Section 1

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

a man of
PASSIONATE REFLECTION
In May 1943, Ralph and Gladys (Clark) Whitehouse took their newborn, Jerald Wayne, from Shelton General Hospital, Mason County, Washington. They went home to the house that Ralph himself had built on Star Route 1. Big brother Stan had just passed his second birthday, and they now became a family of four.

The recent depression years made frugality an imperative. Then the attack on Pearl Harbor jolted the United States into war. A skilled woodsman, Ralph worked for Simpson Logging Company. Although they moved first to Monroe and then Chehalis, Washington, the needs of his family precluded his following his dream to return to Walla Walla College to become a pastor. He remained, however, a deep thinker, a voracious reader, and a life-long church elder. Being a perfectionist Ralph survived the high-risk logging profession for forty plus years.

Gladys stayed at home quietly and faithfully nurturing her boys. She instilled in them a powerful work ethic that may have begun in the strawberry patch, but the lessons learned went far beyond rural Washington State.
Education

Jerald’s education both began and concluded in Seventh-day Adventist schools. While studying at Lewis County SDA Junior Academy he became a serious piano student and a classical musician under the tutelage of wheelchair-bound Opal Foster. He went to Auburn Adventist Academy to begin Grade 11 and in order to pay his fee he worked hard in the furniture-making industry and later on as a chemistry lab instructor. Although academic excellence remained a top priority, in his senior year he allowed himself the luxuries of a few extra-curricular activities—like choir and a special choral group as well as piano and clarinet study.

Jerald first met Judy Dietrich in his academy German class and then in chemistry lab and choir. In 1961 he started the theology course at Walla Walla College, but still focused on hard work, so he waited until after his junior year to propose to Judy. His exact words were: “Will you go with me where God leads us together?” She joyfully accepted, never imagining where God might actually take them!

In his senior year he took an academic overload, became President of the Theology Club, and wrote daily letters to Judy (who was in nurses’ training at the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles). He also arranged an apartment for their new home near Walla Walla College after their wedding, planted a huge garden, and at the same time took a correspondence course in piano restoration and tuning. He just wanted to have a viable, moneymaking career to support his new wife even though the couple had already applied for foreign mission service.

The wedding came just one week after Jerald’s graduation in June of 1965. At the end of the summer the newlyweds relocated to Loma Linda, California on Campus Street. While Judy concluded her nursing studies Jerald enrolled in graduate school to earn a master’s degree in Health Education. Since both were full time students, each of their parents contributed $100 to their support. When the Whitehouses’ rent jumped from $50 to $55 a month, however, the ever-watchful Jerald promptly found cheaper, “more reasonable” quarters on Prospect Street.

Foreign Missions

Several of Jerald’s professors at Loma Linda University were recently returned missionaries including Drs. Harold Schull (Korea), Robert Dunn (China and Burma), Bill Dysinger (Cambodia and Africa), John Elich (anthropologist, South America), and Karl Fischer (both China and
Africa). Mission issues sometimes replaced the syllabus class content. Jerald enthusiastically joined in debates concerning the appropriateness of missionary-national relationships and much more.

In the middle of the academic year Dr. Dysinger called Jerald into his office. Dr. Mervyn Hardinge (also a professor in the Department of Tropical Medicine and Preventive Care) was on a sabbatical, visiting Adventist mission sites around the world. While at the Middle East Division office he learned of an immediate need for a pastor at Benghazi Adventist Hospital in Libya. They had just lost their pastor, and the full-services hospital was chronically short staffed. “Is there a student there,” Hardinge asked, “who would be qualified to pastor and also have some skills useful in the hospital?”

“Are you interested?” Dr. Dysinger inquired.

Jerald said yes, on the spot. He knew well enough that Judy would acquiesce.

Within weeks, Roy Williams from the General Conference Secretariat Department came to interview the Whitehouses. In rapid succession, after graduation, came the purchasing of some second-hand household goods to ship overseas and visits to their families in the Pacific Northwest. To complete preparations Judy wrote her Registered Nurse Board Exams, and Jerald got his private pilot’s license—in case of need. But most important was the fact that their dream of foreign mission service was to become a reality.

**Libya**

Jerald’s degree required a three-month field project, so he fulfilled that responsibility teaching at Heri Seventh-day Adventist Hospital, near Kigoma, on Lake Tanganyika. In that immediate post-independence era, East African nationalism was at full tide. In this, their first cross-cultural experience, Jerald and Judy felt like wide-eyed infants cast out into the world. Happily, wise and mentoring friends surrounded them. Jerald would always champion the support of young people and often said, “We need to build people more than institutions.”

Meanwhile the visas for Libya languished amid bureaucratic red tape. The Whitehouses waited and shivered in the guesthouse in Beirut until after Christmas. Bob and Mary Darnell (with fifteen years of experience in the Middle East Division) not only included Jerald and Judy in their holiday celebrations, but they also inducted them into the great imponderables of bringing the gospel to an almost total Muslim population.

When the visas arrived on Sunday, April 16, 1967, Jerald determined
to leave Beirut on the first available flight. Cliff Ludington, the Medical Director in Libya and his wife welcomed Jerald and Judy. They settled into life at the Benghazi Adventist Hospital, but sadly, the hospital was called “the American hospital” because of the preponderance of American professionals. It functioned in a bombed-out but renovated hotel near the city center while a new hospital building was being built—all by permission of the Libyan King Iddriss al Sonousi in his palace in Tobruk. Medical work was welcomed but proselytizing had been strictly forbidden.

Six weeks later the Six-day Arab-Israeli War broke out and the city became chaotic and inflamed with anti-Western sentiment. The apartment building that housed Jerald’s new church as well as some hospital nurses’ apartments were overrun and vandalized by rioters. Americans were ordered to evacuate. Upon returning after spending six weeks in Italy, Jerald was convinced that, being under a mandate from the King of Heaven, they should have stayed at their posts. They belonged with the people they had come to serve.

Jerald and Judy welcomed their first daughter, Jeralyn (December 8, 1967), just shortly before the new sixty bed hospital in Benghazi opened early in the new year (1968). Within that year, according to their philosophy of mission, Jerald went house hunting. In January 1969 they moved from the villa provided by the hospital (with only American neighbors) to rural Gwarsha where they lived among the simple, grass roots people of Libya. Although their Americanness seemed even more prominent and suspect, they felt that it was the right move. Their warm, generous neighbors, indeed, rejoiced with them when they brought home their second baby girl, Lavelle (April 7, 1969).

In addition to his pastoral responsibilities, Jerald was the Health Educator and Hospital Chaplain. Together with his colleague Nadie Kolta (from Egypt) he strategized to open health clubs around Benghazi.

Only a year and a half after the new hospital opened with great pageantry, however, a bloodless coup sent the old King into exile. Maamar Gdaffi set up a socialist state, and affairs spiraled downward. Jerald fought to maintain a Seventh-day Adventist presence in Libya, but in March 1970, it all came to an end. The day that the plane carrying the Whitehouses and the Kolta’s lifted off from Benghazi International Airport also marked the formal end of Adventist work in the country.

Tragic as their Libyan experience appeared to be at the time, unquestionably it set Jerald on a trajectory of caring deeply for Middle Eastern people. Naturally, he wondered what, if anything, he might have done differently. Had the mission been too much of an imposition of Western culture? How
might the gospel have been “customized” for the Libyan people? These were the questions that would challenge him even until today.

**Lebanon**

When Jerald and Judy returned from furlough they hoped for another full term in the Middle East. While awaiting their next assignment they lived once more in the guesthouse in Beirut and Jerald worked with Pastor Towfic Issa in his village of Zahle. With that godly man Jerald learned that witnessing could be truly open, not contrived or stressed, and he came to understand that God actually leads his witnesses to the seekers.

The Whitehouses moved next to the idyllic mountain village of Bekfaya, the peach capital of Lebanon, where they were the only Americans in town. There Judy gave birth to their third daughter, Yvette (May 14, 1972), and at the same time, learned kitchen Arabic from her neighbors.

Jerald began to seriously study Arabic for his work as Health and Temperance Secretary for the Eastern Mediterranean Field required him to travel not just in Lebanon but also in Syria and Jordan. In 1973 he was ordained to the gospel ministry with Bob Darnell preaching at that service. Jerald had long admired Darnell’s quiet scholarship and deep spirituality. Indeed, Darnell was a man far ahead of his time in his insights into conveying the gospel to the Muslim world.

**An American Interlude**

In June 1973 the Whitehouses returned to Loma Linda where Jerald enrolled in the doctoral program in Public Health with an emphasis on preventive care. He had become convinced that health would be a redemptive commonality with the Muslim populations, so to that end, he returned to graduate study.

Without financial sponsorship, the family had to live austerely. One Christmas Jeralyn wanted to take a nice gift to her teacher so her Mom gave her a jar of almonds. In tears, she cried, “When are we going to stop being poor?”

Jerald graduated in June of 1976 but prospects of returning to the Middle East seemed remote so he went to work in the Department of Preventive care in the Kaiser Permanente Hospital in Fontana. He even considered studying medicine to increase his usefulness, but because of his advanced age (thirty-three), he was refused admission by Loma Linda University’s School
of Medicine. Therefore, he took the eighteen-month degree to become a Physician’s Assistant.

He and Judy agreed that if they did not receive a call back to the Middle East by October 1, 1979, they would have to find a job in the States in order to survive financially. The road was getting rather bumpy but finally Jerald lined up a job in Milton-Freewater in Oregon, but licensure delayed the move.

Just in time an inquiry came from the General Conference: “Whitehouse, would you go to Sudan to head the new work just opening up there?” Thus a new trajectory was set. Jerald and Judy terminated their employment, attended the Institute of World Missions at Andrews University, and six weeks later hurried back to California to pack, visit family, and sell their house. They even ordered a Toyota Land Cruizer with Sudan specifications to be delivered in Africa. But weeks stretched into months of delay due to the real estate slump and their inability to sell their house.

Finally, with an apparent buyer lined up, Jerald left to attend the Interdenominational Frontier Mission Conference in Edinburgh (October 23, 1980) and to spend a month at the School of Tropical Medicine in Liverpool. Judy stayed behind to sign the escrow papers. Unfortunately the house did not sell. She encouraged Jerald to go on alone to Sudan. He reached Khartoum in December 1980 and stood by the banks of the Nile River as he prayed for the Good News to also reach the north of Sudan since the first church initiative would be in the Southern Regional capital of Juba and not in the (majority) Arab North.

Jerald’s departure began a six-month separation for the family during which time Judy’s father died and she had to face that loss alone. Neither she nor Jerald, however, were about to give up on the Sudan project. Finally, she leased the unsold house and flew to Nairobi with their three daughters in April 1981. Jerald met them there with the Land Cruizer. He looked deeply tanned, happy, and excited about the potential in Sudan. Together the reunited family drove (or winched as necessary) over the more than 800 miles of bush roads to their new home in Juba through gorgeous “Big Sky Country.”

The five Sudan years became the “core experience” for the whole family. Every prior experience and skill was formative, yet nothing could have prepared them for life in that big city built almost exclusively of mud and thatch huts. With the clinic overflowing with patients, the call for a permanent physician remained unfilled. To add to the stress the mission facilities had to be built and government relations (mostly far to the north
in Khartoum) demanded attention. In the fall of 1984 Jerald was able to negotiate an agreement allowing ADRA (Adventist Development and Relief Agency) to work nationwide, but facing all these enormous responsibilities, Jerald told God: “I can’t do it all! But I will treat whoever you place right in front of me.” Thankfully, his loyal clinic staff stood by his side and in the beginning it was his own three children who counted out pills!

Major changes were also occurring in the family. After the family furlough in the summer of 1983 Jeralyn remained in an academy in California. In August 1984, just a few weeks before Lavelle was to join Jeralyn at Weimar, premature twin girls were born at the government hospital in Sudan. When their mother did not survive, their father, Oresto Towe Mulukuat, asked that they be cared for at the clinic so nurses could teach bottle feeding. Generally motherless newborns did not survive in the subsistence economy where malnourishment for even children with breast-feeding mothers was endemic. On August 20, 1984, the father brought the nine-day-old gorgeous babies, each weighing only 4 2/3 pounds to the clinic so that their paternal grandma could be trained as their care giver. Knowing that the clinic could not sustain such vulnerable infants, Judy took them to their own house, and waited until Jerald came home from Khartoum. She knew him well and knew that his love for children was one of the things that made her love him even more.

Two daughters were studying in the United States, but two new ones had arrived. The adolescent world of the Whitehouse girls had been limited in some ways but also hugely expanded by the Sudan years. When their parents felt overwhelmed and discouraged, the girls often became the source of courage. Once they were settled at Weimar Academy the girls never once admitted to the keen homesickness they felt with the separation from their home, and even though Jerald had foreseen this sacrifice that comes with foreign mission service, it hit him as a hard reality when he watched it happen in his own family.

Meanwhile, Judy and Jerald had to keep the clinic going and nurture, among others, the Mulukuat daughters whom they had named Rebecca and Rakilly (the Sudanese name for Rachel). Jerald refused to accept as fact the first message from the American Embassy that said: “You will have to abandon your plan to take the children to the U.S.” In January 1986 he was right for the adoption was finalized and their U.S. citizenship was granted in August 1988.
Reverse Culture Shock

The Whitehouses took their final leave from Juba in September 1985. Rakilly and Rebecca were just thirteen months old. Jerald had been wearing too many hats during the Sudan years and was burnt out. Weimar Institute was a good place to rehabilitate so when Jerald was invited to become Director of the Outpatient Lifestyle Clinic he accepted. He later became the Chair of the Department of Health Ministry at Weimar College. Jerald’s ability to think outside the box helped him adjust from the vastness of the demands in Sudan (the largest country in Africa) to meet the demands of administration on the small Weimar College campus in the foothills of the Sierras. He managed to find common ground, however, with Weimar’s strong belief in outreach and even added an international flavor as his students started work among the Mung refugees in Sacramento.

In time Jerald’s health improved, but his chronic love for other cultures never left him. Therefore, he notified the General Conference in the spring of 1988 that he could consider another overseas assignment. His only stipulation was that the family be sent to a place that could support international telecommunication in order to strengthen the quality of the parenting he and Judy could have with their America-bound daughters.

First came a call to Niger, offering even more remoteness and isolation than the family had experiences in Sudan. Then, in February 1988, an invitation came directly from the Middle East Union to return to the Middle East as the Director of ADRA. This call resonated well with Jerald’s experience and language skills, to say nothing of his dreams.

Once more, he and Judy began the mental preparation to return overseas, and although they waited in excited suspense, the call was never passed on through the General Conference. The excitement quelled, disappointment and frustration ensued. But they were too busy to mope as they helped Jeralyn prepare for her wedding—a joyous occasion on June 5, 1988 when she became the bride of Robert Brossfield.

Bangladesh

Three days after the wedding, a formal request came from the Far Eastern Division (FED) headquartered in Singapore. “We need you as ADRA Director in Bangladesh. You need to arrive in Singapore not later than August 1.” Suddenly action escalated to a break-neck pace. Jerald quickly got help to build a garage to store their things—before he went to Haiti to do an ADRA evaluation as promised. Robert & Jeralyn headed to Andrews
to conclude their education. Lavelle, newly graduated from academy, elected to remain at Weimar College. Yvette decided to attend Far Eastern Academy in Singapore, while Jerald, Judy, and the twins went to Bangladesh. After landing at the Dhaka Airport, they made their tortuous way to the gated compound of the Bangladesh Adventist Union Mission.

Their flight just happened to be the very last flight before the airport closed. The Whitehouses had arrived in the sprawling, inundated capital just in time for the “Flood of the Century.” Public health issues were paramount, so immediately Jerald led his staff into the mayhem of dealing with the flood disaster. Although they had been without a director for some time, the workers immediately fell to the tasks of delivering potable water to flood victims and dealing with all the vast amount of human pain, hunger, and hopelessness that enveloped the country.

Bangladeshi floods come and go so eventually Jerald was able to move on to longer-term enterprises, such as well-drilling, sanitation management, and women’s projects. Because ADRA projects granted some dignity to the people, Jerald believed that these activities, in themselves, portrayed the gospel.

Meanwhile, he kept urging his prime concern: how to make the gospel relevant to Muslim people, in this time and this place. Endless ideas swarmed through his mind as he realized that very few of his experiences in the Middle East applied in Bangladesh. Sadly, after eighty-two years of Adventist Mission in Bangladesh, the gospel had still had very little impact.

Then, nearly halfway through their four-year term Jerald was urged by the Union President to prepare a proposal that could implement his ideas on how to minister to the people. At a committee in Singapore he received an encouraging vote of confidence. Working after hours and on weekends, Jerald became involved in what would be known as CTM (Contextualized Ministry). In fact, the General Conference representative present in Singapore later remarked, “That was a ‘God Thing’ that happened that day in Singapore.” Nonetheless, it led the Whitehouses down a very difficult path.

Regaining a Foothold Back Home

In 1992 Jerald and Judy permanently returned to the United States, anxious to be near their two college student daughters, Lavelle and Yvette. The Far Eastern Division offered Jerald the opportunity to continue to work with CTM throughout the FED from his home in the United States. They encouraged him to write to those leading the ministry and travel and consult
with them on a regular basis. Therefore, the family bought a home near Walla Walla College, and the twins entered grade two.

To Jerald’s infinite disappointment, however, the plan for the CTM work throughout the FED collapsed. Unemployed once more, how could he support his large family? Besides, how could his international experience and expertise be utilized in the Walla Walla Valley?

Once again Providence intervened. ADRA International called from the General Conference Headquarters, saying: “We know you’ve just settled down where you are. But would you consider a six-month contract as our new Senior Health Advisor for ADRA? We’re convinced we want you for the long term. We could fly you home every couple of months until you see how we like the situation.”

Jerald accepted, with haste. He flew East on New Year’s Day, 1993. By August the entire family moved to Silver Spring, Maryland and for the first time, Rebecca and Rakilly had a chance to be in school with African-American children.

Jerald’s job included much travel to countries on every continent. In several unentered places, he negotiated with government officials, offering ADRA services. He wrote proposals and kept his finger on the pulse of Adventist Mission worldwide.

Two years later (1995) he was asked to direct the Islamic Study Center, one of five Centers under the General Conference department of Adventist Mission (Buddhist, Hindu, Jewish and Post-Modern) which was later renamed the Global Center for Adventist Muslim Relations (GCAMR). Jerald’s mandate was to inspire models of gospel outreach among Ishmael’s descendents and to support and nurture the resulting believers. In June 2005, GCAMR was expanded and several families joined the center located in Cyprus. Jerald served as director of GCAMR for fifteen years. He traveled widely doing training, giving seminars, and empowering workers in a variety of approaches in many parts of the world. His was a creative response to new paradigms in cross cultural dialogue. This passion for mission, frontline experience, and a variety of vigorous strategies helped new work take root in a number of countries around the world. Jerald retired in June 2010.

Finally, two short stories that illustrate why mission has value even in the face of hardship and difficulties. Jerald and his friend and mentor Bob Darnell had the opportunity to return to Bangladesh on several occasions. When Jerald interviewed the new believers with the question: “What is different now?” the reply often came, “Oh, now I can sleep at night. I don’t fear the Day of Judgment. Now I have a Mediator.” Among Bob Darnell’s
last words to Jerald (1996) were these: “Keep working, it is God’s work, His methods. It’s His.”

In September 2009 the Whitehouses were invited to the 30th anniversary celebration of ADRA’s work in Sudan. Jerald and Judy were guests in the very home in Juba that they had vacated twenty-four years earlier. War, suffering, and exile have ravished that land, but the Church has remained. ADRA today employs 538 workers in South Sudan and more than 200 in the North. Obviously, God’s Spirit has been working gloriously. And the leaders of both the Sudanese church and ADRA today are those very young people Jerald and Judy knew decades ago. As Jerald would say, “Behold the Kingdom of God is among you! Ilhamdillallah!”

Epilogue: A Survey of Jerald Whitehouse’s Mission Philosophy

You will learn to know yourself.

Inevitably, foreign mission service reveals one’s own prejudices and motives, to say nothing of ego problems. While at Weimar, the Whitehouses expressed their excitement about their recent experiences in Sudan to a visiting church administrator. He commented, “Well, all of that time in Sudan will look good on your resume.” Passion for mission made that remark intolerable, and Jerald and Judy both thought: “Is that what we worked for in Juba?” Our resume? Merely a resume? A much higher reward was from the faithful clinic worker who said as they were leaving Sudan, “You have taught us how to love.” God himself had done such a work, of teaching people to love, while the Whitehouses well knew their own limitations, struggles, and human weaknesses. But it was nonetheless a sincere compliment, perhaps the highest ever received.

Never mind who gets the credit.

One day, Jerald was shocked to read an article in the Adventist Review about new developments in the work in Sudan. He could find no reference to his own pioneer work in Juba. “I guess we weren’t there at all,” he told Judy. “It must all have been a dream.” At first indignant, he realized that this oversight was a good lesson. “We needed to understand why we invested our hearts, souls, and financial resources in Sudan.” Rewards much higher than recognition in a journal article remain.
The gospel is best heard through complete cultural identity.

The missionary should not just import a list of doctrines appropriate in one's home culture. Rather, each missionary is sent to provide a fountain of hope. Jerald has believed, profoundly, that “our first task in approaching another people, another culture, another religion, is to take off our shoes, for the place we are approaching is holy.” Jerald believes that if we fail here “we may find ourselves treading on men's dreams. More serious still, we may forget that God was there before our arrival” (John V. Taylor, The Primal Vision, page 10).

Sometimes you can't focus on the “Gospel of Vegetarianism.”

The Whitehouses knew from their MCH (Maternal Child Health) program that Sudanese children often did not get enough food—of any kind. Again, what then, if your mother-in-law lives with you and wants chicken? Reason and flexibility are always in order.

Special social questions will arise.

What is a converted polygamist, who might be either Muslim or Christian, to do with his “extra” wives? How should one counsel a husband having problems paying off the dowry? Is there a way to accommodate tribal customs? What, in fact, should an Adventist wedding look like? As the national churches around the world mature, God's Spirit will HIMSELF direct the cultural applications of the gospel in those places.

Fear and ignorance will challenge you.

One must, for instance, deal with cultural practices that seem utterly contrary to common sense. For example, in South Sudan children suffer because their canine teeth are deemed “false” and the source of illness. Hence they are removed—often by barbarous means. Sometimes even from newborn infants. The results are horrific. Ignorance plays with people's minds and makes them gullible. Fear of the spirits and witchcraft often prevail even among the newly baptized. Because Christians are called to serve those who are vulnerable to both demons and men, they must give a gospel of hope.

Be aware that the missionary never stands alone.

Missionaries take up their tasks by means of commitment, make ongoing choices, and are impacted by missionaries of a prior generation. Theirs is never, however, a solo effort. They are sustained by a strong support system that is marked by countless selfless acts of kindness, large and small,
by people who pray and send funds, by volunteer teachers who educate their children so that the parents can stay in the field. God uses all kinds of human hands, even in their brokenness, to honor him.

Above all there are the families who have endured long and sometimes final separations. Even as their parents declined in health, both Jerald and Judy could do nothing but admire their spirit of sacrifice. As the Whitehouses prepared to leave for Sudan (1979) Jerald's frail mother wrote: “We’ve been thinking and crying, but we will go along with your decision. . . . We had been looking forward to your being closer and a bit of moral support for Dad, but we have been grateful that you have been closer these past few years. . . . So, much as we’d wanted you, you do what you think best.” On the occasion of Judy’s mother’s last Christmas (1978) when her cancer had returned, the Whitehouses were pondering a mission call. Judy faced the wrench of separation. Mom simply stated: “Now Judy! We believe in the resurrection. We’ll get together soon enough. You go!”

Not all advice is necessarily valid.

A seasoned missionary from the Middle East gave Jerald two pieces of advice early on. Both of them implied a “me-first” attitude that was utterly foreign to Jerald. In order to maintain his integrity Jerald broke both suggestions. That advice was to first of all, “Never apologize to a local person where you work because you will lose their respect.” Representing the Benghazi Adventist Hospital, Jerald once crossed the desert to supervise the setting up of a booth at the International Trade Fair in Tripoli. He observed that one of the Arab nurses was doing nothing, essentially filling an ornamental role amid the urgent and heavy construction work. Always focused on the job, Jerald roundly and publicly rebuked the man. Immediately, he knew he had overstepped his authority. He apologized. From that day forward he realized that one’s character is always measured by the way one treats one’s co-workers—even one’s enemies!

Second, Jerald was advised that “if you have a road accident, especially if someone is injured, run for your life.” During their time in Bekfaya, Lebanon, the Whitehouses realized that because they essentially “lived in a fish bowl,” for them transparency was a must. One night as they were driving out of the village someone stepped right into their path. Jerald slammed on the brakes. The brakes locked, the car went into a skid and knocked an elderly man down. Instantly, a crowd gathered. Quietly, Judy and the children walked home. With the help of bystanders, Jerald got the man into the car and took him to the hospital. After surgery for a broken femur, the patient received
several visits from Jerald. How could a missionary do otherwise or even think of leaving someone on the side of the street like road-kill? Jerald was far too conscious of his position as an emissary of heaven to consider such an alternative.

**Young people must be empowered to flourish within their own culture.**

One of Jerald’s own daughters concluded that “Dad has ‘fathered children’ all over this world!” and has helped young people realize that God speaks to all people through their culture.

**Consider the distance between existing Adventists and Muslim-majority communities.**

Jerald has ached for a bridge of congeniality that would connect Adventists and Muslim peoples. The coming of Adventism to a community must not be by attack, by demeaning, or outrage, or shaming. Rather the gospel must come by the methods exhibited in the Lord's own ministry. One MBB (Muslim background believer) student told Jerald, “Thank you for teaching me to love my own people.”

**Examine your building priorities.**

Jerald’s dad always said: “Don’t use a bigger hammer. Get a better wrench.” Jerald learned to use appropriate tools, strategic to good workmanship in either the woods or the world during these end times. The strategic thinking Jerald learned in his doctoral studies—although intended for global health—applies to global ministry. His work has been about building the Kingdom of God, person by person, with tools culturally unique to the hearers. Institutions are only secondary.

**Jerald’s Sayings**

The authenticity of one’s alignment with a God of grace is exhibited by how gracious is one’s witness.

There is conflict between the *institutions* of Christendom and Islam. The conflict need not be between believers in the same Creator and Incarnational God.

The gospel has no closed countries. Doors may be closed to American foreign policy, but not to the gospel.
It is unethical to compare the best of Christianity with the worst of Islam.

Humans, we and they, have an argument need. It is a useless exercise. “No one ever converted to Christianity because they lost an argument” (Phillip Yancey).

The gospel is about refuting the devil’s accusations to undermine the character of God, and secondly about saving the lost. If (God forbid) one of us should look up from the lake of fire to see the face of God, it would be the kindest face (Thank you Jack Provonsha).

Mission witness is a two way street. Missionaries must have humility to learn the spiritual lessons in other’s heritage and worldview. Witnesses must reveal their deep spirituality to the recipient culture in practices perceived as godly in those cultures (such as dress, lifestyle, and integrity). In that kind of process missionaries themselves becomes enriched and changed in positive ways.

We, like the recipients of our witness, stand in need of the same indispensable grace.

To name the name of Jesus is to introduce a peace offering, slain, not a battle cry!

It’s important to know, in cosmic terms, who we are, who they are, and what we have to offer.

The kind of a God we worship will be reflected in the winsomeness or lack of it in our witness.

God has given the Qur’an as a bridge to the Bible for the peoples of the East. The Qur’an is not complete truth, but a bridge. This is much like Ellen White’s description of Jesus’ teaching—accessing people “by the pathway of their most familiar associations” (Ministry of Healing, page 23).

To call oneself a Christian in the non-Christian world is to say: (1) I am hedonistic like in the Hollywood movies, (2) I eat pork, (3) I don’t practice polygamy, but I practice serial polygamy, and (4) I’m part of the Western conspiracy to destroy Islam. To say “I am a believer, a follower of Jesus
Christ” conveys a completely different message.

To minister in Jesus’ name is to do the work he did, relieving oppression, healing, and accepting broken people (ADRA).

“He knoweth the way that we take, and when He has tried us, we [his global people] shall come forth as gold!” (Job 23:12).

“And the earth will be filled with a knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea” (Hab 2:14).