On the Cover: Rashmi Ravi Chandra, 32, had two astonishing dreams that prompted her to give her heart fully to Jesus after living as a nominal Christian. Story, page 12.

SOUTH-CENTRAL INDIA

4 Seeking the True God | Oct. 3
6 “You’re Not Going to Live” | Oct. 10
8 Miracle Baby | Oct. 17
10 Cure From Above | Oct. 24
12 Two Unforgettable Dreams | Oct. 31
14 Saved From the Well | Nov. 7
16 A Quiet Voice | Nov. 14

CENTRAL INDIA

20 Witch Doctor Can’t Heal Self | Nov. 28
22 Lion in the House! | Dec. 5

NORTHWESTERN INDIA

18 Three Attacks on Bible Study | Nov. 21

24 World Trip to Find Christ | Dec. 12
26 Learning to Love | Dec. 19
28 Attacked by Grandfather | Dec. 26
30 Future Thirteenth Sabbath Projects
31 Leader’s Resources
32 Map

= stories of special interest to teens

Your Offerings at Work

Three years ago, the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering helped build dormitories for boys and girls at Nagaland Adventist School in Dimapur in northeast India. You can download the above photos and other Thirteenth Sabbath photos on our Facebook page at: bit.ly/fb-2mq.
Dear Sabbath School Leader,

Opportunities

This quarter we feature the Southern Asia Division, comprised of four countries: Bhutan, India, The Maldives, and Nepal. Its headquarters is in Hosur, India.

The region is home to 1.4 billion people, including 1.6 million Adventists. That’s a ratio of one Adventist for 872 people.

Reaching 1.4 billion people is an enormous challenge that can only be accomplished with God’s help. As part of the effort, the Southern Asia Division has chosen 11 projects in India to receive the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this quarter.

If you want to make your Sabbath School class come alive, we offer a variety of photos, videos, and other materials to accompany each mission story. More information can be found in the sidebar with each story. For stock photos from India, try a free photo bank such as pixabay.com and unsplash.com.


If I can be of assistance, contact me at mcchesneya@gc.adventist.org.

Thank you for encouraging others to be mission-minded!

Andrew McChesney
Editor
Nine years ago, Jayasheela lived in extreme poverty in the countryside of south-central India.

Her husband, Venkatesh, struggled to find work as a mason. Jayasheela stayed at home to care for their 4-year-old son and 2-year-old daughter. She paused every day to bow before three photos of stone idols in a makeshift family shrine.

Closing her eyes, she chanted, “Give us food for the day. We don’t have any money. Give us food for at least the day.”

On Fridays, she and her husband fasted and prayed to the idols from sunrise to sunset.

Despite their devotion to the gods, their prayers went unanswered. Food was scarce. Sometimes a kind neighbor provided a few greens. Other times, the family went hungry. Jayasheela wondered why the gods were ignoring her family. She looked for other gods who might answer her prayers.

One day, she noticed a Christian church that worshipped on Sundays, and she went to services with her husband and two children. She wanted to find the true God.

Suddenly, she had a medical crisis. She gave birth to a baby girl who struggled to breathe, and the physician could do nothing. “She is beyond help,” he said.

Jayasheela asked the church pastor to pray. He prayed to Jesus, and the baby recovered. Jayasheela wondered whether she might have found the true God. After that, whenever one of her three children fell ill, she turned to the pastor for prayer. The children always recovered, and she never needed to go to the hospital.

But then the pastor died. Jayasheela was distraught. She had depended on the pastor’s prayers for all her needs.

One day, all three of her children fell ill. She didn’t know what to do. To whom could she go? Her church temporarily lacked a pastor as two men argued over which of them would lead. She didn’t know how to pray to Jesus on her own. She was scared. Weeping, she picked up a Bible and tried to read it. She only had a fourth-grade education, but somehow she managed to make sense of the words. She desperately searched for information about Jesus. As she read, she was surprised to learn that Jesus worshipped on the seventh-day Sabbath, not on Sunday. She
went to her church, which by now had chosen a new pastor.

“Saturday is called a holy day in the Bible,” she told the pastor. “Why do we worship on Sunday?”

The pastor didn’t like the question, especially coming from a woman with little formal education.

“You are devil-possessed,” he snapped. “Jesus took away all the laws. Don’t worry about it.”

Jayasheela accepted the answer. But then she heard a 12-year-old girl recite the Ten Commandments at a church prayer meeting. She heard the girl repeat the fourth commandment, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy” (Exodus 20:8).

Afterward, the pastor praised the girl for memorizing all the commandments. Jayasheela wondered why the pastor would find it important to memorize the Ten Commandments if Jesus had done away with them.

A short time later, Jayasheela visited the pastor’s home and saw a copy of the Ten Commandments hanging on his wall. Now she really was confused. She wondered why he would hang the Ten Commandments on the wall if they were no longer valid. For the first time in her life, she prayed to Jesus. “Jesus, please show me the truth,” she said.

That night she had a dream. She dreamed that she was running in a race and someone abruptly stopped her. She woke up, dismayed that she had been stopped from finishing the race. Unable to sleep, she prayed, “Jesus, I was running in the race, and now I don’t know which way to go. Please show me the way.”

A few days later, she was contacted by a relative whom she hadn’t seen in seven years. He told her that he had joined a church that kept all Ten Commandments, including the Sabbath.

Today, Jayasheela and her husband are faithful Seventh-day Adventists and have opened a house church in their new home in the countryside. The family no longer lives in poverty. On a recent Sabbath, 15 villagers gave their hearts to Jesus at the house church.

Jayasheela believes that God answered her prayer by showing her the way. 🙏

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct two churches in Bengaluru, the nearest big city to Jayasheela’s home. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney
My parents grew up in a village deep in the interior of India. Both came from non-Christian backgrounds. After getting married, they moved to the big city of Bengaluru, where my father worked as a police officer.

Mother’s first pregnancy was difficult. After the delivery by cesarean section, the physician announced that she would die.

Everyone was sad, but they loved the baby. He was a healthy, handsome boy.

“Your baby is very cute,” said one patient. “Can you give him to me?”

“I’ll adopt him,” said the physician. “You’re not going to live.”

But a Christian nurse, Sarala, told Mother not to give up hope.

“There is a God whose name is Jesus,” she said. “If you believe in Jesus Christ, everything will be fine.”

“I don’t know that God,” Mother said, weakly. “Can you pray for me? Can you help us?”

Mother slipped into a deep sleep. As she slept, Sarala laid a hand on her head and prayed to Jesus.

To everyone’s surprise, Mother recovered and returned home with the child three days later. Mother heard from several patients about the nurse’s prayer, and she realized that Jesus had saved her life.

She resolved to worship Jesus, but she didn’t know which Christian church to attend. Father took her straight to a Seventh-day Adventist church. Although he wasn’t a believer, he was familiar with the various churches in the city and how they worshipped. One of his own friends had told him that the Adventist church was the only one that fully obeyed the Jesus of the Bible.

“This is the right church,” Father said, firmly. “You have to go here to worship Jesus.”

Over the next 14 years, Mother gave birth to seven more children.

Today, her eldest son is a conference president in India. Her second son is a
pastor in Ireland. Her third son is a pastor in Bengaluru. Three daughters work as church-school teachers. Her last two sons are active lay members. I am the youngest.

Mother was going to die after giving birth to her first child. But through prayer and faith in Jesus, she lived and gave life to eight faithful Adventists. Today Mother, who like me only has one name, Kamalamma, is a healthy 72-year-old grandmother of eight grandchildren.

When I was growing up, Mother always reminded me of God’s words, “Can a woman forget her nursing child, and not have compassion on the son of her womb? Surely they may forget, yet I will not forget you” (Isaiah 49:15).

Because of her faith, my large family is walking with Jesus.

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct two churches in Bengaluru, where Kubera and his mother live. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Kubera, as told to Andrew McChesney

Story Tips
- Ask a man to share this first-person account. Have him introduce the story as a first-person testimony by a 31-year-old man named Kubera in India.
- Pronounce Kubera as: KOO-be-ra.
- Pronounce Kamalamma as: kama-LAMA.

Fast Facts
- India is the second-largest English-speaking country. Second only to the United States, about 10 percent of India’s populace are fluent in English, with the percentage expected to quadruple within the next decade.
- India’s telecommunication industry is the world’s fastest-growing. In 2017, India surpassed the United States to become the second-largest smartphone market in the world after China.
- India is one of the largest democracies in the world.
- India has more than 300,000 active mosques. This outnumbers any other country in the world, even the Muslim countries.
- Bengaluru is home to more than 25 lakes, which provide water to the city, and also offer peace, quiet, and entertainment. They are home to a large ecosystem of flora and fauna, comprised of, among others, lilies, pheasant-tailed jacana, weaverbirds, kingfishers, and ferns.
- Bengaluru was the first city to be electrified in India, back in 1905. This was completed with the help of a hydroelectric power plant at Shivanasamudra, on the banks of the river Kaveri.
We wanted a baby. After two years of marriage, I told my husband, Daryl, “We’re haven’t had a baby. Let’s ask the doctor why.”

Daryl agreed, although he didn’t want to go. At the hospital, we spoke with the physician. “I’m not able to conceive,” I told her. “Can you help us?”

She agreed, but Daryl said, “You know, we haven’t prayed about this. True, it has been two years, but I would like to pray first and then come back.”

The physician asked how long we wanted to pray. Daryl, who is a pastor, said a month. So we prayed, and I conceived. We were so excited! I rushed to the physician, and she confirmed that I was pregnant. She cautioned, however, that the baby looked small.

“But don’t worry,” she said. “Eat well, and the baby will be fine.”

I went for regular checkups. After five months, the physician said the baby was not growing normally. Daryl and I were very concerned. “Don’t worry,” the doctor said. “I’ll give you some medicine that will help the baby gain weight.”

On the next checkup, my weight had increased, but the baby’s weight was the same. “Come back again in a few weeks,” the doctor said.

At the next checkup, the radiologist was concerned. “Something is wrong,” he said. “I don’t think the baby will survive.”

The physician got a second opinion. That doctor recommended an abortion. Daryl and I were heartbroken. We prayed. “Lord, we have been serving You,” Daryl said. “Show us what to do.”

Daryl called his twin brother who works as a pediatrician elsewhere in India. He recommended another hospital. At the new hospital, a doctor ran tests. “The baby looks normal to me,” she said. “Let’s see how long we can prolong this pregnancy.”

“What are our chances?” Daryl asked. “You are a pastor,” the doctor replied. “You believe in prayer. Pray. There is power in the hand of God.”

I was hospitalized. Every hour, the hospital staff checked on the baby. That night a young doctor doing his residency approached us. “You look like a happy couple,” he said. “Why are you worried?”
We told him. He said he had been born into a non-Christian home but had accepted Jesus. “Can I pray for you?” he asked. Bowing his head, he prayed, “If You can make the sun stand still, You can perform a miracle in the life of this pastor’s family.” His prayer gave us confidence that God would do something.

Two days later, the doctor expressed concern. “The baby is small,” she said. “But don’t worry. We will do our best.” The baby was born on a Sabbath morning. He weighed only 1.5 pounds (680 grams). The doctor was so happy when the baby began to cry, and she placed him on ventilator. She didn’t know what assurance to give us, saying only, “We are doing our best.”

Adventist students from a nearby medical college came and sang to us on Sabbath afternoon. We were so happy. We trusted God would do whatever it took to save the boy’s life.

It was so hard to see such a small baby with so many tubes. We couldn’t touch him. We could only sing and pray. “Do not be dismayed, God will take care of you,” Daryl and I sang.

In three days, the baby’s weight dropped to 1.3 pounds (600 grams). The doctor was worried about an upcoming operation that she had scheduled to save the baby’s life. I asked a visiting Adventist doctor to pray.

“Lord, humanly I don’t know whether this baby can survive,” he prayed. “But you are a miracle-working God. If it is Your will, You can increase the weight of this baby to fight. May this baby be a testimony.”

The next day, the baby had gained 0.35 ounces (10 grams). Every day after that he gained weight. When he reached 3.5 pounds (1.6 kilograms) after three months, the doctor announced that he could go home. “Your little fellow has been hospitalized for quite a while,” she said. “I think he is ready to go home.”

Another doctor marveled that the baby had survived. “This is the result of your prayers,” he said. “It truly is God’s hand.” We named the boy Neshaun, which means “miracle” in Hebrew. We hope he never forgets that he is a miracle. We have dedicated him to serve God as a pastor one day. Psalms 150:6 says, “Let everything that has breath praise the Lord” (NKJV). Every breath that Neshaun takes is a testimony that he is praising the Lord. Praise the Lord!

This quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct two churches in Neelam’s city, Bengaluru. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Neelam Daryl Joshua as told to Andrew McChesney
A public school teacher pulled aside the Seventh-day Adventist couple after hearing their health seminar at her school.

“My mother-in-law is suffering from a serious back problem,” she said. “Do you have any treatment for her?”

The teacher, Aisha, invited the couple to her mother-in-law’s house. Sandeep and Ramya had just completed medical training, and the health seminar at the school was their first. They hoped to give health seminars and promote natural remedies based on the Bible and Ellen White’s writing across India.

The married couple found the elderly mother-in-law, Shubhangi, in bed. She had spent a lot of money on treatments, but nothing had helped. Now she was bedridden, unable to stand or walk, and living alone. Her daughter-in-law used to share the same house but had moved out with Shubhangi’s son and grandson after growing tired of caring for her.

Sandeep leafed through the mother-in-law’s stack of medical documents. Ramya examined her bag filled with medicine bottles. They looked at each other helplessly. They didn’t know what to do. They had just finished their studies and had never tried natural remedies on such a severe case. They prayed.

“Let’s try something,” Sandeep told the mother-in-law. “Would you agree to stop taking all of your medicine for five days?” Shubhangi agreed, and the treatments began. Ramya gave hydrotherapy and massage in the morning and evening. She made raw vegetable juice for meals. On the third day, Shubhangi stood up and walked for the first time in months. She burst into tears.

“My son and daughter-in-law have left me to die,” she said. “They don’t take care of me anymore because of this illness.”

“Just pray to God, and He will bring them back,” Sandeep said.

Shubhangi was not a Christian. Her
house was located in a strict, non-Christian neighborhood. In fact, if neighbors saw anyone with a Bible, they would create trouble.

Sandeep prayed and gave Shubhangi a Bible in her native language.

“Read one page in this Bible every day and pray to Jesus,” he said. “He will bring your son, daughter-in-law, and grandchild back home.”

After five days of treatment, the mother-in-law had no more pain. She was completely well.

Ten days later she called Sandeep. “Son, you told me to read the Bible every day and pray, and my son would come back,” she said. “But it hasn’t happened, and it’s been 10 days.”

Sandeep learned that she had been reading three pages a day — a page in the morning, afternoon, and evening — as if she were following a doctor’s prescription. She hoped to speed up God’s answer to her prayers.

“Keep praying, and God will perform a miracle,” Sandeep said.

Three days later, the daughter-in-law send Sandeep a text message.

“I am now living in mother-in-law’s place,” she wrote.

The family was reunited.

Today, the mother-in-law reads the Bible regularly. She sends Sandeep and Ramya verses from the Bible. She prays.

Sandeep and Ramya are overjoyed.

“It is a good start,” Ramya said.

“She was our first patient,” said Sandeep. “We didn’t know how to deal with this. The medical training only gave us the basic principles. Somehow God led. It’s really a miracle.”

Citing Ellen White’s book, “A Call to Medical Evangelism and Health Education,” p. 12, he added, “As the medical missionary works upon the body, God works upon the heart.”

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct two churches in Bengaluru, the closest big city to where Sandeep and Ramya live with their 7-year-old son, Aayush. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney

**Story Tips**

- Pronounce Sandeep as: san-DEEP.

- Pronounce Ramya as: ram-YA.

- Pronounce Aisha as: ai-ee-SHA.

- Pronounce Shubhangi as: SHU-ban-gee.

- Pronounce Aayush as: aa-OOO-sh.


**Mission Post**

- Traditionally the beginning of official work in India dates from 1893, when William Lenker and A.T. Stroup, two colporteurs from the United States, landed in Madras and began canvassing for Adventist subscription books among the English-speaking inhabitants of major Indian cities. However, Lenker subsequently reports a number of Adventists known to be working in various cities in India.

- India has no state religion, but it is the birthplace of four major religions: Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, and Sikhism. About 80 percent of the population of India are Hindu.
I was born into a non-Christian family, the eldest daughter of six girls.

As a young woman, I was attracted to the Christian life. After a while, I fell in love with a Seventh-day Adventist man, Ravi. I gave my heart to Jesus, and we got married.

After our marriage, we lived happily for three months. Then I fell ill. I had fainting attacks in which I would pass out suddenly during the day. My parents thought that demons had possessed me because I had accepted Christianity and turned my back on their religion. Nevertheless, my father suggested that I call an Adventist pastor for prayer.

Ravi and I went to a pastor’s home in our city, Bengaluru, and he laid his hand on my head.

“If it is Your will, O Lord, that she continues in this new life as a Christian, please use her mightily in

Your ministry and take away all satanic power,” he prayed.

As my husband slept peacefully that night, I had a disturbing dream. I dreamed that a group of men wearing black robes gathered around me. One of them stood much taller than the rest, and he was yelling at me. A man in a black robe took hold of my hand tightly and pointed to the angry, tall man.

“Why did you go to the Adventist Church?” he said, pointing. “That tall man is your god. You have to worship him. You should not go to Jesus.”

The tall man was furious. I was too scared to look at him, and I put down my head and wept.

A moment later, someone wearing a white robe approached me from behind and placed his hands on my shoulders. I couldn’t see his face, only his clothing. I felt his touch. It was soft and gentle.

“Do not fear. I am with you,” he said with a gentle, melodious voice.

Gesturing to the tall man in black, he said, “Now you can look at his face.”

With the assurance of his hands on
my shoulders, I was able to look directly at the angry man in black. His face was cruel and twisted in anger toward me.

The next morning, Ravi and I returned to the pastor’s house to relate the dream. “That was the Lord Jesus who placed His hands on your shoulders,” the pastor said.

We prayed together.

The fainting attacks ceased from that day.

I wish that I could say that my life changed all at once, but it took time. Before getting married, I was very stubborn. Even though I gave my heart to Jesus, elements of my culture remained in my mind, such as attending religious feasts with my family. I didn’t think that Sabbath was important. But after my dream, my husband and the pastor started praying for me. Gradually I gave up some things and stopped engaging in everyday activities on Sabbath.

Then I had another dream. I heard a gentle voice say, “Don’t sin. You will soon stand in the judgment.” It was a pleasing voice, and I was not afraid despite the astonishing words.

I woke up. It was around midnight, and I told my husband about the dream. “That must be the Holy Spirit,” he said. “Satan never talks about judgment. Be careful.”

After that dream, I prayerfully examined my life. With God’s help, I became less stubborn. I began to pray a lot more for God to help me to overcome temptation. My husband and I prayed much more together. I began to participate in church outreach.

Today we have two sons, ages 10 and 6, who sing and play music in church. I am a government employee and work on Sundays instead of Saturdays. My desire is to be a witness to people who are not Christians. I’m thrilled that two coworkers have expressed an interest in coming to my church.

I thank God for the two dreams. Through the dreams, I realized that Jesus is always with me, I made a firm decision to give my all to Him.

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct two churches in Bengaluru. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Rashmi Ravi Chandra, as told to Andrew McChesney
Sheelamma’s husband suffered stomach pains and tragically died in the hospital at the age of 30.

Sheelamma was 20 and left alone with a 5-year-old son in their home village of Bellary, located 185 miles (300 kilometers) north of Bengaluru. Miserable, she slipped off her golden earrings, necklace, and nose ring and gave them to her sister.

“I’m going to visit someone,” she said. “Take care of my son, Raju, until I return.”

Sheelamma didn’t plan to return. She walked to a neighboring village and jumped into a deep well, hoping to drown. However, someone came to draw water from the well and saw her floating, unconscious, in the water. Villagers rushed to rescue her. A man lowered himself on a rope into the well and lifted her up in a basket.

The villagers built a warm fire and dressed her in dry clothes. When she awoke, they plied her with angry questions. “Why did you do this in our village?” said one.

“You could have killed yourself in your own village,” said another.

They recognized Sheelamma and knew that she had a son.

“Why would you try to commit suicide when you have son?” someone said. “If you are poor, you could have at least begged for food.”

The villagers escorted her back to her village and to her sister’s house.

Sheelamma didn’t want to stay. She wanted a new life. A month later, she took Raju by train to Bengaluru. But she didn’t know anyone in the city. She had no relatives or friends. At the train station, people saw the poor mother and told her to return to the village.

“You are young,” said one.

“You have a small child,” said another. “Bengaluru is not a safe place.”

Sheelamma had no intention of going back. “I will not go back,” she said. “I left everyone to come here. I don’t want to go back.”

An auto-rickshaw driver offered her a free ride and dropped her off at a cathedral. Sheelamma sat in front of the building, crying and praying to her gods. On the ground nearby, she spotted a postcard with a picture of Jesus. She wasn’t a Christian, but she recognized Jesus.

“You have to help me,” she said to the postcard.

After a while, a woman came out of
the cathedral and gave rice and curry to Sheelamma and her son to eat.

“Go back to your village,” she said.

“I’m a widow,” Sheelamma replied. “I have a small child. Please give me some work.”

“Many people come to us for help,” the woman said. “We can’t help you.”

As Sheelamma and the woman spoke, a passerby stopped and asked why Sheelamma was crying. Upon hearing her story, the passerby invited Sheelamma to her house and helped her find work as a part-time housekeeper.

One of the people whose houses she cleaned was a Seventh-day Adventist pastor, and they quickly became friends.

“Do you know how to read and write?” he asked her one day.

Learning that she didn’t, he taught her the alphabet. Slowly she began to read the Bible, and she started going to church on Sabbaths. She gave her heart to Jesus.

After the pastor moved to Mumbai, another pastor helped Sheelamma to find a job working as a custodian at Spencer Road Seventh-day Adventist School. She worked there for 34 years, retiring in 2004.

“I am happy,” Sheelamma said. “I came from nowhere, and God showed me where I should go by leading me to His church. I praise God that He has blessed me. My life is good because of Him.”

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct a new building for Sheelamma’s overcrowded Central Kannada Seventh-day Adventist Church in Bengaluru, India. Thank you for planning a generous Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

By Andrew McChesney

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**Story Tips**

- Pronounce Sheelamma as: SHEE-la-ma.
- Download mission posts and fast facts from India at: bit.ly/SUD-FACTS.

**Fast Facts**

- There are about 1.9 million miles (3 million kilometers) of roads in India, making it the second-largest network of roads in the world after the United States.
- During weddings, Indians decorate the event with marigold flowers. These flowers represent happiness and good fortune.
- Bengaluru is considered to be the Silicon Valley of India. A number of multinational companies have established their business hubs there, resulting in an influx of IT engineers and expatriates into the city.
- The Jeevan Rekha Express, or the “Lifeline Express,” is a hospital train that travels via Indian Railways, visiting far-flung rural areas where few medical services are available to the population. The train has two operating rooms with five tables and a six-bed recovery room. The train also has an ophthalmologic testing room, a dental unit, a laboratory, and an X-ray unit. They are staffed with orthopedic and dental specialists to provide free medical care to the rural poor.

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AdventistMission.org
Wilbur Pereira found himself riding in a car with a cousin whom he hadn’t seen in 30 years.

As they traveled to a wedding in south-central India, Wilbur’s wife called to see how he was doing.

“Great, praise the Lord!” Wilbur responded. The cousin, Walter, looked over with surprise. Not many people are Christian in India. “What is your religion?” he asked.

Wilbur explained that he had gone to a Christian church every Sunday since childhood, but he had stopped believing many of its beliefs.

“Everything is pagan,” Wilbur said. “The Bible says, ‘I am the Lord your God, you shall have no other gods before Me.’ But the church worships Mary, the saints, and many idols. I am searching for the truth.”

“Don’t worry,” Walter said. “You are close to the truth. One day God will lead you to the true church.”

At the wedding, the banquet was comprised only of vegetarian food. Wilbur was disappointed not to see any pork.

Back at home, he resumed his search for truth. He visited non-Christian places of worship in his hometown, Bengaluru. He knew God was somewhere, and he wanted to find Him.

Wilbur grew increasingly convinced that his childhood church had strayed from the Bible. On a Saturday, he told his wife, Nancy, that he no longer wanted to attend church with her.

“I will not go to church with you anymore,” he said. “It’s a false church with pagan beliefs.”

That evening, Nancy called family members to ask them to persuade Wilbur to go to church with her, but he stood firm. At the same time, he wondered which church to attend.

In the morning, he was still pondering which church to attend as he walked to a shop to buy groceries for lunch. Suddenly he heard a quiet male voice.

“Call your cousin,” the voice said. Wilbur ignored the voice and kept walking.

“Call your cousin,” the voice said. Wilbur stopped.

“Call your cousin,” the voice said. Wilbur pulled out his cellphone and called Walter. After telling him about the disagreement with his wife, he asked...
which church his cousin attended.

“I go to the Seventh-day Adventist Church,” Walter replied.

Wilbur had seen Adventist church signs but knew nothing about the denomination.

Walter arranged for Bible studies for three days that week. The next Saturday, Wilbur went to the High Street Seventh-day Adventist English Church. He especially liked the Sabbath School Bible study groups.

Nancy opposed Wilbur’s new faith, and she argued with him daily. But she watched with surprise as his lifestyle slowly changed. She liked that he no longer used tobacco and drank alcohol. She was amazed that he prepared food for Sabbath a day early. She couldn’t understand why he stopped eating eggs and dairy and giving them to their young son.

Wilbur explained that he wanted to honor God in all his actions, including by keeping the Sabbath and treating his body as the temple of God. She had to admit that his health was much better than hers. She suffered chronic neckaches.

When the Adventist church organized a free health clinic, Wilbur invited Nancy to go with him and learn something about good health. She was moved to hear a physician describe the close connection between physical and spiritual wellbeing. That was a new idea for her. Back at home, she joyfully called friends to tell them about the clinic.

The next Sabbath, she declined an invitation to go to church but allowed Wilbur to take their son for the first time. The boy loved the children’s Sabbath School, the children’s story in church, and the fellowship meal afterward. That evening, he eagerly told his mother about everything that he had seen. Nancy’s curiosity was raised, and she asked for Bible studies. Upon learning about the Sabbath during Bible studies a few days later, she immediately took a stand.

“I will never work on Sabbath again,” she declared. “Even if I lose my job, I will not work.”

Today, Wilbur and Nancy are full-time medical workers, educating people about good health in India. “We reach out to people in need, teach health principles to them, and connect them to the True Healer,” Wilbur said.

This quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help build two churches in Bengaluru, the nearest big city to the place where Wilbur now lives with his family. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney
Pastor Samson was giving a Bible study from Revelation to Alka and 14 members of her family in a large bedroom in their house in Amritsar, India.

He stood at one end of the room, a Bible in hand, as he spoke to the family members seated on the bed and floor.

“So the great dragon was cast out, that serpent of old, called the Devil and Satan, who deceives the whole world; he was cast to the earth, and his angels were cast out with him,” he read from Revelation 12:9.

Alka’s father-in-law, Shashipal, sprang from the floor and approached the pastor menacingly.

“You, devil, are already defeated by Jesus’ death on the cross of Calvary,” he said. “I am washed by the blood of Jesus. You have no power over me. You have no power over my friends who are praying with me. Jesus is here. The Spirit of the Lord has come upon us to defeat the devil. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ and by His blood, I claim the power and rebuke you, devil. In the name of Jesus, come out of him and go away.”

Shashipal sank to his knees. Speaking slowly and calmly, the elderly man said, “Thank you, Jesus.”

The demon was gone.

“Amen, praise God!” Pastor Samson said and led the family in singing, “God Is So Good.”

A week later, Pastor Samson resumed the Bible study and read in Revelation the words of 1 John 4:4, “He who is in you is greater than he who is in the world.”

“Don’t be afraid,” he told the family. “Let’s kneel and pray.”

Shashipal refused to kneel and continued shouting. Pastor Samson placed a hand on the elderly man’s head and looked directly into his eyes.

“You, devil, are already defeated by Jesus’ death on the cross of Calvary,” he said. “I am washed by the blood of Jesus. You have no power over me. You have no power over my friends who are praying with me. Jesus is here. The Spirit of the Lord has come upon us to defeat the devil. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ and by His blood, I claim the power and rebuke you, devil. In the name of Jesus, come out of him and go away.”

Shashipal sank to his knees. Speaking slowly and calmly, the elderly man said, “Thank you, Jesus.”

The demon was gone.

“Amen, praise God!” Pastor Samson said and led the family in singing, “God Is So Good.”

A week later, Pastor Samson resumed the Bible study and read in Revelation...
12:11, “And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb.”

As he said those words, Alka’s 16-year-old son, John, began to growl like a lion. Then he brayed like a donkey, barked like a dog, and hissed like a snake.

“I don’t want the pastor coming here and praying,” he said. “Don’t speak the name of Jesus in my house.”

Pastor Samson sensed that this was the same demon as the previous week and that he had returned with reinforcements.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said. “Let’s fast and pray.”

The family fasted from food and water during daylight hours for three days. On the third day, on a Friday evening, the pastor returned to Alka’s house for a Bible study. John smiled as he joined the family in kneeling for prayer. Instead of growling, braying, barking, or hissing, he quietly took the pastor’s hand and placed it on his head.

“Please pray for me,” he said. “I feel weak, and my heart is heavy. My head hurts.”

Pastor Samson prayed for him, and John never made animal noises again. But that wasn’t the end.

The next week, Pastor Samson read about the need for Christians to put on the armor of God to fight the devil in Ephesians 6:10-18. As he read, Alka’s husband, Surinder, turned to John and roared, “Where are those demons who were in you? There are no demons in you anymore. They are in me!”

Pastor Samson invited the family to kneel. After praying, he asked the family to open their Bibles to read Psalm 23 and Psalm 91.

“This is the devil’s last stand,” he said. Afterward, he led the family in singing.

“When Jesus is in the family, happy, happy home!”

Surinder joined in singing. The demons had left him, never to return to their home.

Alka and her family have come a long way from their former life in another major world religion. They are still learning about the grace and righteousness of Jesus.

“Please pray for all my family and especially for my mother to accept Jesus,” Alka said.

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct a larger church to replace the dilapidated, crowded church where Alka worships in Amritsar, India. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney
Bagicha Singh spent his life worshipping trees and idols in a shrine in his home in a small Indian village. He believed in the power of his gods and credited them for making him wealthy as a witch doctor. People flocked to his home in Mundrichurimra village to be healed. Bagicha had everything he needed but one thing; he lacked peace of mind.

Then he fell ill. He vomited constantly. He felt dizzy. Headaches plagued him. He turned to his witchcraft to heal himself, but the spells that seemed to cure others didn’t help him. He paid big money to various physicians, but no one could help. He wept bitterly.

“I’m dying, I’m dying,” he cried to family members.

His witchcraft business suffered. For a while, people continued to come to him for help. But he turned them away, saying, “I cannot heal you because I also am sick.”

One day his son called a Global Mission pioneer who led a Seventh-day Adventist church in a neighboring village and asked him to pray for his father. The Global Mission pioneer, Samson Soni, went to Bagicha’s home, but the witch doctor refused to speak with him.

“I don’t want prayer,” Bagicha said. “My witchcraft is more powerful than your God.”

Samson wasn’t dissuaded and prayed anyway.

After the visit, Bagicha’s health worsened, and he was taken to the hospital in Jalandhar, a city of about 1 million located about 90 minutes away by car. A physician ran tests and announced that Bagicha had a brain tumor.

“You will die soon if we don’t operate,” the physician said.

But the operation was expensive. Bagicha had earned great wealth at witchcraft, but he had lost it seeking a cure. Now he and his family only had half the money needed for the operation.

Samson heard that Bagicha was in the hospital and came to visit. Bagicha was feeling forlorn, and he perked up when he
saw Samson. He turned to the physician standing nearby.

“Here comes Jesus who can heal me,” Bagicha said.

Samson asked the physician for permission to pray. When the physician agreed, he prayed with tears in his eyes.

“Dear God, in the name of Jesus, please heal Mr. Bagicha to glorify Your name. In Jesus’ name, Amen,” he said.

The next day, the physician ran a check and, to his surprise, could find no trace of the tumor. He called a specialist for a second opinion. The specialist couldn’t find the tumor. The shocked physician remembered Samson’s prayer, and he questioned Bagicha closely.

“Where is the brain tumor?” he asked. “Which God do you believe?” Bagicha smiled joyfully.

“I used to be heavily involved in witchcraft, but the Global Mission pioneer prayed and revealed Jesus to me,” he said. “Now I believe in Jesus. I believe that Jesus has healed me from the brain tumor. Jesus came to me through the Global Mission pioneer.”

The next Sabbath, Bagicha sought out Samson at the Adventist church in the neighboring village.

“Your Jesus healed me,” he said.

Back home, he told his story to his family and neighbors.

“I have been healed, and I have been freed from my witchcraft,” he said. “You also must come to the church where Jesus heals.”

Because of Bagicha’s testimony, many people started coming to the church on Sabbath. About 50 people took Bible studies from Samson, and half of them were baptized in September 2018, including Bagicha and three members of his family. The others were continuing to take Bible studies, and others were joining them.

Today Bagicha is a faithful member of the church.

“Pray for me that I may remain faithful to the Lord and be prepared for the second coming of Jesus,” he said.

Bagicha and his 25 family members and friends were baptized by Samson Gulam Masih, the nearest Adventist pastor to their village. Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help to construct a larger church to replace Pastor Samson’s dilapidated, crowded church in Amritsar. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney
Gulam Masih had many questions about God.

As a boy, he went with his father to religious services two different days of the week. One day, Father took him to the family’s traditional place of worship, and on Sundays Father took him to various Christian churches.

Father couldn’t decide who to worship. Once while reading the family’s holy book, he exclaimed, “It seems that Jesus is mentioned in this book more times than our own prophet! Why is that?”

The family created their own unique religion that was part traditional and part Christian.

As Gulam grew older, he increasingly preferred Christianity. But he wanted to know more. He longed to see Jesus with his own eyes.

“Jesus, I would like to see you face to face,” he prayed.

As a young man, he decided to leave the family home and move into a hut on the outskirts of a faraway village, Chakwal. He wanted to study the Bible alone for several weeks.

The villagers were not Christian and very superstitious. They noticed Gulam had a quiet, kind demeanor. When he offered to pray for a sick villager, and the villager recovered, they nicknamed him “Holy Man.”

The villagers respected him as a holy man and came to his hut every morning and evening with food.

In the hut, Gulam prayed and read the Bible. He studied Daniel and Revelation. He repeated his prayer to see Jesus.

“Lord, I want to see you,” he prayed. “Please reveal Yourself to me.”

One night, as he prayed and read the Bible while seated on the dirt floor, he
sensed a presence in the room. Looking up, he saw a large lion. As he watched, the lion crouched down and stared straight at him. Gulam was frightened, and he shrank away from the beast. Then he heard an audible male voice.

“Fear not,” the voice said. “Run your hand along the lion from its head to its tail.”

“I can’t do that!” Gulam exclaimed. “The lion will kill me!”

“But you have been praying to see Me,” the voice said.

“I prayed to see Jesus,” Gulam said. “Jesus is the Lion of Judah,” the voice said. “Pet the lion.”

Gulam had read about Jesus being the Lion of Judah in Revelation 5:5. He was frightened, but he didn’t dare disobey. He lifted a trembling hand and placed it on the lion’s head. The lion didn’t move. Slowly, his hand still shaking, he stroked the lion from the head to the tail. When he stepped away from the lion, the animal shook its tail, whipping up dust from the dirt floor. Then the lion walked out into the dark night.

In the morning, a village woman came to the hut with breakfast. She stopped when she saw lion tracks. Dropping the food, she rushed back to the village.

“The Holy Man is dead!” she cried. “He has been killed by a lion. I saw the tracks going into his hut.”

The villagers ran to the hut. They found Gulam sitting on the floor, reading the Bible. He hadn’t moved since the lion left. When the villagers heard his story, they were amazed. They begged to learn about his Jesus.

Later Gulam learned about the Sabbath and became a Seventh-day Adventist pastor. He planted an Adventist church in his home village, Dharam Kot Bagga, in northern India. He had five sons and two daughters and died in 1999 at the age of 90.

His youngest son, Samson, 48, praises God for the lion experience.

“God loves to fulfill the desires of our hearts,” he said.

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct a new church in Amritsar, where Samson Gulam Masih has served as the pastor. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney

Story Tips

➢ Download photos on Facebook (bit.ly/fb-mq).

Fast Facts

➢ The name “India” is derived from the river Indus. Around 3300 BC, people settled in the fertile Indus Valley, part of which is in modern India, making India the world’s oldest and largest continuous civilization.

➢ India has the largest postal system in the world, with more than 150,000 post offices — three times the size of that of China. It also has a floating post office on Dal Lake in Srinagar. Located on a houseboat, it also includes a philately (postage stamp) museum.

➢ Indian cuisine is popular around the world but varies greatly depending on region. This variation is often not reflected in the Indian restaurants outside India, where diners expect certain well-known dishes, such as dal, samosas, naan, and tandoori chicken.
Brijesh Kumar found himself without work in Indonesia’s capital, Jakarta. “There must be a job that I can do,” the 23-year-old Indian man told an Indian friend who had given him a place to stay. “Can you help me find work?”

Brijesh had left India in hope of working to repay a tuition debt in 2014. His parents had borrowed money from friends, but the money had run out before he graduated. The lenders wanted money.

Brijesh’s friend didn’t know about any work, but he introduced Brijesh to someone who promised U.S. refugee status for U.S.$2,000. Brijesh only had $1,000, and he wanted to send it to his parents. But he reasoned that he could work for even more money as a refugee. He handed over the money and was promised passage on a ship to the United States within a week.

Six months later, he boarded a small ship off the coast of Java. Also on the ship were 18 other Indians and 16 Nepalese men, all seeking asylum. Two Indonesians were in charge of the ship. The voyage was dreadful. After two days, the food ran out. Two days later, no drinking water remained. Brijesh caught rainwater during to drink. On the seventh day, the captain warned that the fuel was running low.

Several hours later, a speck of land appeared on the horizon. The ship docked, and the passengers and crew were detained immediately. They had landed on the Micronesian island of Yap.

Brijesh and the others were kept in a dockyard for six months. U.S. police officers and FBI agents questioned them. Clergy from various Christian denominations brought food and other necessities. They spoke about Jesus. Brijesh had never heard about Jesus, and he wasn’t interested. He wanted to become a refugee, but Micronesian authorities wanted to deport him to India.

As the months passed, the flow of visitors dried up. Authorities gave tarps for makeshift tents. Food was scarce. Brijesh lost all hope. Then a pastor, Karemeno Ifa, showed up with a large shipping container. Brijesh and the others wept when they saw that it was packed with food and clothing.

Karemeno visited regularly, and the group of men gathered around to listen to him.
“Why do you keep coming to help us when all the other priests and pastors have left?” one asked.

“Because Jesus loves you more than I,” he replied. “He is trying to save you. He is trying to give you freedom.”

He said that he was a Seventh-day Adventist pastor. Under persistent questioning, he reluctantly acknowledged that he was going without food so they could eat. The stranded boatmen wept when they heard that. That same day, nine Nepalese gave their hearts to Jesus. They pitched a special tent as a church and started to keep the Sabbath.

Brijesh noticed a change come over the Nepalese. They used to also fight with the Indians for bread, but now they were friendly and sharing. One Sabbath, a Nepalese man invited Brijesh to the tent for church. Inside, the nine Nepalese welcomed him and prayed for him, his family, and his future. Brijesh relaxed in their pleasant company. He accepted a Bible and started to read it and to pray.

A Nepalese friend told him that if he prayed to God in the name of Jesus, his prayer would be answered. He decided to try. “Dear God, I put all my burdens and problems on Jesus Christ,” he prayed. “In the name of Jesus I pray, Amen.”

When he opened my eyes, he felt like he was flying in the sky. He took a treasured amulet off his neck and threw it into the sea. He decided to follow Jesus.

Brijesh gave up his refugee claim and was deported to India. He arrived at the New Delhi airport two and a half years after leaving Indonesia.

Today Brijesh works as a Global Mission pioneer and is studying at Spicer Adventist University to become a pastor. Through his Bible studies, four people have given their hearts to Jesus over the past two years, and many more are preparing for baptism. His parents, who managed to pay off the debt while he was in Yap, also are taking Bible studies.

Brijesh remains in contact with the nine Nepalese. All are faithful Adventists in Nepal. One other Indian also became an Adventist, and he runs a clothing business in India. Brijesh lost contact with the rest. “I want to share the Lord with others,” he said. “God saved me when I had nothing.”

Part of this quarter’s Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help construct a new dormitory at the Varanasi Seventh-day Adventist School, which offers classrooms and lodging for Brijesh and others as they train workers to spread the gospel. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney
Anjleena Singh decided that she didn’t like pastors when she was 14 years old. That year, Mother fell ill and was whisked off to a far-away hospital to be treated for a serious kidney and gallbladder infection. Father stayed with Mother at the hospital, leaving Anjleena at home with her 10-year-old brother, Roshan, in their home city of Gorakhpur. The children went to school on their own, and neighbors fed them.

Then Anjleena fell ill with jaundice and was hospitalized close to home. She felt so alone. She thought about her mother, hospitalized far away. She remembered the church that her family attended every Sunday. She wished someone would come to visit. “Dear God, please send someone to visit me,” she prayed every day.

But no one came.

After 10 days, Father and Mother showed up at the hospital. Mother was well! Anjleena’s parents took her home. Soon the girl learned that no one had visited Mother in the hospital, either. No one had come from their church, not even the pastor. She felt disappointed and angry. She decided never to go to church again. She resolved never to trust a pastor. When someone even mentioned the word “pastor,” deep anger swelled up inside her.

Several years passed. One day an aunt called on the phone. “Did you know that our city has a church that is called Seventh-day Adventist?” she asked. “It has a young pastor. He visited our home. Come to our home and meet him.”

Anjleena didn’t want to meet the pastor. “No,” she said, “I don’t like pastors.”

The aunt called again a few days later and again invited Anjleena to meet the pastor. “I don’t want to see any pastor or go to any church,” Anjleena said.

Then the aunt called with sad news. Her husband had died, and she was calling family members to attend the funeral. She asked Anjleena to inform the Adventist pastor about the death and invite him to come and pray for the family. Anjleena called the pastor, Pradeep Singh. He prayed and encouraged the family from the Bible.

Anjleena’s mother liked the pastor and asked him to visit her home. She had many
questions, and she and Father spoke with the pastor for three hours. After praying together, they asked the pastor to return the next day. The pastor invited the family to attend church on Sabbath.

Father, Mother, and Roshan went to church the next Sabbath. They sensed something was different about the church, and they asked for Bible studies. After three months, all three were baptized. But Anjleena refused to join them.

After the baptisms, the pastor continued giving Bible studies in her house every week. When he visited, she went to another room and waited until he left. Even though she shut the door, she could hear the discussion and the prayers.

A year and a half passed. One day, Anjleena abruptly announced to Mother, “Call the pastor. I want to take Bible studies.”

Everyone was shocked. “How could it happen?” Mother said. “We have been praying for a year and a half.”

The pastor thought Anjleena was joking, but he gave her Bible studies. Anjleena gave her heart to Jesus in 2017.

A few months after her baptism, Anjleena surprised her parents again. “I want to marry the Adventist pastor,” she said. “I want to be a pastor’s wife.”

Her parents were worried about what the pastor would say, and they cautiously told him about their daughter’s wish. They didn’t know that Pastor Pradeep had been praying for a wife for three years. He had never considered Anjleena as a possibility but, when he learned about her desire, he couldn’t refuse. “I will gladly accept her as my wife,” he said with a big smile.

Pradeep and Anjleena were married in October 2018. Today, Anjleena works as a nurse and serves as a deaconess at the church where her husband pastors in Gorakhpur. She is thrilled that God has used her life to bring people to Him. Five relatives and friends have been baptized after seeing the change in her life.

“Now I think that pastors are good men,” she said. “I love pastors, especially my husband.”

Anjleena also loves Adventist education. After she became an Adventist, she visited the Seventh-day Adventist School in nearby Varanasi and saw children learning from the Bible. She was very impressed and convinced her relatives to enroll their children in the boarding school. So far, she has brought six children to the school, which is one of the projects that will receive part of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering next week. Thank you for planning a generous offering.

By Andrew McChesney
Grandfather was a kind, gentle man. He told stories to his 5-year-old granddaughter, Kajal. He played on the floor with his 3-year-old grandson, Nishant.

But everything changed after he had an accident. Grandfather slipped on the ground as he walked home from the food market in Naorolli village in India. He was able to get up, but his kind, gentle nature was gone. He screamed when Nishant wanted to play with him. When Kajal came up for a story, he threw stones at her. He ran madly around the house. He climbed up onto the roof and jumped down. Then he climbed up again and jumped down. He cried day and night. Everyone was afraid to be near him, even Grandmother. Kajal hid whenever he came near.

Father, Mother, and Grandmother took Grandfather to doctors at the biggest hospitals. They went to witch doctors who promised to cast out evil spirits. They gave medicine to Grandfather. Nothing helped.

Kajal was sad and upset. She missed hearing stories from Grandfather. Father, Mother, and Grandmother also were sad and upset. And they didn’t like it when Grandfather picked up their stone gods from the small shrine in the house and hurled them in their direction.

“Why can’t our gods help Grandfather?” Mother asked.

“Why can’t our gods stop Grandfather from picking them up and throwing them at us?” Father said.

“We need to do something rather than depend on our gods,” Grandmother said.

The family lost their faith in their stone gods. But they kept trying to find a cure and finally moved from the village to the big city of Varanasi to seek medical help.
treatment for Grandfather. Kajal was glad to move into a small rented room with her parents, grandparents, and brother. She hoped that Grandfather would be healed and be able to tell her stories once again.

Father and Mother opened a small laundry business where they washed and ironed clothes. They took Grandfather to various physicians.

One Sunday, Father and Mother decided to go to a Christian church. Mother said a customer had insisted the church’s pastor could help Grandfather by praying to his God. Father and Mother weren’t Christians, but they were willing to pray to a new God if it would help Grandfather. Mother said Kajal and her brother were too small to go to church and had to stay at home with Grandmother and Grandfather.

After church, Mother told Grandmother that the pastor had prayed for Grandfather and the rest of the family and that she and Father planned to return to the church the next Sunday for more prayers.

Trouble erupted when the landlord of their one-room apartment learned that the parents were hoping that Jesus would heal Grandfather. He angrily kicked the family out of the room.

“You people can attend church and accept Jesus,” he said. “But you can’t live in my room at the same time.”

Unable to find another cheap place to live, the family returned to their home in the village.

Father and Mother were discouraged because they had grown to love Jesus but there was no church in their village. They gathered the family for to worship Jesus every day, and Father prayed, “Lord, if you are a loving God, show us where to go.”

On the next Saturday morning, Mother heard sweet music wafting through the air. She stepped into the yard outside their home and saw that people were singing in a house across the street.

“What is happening over there?” she asked a neighbor.

“They are worshipping,” the neighbor replied.

“We didn’t have people worshipping there before,” Mother said. “And why aren’t they worshipping on Sunday?”

“I don’t know,” the neighbor said. “But some kind of worship is going on.”

At that moment, another neighbor left her home and overheard the conversion.

“Come, I will take you over to that house,” said the neighbor, Jira. She was a Seventh-day Adventist.

Jira introduced Mother to the
Adventist pastor, who invited her to worship with the other people in the house church. She agreed but wondered why they were worshipping on Saturday and not on Sunday.

At the end of the worship service, she asked the pastor.

“Why are you people worshipping on Saturday?” she said. “All Christians worship on Sunday, but you people worship on Saturday. Why?”

“I will show you from the Bible,” the pastor said.

That week, Father, Mother, and Grandmother began taking Bible studies, starting with Creation, when God sanctified the seventh day and made it holy. All three gave their hearts to Jesus.

Unfortunately, Grandfather never recovered from his illness. He died during the period of time that the family was taking Bible studies.

While Kajal never heard Grandfather tell another story, she is thrilled to have a Bible that contains better stories than he ever told. Today, she is 14 and studies the Bible with her 12-year-old brother at the Seventh-day Adventist boarding school in Varanasi, which will receive part of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering to expand the dormitories.

“I like singing, studying the Bible, and praying at school,” Kajal said. “With a bigger dormitory, more children can enjoy singing, studying the Bible and praying.”

Thank you for your generous offering to help Kajal’s school in Varanasi and the other Thirteenth Sabbath projects around India today. Thank you for helping the precious people of India hear the life-changing story of Jesus.

By Andrew McChesney
Leader’s Resources

Be sure to download your free Mission Spotlight video, featuring video reports from around the Southern Asia Division and beyond. Download or stream from the Adventist Mission website at bit.ly/missionspotlight. A printable mission bank image, which the children can color, can be downloaded at bit.ly/bank-coloring-page.

Online Information
Following are sources of information that may be helpful in preparing for the mission segment of Sabbath School. For more information on the cultures and history of the countries featured in this quarterly, visit:

Websites
Bhutan: government website
   Lonely Planet
   bit.ly/BhutGov
   bit.ly/LP Bhutan
India: government website
   Adventure in You
   Maldives: government website
   US News and World Report
   Nepal: government website
   Welcome Nepal
   bit.ly/AIYIndia
   bit.ly/Maldives
   bit.ly/USNMaldives
   bit.ly/NepalGovt
   bit.ly/WelcomeNepal

Seventh-day Adventist
Southern Asia Division
   North East India Union
   South East India Union
   bit.ly/SDASUD
   bit.ly/SDANEIU
   bit.ly/SDASEIU

An offering goal device will help focus attention on world missions and increase weekly mission giving. Determine a goal for your class’s weekly mission offering. Multiply it by 14, allowing a double goal for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

Remind your Sabbath School members that their regular weekly mission offerings will help the missionary work of the world church and that one quarter of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will go directly to the projects in the Southern Asia Division. On the twelfth Sabbath, report on mission giving during the quarter. Encourage members to double or triple their normal mission giving on Thirteenth Sabbath. Count the offering and record the amount given at the end of Sabbath School.

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