuing, and Rita looked much relieved.

She turned to go but hadn’t taken two steps before I scooped her up into my arms. I was overwhelmed by her sacrifice. I had seen how difficult the choice was for her, yet she had gotten the victory. I should have had more faith. I made sure she got an extra special gift the next week.

Since then, I have never looked at giving the same way. I believe in giving, not only out of my abundance, but out of my need as well. And God has never failed me yet. It’s true that you can’t beat God in giving. Even though it is a sacrifice to leave family and friends and the comforts of home to share with people abroad, the blessings I receive in return make every trip well worth it. I thank God so much for every opportunity He has given me to travel and share with others, and I look forward to seeing many little girls, including Rita, in heaven one day because of all the people who choose to give of themselves. Don’t you?

Selah Honey writes from Waterford, Pennsylvania, USA, where she is a baker and a co-owner (along with her mother) of the Honey House Bakery, a natural foods bakery. “We use the bakery as a ministry,” says Selah, “by putting Bible verses on our products and doing many community outreach activities like cooking and health classes.”

Selah is no stranger to volunteer service. In total, she spent about a year in Honduras, and before that, she went on a Share Him mission trip to Guyana. She has also been on mission trips to Belize and the Dominican Republic.

Selah’s Sabbath School kids making origami shapes
The Elite English Class that I teach in South Korea is one of my favorites, even though it takes extra preparation since there are no established lesson plans. I have eight students in the class—six boys and two girls, ages 13-16.

My experience in this particular class has confirmed my suspicion that kids are kids no matter where you go. The kids in my Elite class are smart, but just like kids anywhere else, they think it’s more fun to play than to work, if the teacher consents. This teacher, though, has had just a bit too much experience bossing kids around to let them get away with much!

Sometimes they try when I walk in, “Teacher, game! Today some students absent. Game, teacher, game!”

And I tell them, “You are Elite students. Take out your books!”

During my first couple of days in the Elite class, I was in a quandary about how to get them to speak only English during class time. They can all speak English at an intermediate level, so there’s no reason for them to speak Korean in the classroom. Unlike the adult students, however, they don’t really want to be in class, and I don’t blame them—they’ve been studying all day already. So it’s easier for them to speak Korean than to exercise their brain cells speaking English!

I have to be careful what I say and do as a teacher. The kids listen well, but, no matter which kids you’re in charge of, you have to be careful what rules you make, because after you make them, you have to enforce them. The kids will definitely test you to see if you mean business.

So I thought about my dilemma and, after the first few days, I told them, “Okay. You are Elite students. You can speak Korean for 23 hours and 10 minutes a day, everyday, but for the 50 minutes of this class period, if I hear Korean, then you will write sentences for me.”

It works most of the time. But then it’s, “Teacher, Sylvester is speaking Korean.”

My answer? “Okay, you can both write sentences. No tattletales allowed.”

Then, sometimes I get this: “Teacher, I didn’t do my homework because I didn’t have any paper.”

Whatever! I wasn’t born yesterday! To this, I answer, “Here’s some paper. Bring it tomorrow. Remember, your score is lower when your homework is late.”
Yes, the kids are sometimes mischievous, but, overall, I’m very impressed at the respect given to teachers by students here. They usually do what I say and I am eternally grateful for my past experiences that have taught me how to handle kids with firmness and still be able to have fun at the same time.

I have to admit that most of the time, my students just crack me up. They’re kids. You’ve got to have fun with them! And with a class full of boys, the word ‘mischievous’ takes on a whole new meaning. Last week two of the boys decided they wanted to trade English names, because, of course, it’s always fun to confuse the teacher!

Also last week, I gave them a writing assignment. They were to use 12 vocabulary words to write a creative story (it doesn’t sound like much, but try doing it in another language).

This is what Hyun wrote: “A long times ago, in the Saha Middle School, the class is English Time. The teacher read English vocabulary. ‘Okay, everybody listen and repeat after me: Attitude, chaos, chaotic, constructive, disciplines, disorderly, distract, distraction, destructive, educational, encourage, encouragement, grudge.’ And the students repeat the same thing. They English class was very fun and happy.”

What can I say? It is a story. And it does use the vocabulary words as I specified.

This week their writing assignment was to give me directions from Hadan SDA Institute to Haeundae Beach.

Wesley wrote this: “Buy a GPS. Search where is Haeundae. Activate your car. Drive to there. Look at your GPS and drive your car. You can reach there.”

They presented the stories in class, and I told him, “But I don’t have a car!”

It took him a minute to come back with a response to that. Yes, kids will be kids and boys will be boys. I just shake my head about these things. But all joking aside, it’s when I’m teaching this class that I feel most at home here in South Korea. The communication barrier is minimal and I’m in my comfort zone.

I often think that these kids who make me laugh now will be adults in a few years. I hope that whatever impression I make on them will make them think about what’s really important in life. That’s what teaching is all about—getting students to think for themselves. And that’s why everyday we read a Bible verse that I write on the board.

Well, speaking of Elite English Class, today is review day, and I have to come up with some games to keep them busy. So, hope you can smile a little as you read this, and be thankful for the little people in your life!

Kathryn Arnott, originally from the USA, is currently volunteering as an English-Religion Teacher at the SDA Language Institute in South Korea. She is enjoying being a teacher and being able to share God’s love with others. She will be serving until the end of December 2008.
A Volunteer Interview

Carlos Duran is a young pastor from South America. He is currently serving as Pastoral Assistant at a Hispanic church in London, England. Recently, Carlos was interviewed about his experience as a volunteer.

Jill Walker Gonzalez (JWG): Where are you from originally?

Carlos Duran (CD): I am from Colombia, in South America, the most beautiful place in the world. A country with a stunning landscape, Colombia borders on two seas and is covered with magnificent flora and fauna. When God finished creating the world, he rested in Colombia!

JWG: Why did you decide to become a volunteer? Why in England?

CD: When I was 15 years old, I decided that I wanted to study Theology. When I finished my studies, I asked God to send me wherever He needed me. I wanted to serve God, and I was prepared to go anywhere. It was God who gave me the opportunity to come to England. The funny thing is that all my life, I have wanted to see England; ever since I was a boy, I dreamed about traveling here. So God has given me two blessings: the opportunity to work for Him and the opportunity to travel to a place I had always dreamed of going. The Psalmist says that God grants the desires of the heart* and this is true in my case.

JWG: As Pastoral Assistant, what kind of work do you do?

CD: My work is similar to that of the church’s pastor: To visit my brothers and sisters in Christ, to give Bible studies, to prepare for church services, to give seminars and, most of all, to work with the youth of the church.

JWG: How do you feel God has blessed your service?

CD: God has enormously blessed my ministry—more than I could ever ask for or receive. It is incredible how He supplies everything I need. The church members are loving, and they often supply my needs without my having to ask them. I’m certain that they have been guided by God to do these things. God has also blessed me with several souls for Christ. A week ago, five people were baptized in our church.
For me, it was a priceless experience, the satisfaction of duty fulfilled.

**JWG:** What do you love most about what you are doing as a volunteer in England?

**CD:** I love to share with my brothers and sisters in Christ, and I love to talk with them about God. Each Sabbath, we eat, talk and laugh together. This fills me with joy. Seeing new people come to know God’s beautiful truth is the reason that I love volunteering.

**JWG:** What is the biggest challenge you have faced as a volunteer?

**CD:** Being far away from my family is the biggest challenge I have faced, but if I have to be separated from my family in order to do the work of God, I would do it a thousand times over. I love this work and I desire to continue in it. I know I will be able to handle all of the obstacles that come my way, because I am sure that God will be with me.

**JWG:** What would you say to encourage other volunteers?

**CD:** Working for God is the best experience you could ever have. There is nothing else as fulfilling as working for God and sharing with His flock. It is a priceless thing to serve where God needs you; He will bless you greatly for it. I will always be grateful to God for this wonderful opportunity.

*Psalms 37:4*

Below: Carlos

Bottom: With the Pathfinders from the Hispanic church in London
One Year

One year for the Lord is your decision
One year to share the Gospel commission
One year as a teacher in a land far away
One year away from friends and family to stay.

One year in the classroom teaching little girls and boys
One year to sing, dance and play with puppets and toys
One year to see the light of understanding grow
One year to lead them and their path to show.

One year with adult students to meet
One year to lead them to the Master’s feet
One year - a life time of friendships to make
One year - lots of memories to take.

One year and your life will be changed
One year your old self for a new self exchanged
One year of hills and valleys and such things
One year of knowing the joy overcoming brings.

One year of being led by the Master’s hand
One year of knowing He had it all planned
One year for you in the country you chose
One year - perhaps two, only God knows.

By Calene Williams, who returned home to Trinidad and Tobago earlier this year from her most recent volunteer assignment to Japan.
Adap, Bellejudula—English-Religion Teacher, from Canada to Korea
Aguilera, Riomel Aranas—Dentist, from Philippines to Djibouti
Alexander, Lizelle—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Andrews, Lisa—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Armantrout, Chris Jon—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Ballenger, Joan Fay—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Bankhead, Donald—Teacher, from USA to India
Bankhead, Marjorie Jean—Teacher, from USA to India
Barlow, Alicia Nicole—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Barlow, Glenn Scott—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Barlow, Monica Lynne—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Barlow, Zachary Scott—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Basarti, Farzad—Dentist, from Iran to Korea
Bell, Carla Sandra—English-Religion Teacher, from New Zealand to Korea
Bennett, Harry Len—Secondary Computer Science Tech, from Kenya to Taiwan
Blood, Arthur Harold—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Blood, Eileen Carol—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Broekel, Benjamin John—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Bryson, Julie—Family Medicine Physician, from USA to Guam
Bucata, Ana-Maria—Secondary Industrial Teacher, from Romania to Guyana
Bucata, Dennis Galbraith—Construction/Graphic Teacher, from USA to Guyana
Calaguas, Daniel Kenn—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Carballo, David—Church Planter Trainee, from Mexico to Germany
Chan, Esther Ivette—High School History Teacher, from Mexico to Chukuk
Cobos, Franklin Vergara—Relief Physician, from USA to Chad
Cobos, Suzanne Angelia—Engineer, from USA to Chad
Cole, Evelyn Eulalie—English Teacher/Bible Worker, from USA to South Korea
Connors, Gillian Lindsley—English-Religion Teacher, from Canada to Korea
Cordero, Selema Ado—English Language Teacher, from Nigeria to Malaysia
Crawford, Fayeann Esther—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Cresswell, Sarah Marie—English Language Teacher, from Canada to USA
Da Silva Filho, Enoque Carlos—Music Ministry/Worship Leader, from Brazil to USA
De Brito, Stella Felicita—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
De Paoli, Osvaldo Matias—English Language Teacher, from Argentina to Russia
Dimovic, Angela—Med Doctor, from Macedonia to Ghana
Dixon, Cynthia Carolina—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Do, David Cuong—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Durham, Bryce Jonathan—HS Social Studies Tech, from USA to Pohnpei
Edwards, Daniel Leslie—Theology Dept Asst, from USA to Germany
Everhart, Jeremy Dean—Reassign as Principal of K-12 from USA to Taiwan
Fang Fang, Christian—Asst Men’s Dean, from Cameroon to Denmark
Fink, Jerrell Newton—Asst Evangelism Coordinator, from USA to India
French, Allyn Michael—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Gatz, Klara Ruth—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Gennick, Kelly Ann—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Gimbel, Brinja Dainen—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Gould, Chancelor Daniel—ESL Teacher, from USA to Brazil
Granada, Jorge Luis—Video Production Team, from USA to Thailand
Greene, Almee Kathleen—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Guthrie, Stephanie Lakita—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Hayes, Ian Desmond—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Heinannen, Lahja Johanna—English Language Tech, from Finland to Kazakhstan
Hibbert, Neil Andrew—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Isaac, Rena M—Native English Speaking Lang Arts Tech, from USA to Philippines
Jacob, Alycia Marena—Ministry Team Worker, from Australia to Denmark
Jenkins, Daniel Scott III—ESL Teacher, from USA to Costa Rica
Johnson, Jermaine Ricardo—WVS Asst Pastor, from America to Japan
Jooste, Sinette Le-Ann—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Kelly, Jacqueline—Primary English Teacher, from UK to Spain
Kim, Julian SuYeon—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Knecht, Nicholas Benjamin—Comp Tech Teacher/Graphic, from USA to Thailand
La Madrid, Kristen Marie—Reassign as Eng-Rel Tech, from USA to Korea
Latour, Donn Alan—Dermatologist Physician, from USA to Guam
Leonce, Nadira—English Teacher, from USA to Argentina
Loreto, Mildred Calabaroso—English-Religion Teacher, from Canada to Korea
Louw, Amy Jean—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Louw, Andrea—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Mahlboele, Palesa Mpinane—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Majola, Phumlani Lucky—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Mall, John—Evangelistic Speaker, from USA to United Arab Emirates
Mall, John—Evangelistic Speaker, from USA to Pakistan
Marovitch, Debra Renee—English Foreign Lang Tech, from USA to Afghanistan
Marovitch, Debra Renee—English Foreign Lang Teacher, from USA to China
Maynard, Monica P—Reassign as Eng-Rel Tech, from Canada to Korea
McClain, Rebekah Lynn—English Language Tech, from Canada to Kazakhstan
McClurg, Kelly Elizabeth—Video Production, from USA to Thailand
McLeod, Cornelia Maria—High School Librarian, from South Africa to Taiwan
McLeod, Victor Keith—High School Teacher, from South Africa to Taiwan
McRae, Geoffrey Allen—Director of ESL Program, from USA to Taiwan
Moore, Gowendiyon Fay—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Muraga Herrera, Nicolas Antonio—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Chile to USA
Morgan, Chris Blair—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Mosieleni, Tshenolo—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Nau, Christina Maria—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Nau, Rion Share—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Ngnyati, Linah Thahinga IV—Kindergarten Teacher, from Kenya to Yap
Nycholat, Desiree Rochelle—ESL Teacher, from Canada to Thailand
Obukuleka, Peter—OVM Medical Intern, from Nigeria to Zambia
Oliver, Amy Maureen—Emergency Medicine Resident, from USA to Guam
Otto, Ina Maria—General Nurse, from Germany to Tanzania
Pheirim, Ashim—Director of ESL Program, from India to Taiwan
Rott, Allison Renee—Med Intern, from USA to Cameroon
Saguan, Dianne Aguado—Family Medicine Physician, from USA to Guam
Saguan, Lowennel Bayola—Theology Dept, from Philippines to Germany
Salcedo, Rebeca Doris—Reassign as English Teacher, from USA to Paraguay
Saw, Eng Chuan—General Surgeon, from USA to Guam
Schatzschneider, Donald Lee—Project 42, from USA to Malawi
Sears, Rachel Sarah—English-Religion Teacher, from UK to Korea
Sendow, Ridley—Reassign as English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Show, Janine Joo-Eng—Reassign as 1st Grade Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Simario Mota, Hersonedel Apolonio—Dentist, from Peru to Rwanda
Simayi, Zolani Elias—English-Religion Teacher, from South Africa to Korea
Simpson, Shannon Sandrette—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Stonecypecker, Linnea Marie Ellen—Optometry Student, from Canada to Guam
Stouda, Heather Marie—Dentist, from USA to USA
Streeton, Stephanie Ray Elizabeth Ann—Conriss/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Struchen, Travis Joel—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Tapia, Josue—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Mexico to USA
Torres, Xochitl Alecia—Program Dept Asst, from Mexico to Thailand
van Wyk, Solomon Samuel—English-Religion Tech, from South Africa to Korea
Vargas, Aneury—Pastor, from Dominican Republic to Egypt
Villar, Alexis Omar—Church Planter/Bible Worker, from Argentina to USA
Voici, Sorina Andreea—Secondary Industrial Teacher, from Romania to Guyana
Vorm, Alana Kristi—Construction/VBS, from USA to Ethiopia
Weihje, Marcia Marion—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Werkst, Carolyn Louise—English-Religion Teacher, from USA to Korea
Williams, Lara Lee—Elementary School Teacher, from USA to Taiwan
Williams, Polly Anna—2nd Grade Teacher, from USA to Chukuk
Wilson, Cheri—Family Nurse Practitioner, from USA to Guam
Yang, Seung Chun—Reassign as Mssnry to Congo/BMW from Korea to Kenya
Zappata, Jose Bernardo Salomons—Reassign as Eng-Rel Tech, from USA to Korea
Zuppun, Kelsey Renee—Elementary, 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.”