



Open Face

TRIP DOWN UNDER

Report by David Clayton



This article is a repeat of the report on the trip to Australia which was already published in the December Old Paths. We are reproducing it here for the benefit of our readers who do not receive Old Paths. We hope those of you who have already seen the report will enjoy seeing the additional photos and will also receive a blessing from the other article which is in this edition of Open Face.

In some ways, the trip to Australia was one of the most exhausting that I have ever undertaken. I left the home of Glen and Ann Ford at 5:30 A.M. on Wednesday morning, the 3rd of October. I did not set foot in a home again until Friday, October 5, at 2.00 p.m. During this time more than forty hours had elapsed.

First there was the two-hour drive from Glen and Ann's home in Turkey Wallow Hollow up to the airport at Charleston. This part of the journey was okay. Glen, Ann and I chatted a little, but it was still dark all the way and I mostly slept. At the airport things went smoothly. Because I was so early, they offered to put me on a flight that left two hours earlier than I was scheduled to leave. I accepted the offer, so I arrived in Pittsburgh with a little more than three hours to spare before my flight to Los Angeles. I spent the time walking around a bit and working on my laptop.

The flight to Los Angeles was nearly four hours long and I calculated that we would arrive sometime between four and five

p.m. I would have a wait of close to eight hours before my flight to Australia left at midnight. However, I had not calculated for the time difference between West Virginia and Los Angeles. We landed in LA at approximately 1 p.m. and I realized that I actually had close to twelve hours before my flight to Australia. During those twelve hours I became increasingly regretful that I had neglected to take a supply of tracts with me. Boxes of literature had been sent ahead of us, but in the frenzy of getting ready to leave, I forgot to take some in my carry-on luggage.

Los Angeles airport is an international hub from which flights were constantly leaving for China, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, Europe and all sorts of exotic places. There were all kinds of people there but, without any tracts, I found it difficult to start a conversation and spent much of my time looking at people and feeling lonely, or else working on my laptop as best as I could with all the distractions around. One bright spot was when I called home and heard Jen's voice. At that moment I wished with all my heart that she could have been with me.

By the time the Boeing 747-400 took off at midnight I was feeling dirty, not sure if it was time to sleep or wake up, and my bottom was sore from sitting so long. I rightly guessed that the 14-hour trip was going to seem much longer than it really was. Somewhere in the middle of the flight I realized that my time clock was thoroughly confused. They gave us supper shortly after we got on the plane at 12 midnight. While this was midnight Los Angeles time, it was 3 a.m. in West Virginia from where I had left that morning (my body was still operating on that time). At the same time, it was 6 p.m. in Australia which was the time my body would have to become accustomed to. Having left at midnight, I expected, of course, to begin to see daylight in about 6 hours. However, the plane flew with the night all the way, as we caught up with Australian time, and arrived in Australia with the dawn at

approximately 7 a.m. However, this was also another major adjustment because although I had left West Virginia the day before, on Wednesday the 3rd of October, I arrived in Sydney, Australia on the morning of Friday, the 5th of October. Somewhere along the way we lost one whole day! I passed the week without seeing Thursday because we crossed the international date line during the journey.

My first sight of Australia was hard to describe. As the buildings of Sydney came into view from the window of the plane I was thrilled to realize that I was truly at last in the land of kangaroos and kookaburras. Sydney is a city which seemed to me from the air to be full of water, at least in the waterfront section. The sea seems to be interlaced with the land and there is almost as much water flowing around the little fingers of land as there is solid ground. There were, of course, many bridges all over the place. Everywhere I looked there were dozens and dozens of boats sitting in the water all over the city. I also caught a glimpse of the famous Sydney opera house as the plane came in over the city.

The customs officials in Sydney were the friendliest I have ever encountered. (In fact, overall, both Allen and I found the people of Australia to be the friendliest, most polite people we had ever met.) Some of them were very young people, but all very friendly and warm. One woman smiled as she told me that one of her dreams in life was to someday visit Jamaica.

The Sydney airport was huge. To get to the next terminal to catch my flight to Brisbane, I had to get on a bus that took nearly half an hour to weave its way through traffic and get to the domestic ter-

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Open Face is dedicated to the promotion of the truths committed to the Advent movement, as believed and taught by the early Adventist pioneers. In particular to the restoration of those truths which have been cast down to the ground and trampled underfoot by the papacy, and adopted by her daughters.

Our purpose is to motivate our readers to commit themselves wholly to the task of personal preparation for the coming of the Lord, and to the taking of the final warning message to every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

Open Face is published at least once quarterly, and is sent free of cost to all who desire to receive it.

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minimal where I checked in for Brisbane. By the time I got there the flight was already boarding.

The flight to Brisbane took just over an hour and I watched from the window, fascinated at the landscape. It seemed to me to be very orderly near the seacoast where everybody seemed to live, but I could see vast spaces of wild, seemingly uninhabited areas stretching away into the interior.

The People

The people we met in Australia all seemed to be wonderful people; so warm and hospitable that I can hardly single out any one person who was most impressive in this respect. Of course we got to know our various hosts and hostesses better than we did the other folk, since we spent time in their homes, and these people will always hold a special place in our hearts. From Queensland to South Australia they opened their homes and their hearts to us and truly made us a part of their families.

In Brisbane, Blair Andrew, a quiet, soft-spoken man who had organized the Brisbane leg of my journey, met me. As we drove to Blair's home, up in the mountains an hour and a half from Brisbane, he told me about himself and the work he was doing in that part of Australia. Blair was in some ways responsible for the beginning of the spread of the truth about the Godhead, for when he had first

learned it he had called together 30 of the most open-minded people he knew and had presented it to them. 28 of these people accepted the message, and from that beginning the message had taken roots and had spread to all corners of Australia.

Upon arriving I met Blair's equally quiet wife, Caroline, their two sons, Nathan and Benjamin, 8 and 6 years old respectively, and sister Lee-Ngoh, a young nurse from Singapore who is their landlady, but lives with them as a part of the family. I was greeted with a lovely vegetarian meal which was quite tasty. This was a wonderful change from the airline food which I had been surviving on for so many hours. After I got a very welcomed bath, I began to feel a little bit like myself again.

Later, to my surprise and delight, I met Sister Daphne Burson, an Australian lady who lives in Montana in the United States. We had been corresponding for a few years and now we met, of all places, in Australia! Sister Daphne is suffering from a serious illness but you would never guess it to talk to her. She is full of high spirits and courage. It was a blessing to meet her and to catch her enthusiasm. She says that she never slept a wink for 27 hours, all the way from her home in Montana, during the various legs of the journey, until she got to Australia! She was all over the plane talking to people.

Brother Alan Walker had come up to Tamborine from Walcha, especially to take me around and be my guide for the next few days. He was a quiet and sincere man whom I found myself liking immediately. His seven-year-old daughter Emily was with him, a cheerful and sweet little girl. Later, I stayed in his home and met his lovely wife, Donna, and his other two children, Katelyn and Hanna who are 5 and 1 year old respectively. I also met Natasha, a teenager, who was visiting with them and also Bob and Judith Higgs who run a Bible school ministry.

Among the special people whom we met in Australia, I must make particular mention Alan Walker and Judith Higgs. Alan gave up several days of his work, and sacrificed time away from his wife and family, to take me, and then Allen when he joined us, from one place to the next. He missed his family terribly and he was often on the phone with his wife Donna. But he made this sacrifice for us and for the Lord, and we learned to love him a great deal. We were truly kindred spirits. Judith was a surprise. She sacrificed over two weeks away from her beloved Bob (whom she talked about all the time) to travel with us, listen to the messages, and to try to help

out in whatever way she could. And what a blessing it was having her! I don't know how I would have managed without the hot water bottle she provided for me every night. In every way she proved to have the spirit of the Biblical Dorcas who had done so much for the saints; fixing lunch for us as we traveled and making sure that we always looked clean and neatly dressed. I asked Allen Stump what would happen to us after Judith left for home and he said, "we will suffer!"

In Lismore we stayed with Rob and Kerali Wilmoth. This is a nice young couple that has two lively young children. They made us feel very much at home and gave me more food than I could manage, though it was very good vegetarian food. On the first night I was there I regretfully had to leave nearly half of my supper (or "tea," as they call the evening meal in Australia).

In Cooranbong, we stayed for two days at the home of Esther Walker, the mother of Alan Walker. Here I joined up with Allen Stump at last and what a joy it was to see him. It was great to be able to chat with a close friend and it felt like seeing one of my own family. It was cool here as well, but I was warm and cozy with the electric blanket provided for me by Sister Esther.

Here in Cooranbong, both Allen and I were happy to personally meet Sister Julia Joy Russell. We had both been corresponding with her for years and had really looked forward to the meeting. It was a joy to meet her face to face and encourage one another.

After leaving Cooranbong we stopped near Canberra, which is the Australian capital. Our hosts were Gary and Glenys Walkom, with their children, Jonathan and Jessica, who live at Bannister. (Glenys is Alan Walker's sister.) We had a little meeting in their home that was attended by a few friends. One of them was a young man whose name was Zane Gray. I found his name interesting, as I had read books by an author named Zane Grey when I was a boy. We also met Brett and Charlene Murray. Charlene gave a beautiful testimony of how God had worked in her life and then she and Brett treated us with a special announcement: She was expecting their first child! Our prayers are with Charlene that the child will be healthful and always desire to serve the Lord.

The next morning we were taken to see some sheep shearing a couple of miles away, and this was very interesting. The poor sheep are treated very roughly dur-

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HOW TO MAINTAIN UNITY

No one can be long in a Christian organization without being brought face to face with the necessity that, in a community of God's servants, the personal zeal and faith of its members must be accompanied by the ability to live together in harmony. Next to holy living and love for souls harmonious fellowship is the most important acquirement. It must be admitted that among Christian communities of every type, zeal and knowledge far, far outrun the graces of dwelling together in unity, forbearing one another in love, and thinking no evil.

Yet in spite of the problems so apparent in Christian circles today, the word of God exhorts us to be one, even as the Father and Son are one and there is no question that God not only requires that we be united, but also makes provision for that unity to exist among those who are called by His name. There are some principles in God's word which, when applied will lead to harmony and genuine fellowship among Christians.

What are they? First we must make this clear.

Unity is not the first fundamental, though it is necessary for the church to operate effectively in carrying out its mission. However, when we speak of unity, we do not mean a unity without a doctrinal foundation, nor a unity which is made an end in itself with any sort of compromise to attain it, we mean the uniting of a section of God's people, based upon the common faith once delivered to the saints, and in our case with the common objective of worldwide evangelization.

A great many of our problems centre round our failure to unite! What are the causes of disunity? *In the vast majority of cases they are the effect that the actions or attitude of a fellow worker have on us.* A coldness or neglect towards us is observed and felt, some habit or mannerism jars us, some apparently unspiritual behaviour or method of work meets with our disapproval. Now there may well be real justification for this feeling, our judgment may be true, there may be real cause for concern. But here lies the secret. Christ gave it. He said words to this effect, 'When

you are tempted to criticize or resent, turn your attention to yourself and leave your brother alone'. Recognize the beam of resentment and criticism in yourself, let the Holy Spirit deal with that, then you will be fitted to deal with your brother's mote. For either you will cease to notice it and it will be swallowed up in your renewed vision of all there is of Christ in him, or you will recognize that your Lord, who tenderly removes your faults in His own way, is also his Lord, who will do the same for him without your interference; or if in a rare case you are led to speak, it will be more to confess your resentment than to rebuke his failure.

In other words, the first great secret of maintaining unity is—the moment I am inclined to criticize or resent a brother, I must recognize my spirit of criticism as the sin which concerns me, and not my brother's behaviour: and I must keep on letting God deal with it till a spirit of appreciative love replaces it, by which I honour my brother instead of judging him, and rejoice in the image of Christ to be seen in him.

From another angle we may say that the key to the maintenance of happy and easy relationships between co-workers is the same that unlocks the door to all our problems—faith, but this time towards man. The immediate problem then arises: how can we trust fallible men or they us? We can love them—but how trust them? The solution to this problem is that we are to act towards our brethren as we do to ourselves. We do not trust ourselves, but we do trust Christ in us (Gal. 2:20) and as for ourselves apart from Him, although recognizing our many faults and fallibilities, we are quick to take God's side in His long-suffering towards us, and to comfort ourselves with the knowledge that He judges by our honest motive rather than our poor production!

Now let us go further and apply to the other members of the Body what we have applied to ourselves. Recognize Christ in them: count on Christ in them. In so far as there are faults observable in them, show them the same tolerance and sympathy as we do to ourselves. Believe that Christ is working in them also, and that they are

co-operating with Him; believe in the earnestness and sincerity of their discipleship; as much as we desire them to believe in ours. By doing this we are achieving more than the maintenance of unity; by our faith we are building up our brethren in Christ, for, faith is creative, just as on the other hand we help to pull down what Christ is seeking to build in them by our mistrust.

For the maintenance of unity, therefore, we have only to look in the same direction as for the solution of all other problems: not to the solving of the problem by others, or by changing our circumstances, but within our own selves.

There is an outlook on all men and things, which creates both inward and outward harmony. It is found in Paul's remarkable statement "To the pure all things are pure": an inward attitude of purity which sees all the contrasting evil and good of life, not as a mixture, but as pure! Its effects are given us by the Lord Jesus, when He says that singleness of eye (purity of eye proceeding from purity of heart) results in fullness of inward light, and therefore of peace and harmony, radiating out, of course, to all around.

How can we have this single eye, this pure outlook, in a world of wickedness? The answer, as indicated, is to be found within. Science tells us that in the ordinary things of life, from the multitude of sights and sounds and contacts conveyed to us through our senses, our minds only actually select and retain a fragment of all the vibrations which pour in upon us, and that fragment is in harmony with our mental outlook; what we hear and feel is largely what we are within. Thus in seeing and describing a tree, for instance, the mind of a botanist will select and accept visible, tangible or oral ideas which are in harmony with his outlook, points which concern the genealogy and life of the tree. The artist, on the other hand, will be enraptured with points which concern its form and colouring; the woodsman with its Value for the sawmill; and so on. The condition of the mind controls the choice of information conveyed through the senses, and influences the way we give a description and pass a judgment con-

cerning any particular thing.

Follow out this line of thought in the things of the Spirit, and it will be seen to illuminate those sayings of Christ and Paul. The Christ-filled man will recognize the hidden perfections and purposes of the Creator and Redeemer working in and through all things, evil and good, and will fix his 'pure eye' on that. The One who originally made all things 'good' is still at work in all to accomplish His final stated purpose, to 'gather together in one all things in Christ', and upon this the 'single eye' is fixed. On this basis, so far as his brethren are concerned, the Christ-filled man will recognize and respond to all that is Christlike in them. There are devilish things in many people and in many things around us, but the pure heart and eyes see the pure things, as it is said of God Himself, 'Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil'. The two alternatives always present themselves to us : we can see at a glance the human or carnal in our brethren, or we can see the outlines of Christ. Because we ourselves have so many negative characteristics still clinging to us, we are quick to see those same characteristics in others : we can dwell on these and point them out, and thus foster disunity and distrust, as well as bring emptiness to our own souls. On the other hand we can recognize in our brethren the divine image which has also been formed in ourselves through the grace of Christ; we can rejoice in this, make it the subject of our comments, and thus foster unity, confidence, as well as fatness to our own souls. Along this line we can also see the weight of those other statements concerning criticism such as 'Wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things' : and 'With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged'.

We greatly need the new mind in Christ, concerning our brethren. The curse of sin has been to bring separation both from God and our neighbour. The centre of our consciousness has been occupied with our separate selves. We have lost that spiritual union which was meant to be the original status of man, union with God and union with our fellow-man, thus making, as it were, one supreme self of which we are each members, in place of a multitude of separate selves. This spiritual

union is restored to us in Christ, in whom we are members of one body, members of one another; we in Him, He in us, and thus we may say, we in each other. As our eyes open to this, we slowly learn that when we damage a brother we damage ourselves; and when we do good to a brother, we do good to ourselves. Thus Christ said, 'Love your neighbour as yourself'.

Even in dealing with the unsaved, in whom we cannot look for the image of Christ, there is an approach of love and trust which wins, when condemnation and castigation of sin often repels. The Lord Jesus was a magnet to sinners. Why? We learn the secret in the answer He gave the Pharisees in Luke 15, when they criticized His consorting with sinners. He revealed by the parables that followed that His attitude to the sinner was to regard him as a prodigal *son* and a lost *sheep*. Prodigal certainly, but also a son; lost, but also a sheep.

The sinner is lost eternally if he does not return to God. However, from the point of view of the Shepherd and Saviour seeking the wanderers, the sinner is 'God's offspring', bears His image in a multitude of natural endowments, and above all has in him the unceasing movings of the Holy Spirit in preparation for conviction and conversion. This work of grace, despite the enmities and opposition of the fallen nature, fosters in all who are not absolute Christ-rejecters a response to the message of God's love, a longing for man's lost birthright of purity and power, and a disgust of a life spent amongst the swine. All great soul-winners know that it is this attitude of tenderness and confidence in man's readiness to hear and ability to respond which leads sinners to turn from a life of sin to Christ.



Adapted from the book by Norman Grubb entitled, "Touching The Invisible," published by Christian Literature Crusade.

It is the gospel of the grace of God alone that can uplift the soul. The contemplation of the love of God manifested in His Son will stir the heart and arouse the powers of the soul as nothing else can. — *Desire of Ages*, p. 478

A thought-provoking poem:

I sat in church one Sabbath Day
The members talked so loud
And showed as little reverence
As any worldly crowd

Again I sat in that same church
But all was quiet now
For in a casket up in front
Lay one with pallid brow

And then I thought how strange it is
That we so oft accord
More reverence to a man that's dead
Than to our living Lord

If we could see with mortal eye
Bright angels there each day
Our words would cease, and all could hear
What Jesus has to say

It has been said that fools rush in
Where angels fear to tread
We say we come to worship God
But visit friends instead

Oh, why not show more reverence
in this, God's hour of prayer?
And try to act as Christians should
When we assemble there!

Those who hesitate to devote themselves unreservedly to God make poor work of following Christ. They follow Him at so great a distance that half the time they do not really know whether they are following His footprints or the footsteps of their great enemy. Why are we so slow to give up our interest in the things of this world and take Christ for our only portion? Why should we wish to keep the friendship of our Lord's enemies, and follow their customs, and be led by their opinions? There must be an entire, unreserved surrender to God, a forsaking and turning away from the love of the world and earthly things, or we cannot be Christ's disciples. — *Testimonies Vol. 1, p. 408*

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ing this process, but it is fascinating to see how quickly they remove the wool, sometimes inflicting cuts on the animal in the process, but on the whole doing an efficient job and removing the entire fleece almost in one piece. It was a very graphic reminder of Isaiah 53:7: "... as a sheep before her shearer is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." As the shearer was cutting the fleece from the animal, it was submissive and made no noise at all.

In Brogo, near Bega, New South Wales, we spent a couple of happy days in the country home of Leon and Adriana Pittard. Leon and Adriana have two daughters, Michaela and Anika, who are about 12 and 11 years old. Leon, Adriana and the girls did everything they could to make us know that we were at home and we really appreciated their efforts to make us comfortable. One highlight of this visit was when Leon played his didgeridoo (an aboriginal instrument like a long wooden tube). We all found out that one of their dogs was musically inclined, for he gave a rousing accompaniment to Leon by howling lustily while Leon played.

At the town of Lakes Entrance we met up with Graham Templar and his wife Edith, and Andrew Douglas. Here, these brethren had thoughtfully provided the opportunity for us to spend a quiet evening in a cabin in a trailer park in the woods so we could recuperate somewhat from the rigors of our journey in a quiet setting. This was a nice place some distance away from the nearest town. Here we met Julie, a friend of Andrew. We also found her to be a very nice person, sincerely interested in serving the Lord and anxious to hear what we had to share. Later we all sat down and had a beautiful discussion about the love of God and the nature and identity of the holy spirit, and why it was so important for us to correctly understand the issue. We really enjoyed being with them.

The next place we stayed was at Michael Lawrence's home in Ballarat. There we met him, his wife Joanna, his mother Nelma, and his children Sheree and Jessica who, to say loves horses, would be an understatement. We also met Mary Beth, a young girl who is living with them at the moment. Nelma spoke to us of the wonderful blessing God had given in taking them all the way from New Zealand to Australia to learn the truth about God. Nelma took good care of us while we

stayed there. She mothered us, encouraged us, and made sure we were well-fed.

After Ballarat, our traveling companions changed. One of the most difficult moments for us was when we had to say good-bye to Alan and Judith who had been our companions for such a long part of the journey. They now had to return to their families: Judith to Bob, and Alan to Donna and the children. Now we would be continuing our journey with Michael Lawrence and Graham Tierney who would be taking us the rest of the journey to Adelaide and Mildura in South Australia. We discovered, however, that our new caretakers were as good company as Alan and Judith had been. Traveling with them was equally pleasant.

In Echunga, near Adelaide, we stayed in the home of Glen and Suzanne Coopman. Glen and Suzanne impressed me as being two very gentle people, kind and thoughtful, though Glen is full of gentle wit and humor. He always kept us on our toes with his witty remarks.

After leaving Echunga, we headed for the town of Mildura. On the way to Mildura we stopped by the home of Dr. Robert Burness and his wife, Yiannoulla, who were friends of Michael. There we enjoyed a lovely meal and refreshed ourselves, before moving on to Mildura.

In Mildura, our hosts were Don and Edith Wilson. Don is quite a character. In the morning, before we left he took us on a tour of his junkyard and showed us ancient vehicles and old artifacts, some of them dating back to the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth. Upon our departure they gave us a couple of bottles of homemade grape juice and a couple of bottles of honey.

In Tasmania we stayed with Brother Paul Borg and his family. Everybody had told us that we would like Paul, and we found this to be true from the start. He and his wife, Helen were very warm, hospitable and very glad to see us. His daughter Tiani, and his small son Shannon, also made us very welcome. At their home up in the rainforest area of Tasmania, we were able to take some pictures of the potterooos, which are like miniature, fat, kangaroos that live all over the place.

They came out to eat carrots that were thrown to them by Helen.

The Meetings

Our itinerary in Australia began in Brisbane, Queensland. I arrived alone because Allen had to stay at home a week longer to be with his son Hans during the first week of his recovery from a major and very delicate operation. I would meet him a week later in Cooranbong. This stop in Brisbane was the first leg of a journey which would take me (and later Allen) over two thousand miles through the states of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania, and during which we would visit places such as Tamborine, Lismore, Walcha, Cooranbong, Golburn, Bega, Canberra, Bairnsdale, Lakes Entrance, Ballarat, Melbourne, Adelaide, Echunga, Mildura, and Wynyard among other places.

We had many meetings, some in private homes, some in public auditoriums, schoolrooms and even one in a Seventh-day Adventist Church. These meetings varied in the number of people who attended. At the camp meeting in Ballarat we had more than a hundred people. At the meeting in Melbourne there were approximately 70. In Cooranbong there were about 50. In Brisbane between 40 and 50. At other places there were as many as 35 (Wynyard in Tasmania), in several places there were between 15 and 20. In one or two places we ministered to just two or three persons in private homes.

Some of the folks who came to these meetings traveled a long way, some of them hundreds of miles and several days, to listen to what we had to say. While the people in Australia are generally serious about their faith and are good students of the Word, they were eager to hear what new insights we had to share with them,

Travelling Companions



and for the most part were happy for these meetings which helped to strengthen their faith and encourage them to commit themselves more fully to the task of spreading the message to all parts of the world.

In a town called Kingston, near Brisbane, the meetings were held in an auditorium owned by a strange set of Christians. These people were made up of converted people from motorcycle gangs. There were ex-drug addicts, ex-alcoholics, etc. They all had big bikes, dressed up like motorcycle gang people, and rode around witnessing to bikers and drug addicts. They called themselves the "House of Judah."

Our presentations focused mainly on the subjects, "The God of The Bible," "The Son of God," "The Spirit of God," "The Death of Christ," and "The Return of the Fourth Angel (1888 and the Godhead message)." Usually Allen dealt with the sonship of Jesus and the issue of His complete death on the cross. I usually dealt with the other topics. Sometimes we preached all day and into the night. On one occasion before Allen arrived, I spoke four times for the day, speaking for more than an hour each time. At the end of the meetings I was happy, but so drained that I could hardly stand. Many of our days were like this, but we also had a few days when we were able to relax and fellowship with the brethren, or to take an outing and see some of the natural sights of Australia.

Australian audiences are different from Jamaican ones. They listen very quietly and are somewhat unresponsive. They do not say amen much, or show any reaction, but after the meeting is over you get some kind of idea of what they are thinking because they will come and talk to you and let you know what they think. One thing that was very encouraging to us was the number of young people who attended the meetings. There were some,

Rob & Kerali Wilmoth & family (Numulgi, NSW)



at the larger meetings, in their late teens and early twenties. They took a lot of notes and seemed to be very happy with what they heard.

A few people came who asked sincere questions, and a few others came who definitely wanted only to oppose and to present objections. However, the Lord



With Esther, Judith, Alan & Family in Cooranbong

helped us to present the truth so clearly that they were not able to make many objections, and in most cases they never came back after the first meeting, which was perhaps unfortunate.

Australia has in some places quite a diversity of different nationalities. In our meetings at Bega we had people from Austria and Croatia, some from Germany, Greece and of course, some Australians. With Allen and me, we also had an American and a Jamaican as well as some non-Adventists, including a Catholic, at some of the meetings.

One highlight of our visit was the camp meeting at Ballarat, which took place at a campsite called Camp Adekate. It was about half an hour away from where we

were staying at Michael's home. The campsite was lovely, with very clean cabins. Allen and I were taken to a little room, which had three beds and also a heater (the only room on the compound to have one)! This was great from my point of view, because the weather was very cold and most people were shivering. I decided that I wasn't doing too badly when I saw that most of them were wrapped up

in extra warm clothing. The meetings were held in a hall which had two fireplaces, but although they soon had the fires blazing brightly they did very little to warm the room. Fortunately, I got a seat next to the fire.

There was a very interesting painting set up behind the speaker's podium that depicted several events

from the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. This included the coming of Jesus and also had a section depicting the destruction of the World Trade Center buildings. Brother Michael Rori had done this painting.

It was a real joy to be able to fellowship with these earnest and sincere Christian people, and to be reminded of the truth that all God's people everywhere are simply one big family. I could not have enjoyed

sweeter fellowship if I had been at home. One of the blessings of these meetings was being able to meet people face to face, who before this had only been a name attached to an e-mail; people such as Tony Milekic, Leon and Adriana Pittard, David and Helen Dixon, Lin Herman, Margaretha Tierney, and others. Margaretha has written and published a large volume of gospel materials. The last few years she has written extensively on the truth about God. It was a real blessing to meet her.

When it was time to say good-bye, there were many hugs, handshakes, well wishes, and hopes that we might meet again. It was very difficult to part, for we really had become very good friends in a very short time.

In Adelaide we had the chance to conduct meetings from a schoolroom. The attendance was not as large as in some areas we had been, but those who came seemed to be very interested. One night Allen was preaching on the "Son of God" and a young man came into the room and sat down. After listening for a few moments he arose and left. Allen was concerned that perhaps the man thought he was in the wrong place or was unresponsive. How happy both Allen and I were when he quickly returned with a Bible. This young man, Gary, had traveled several hours that day just to attend this meeting. He had accepted the truth about God and had been working in Burma. Gary was

extremely dedicated and sincere. It was a real blessing to meet him and the others in Adelaide.

At the meeting in Mildura we had only the one night and so we tried to cram two messages into one. I, first of all, spoke on "The God of The Bible," and then Allen spoke on "The Son of God." It was a marathon session because both sermons were over an hour long. But the people showed good restraint and listened attentively. I was supposed to speak for only about 45 minutes, but as noted, went over an hour. The ever-punctual Allen reminded me that I had gone over my allotted time. However, after our break, he was so inspired by his subject that he spoke even longer than I did!

Tasmania was very encouraging because here we had expected only a small turnout; perhaps a dozen people or so. However, to our surprise we had nearly 40 people, all told who came to the meetings. One of these was Sister Lyndy Edwards, another person with whom both Allen and I had been in contact, and had looked forward to meeting. We also got to see Brother Tony Donald and some of his sweet family. These meetings were open to the public. We dealt with the truth about God and the mark of the beast. Most all the visitors got a copy of The Great Controversy as well as other study materials.

Our public evangelistic meetings in Ballarat took place at the Wyndouree sports complex which has facilities for soccer, netball and several cricket fields, as well as training nets. Our meetings were held in the trophy room inside a very spacious building. One lady who came to these meetings seemed to have been led there by very unusual circumstances. Two weeks previously, a friend of hers had encouraged her to start studying Daniel and Revelation. The very verses that Allen preached about on the first night were the same verses she had been reading for the past two weeks but not understanding. She was convinced that God had been preparing her for the meetings. The following night when I spoke on the mark of the beast this lady decided that she would be keeping the Sabbath from that time forward. She was very eager, and evidently was having a close relationship with the Lord. The following night she was back again and we had high hopes that she would make a decision to be a part of the Ballarat Bible study group. However, on the final two nights this lady was missing from the meetings for some reason and we had to end the meetings without knowing exactly what had happened. However, I had providentially gotten her address on the second night and the brethren will be



Happy faces at the Ballarat Campmeeting

making efforts to contact her.

There was also a man who listened intently and showed much interest for the first three nights, but he also did not return on the final two nights. In spite of the fact that this was a bit discouraging, we continued with the meetings and spent the final three nights on the subject of the godhead. We placed a lot of emphasis on the practical implications of believing the truth about God, and those who attended the meetings expressed great appreciation for the messages they had heard. Several claimed that their lives had been changed and their relationship with God transformed by the experiences they had had at the meetings. The final night was an emotional night, for it was the last time we would see some of the friends who had grown dear to our hearts. We said our goodbyes to new friends such as Mark and Deborah Barrachevia, Michael and Therese Rori, Colin Hammond, Dale, Susie, and others.

This last meeting took place on Saturday night, but during the day we went to Melbourne to the Blackburn Primary School where we had a full day of meetings scheduled. This meeting had been planned, almost as an afterthought when the itinerary for our trip had been planned but it was a good thing that we had decided to have this meeting. There were nearly seventy people present at the morning meeting, including sev-

eral young people. Brothers Tony Milekic and Joe Lesic had really worked hard to advertise the meetings and arrange things. Joe is a teacher at a local academy and several of his students attended, as well as academy staff. Most of those present listened with great attentiveness. Again, we covered the three main topics, "The God of The Bible," "The Son of God," and "The Spirit of God." However, Allen also included a study on the death of Christ for the final meeting. These meetings were, in my opinion, a great success; not only because so many people turned out, but also because God gave us conviction and power in presenting these messages and because many people appeared to have been deeply moved by the presentations.

We finished our last meeting at about 5 o'clock, but only because we had to hurry back to Ballarat, more than two hours away, for our final, night of meetings there. It was a full day and really tiring, but God gave the strength so that I could preach



Paul Borg and his family (Tasmania)

again in the night with energy.

Australian Climate

Australia was, on the whole, much colder than I expected. Somehow I had been under the illusion that it was a dry, hot country. However, I was soon set straight. It was just the end of winter when we arrived there, but in most places it was still cold. Some places, even Allen felt it. I did not do too badly, however, because in every place the brethren were very considerate of my intolerance of cold and they either kept the fireplace blazing, or provided a heater. At nights I was usually cozy, burrowed beneath a ton of blankets and cuddling a hot water bottle kindly provided by Sister Judith Higgs.

Ballarat was especially cold. At the camp meeting there I slept under a huge mound of blankets. Through the kindness of the brethren, who were sympathetic to my intolerance for the cold, I ended up with about eight sheets, blankets, and Dounas (comforters). The weight was so heavy that I could hardly turn in the bed. However, I was very warm.

The Country

Australia is a beautiful place. This was the thought that kept coming into my mind as we traveled from place to place. It was not at all like what I had expected. Somehow I had an idea in my mind of a barren country without too many trees, but I was delightfully disappointed in my expectations. There were forests, or as they say, "the bush," grasslands, mountains, and plains. Australia has lots of brooks, streams, rivers, and ponds, as well as a great variety of fruits. Much of it looked like what you would see on a postcard or a painting. I was made to understand that it was different in the interior where it was much more like what I had in mind. However, in our travel of over two thousand miles, it was pretty much like I have de-



Tony Milekic (Ballarat Campmeeting)



A new friend in Tasmania

scribed.

Among the places that stand out in my mind is the journey from Tamborine Mountain in Queensland to Lismore in New South Wales. We followed the Tweed River for a good part of the journey. The land was mostly flat and they grew lots of sugar cane along the way. In the background there was range upon range of mountains. We could see mount Warning, the highest point in this part of Australia. Alan told me that this was the first part of Australia that was touched by the sun in the mornings. Along the way we also saw the towers and skyscrapers of the town called Goldcoast, which is like the Hollywood area of Australia. We also saw a lot of different kinds of cultivations: sugarcane, bananas, apples, peaches, and pears. Almost everything is grown in Australia.

Tasmania was also a highlight, being a lush, green island with a fairy-tale landscape. It appeared, even from the plane as we came in to land, to be a place of great beauty. It is full of sloping green hills with ponds and brooks nestling in the hollows. The wonder to me as I traveled in Australia and especially in Tasmania was that the hills were so smooth and clean. Those that were used as pasture for sheep or cattle were generally as smooth as though they had been cut with a barber's shears and rolled with a roller. They were also generally as green as though they had been painted. The hills are smooth and symmetrically rounded. The scenery, was for the most part, such as you usually see in a painting or a postcard.

While in Tasmania we stayed up in the foothills in the rainforest at the home of Paul Borg and his wife Helen. Here, there were huge ferns growing at the side of the road, some of them perhaps twice my height. Paul's home is a lovely place nestling in among the trees of the rain forest. Everybody had told me that Tasmania would be the coldest place I had been to so far. However, this proved to be wrong, at least while we were there. It was warmer than many places we had been

to, and when I got there I was glad that I had left most of the winter gear behind which well-wishing friends had kindly provided, but which had proven to be too bulky for me to take with me.

Australian Wildlife

After the first five days in Australia, I was very disappointed that up to that point, all I had seen of Australian wildlife were some very beautiful birds and an occasional rabbit. I had seen not a glimpse of the famous kangaroo and was beginning to wonder if there really were any in Australia. On the evening of day five, however, I saw my first kangaroo. He was sitting by a fence as still as a statue as we passed by in the car. When we stopped he hopped off, but I was able to take some video of him. Shortly after that we saw three more. From that time, they seemed to be constantly springing up in all kinds of places and we got to see lots of them. At the Ballarat Wildlife Park we were even able



Reluctant singer in Tasmania

to feed and pet them.

People in Australia are as wary of kangaroos as we are of cows in Jamaica, and Americans are of deer. They just hop out into the road from nowhere and cause a lot of damage to cars. At one point we came upon a whole herd of kangaroo and a couple of them bounded out right in front of the car. It was a sight as they went bounding up the hillside seeming to be untroubled by steep slopes. People are also afraid of hitting wombats, which are animals about the size of a small pig, looking like an overgrown guinea pig, but which are reputed to be very tough and capable of doing a lot of damage if hit by a car.

In Queensland I went to visit the O'Reilly's National Park where people are allowed to feed the birds. This was a sight to see. There were dozens of brilliantly colored parrots and other birds



Thinking of home

such as satin bowerbirds that came out to be fed. The parrots were sitting on the heads and hands of the people and were all over the ground, completely unafraid. You had to walk carefully to avoid stepping on them. The birds are very brilliantly colored in Australia. We saw many different kinds of parrots, cockatoos and lorikeets. One kind of parrot called the rainbow lorikeet has every color of the rainbow on his body.

We were able, at some time or the other, to see most of the famous Australian animals: echidnas, koala bears, snakes, emus, platypuses etc. However, we never saw the famous Tasmanian devil. We went to the Ballarat Wildlife Park where they do have some, but they kept to their burrows and never showed their faces while we were there.

There are lots of horses, and an abundance of sheep and cows in some places. Some of the sheep are fat and look overstuffed. These are the merino sheep that are raised for their special kind of wool. Others are raised for their meat. I had the chance to examine the sheep's wool at close range and was surprised to find that although it looked dirty on the outside (as we often see sheep looking), when you parted the surface of the wool, on the inside there was a soft, fine, warm and fluffy mass of microscopic hair. This inside mass in the case of these sheep, that were Merinos, was several inches deep.

Anecdotes

In a kaleidoscope of interesting experiences, some stand out more than others, perhaps because they were different or simply because they gave us lighter moments in a journey that was mostly involved with serious matters.

One of these incidents, which I remember and laugh at each time I think about it, was the evening when Sister Lee-Ngoh took me home early before the others were quite ready, so that I could get some rest. This was after I had preached four

sermons for the day (before Allen arrived) and I was dead tired. But when we got home we discovered that she had mistakenly left the house key with another brother, so we were stranded outside. I had a good laugh at our predicament, but it was very cold for me and I was beginning to shiver when Lee went next door and asked the neighbors to allow us to stay there for awhile. They were happy to do this and gave us some warm peppermint tea. They were Church of Christ Christians and we had a little talk before the man of the house went with Lee to try to break in through a window. While they were gone I chatted with the lady about cricket and she told me that one of her favorite cricketers had been Vivian Richards (a great West Indian cricketer). The man was evidently a good house-breaker because they got the house opened and I was finally able to get in. I really appreciated the bed again that night.

Another memory, which I cherish, is the time we stopped and saw a couple of friends of Alan Walker whom he wished to give a tape to, and to invite them to the meetings. Their names were Joe and Annie. Unfortunately they were unable to come to the meeting because of previous engagements. However, Annie asked, "can you maybe give us a half hour rehearsal of what the meetings will be like?" We were in a hurry to get to our destination before dark, but we agreed, and I was happy we did. I spoke about the love of God in giving His Son. They sat and listened keenly and never took their eyes off me for a moment. Joe interrupted me at one moment to say, "it is not you who are speaking, it is the spirit of God." When I finally had to stop, Annie said, "I don't want you to leave!" This was one of my best moments up to that point in Australia and it was worth the trip just for that single experience.

How could I forget the meeting we had in the home of Nick and Dina Salakianos? Here, my reputation had preceded me and so they poked up the fire really high in the fireplace so that I would not be cold. However, it got so hot that I started to sweat profusely as I was presenting the message, because I was standing directly in front of the stove. Finally I had to tell them

that I had gotten more than I had bargained for and I asked them to cool it down a bit. After that I felt more comfortable and was able to continue my study in a more relaxed frame of mind. Up to that point I thought I was doing terribly, (although Allen later said it was good) after which, I felt that I did much better.

At Mildura there was a surprise waiting for us. Our accommodations for that night were in the middle of a huge scrap yard which was owned by Brother Don Wilson and his wife Edith, and which was set on 20 acres of land! In the middle of it there was a little house where we were to sleep for the night. There we four traveling companions (Allen and I, along with Graham Tierney and Michael Lawrence), were left alone to enjoy a quiet night's rest. That night we had to keep the door shut and not venture outside because there were vicious dogs released on the compound at night. Allen took one look outside, glimpsed one of the dogs looking in our direction, and slammed the door shut for the rest of the night!

We were blessed to visit "Sunnyside," the home where Sister White lived when she was in Australia for ten years. Here we looked at several things such as furniture and books that she used to own, etc. Next door is a museum which showed artifacts



Allen makes friends at Ballarat Wildlife Park

from islands of the South Seas. There were all kinds of boomerangs, images, bows and arrows, etc., which had been used by the natives of the South Sea Islands in the past.

In Adelaide we visited a market that is somewhat along the lines of the Jamaican market, in that there were fruit stalls, meat shops and clothing and souvenir shops all over the place. Of course it was much cleaner and more modern than a Jamaican market but the idea behind it appeared to be similar.

In Australia they seem to eat everything that moves. We passed restaurants where they advertised such gross items on the menu as fish (shark) and chips (a very popular item), kangaroo stew and crocodile with vegetables! You can bet we did not eat in too many restaurants!

I must mention also the quaint Australian term "tea." This refers to any meal which is taken in the evening. Each time I was asked if I would like to have "tea," I kept thinking that I was being offered some warm beverage. It took a while before Allen and I got used to the idea that it meant the evening meal.

Stanley & The Nut

In Tasmania, Paul took us, on the final day of our stay there, to the town of Stanley, which lies at the foot of an unusually shaped hill called the Nut. From a distance this hill looks like a rectangle sticking up out of the sea. We took a chairlift at the foot of this hill that took us to the top. It was still very cold but I found the ride exciting. From the top the whole town was spread out below us and we could see the ocean all around for many miles. The view was breathtaking.

Ballarat Wildlife Park

On the last Sunday in Australia we spent most of the day with Graham Tierney who took us to see the Ballarat Wildlife Park. Here we expected to see the elusive Tasmanian devil at last. However, although we saw lots of kangaroos and got to pet and feed them, and saw koala bears and wombats, crocodiles and lots of snakes and birds, the Tasmanian devil remained in his hole and refused to come out, so we had to make up our minds to leave Australia without once seeing this elusive creature which has such a reputation for being fierce. On the way home we stopped for a while at Graham's home for refreshments and to say our final goodbyes to him. Our parting was somewhat emotional for we had really learned to appreciate Graham and to consider him our true friend.

Departure

On Monday morning we left Ballarat for the final time, bound for Melbourne where our plane would leave at 12:15 p.m. We said goodbye to Joanne and the children as they left for school, and hugged Nelma tightly in genuine appreciation for the way

she had taken care of us, and with a pang of sorrow at the thought that we would not be hearing her cheery voice again, possibly for a long time. Then we were off, packed to the limit but with joyous expectation of soon holding our loved ones in our arms again.

Michael stayed with us to the very end, faithful and committed as always. When we finally had to go, we did not shed tears, but only because we were men. There was a prickling at the corners of Allen's and my eyes and I suspect it may have been the same for Mike as well. Finally we did take off after one of the most thorough searches by the airport authorities I had ever been through. Through it all the Australians were, as ever, polite and apologetic, and we did not take offence at the thoroughness of their search.

One final point of interest is that we left Australia on Monday, November 5th at 12:15 p.m. After flying for fourteen hours we landed in Los Angeles on the same day at about 7.00 a.m., five hours before we had left!



Open Face

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