

Glorious Hope Slavná naděje

Vol. 34 N° 5-6 2008

Ročník 34, číslo 5-6 2008

**Dobrořečte stále
za všetko Bohu a Otci**

Efez. 5, 20a



**Vždycky za všechno
děkujte Bohu a Otci**

Efez. 5, 20a



Always giving thanks to God the Father for everything

Eph. 5: 20a

Convention Mission Statement

The Czechoslovak Baptist Convention of USA and Canada exists 1) to assist in extending the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in lands of central and eastern Europe, particularly the Czech and Slovak Republics; 2) to support the work of Baptists and other evangelical churches in North America that minister to persons of Czech and Slovak descent, and 3) to provide a Christian context for worship, fellowship, teaching, and appreciation of heritage among those in the United States and Canada who bear interest in the nationalities we represent.

Misijsní poslání konvence

Československá baptistická konvence Spojených států a Kanady byla ustanovena za účelem: 1) napomáhat v šíření evangelia našeho Pána Ježíše Krista v zemích střední a východní Evropy, zvláště v České a Slovenské republice; 2) podporovat práci baptistů a jiných evangelikálních církví v severní Americe, které slouží českým a slovenským potomkům; 3) předložit formu bohoslužby, obecnství a učení, vážit si dědictví těch, ve Spojených státech a v Kanadě, kterým leží na srdci národy, které reprezentujeme.

Contents:

Editorial - Natasha Laurinc	2
The Beginning of Wisdom - Stan Mantle	3
Reflections On Israel's 60 th Anniversary - Donald Shoff	6
Ladies' Page - Dorothy Dvorak, Marija Sommer	8
Bible Study on Heaven, part 1b - Ruby Mikulencak	10
Slovak Bible Study, part 1 - Rev. Jan Franka	12
Mission Field - The Potmas, The Poenaru team	14
Children's Corner - Natasha Laurinc	16
Dětský koutek - Nataša Laurincová	18
Youth Scene - Tony Pknjac	20
From the Executive Secretary - George Sommer	21
50 th Wedding Anniversary - Bill and Doreen Springle	21
From the President - Robert Dvorak	22
Robert Dvorak 70? - Dorothy Dvorak	22
A Tribute to Dr. Rev. Andrew Kmetko - Thomas Kmetko	23
Convention Echoes in Pictures, part 2	24

Glorious Hope / Slavná naděje

Volume 34, N° 5-6 2008
(USPS 009334), ISSN 0700-5202
Published Bi-Monthly by
The Czechoslovak Baptist Convention
of USA and Canada
Periodical postage paid in Philippi, WV.
Editor-in-Chief: Natasha Legierski-Laurinc
email: natasha.legierski@sympatico.ca
You may send articles to above address
Desktop publishing and art: Vit Malek
Assistant Editors: Janice Cermak, Ján Banko
Production Manager: George Sommer
Editorial Staff: George Sommer,
Joseph Novak
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
Publication Office:
Glorious Hope / Slavná naděje
Rt. 4, Box 58D, Philippi, WV 26416-9717 USA
email: george.sommer@ab.edu
WWW.CZSKBC.ORG

Editorial



An oak leaf sails gently to the ground. A second leaf, a third, and a fourth fall closely after the first, as if attempting to catch up to it. Splotches of gold are scattered all across the green lawn, shimmering in the sun's teasing rays. All indicators of imminent change. Autumn has arrived in the Northern Hemisphere, and winter will not allow itself to be

waited for very long. Nature is preparing for its rest, so that come spring, it can awaken and bring forth fruit on which the whole human race depends.

That is why Thanksgiving is celebrated. It is a time when thanks is given for the abundance of the past year. Nothing is certain. Everything is connected. Everything is a part of something else. These ties and connections are fascinating. Nature has its own fixed order. If it does not rest, it cannot then bud and grow. It is necessary to know these principles. Children learn the basic laws of nature in elementary school. They learn to respect them. The word respect indicates a consideration for, economy, esteem for, a regard for, and a sense of duty towards. Its origin is found in the Latin tongue. A lack of respect leads to imbalance. It is simple to analogize nature to a personal, private life. Imbalance leads to a collapse. This is why balance is so important.

☞ Continues on page 5

Dubový list pomalu padá k zemi. Za ním druhý, třetí, čtvrtý. Jakoby se chtěly dohonit. Troubí po trávníku zlaté skvrny. Sluneční paprsky hru zlata dokreslují. Vše nasvědčuje blížící se změně. V severní hemisféře nastal podzim. Zima na sebe nedá dlouho čekat. Příroda se připravuje k odpočinku, aby opět na jaře procitla a přinesla užitek, na který spoléhá celé lidstvo.

Proto se slaví den děkování. Je to svátek, kdy se děkuje za dobrodiní uplynulého roku. Nic není samozřejmostí. Všechno na sebe navazuje. Vše je součástí něčeho. Tyto souvislosti a návaznosti jsou fascinující. Příroda má svůj stanovený řád. Pokud si příroda neodpočine, nezarodí. Je nutné tyto zákony znát. O zákonech přírody se děti učí již v obecné škole. Učí se je respektovat. Slovo *respekt* vyjadřuje ohled, šetrnost, vážnost, uctívost, úctu. Původ je z latinského jazyka. Nedostatek respektu vede k nerovnováze. Od přírody je snadné přejít do oblasti osobního, soukromého života. Nerovnováha vede ke kolapsu. Proto je rovnováha velice důležitá.

Je možné respektovat přírodu a její zákony a nerespektovat potřeby či existenci bližního? Je možné respektovat bližního a ignorovat Boha Stvořitele? Je možné slavit děkování a nerespektovat původce vši rovnováhy? Přístup k Bohu Stvořiteli musí být rovněž v rovnováze. Bůh je stálý a neměnný. Tendence člověka je přizpůsobovat si Boha všemožnými způsoby. Historie podává jasné

☞ Pokračování na straně 5



Pictures: Dusko Pilic, Maja & Darko Siracki, George Sommer and others



The Beginning of Wisdom

Rev. Stan Mantle

Job 28:20, 23–28

Picture two houses going up, side by side. The workers are scurrying back and forth like ants bringing in the material. For each house, the frame goes up, and the rafters are carefully laid, coming together at appointed angles and fastened in place. In their turn the plumbing, electrical wiring, including cable for TV and internet, flooring, drywall and painting are completed. Next comes the finely appointed furniture, chosen with thought to colour and style and function, to make the rooms comfortable but also to express the personality and taste of the owner. The outside must be beautiful too, so as work continues on the inside, landscapers mould and shape the lawn and gardens, adding bushes and trees and walkways to complement the homes around which they lay like an adorning necklace. Finally into each of the houses a family moves and makes it their home.

Fast forward.... The weather station is reporting a storm warning, advising people to stay home and take shelter. Both families heed the warning and watch from their windows the dark clouds quickly gathering. The wind is picking up too, and the first tentative raindrops fall. In expectation all await the cloud-burst which, after a lull and a pause, falls upon the two houses with sudden strength and fury. The wind taking its cue rises in raging sympathy with the deluge. Inside their homes the occupants reassure themselves by remarking on the solid walls and sturdy roofs within and under which they are huddled.

Suddenly with a creaking and wrenching and tearing, one of the homes splits apart. Rushing water has washed away the ground beneath it and with no foundation the house in a matter of minutes collapses into a heap of ruin. Next door the other house, battered and shaken by the storm's violence, stands nevertheless. When finally the storm subsides, the family in this house is safe. The one in the other is sadly lost, their shelter having become their tomb.

An investigation was launched to seek to determine the reason for the different fates of the two houses, and it was found that the failed house sat on a sandy base which had quickly washed out when the flood came. The house which withstood and survived the tumult and torrent, however, sat upon a base of deep rock. When the flood had passed, it remained safe and secure atop its solid foundation of rock.

Does this sound familiar? It should, for it is a story which



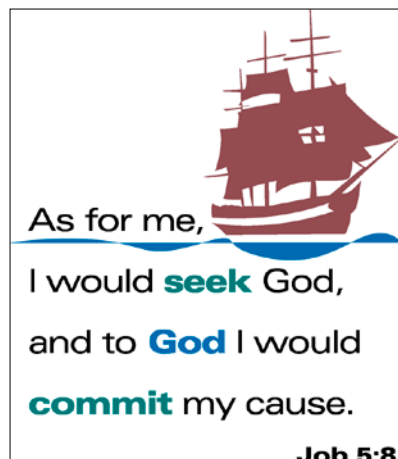
Jesus told (Matthew 7). I recently saw on the news a picture of a house literally toppling over into a river when its foundation was cut away by the rushing water. What a waste, what a loss, what a tragedy, but it powerfully illustrates the point Jesus was making which was the crucial importance of having a solid foundation for a house and a life.

The different choices the men made for the foundation of their houses Jesus traced back to something in the men. He called the one man foolish, the other wise. Now it doesn't take a

Solomon, on seeing where the water washed away the foundation of the house which collapsed, and on viewing the wreckage and ruin of that house, to say the man should have built it on rock. After the disaster, that is plain enough for anyone to see. What takes wisdom is to discern beforehand where one should build.

Wisdom is the ability to know ahead of time the right thing to do. The one who is wise is able to make decisions which, conforming to the laws of the universe, cause their work to be successful, their efforts to accumulate to significance and meaning, their plans and purposes to be established and long-lasting.

The ancient book of Job, from which we take our text this evening, is about this kind of wisdom. It tells the story of Job, a righteous man blessed with wealth and health and happy and harmonious family relations, who is suddenly beset with the reversal of all these things. His friends come by, presumably to offer care and consolation in his sorrow, but end up for the most part telling him he must have done something wrong—must have sinned secretly and inwardly if not outwardly to have such calamity strike down in swift succession his goods and his family and his health. The reader is given to know from the introduction that God has given Satan permission to test Job to see if Job's faithfulness is only due to the Lord's blessing and protecting him. Satan had insolently claimed:



"Does Job fear God for nothing? Have you not put a hedge around him and his household and everything he has?... But stretch out your hand and strike everything he has, and he will surely curse you to his face." (Job 1:9–11)

And God had responded:

"Very well, then, everything he has is in your hands, but on the man himself do not lay a finger." (Job 1:12a)

When Job stood firm, enduring the loss of his goods and family without giving Satan the result he was looking for, Satan sought and obtained permission to go even further. “Skin for skin,” he cynically suggested to God.

“A man will give all he has for his own life. But stretch out your hand and strike his flesh and bones, and he will surely curse you to your face.” (Job 2:4-5)

And God said,
“Very well, then, he is in your hands; but you must spare his life.”
 (Job 2:6)

So here in dramatic fashion the mystery of the human predicament is played out, Job and his friends arguing back and forth, his friends calling him to account and Job maintaining his innocence, while in the spiritual realm a grand cosmic contest is underway. As though to emphasize the despair and futility of human reasoning in searching out such mysteries, Job’s friend Bildad the Shuite concludes his remarks with this cheery note:

“How then can a man be righteous before God? How can one born of woman be pure? If even the moon is not bright and the stars are not pure in his eyes, how much less man, who is but a maggot—a son of man who is only a worm!” (Job 25:4-6)

So much for human philosophy. What a great comfort this must have been for poor Job.

But then, after the prolonged dialogue between Job and his friends and before a couple of lengthy speeches by Job and one of the friends Elhu, leading up to the Lord finally addressing Job, we have a sort of interlude in chapter 28. There is some discussion as to who is speaking here, but one suggestion is that it is the narrator, interjecting at this pause point to highlight the theme of wisdom at the heart of the mystery of Job’s suffering.

It is in the midst of this beautiful poem about wisdom that our text is placed. And so in the time remaining to us we will look at what is said here about wisdom, and particularly, the beginning of wisdom. We will see that wisdom is

Valuable, Hidden,
 Revealed, and Awesome.

An item’s value is not always apparent. There is a show on cable TV called The Antique Road Show, where people bring in items from their attics or basement for appraisal; old tables, pictures, goblets, vases, anything old and exotic, or maybe just old. An expert looks over the piece passed down one generation to the next or perhaps acquired recently at a garage sale, and makes a determination of whether it is junk, a valuable heirloom worth perhaps tens of thousands of dollars or somewhere in between. The value of wisdom is like this. In fact Job 28:13a says plainly *“Man does not comprehend its worth...”*

The danger which follows from this is that in not comprehending, not realizing the worth of wisdom, we may fail to seek it out and never gain its treasure. And the Scripture maintains that it is a great treasure indeed. Earthly treasure consists of such things as gold and precious jewels. Against these the treasure of

wisdom is compared and not found wanting. Listen to the value attributed to wisdom here in Job 28.

“It cannot be bought with the finest gold, nor can its price be weighed in silver. It cannot be bought with the gold of Ophir, with precious onyx or sapphires. Neither gold nor crystal can compare with it, nor can it be had for jewels of gold. Coral and jasper are not worthy of mention; the price of wisdom is beyond rubies.” (Job 28:15-18)

The message here is that wisdom is something of such incredible worth that it surpasses by far all the categories of exceeding value we are used to. If only this wisdom could be obtained, we would have a treasure of immeasurable proportions.

This leads, naturally enough, to the question of verse 12: *“... where can wisdom be found? Where does understanding dwell?”* or as it is repeated and rephrased in verse 20: *“Where then does wisdom come from? Where does understanding dwell?”*

Well, it turns out that this is a pretty big question, and a wide-ranging search returns dismally empty: *“... it cannot be found in the land of the living. The deep says, ‘It’s not in me’; the sea says, ‘It’s not with me,’”* we read in verse 13b-14.

Destruction and Death even speak up in verse 22 declaring: *“Only a rumor of it has reached our ears.”*

Well I suppose that’s a relief. We didn’t really want to go looking for it there, did we?

But the problem remains. The great treasure of Wisdom is concealed and hidden from our view. With the great treasures of earth, this problem has not proved insurmountable. Gold and precious stones are buried in the depths of the earth, and human beings, with great ingenuity and stubborn determination, have worked to dig them out. The poet of Job 28 pictures the noble task of mining:

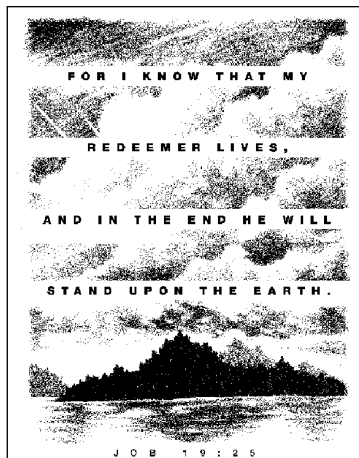
“There is a mine for silver and a place where gold is refined. Iron is taken from the earth, and copper is smelted from ore. Man puts an end to the darkness; he searches the farthest recesses for ore in the blackest darkness. Far from where people dwell he cuts a shaft, in places forgotten by the foot of man; far from men he dangles and sways. The earth from which food comes is transformed below as by fire; sapphires come from its rocks, and its dust contains nuggets of gold. No bird of prey knows that hidden path, no falcon’s eye has seen it. Proud beasts do not set foot on it, and no lion prowls there. Man’s hand assaults the flinty rock and lays bare the roots of the mountains. He tunnels through the rock; his eye sees all its treasures. He searches the sources of the rivers and brings hidden things to light.” (Job 28:1-11)

But how do you dig out treasures not found in the land of the living, neither in the deep or the sea, and concerning which even Destruction and Death have only heard a rumor?

Conclusion in the next issue

This message was presented Thursday, July 10, 2008, during the 99th Annual Convention in Philippi, West Virginia

□



Children's Corner... Continues from page 17

his voice failed. Just moments ago he had been so proud of himself, and now he just wanted to cry. But he thought himself too grown-up to cry. Rudolf slowly climbed down the tree, his bushy tail dragging unhappily behind him. One moment he felt sad, then angry, then sad again. So much work and nothing to show for it. He squeezed out a big tear and gazed up at the spreading oak with its wide-spreading branches. That was his native home. He made up his mind to climb up the tree. He knocked timidly on the door, and Mother opened it. She knew immediately that something was wrong. She didn't allow her expression to give anything away, but invited her son to tea. He always liked rosehip tea with a little honey when he wasn't feeling well, so rosehip tea might help. Mother wanted to know how Rudolf was doing. As she prepared the tea, Mother watched him out of the corner of her eye. She hadn't seen him in many weeks. Since he had moved out, he had made it very clear that he didn't need anybody. While they had their tea, Rudolf began fidgeting nervously. Mother knew very well that he had something on his heart. It is very important to listen to what your son has to say. So she waited. Learning to listen is the key to building good relationships. Only with listening can a problem or misunderstanding be resolved. How difficult it was for Rudolf to speak! He began in a roundabout way. He wanted to know what the proven method for storing acorns for the winter was. 'So that's what this is about,' Mother thought, breathing a sigh of relief. She had been worried that it might be about a more serious matter. She started talking and Rudolph, interested, listened intently while sipping his rosehip tea. It warmed him pleasantly. Mother even mentioned some secrets of storing food supply that are passed down from generation to generation, so that even the cruelest winters could be endured. Eventually Rudolf decided to tell his mother what had happened. And that pride was there. 'Of course we are neighbours,' encouraged Mother. Rudolf was welcome to visit any time, as they had enough provisions for him as well.

Rudolf felt relieved. His inexperience had caused him to find himself in this situation. He was so happy to have such a wonderful mother. He gave her a big hug with his paws and thanked her. Mother saw him to the door with a big smile on her face. 'Even the humans like to have us here,' she reminded him. 'Every Christmas they scatter peanuts at the foot of the oak tree as a special treat. They celebrate the birth of God's Son. They believe that God's love came to earth. They express love not only toward one another but to all creation.' Yes, the humans were kind to them. Father often reminded the children how good it is to live at peace with all neighbours—including human ones."

Grandpa stopped talking. The children still wanted to know how things turned out for Rudolf. But that would be a long story. It would have to wait for another time. "Rudolf never again brushed off the advice of those older and more experienced," added Grandpa. Now he wanted to go to sleep.

In bed, Susan listened to the wailing wind and thought about what she would do if she were completely alone. She didn't like the thought of that one bit. It was so nice that they had a home, Grandma, Grandpa and everything so...

Regular, even breathing finished the little squirrel's thoughts and brought her over to the realm of dreams.

Translated by *Elizabeth J. Fields*



Editorial... Continues from page 2

Is it possible to respect nature and its laws without respecting the needs or even the existence of one another? Is it possible to respect others while ignoring God the creator? Is it possible to celebrate Thanksgiving and have no regard for the source of all balance? An approach to God the creator must also be balanced. God is eternal and unchanging. We human beings have the tendency to approach God in many different, ever-changing ways. History gives clear examples of the destructive and irreversible consequences that resulted from God being adapted to people's notions of Him. Crime was often the outcome. In fact, today crime is still the outcome. Dates and years are irrelevant.

If nature is in balance, it produces a good harvest. If one lives a balanced life, a harvest of good fruit will be brought forth throughout one's lifetime.

A balanced human being is also able to give thanks not only for the harvest. Times of thanksgiving subconsciously become a part of everyday life.

"And ...always give thanks for everything to God the Father..."
(Eph. 5:20)

Editor In-Chief *Natasha Laurinc*
Translated by *Elizabeth J. Fields*



Editorial... Pokračování ze strany 2

svědectví o zhoubných a nenapravitelných následcích, kdy byl Bůh přizpůsobován představám člověka. Docházelo i ke zločinům. Ke zločinům dochází vlastně stále. Nezáleží na letopočtu.

Je-li příroda v rovnováze, přináší dobrou úrodu. Žije-li člověk vyrovnaným životem, přináší užitek v průběhu svého života.

Vyrovnaný člověk je také schopen plně vyjádřit díky nejen za úrodu. Období dikůvzdání se tak stane neodmyslitelnou součástí jeho života.

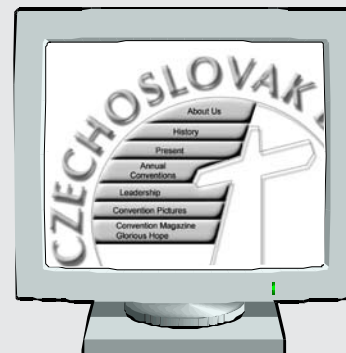
"Vždycky za všechno děkujte Bohu..." (Efez. 5; 20a NBK)

Šéfredaktorka *Nataša Laurincová*



Check our NEW Convention Web pages:

WWW.CZSKBC.ORG
WWW.GLOUROUSHOPE.INFO
WWW.CZSKBC100.INFO



Reflections On Israel's 60th Anniversary

Dr. Donald Shoff

The history of the modern nation of Israel is a fascinating, almost unbelievable, story. It is a marvelous account of divine providence.

Judy and I were in Israel this past summer during the time of the Czech Convention. We were sorry to have missed the convention since it has become a high point in our year. However, we had the privilege of co-hosting a Bible Lands Tour with our son-in-law who is a pastor in the Los Angeles area. Since the tour was during summer vacation, our daughter and three of our grandchildren were also able to go. This was a wonderful experience for our family.

Although this was my ninth time to visit the land of Israel, I believe I was as excited as the first time I visited there. This year, 2008, marks the 60th Anniversary of the founding of the modern state of Israel. All that has happened in that land since those Jewish settlers gathered in Tel Aviv on May 14, 1948, to declare to the world that Israel was now a sovereign, independence state, is truly remarkable

That action was in accord with the resolution of the United Nations passed on November 29, 1947, giving part of Palestine to the Jews to re-establish the nation of Israel as their homeland. Just a few hours after Israel formally became an independent nation, the United States and several other governments announced that they were recognizing the legitimacy of this newly formed nation and were establishing diplomatic relations with Israel.

This, however, did not deter Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq from launching an all-out military attack on this tiny, fragile state. The announced intent of those five Arab nations was to destroy Israel and to annihilate the Jews. But God had other plans, as has often been the case through the centuries. In what became known as Israel's War of Independence, this newly formed, poorly equipped, and vastly outnumbered little army repulsed the five invading nations. In the process, however, Israel lost over 6,000 lives, which was nearly one percent of the population of the country at that time. Through the years, Israel has had to fight a number of other wars of survival. And, like the first, they have prevailed each time. Today Israel has the strongest military in the Middle East.

Along with the survivors of the Nazi Holocaust, oppressed Jewish people from the Soviet Union and many other parts of the world have continued over the years to migrate to Israel. These brave people, undaunted by difficulties, restrictions and dangers, have never ceased to assert their right to a life of dignity, freedom,

and honest toil in their national homeland.

No people or group has ever expressed a devotion to the land of their origin with as much intensity and consistency as have the Jewish people. For centuries, it seemed that no one but the Jews wanted this land. A hundred years ago, Mark Twain described it as "a desolate country, which sits in sackcloth and ashes, a silent mournful expanse, which not even imagination can grace with the pomp of life." In spite of its desolation, for centuries Jewish people have repeated the cry of the Psalmist, "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand lose its cunning." For centuries, they encouraged each other with the greeting, "Next year in Jerusalem." For centuries their prayers, literature, and folklore expressed a powerful longing to return to this land.

Not only has modern Israel defended their homeland, they have made it blossom like a rose. It is remarkable that this small country,

which a century ago Mark Twain described as desolate, has now become a major exporter of agricultural products. In fact, 2.8% of the country's Gross Domestic Product¹ is derived from agriculture. Apart from grain, Israel imports no food products and is one of the world's major exporters of citrus fruit and several other foods.

Israel's economy is now among the strongest of any nation in that part of the world. In the past few years, there has been an unprecedented inflow of foreign investment, as companies that formerly shunned the Israeli market now see its economic potential. According to the Inter-

national Monetary Fund, Israel's per capita GDP in 2007 was \$31,767, which is on par with most Western European countries like France or Italy, and higher than all Eastern European countries. The economy grew by 8% in the last quarter of 2006, the fastest growth of any Western nation. The median household income in Israel is seventh in the world, just behind the United Kingdom.

As impressive as these statistics are, this is not what attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors to that land every year. Rather, it is the fact that Israel is the birthplace of three of the world's major religions—Judaism, Christianity and Islam. For some, a visit to Israel is a religious pilgrimage to touch the sacred sites and thus gain merit with God. Not so for Evangelical Christians. It is not that we believe there is something intrinsically sacred or holy in one piece of ground more than another, or one material object more

1 The total value of goods produced and services provided in a country during one year.



Damascus Gate

than another. For us it is a Bible Lands Tour. Christians come to a fuller understanding of Scripture, as they understand better the geography; topography and culture of the land where the Word became flesh and made His dwelling among us. Few things give insight into Scripture like visiting Israel.

Perhaps you have given thought to joining a Bible Lands Tour. I encourage you to do it. It is my conviction that a tour of Israel will add a new dimension to your Christian faith. The Bible always speaks...but never more clearly than when you are in the land of its roots. The ancient historian Jerome had this in mind when he wrote that "the land itself is the fifth gospel." It is impossible to say that one site is more important to see than another. However, let me mention a few that grab my attention and my heart each time I travel this exciting land.

The Shrine of the Book

The unique structure called The Shrine of the Book houses the famous Dead Sea Scrolls. The shrine is a very original structure that is linked to the scrolls it displays by a series of key symbols. The dome is the shape of the lids of the jars in which the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. The long tunnel-like entrance, with niches containing household effects, shreds of cloth and letter fragments, gives the feeling of being underground while the large circular rock-faced room under the shrine symbolizes a cave.

In celebration of Israel's 60th Anniversary, we had the rare privilege of viewing one of the oldest, most complete, and best preserved of all the Dead Sea Scrolls. What is known as the Isaiah Scroll, housed at the Israel Museum in The Shrine of the Book, is one of the most important ancient biblical documents ever discovered. It was discovered in 1947 in a cave near Qumran, on the northwestern shore of the Dead Sea. Of the 220 biblical scrolls found in the Qumran area, the Isaiah Scroll is one of the best preserved and the only one containing an entire biblical book. This scroll dates from approximately 120 B.C. and is one thousand years older than the oldest biblical manuscript known to biblical scholars before its discovery. The discovery of this one manuscript has done a great deal to bolster confidence in the integrity and accuracy of our present biblical text.

The Model of Jerusalem

Also, on the grounds of the Israel Museum, next to The Shrine of the Book, is a 1:50 scale model of Jerusalem as it was during the time of Christ. Time spent walking around and studying this model helps you place many of today's historic remains in the Old City and vicinity in their proper perspective. A magnificent city surrounded the three sides of the 15-story, gleaming white marble temple which was the most beautiful structure of all Herod's great building projects. Sadly, the Roman army destroyed the temple and most of the city in 66 A.D. This model gives us as accurate a view as possible of what the city of Jerusalem looked like during the time of our Lord.

The model was constructed after extensive research and under the careful guidance of leading archaeologists and topographical authorities. Whenever possible, original materials of marble, stone, wood, copper and iron have been used in the model's construction, just as they would have been used in the first century. This exquisite model of ancient Jerusalem, with its monuments, splendid public buildings, palaces, fortification, and, of course, the Jewish temple, is necessary for every visitor who desires a fuller understanding of the Gospels.

The Temple Mount

The golden dome atop what is called the Dome of the Rock is probably more representative of Jerusalem and seen in more pictures of Jerusalem than any other site. The building stands on what is believed to be Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered Isaac. It is on the site where Solomon built the first temple, which was destroyed in 586 B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar.

In 20 B.C., Herod the Great enlarged the temple area and began construction on what is now known as the Second Temple. This was the temple in existence in the time of Christ and to which His disciples called His attention in Luke 21:5: *"Some of his disciples were remarking about how the temple was adorned with beautiful stones and gifts dedicated to God."*

The Dome of the Rock that stands on the Temple Mount today was built in 691 A.D. It was originally built not as a mosque but rather as an ornate structure to protect the Rock of Foundation and to establish a Muslim presence in Jerusalem. It was intended to rival the large Christian churches in Jerusalem and to provide a message to the Jews that Islam had superseded their faith.

The Dome is built over a large rock about 40 by 52 feet. Many believe this stone formed the base of the Jewish altar for burnt offering. There are grooves in the rock with a hole in the middle. It was through this hole

that the blood and refuse were taken down and out of the temple and through the Dung Gate to the valley below.

The Muslims believe that Mohammed went to heaven on his winged steed, el-Baruk, from this rock. There is a hollowed out chamber beneath the rock, called the Well of Souls. Muslims believe that the dead meet there twice a week to pray. To Muslims this rock is considered second in sanctity only to Mecca and Medina as a Moslem shrine.

I would encourage you to begin to draw from the large body of literature available today that gives invaluable insights into the history and geography of the lands of the Bible. A good and inexpensive place to begin is the Internet. Admittedly, some websites are weak, but some are excellent. Also, I have found Google to be a great help when doing research. Perhaps more of us will join in the affirmation, *"Next year in Jerusalem"*—but not during the Czechoslovak Convention.

□



Dome of the Rock



Rug hooking is my hobby. It takes years to complete a rug. I am very excited to have just finished one. I was able to finish it because this winter we lived near the ocean and I worked on the rug as I sat by the water and waited for the sunset.

I love being at the seaside. The ocean is one of God's

greatest gifts to me. I know that God is everywhere, but I sense God's presence most clearly when I am by the water.

Chicago was my home when I was a child. It is a long way from the ocean. The first time I visited the ocean with my family, my mother stood at the water's edge and wept. She was missing her home in England. She left England in 1935, and never went back. She never saw her mother again, and she had to wait fifty years before she saw her only brother. Many of you have similar stories to tell. You live with memories that make you think of home longingly. We also long for our heavenly home. We sing, "This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing thru." While we live here on earth, we are preparing for eternal life in our heavenly home.

The time that I spend on the beach, awaiting the sunset, is time that I also anticipate going to be with Christ in heaven. The beauty of the sea and the grandeur of creation overwhelm me. I am humbled to think that God, the creator, loves me, walks with me. God speaks to me at the ocean, both in the crashing waves and in the stillness. As the sun sinks into the ocean there is intense stillness. But I want to shout, "Glorious, glorious, glorious."

"Praise be to his glorious name forever.

May the whole earth be filled with his glory." Psalm 72:19

Dorothy Dvorak



To All Ladies

Dear ladies,
I have been asked to coordinate the banquet which will be on Saturday at 5 o'clock. The Sodexo Food Company will prepare a special meal. I would like to ask all ladies coming to Centennial convention to bring a box or two of Czechoslovakian sweets (colacky, strudels, cookies etc.) In cafeteria they have huge refrigerators and freezers to store all goodies until Saturday. You can call me anytime and let me know so I can plan ahead. At this point we are expecting 400-500 people attending Centennial Celebration, so we will need a lot of goodies. Since everyone enjoys home made Czechoslovakian goodies, I hope we can have a special treat that evening. Please think about it and let me now ASAP.

My phone: 1-304-457-4287,

email: manjavs@gmail.com

More information will be in the next issue of *Glorious Hope*.

Thank you.

Marija Sommer



Donations

All donation should be send in **enclosed envelope**.

The checks will be delivered to right financial secretaries. (Vera Dors, Henry Pojman, Marija Sommer or Donna Nesvadba.)

• **Gifts for Ladies' work**—make check payable to **Czechoslovak Baptist Women's Missionary Union**.

• **Gifts for Convention**—make check payable to **Czechoslovak Baptist Convention**. On the bottom of the check mark to what account you are sending your contribution: Convention, *Glorious Hope*, Trust Fund, or Scholarship Fund.

☞ You may send separate check (one for Ladies and one for convention accounts) in the same envelope.

☞ If you are sending contributions for **convention** (Convention, *Glorious Hope* etc., you may send only one check, and write on the bottom how you want to divide the amount (for example: Total \$150; \$100 Convention, \$50 *Glorious Hope* etc.) You do not have to send two separate checks.

For your information, financial secretaries' addresses are as follows:

USA:

Vera Dors
6621 Elmdale Rd.
Middleburg Hts, OH, 44130

Canada:

Henry Pojman
1305 Inglehart Dr
Burlington, ON L7M 4X6



A Tribute to Dr. Rev. Andrew Kmetko... from page 23

Interestingly enough, though our dad had grown up in a household where Slovak was spoken, he was so determined to be an assimilated American that he forgot much of his Slovak.

When his first church required a sermon in Slovak on Sundays, he had to hire a tutor to help him relearn Slovak. For many years he preached at two Sunday morning services, one in Slovak, the other in English. Many of his congregations spoke both languages and would sit through both services. So, he couldn't get away with the same sermon spoken in two languages. He had to prepare two different sermons.

Fortunately, our mom was a great typist. Dad wrote his sermons out by hand. Then Mom typed them up in English *and* Slovak. In fact she got so good at it, that she often corrected misspellings in both languages. (My dad was not a great speller)

In 1948, we moved to Cleveland, where our dad pastored the Scranton Road Baptist Church. When we left Cleveland in 1959, there were seven of us. In Chicago, our dad first pastored the New Covenant Baptist Church, and then the Montrose Avenue Baptist Church. It was the church from which he retired.

In retirement, my parents joined the First Baptist Church of Park Ridge, where we are today. He preached many sermons here, and led a Bible study class on Sunday mornings until just a few years ago. I know that quite a few of you here were married by my father. I wish we had kept track of the number of marriages our dad performed, but it had to be in the hundreds. He also ministered to the sick and dying. He counseled church members in crisis. He steadfastly maintained his faith and values in a ministry that lasted over 65 years.

This eulogy to our Dad has to include a salute to our mother. They both took seriously their marital vows. For richer or poorer, in sickness and in health... 'til death do us part. (We never got to experience the richer part. After all, Dad was a preacher with five kids.)

As you know, our dad struggled with dementia in the last several years of his life. Despite the challenges, our mother continued to support and sustain him. They continued to attend this church, and life went on as before. The people of this church have been so kind, and so supportive. We thank you for that gift to our parents... the many church events, the "Seasoned Salts," the Tuesday lunches, the church retreats. The quality of my parents' life was enhanced by their connections to you and the church community. Even when our dad's life began to fail, he was sustained by his wife, family and church.

What vignettes would provide a snapshot of who our Dad was?

Well, he liked a corny joke.

He loved Slovak food. We owe a particular toast to the Riverside Restaurant on Harlem Avenue. To the very end of his life there was at least a meal or two a week of good Slovak cooking. I think many of you were invited along on those long drives to the South Side. And of course my Mom would never think of taking an expressway to get there. Side streets only...

He loved traveling. He built a one-wheeled camper which we used on our many trips around the country. We were poor, but we traveled to every corner of the United States.

Other travels included a trip to Alaska with Jim and Vivian Newman, and Joan and Floyd Ramseyer. How they enjoyed the trip.

Taking a cruise through the Panama Canal when he was 85, and I think some of you may have been on that cruise with my parents.

He also visited the Czech and Slovak Republics when he was in his 80s.

And there was church, where we practically lived on Sundays and Wednesday nights too. Choir practice on Thursday night. Quiet in the house while he was in his study preparing his Sunday sermon. His habit of inviting people home for dinner after the Sunday service with little or no notice to our mother.

Being the last to leave church on Sunday mornings because he had to shake hands with, and talk to, every single church member. Mom frequently whispering the names of people in his ear because, even in the best of times, his memory sometimes short-changed him.

New Year's Eve spent in church at Watch Night services. *Sing-spirations.*

His leadership roles in the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention.

And the personal losses, the most difficult being the loss of our sisters Phyllis and Becky. His tearful grave-side goodbye to Becky.

His selfless service to others with no request for anything in return. His strong sense of mission.

Reading the Bible from cover to cover twice a year. Maintaining a strong spiritual life, and a strong family life.

His unwavering love of his wife through his entire life and the safe, stable and nurturing family life we enjoyed as children.

We invited you to share your memories of my dad at the reception following the service.

In the last moments of his life, Dad whispered to my Mom, ***"I want to go home."*** Dad, your wish has been granted. We love you and miss you.

*For I am already being poured out like a drink offering,
and the time has come for my departure.*

*I have fought the good fight,
I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith.*

*Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness,
which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day –
and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for his appearing.*

2 Timothy 4:6–8





Part 1b

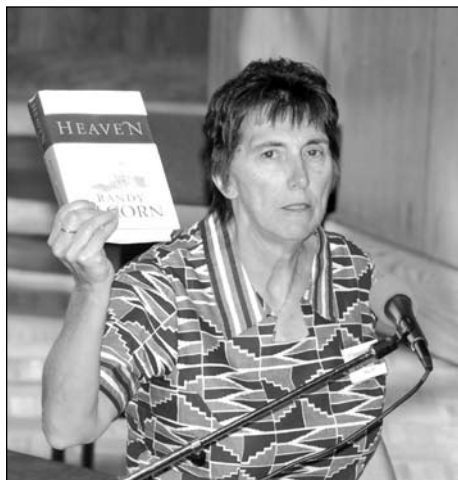
Maybe we are focused too much on eschatology—studies on the tribulation and millennium may have caused us to forget what happens after it is all over. I don't want to talk about pre-millennialism or the tribulation or other debatable eschatological subjects, but rather what heaven is and will be like.

3. We may view heaven as boring because it will be a non-ending church service. Is that why we dread it or are fearful of it? Eldredge talks about this in his book *Desire*. He reminds us that heaven is more than church forever. Since the Bible says we will worship God forever, we imagine this as a never-ending singalong in the sky: just singing one great hymn after another all day long. We won't do anything but sit around on a cloud and play our harps all day. How boring can that be? So we become discouraged and think if that is all there is, I might as well go back to the present to find what happiness I can here. But Eldredge encourages people to look at heaven as if spring is coming.

I have always enjoyed spring, and was so looking forward to it this year. That was one reason I arranged my HA and came home earlier than I usually do in order to enjoy the spring. Eldredge writes "Now...what if spring and summer are nature's way of expressing what Jesus in fact is trying to tell us about heaven? After all, nature is God's word to us too, not just to unbelievers. Romans 1 says that nature declares God's glory to unbelievers, but could nature not also teach us? If we paid closer attention to this natural process, we would discover something of great joy and wonder: the restoration of the world played out before us each spring and summer is precisely what God is promising us about our future lives. Martin Luther also thought this way when he wrote, "Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection not only in books but in every leaf in springtime."

Bible Study on Heaven

Ruby Mikulencak



Jesus preached more than the gospel of sin management. Although this is an important aspect of the good news we preach, the good news is much greater than forgiveness. Jesus preached the good news of the kingdom, which showed that the kingdom is not merely a state but an actual place, and the realm where God rules. And so heaven where God rules is where things are not broken or stained or brown and dead-looking, but where things become new and come to life again, just as things come to life after the winter.

But we often don't think about this, because we think heaven is where all we will do is worship God. This is illustrated in Mark Twain's book about Huck Finn. Huck hears Miss Watson say that it is a lonely place with nothing to do but go around all day with a harp and sing forever and ever. It is amazing how these things stick with us, and we don't realize that they affect our thinking about heaven. But because of that thinking, we concentrate more on activities on earth rather than heaven. It is my prayer that by the time we finish we will know more about heaven and also will be excited about going there because of this knowledge. I hope by the end of our time together, you will discover this and will find heaven more appealing. Heaven is not going to be boring!

4. Perhaps we think that the Bible doesn't really have much to say about heaven. We

may think there are not many verses in the Bible on heaven. Besides, the luxury to study it deeply seems to be the preoccupation of a few, rather than the norm for the many. We may think it is too deep and unattainable, so we don't study it. But there are actually 500 verses on heaven, so we can not really say the Bible does not say much about heaven. And I can tell you that it is hard work to read and think about heaven, but well worth the effort.

In Ephesians 1:18, Paul prays that the eyes of our hearts should be enlightened, that we might know, "what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." Isn't it amazing that God has glory in the saints - they themselves will be glorious. We should spend time thinking about this because it is our future. We will be glorified. What does that mean, and where will this happen?

The utmost stretch of our imagination will struggle in vain to form even a slight conception of this glory. Still God has given us enough information to use this imagination in trying to visualize what heaven might be like. But for some reason most of us don't even try to imagine what it is like. I hope that by the time we end that you will be able to imagine heaven more than you do now.

5. Perhaps we don't think of studying more about heaven because we think God owes us a good life now. We believe we are entitled to it and are arranging our happiness, our heaven down here. We should have good health, a comfortable life and many other material blessings. With this view, people try to make heaven down here on earth and are not too interested in heaven above. An example of this is Charles Spurgeon's parishioner, who had a new house. After seeing the house, Spurgeon said, "This is the type of thing that makes it so hard for us to die." Does that mean we shouldn't have these things? No, but they can deter us from trying to understand heaven and wanting to go there, especially if our thoughts dwell too much on these earthly possessions.

The kingdom of heaven is like a treasure hidden.
Matthew 13:44



6. Revelation 13:6 says that Satan lies and blasphemes God's person, God's people and God's place, heaven. We should not be surprised at this as Satan is not only bitter towards God but also against us because we are going to live one day in the place he was ejected from. Naturally he is going to try and keep us occupied with other things, not heaven. He likes to contradict whatever God says, and God has told us to set our hearts and minds on things above, the place where we will live forever. So in order for us not to reflect on this, Satan tries to make us think heaven is boring and unexciting.

7. I am sure we have heard this saying, "He's so heavenly minded that he's no earthly good," or "She's so earthly minded that she's no heavenly good." Only as we become heavenly can we comprehend heavenly things. Now I am not pretending to have all the inside information on heaven. But the more Christians understand their future destiny and the wonders which God has in store, the more they will be excited for the place where they will live and be forever. Whatever the reasons for the hazy notions we might have, I pray that these next few days you will be challenged to think more about heaven.

So let's get to it...

The words for heaven, *shamayim* in Hebrew and *ouranov* in Greek, simply mean "the heights," in other words, heaven includes all that is above the earth. The word *heaven* in the Bible means primarily the region of the air and clouds, and of the planets and stars, but also, and more chiefly, the world of holy bliss above the visible heavens. Some like to think *shamayim* falls into two broad categories: the physical heavens, that is, the atmosphere and starry sky, and the celestial heavens, that is, the abode of God and angels. I actually prefer to think of it as three categories. Let me explain why, but you can disagree with me.

1. The first category, heaven, includes all that is above the earth, and any given passage may include all or merely a part of the whole: the atmosphere where clouds gather, birds fly, lightning appears, and from which rain descends (Gen. 7:23, Deut. 11:11, Luke 17:24).
2. The firmament or wide expanse in which are seen the sun, moon, planet and stars (Gen. 1:14, 15, 17.)
3. The abode of God and the abode of angels (Matt. 22:30, 24:36, Gal. 1:8), where His throne is (Ps. 2:4, 11:4, Matt. 5:34),

whence the Lord descended and to which He ascended, and where He was seen by Stephen (Mark 16:19 Acts 7:55 1Cor. 15:47).

This place appears to be what Paul called "the third heaven" (2 Cor. 12:2), also called "the highest heaven" and "the heaven of heavens." These expressions are nearly synonymous. There holy beings are to dwell, seeing all of God that it is possible for creatures to see. There Christ ascended, to intercede for his people and prepare for them a place where all shall be gathered, to go no more out forever (Eph. 4:10, Heb. 8:1, 9:24-28.).

The highest heaven is the abode of God (Deut. 26:15, 1Kings 8:3), and it is from there that He reaches down to do His will on earth. As the heavens are infinitely high above the earth, so are God's thoughts and ways infinitely above man's ability to com-



prehend (Isa. 55:8-9). God is in sovereign control (Ps. 2:4). He is able to reach out in judgment (Gen 19:24-28) and in salvation alike (Ps. 57:3, Deut. 33:26). Jeremiah 23:24 states that God fills heaven and earth, and Solomon recognizes that all of heaven and the highest heavens themselves ("heaven of heavens") cannot contain the Almighty God. These are just a very good reminder: as vast as the heavens are, they are merely part of God's creation, and He stands above it all.

The heavens tell of the glory of God (Ps. 19:1), they declare His righteousness (Ps. 50:6), and praise Him (Ps. 69:34.) As grand as they are, they merely point to the Creator, and are not to be worshiped (Ex 20:4). Though the heavens are his throne, they will one day vanish like smoke (Isa.

51:6) and be rolled up like a scroll (Isa. 34:4). Then God will create a new heaven and a new earth, unmarred by the effects of sin (Isa. 65:17, 66:22). The joy and glory of completed redemption will be reflected in all of creation. We will be looking more closely at these thoughts later.

It is important to see that, in forming the present system of this world, God made a heaven to this earth. His intention is that the earth should be ruled from heaven. The blessing of the earth, either material or moral, comes through its connection with heaven. This blessing will be full when the kingdom of the heavens is established in the Son of Man, and He will come in the clouds of heaven (Ps. 68:33, 34).

Scripture says very little of the saints going to heaven and what it is like for them, though their citizenship is there now (*Phil. 3:20*), but we know with assurance that they are to be where Jesus is. He went to heaven and prepared a place for them, so naturally they will go there too. In Revelation the four and twenty elders are seen in heaven sitting on "thrones." To Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Believers "look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwells righteousness." (2 Pe 3:13, Re 21:1).

Just to go back to the three heavens. Scripture implies three heavens, since "the third heaven" is revealed to exist (2 Cor. 12:2). It is logical that a third heaven cannot exist without a first and second. Scripture does not describe specifically the first and second heaven. The first, however, apparently refers to the atmospheric heavens of the fowl (Hos. 2:18) and clouds (Dan. 7:13). The second heaven may be the area of the stars and planets (*Gen. 1:14-18*). It appears to be the abode of all supernatural angelic beings. The third heaven is the abode of the triune God. Its location is unrevealed (Luke 10:20, Rev. 22:2).

I encourage you to look up these verses and study them yourselves. In summary, heaven is the dwelling place of God, and for those who go there a place of everlasting bliss. The grand feature of this blessedness is holy personal union and immediate face-to-face communion with God and the Lamb.

It is our future eternal home! It is so amazing and so wonderful to think of and to consider. We will continue tomorrow, but until then I encourage you to meditate on the truths of heaven revealed in His word.

□



Časť 1

Podľa jeho zaslúbenia, očakávame nové nebesá ...

2 Pet 3:13

Rev. Jan Franka

Keď sa vo východnej Európe stretnú chlapi, často sa chcú chváliť jeden druhému. Jedna z tém býva aj vojenčina, osobitne to, ako vojaci prekabátili svojho nadriadeného, urobili menej ako bolo treba a tomu podobne. Ako chlapec, často som počúval takéto rozprávky o vojenčine, no vtedy na mňa neurobili dojem tak, ako keď som bol už dorastenec a vojenčina bola predom mnou. Aj dnes sa pamätám na ten deň, keď som stál pred vchodom do vojenského komplexu, pripravený stráviť tam rok svojho života. Strašiť ma ma poinformovali o všetkom, no stál som tam s jedným pocitom neistoty: predom mnou je niečo, čo som nikdy nezažil. Všetky informácie ktoré som dostal, ma neuspokojili, nie žeby som neveril tomu, ale osobne som to nezažil, nevidel, neskúsil. Vedel som že nebudem hladný, smädný, budem si mať čo obliecť, komunikovať s rodinou a podobne, no bez tak, keď som prechádzal vchodovou bránou, prežíval som veľký nepokoj vo svojom vnútri. Niekedy máme takýto pocit aj o nebesách ktoré pre nás pripravil Boh. Stojíme pred vrátami večnosti s obavou: „verím že je to tak ako to hovorí Biblia, ale predsa mám strach“.

Keď študujeme Biblické oddiely o nebi, nachádzame dvojake správy: prvú prezentuje Pavel v 1Kor 2:9 „*Ani oko nevidelo, ani ucho neslýchalo, ani do srdca človeka nevstúpilo, čo pripravil Boh tým, ktorý ho milujú.*“ a druhú Ján v Zj 21:1 „*Videl som nové nebo a novú zem, lebo prvotné nebo a prvotná zem sa pomínuli a mora už niet.*“ Na jednej strane vieme mnoho detailov čítajúc biblické oddiely, no na druhej strane musíme povedať že nevieme skoro nič. To čo nám Boh zjavil bude naša vieru, a fakt že mnoho toho nevieme. Pavel ukazuje, že potrebujeme žiť v dôvere že náš Pán ktorý nás spasil od večného zahynutia, má tie najlepšie úmysly s nami pre večnosť. V tejto biblickej hodine chcem sa spolu s vami pozrieť na základné biblické fakty o nebesách, v druhej biblickej hodine budem



hovorí o duchovných zápasoch tých, ktorý odchádzali do večnosti a v tretej biblickej hodine budem hovorí o vzkriesení mŕtvych a telesnom odchode do nebies.

Nebesá

Biblia hovorí o nebi najčastejšie v plurále. Prečo? Azda preto že je viacej nebies? Fakt, apoštol Pavel v 2Kor 12:2 zapísal „*Znám človeka v Kristu, ktorý pred štrnástimi rokmi, - či bolo v tele, čo bolo mimo tela, neviem, Boh vie, - uchvátený bol až do tretieho neba.*“ Pôvodné biblické jazyky, hebrejčina a gréčtina, tiež používajú plurál pre opísanie neba. Hebrejská tradícia nám pomôže pochopiť záhadu:

Prvé nebo je atmosférické nebo, často nazývané obloha, alebo klenba. V Gen 7:11 je zapísané o nebi nasledovne „*V šesťstom roku Noachovho života sedemnásteho dňa druhého mesiaca, ešte toho dňa prepukli všetky žriedla veľkej prahlbiny, otvorili sa okná nebies.*“ Aj dnes, keď sa snažíme opísať krásu modrej oblohy, použijeme termín „*krásne modré nebo*“ a nemyslíme tým na miesto Božieho prebývania.

Druhé je planetárne nebo: hviezdy, mesiac a planéty. V Gen 1:14-17 je zapísané nasledovne o druhom nebi: „*Potom riekol Boh: Nech sú svetlá na nebeskej oblohe na oddelovanie dňa od noci ... Boh ich umiestnil na nebeskú oblohu aby osvetľovali zem, aby vládli nad dňom a nocou a aby oddelovali svetlo od tmy.*“

Tretie nebo je to kde prebýva Boh s anjelmi a so svätými ktorý umreli. O tomto nebi hovoril Pavel v 2Kor 12:2. Toto je miesto ktoré sa nedá určiť geograficky ako prvé dve. Ešte aj dnes sa mnohí pamätajú na slová sovietskeho astronauta Juraja Gagarina po jeho návrate z obehu zeme, keď povedal: „Boha som tam nevidel“. Každý úprimný veraici sa iba usmeje nad takouto konštatáciou, s vedomím, že Boha sa takto navštíviť nedá.

Kde sú nebesá?

Prvé dva pohľady na nebesia nám ukázali že atmosférické a planetárne nebo nie je priestor Božieho prebývania. Už Dávid v Ž 139:8-10 to pochopil že Boh je prítomný aj medzi hviezdami, ale nie iba tam: „*Keby som vstúpil na nebesá, tam si Ty, a keby som si ustlal v záhrobie, aj tam si Ty. Keby som si vzal krídla rannej zory a býval pri najďalšom mori, aj ta by ma odprevadila tvoja ruka a tvoja pravica by ma uchopila.*“ Dávid chcel postaviť Hospodinu dom a biblické dejiny nám svedčia že mu to nebolo umožnené, ale jeho synovia Šalamúnovci. Keď sa Šalamún modlil modlitbu požehnania a odovzdávania novopostavaného chrámu, pochopil Božiu veľkosť a „*skromnosť chrámu*“— „*Ved' či môže prebývať Boh na zemi? Hľa, ani nebesá a nebesá nebies Ťa nemôžu obsiahnuť! O čo menej tento dom, ktorý som postavil!*“ 1Kr 8:27. Ježiš sa po zmŕtvých vstani objavoval učeníkom po štyridsať dní. Jeho príchody medzi učeníkov boli iné ako pred pred ukrižovaním, na vchod do miestnosti nepoužil dvere, na odchod taktiež. Pre pohybovanie nemusel používať kroky, no predsa niekoľko hodín kráčal s emauskými učeníkmi.

Toto spoznanie nám mnoho hovorí o Božej transcedentnosti a samým tým, aj o mieste jeho prebývania: nebesá. Slovo transcedentnosť rozumieme ako neohraničenosť v čase, priestore a substancii. On je Pánom týchto elemnetov, jemu sú oni podriadenné. Predložka „trans“ sa dnes najčastejšie používa v dopravnom slove „tranzit“, čo znamená prechod. Takto Boh

prechádza cez čas, priestor a substanciu. Táto Božia vlastnosť hovorí že Boh je všade prítomný v istom čase. Nie je ohraničený časom a priestorom ako sme to mi a miesto jeho prebývania taktiež nám je neprístupné, nie pre diaľku ale pre inú dimenziu. Pavel zapísal problém, ale aj riešenie problému: „*Ani oko nevidelo, ani ucho neslýchalo ...Boh totiž zjavil nám to Duchom.*“ To čo Boh pre nás pripravil, oko nemôže vidieť, ale Duch môže zjaviť tak, aby sme porozumeli všetky detaily z Písma ktoré hovoria o nebesiach. Súčasný človek je v pokušení odmietnuť všetko čo oko nemôže vidieť, ucho počuť, no na príklad, nemá problém poprieť existenciu radio televíznych a telefonických vĺn, aj keď ich ucho a oko nemožu zaregistrovať. Oni sú všade okolo nás, ale naše telo ich neregistruje. No, keď sa použije správny prístroj, dokáže sa existencia a praktickosť týchto vĺn. Iba tí v ktorých prebýva Boží Duch sú schopní pochopiť, alebo mať aspoň predstavu o tejto nebeskej dimenzii, mieste Božieho prebývania.

Nebo nie je ani ďaleko ani blízko, ono je v inej dimenzii, preto ho nevidel Gagarín, preto ho popierajú všetci ktorí sú bez Ducha Božieho.

Nebesá sú skutočné miesto

Už dávno sa robia pokusy pre trojdimenzionálny obraz. Podstata trojdimenzionálneho filmu je v špeciálnych okuliaroch, ktoré všetci návštevníci v kine dostanú, aby mohli vidieť aj tretiu dimenziu vo filme. Osobne som nemal príležitosť sa pozerať na taký film, no tí čo to zažili, svedčia že filmová scéna bola pred nimi akoby skutočná, všetko bolo „reálne“, ľudia v kine sa uhýnali pred „hýbajúcimi“ sa predmetmi, aby ich tieto neudreli. Všetko bolo reálne, až pokým sa nestrhli okuliare. Keď takto hovoríme o Bohu a Biblii, mnohí prichádzajú s návrhom že nebesia sú taktiež iba imaginárne, alebo zdanlivé miesto. Miesto ktoré vymysleli veriaci ľudia. V prvej cirkvi vznikla jedna skupina kresťanov, čo prišla s presvedčením že Ježišovo telo bolo iba zdanlivé. Totiž, mali problém spojiť Ježišovu Božskosť a ľudskosť. Mi potom odôvodňujeme: ak telo nebolo reálne, tak aj jeho utrpenie na kríži nebolo reálne, nemal boľavosti lebo jeho telo nebolo fyzické, ale duchovné. Pravdaže, cirkev odmietla toto učenie. Takéto pochybnosti a otázky existujú aj dnes. Nebudem ich napočítavať, ale radšej postavím otázku: Ako vieme že je nebo skutočné miesto?

Najprv: Biblia to svedčí. Veríme že Biblia má Božskú autoritu, hovorí pravdu,

je slovo Božie. V rozpätí tisíc päťsto rokov Boh mnohým ľuďom zjavil nebeskú slávu. Tito nepoznali jedny druhých, žili v rôznych časových rozpätiach a niet ani teoretickej možnosti že sa dohodli čo napísať do Biblie. Čítajúc ich zjavenia, vidno že hovoria o tom istom nebi, tej istej Božej sláve. Keď Pavel apoštol mal videnie nebies (2Kor 12:2), nebol si istý či to vidí fyzicky, alebo duchovne, ale bol si istý že to vidí skutočne, reálne, že to nie iba sen po ťažkom dni. Definoval to slovom „vytrhnutý“. Môžeme to rozumieť ako vytiahnutý z ohraničenosti jeho zmyslov. Pavlova choroba (2Kor 12:6-8) „oči“, na ktorú sa sťažoval pred Pánom tri krát, tuná symbolický hovorí že sa nemôžeme spoľahnúť iba na to čo vidíme našimi očami. Mali by sme veľké pochybnosti na lekára ktorý by mal ohodnotiť náš zdravotný stav tak, že by sa na to pozrel iba svojimi očami, hoci by mal na očiach aj tie najdrahšie okuliare. Očakávali by sme že použije nejaký prístroj, už či mikroskop, kameru, skener a podobne. Božie slovo hovorí že žijeme vierou a nie videním. Vierou sa otvárajú obzory aj poza ten najlepší zrak. List Židom to definoval: „*Viera je zaiste podstatou toho, čoho sa nádejeme a dôvodom toho čo nevidíme*“. Pozerajúc sa na otvorený hrob, nad ktorým je položené telo nášho milovaného, niet veľkej radosti a slávy, ale vierou môžeme byť presvedčení v to, čo nevidíme. Vierou prijímame biblický fakt, že duch tých, ktorý zomreli v Kristu, je už teraz s Bohom v nebi a pri vzkriesení bude aj telo, ktoré je teraz bez života a musí byť pochované do zeme.

Druhý fakt že nebo je skutočné miesto: Ježiš to povedal. Ježišove slová sú zapísané v Biblii, On používa Bibliu aby nám zjavil svoje plány o budúcnosti. Tak povedal v Jána 14:1-3 „*Nech sa vám srdce nestrachuje! Verte v Boha a verte vo mňa! V dome môjho Otca je mnoho príbytkov; keby nebolo tak, či by som vám bol povedal: Idem vám pripraviť miesto a keď odidem a pripravím vám miesto, zase prídem a poberiem vás k sebe, aby ste aj vy boli tam, kde som ja? ... Nik neprichádza Otcovi, ak len nie skrze mňa.*“ Naša viera v nebeskú skutočnosť je založená na tomto Ježišovom sľube.

Tretí fakt toho, ako vieme že nebo je skutočné miesto, sú svedectvá tých, ktorým Boh tesne pred odchodom do večnosti otvoril nebeské obzory. Tak čítame v Sk 7:55-56 o Štefanovi: „*Ale on plný Ducha Svätého, vzhliadol k nebesám, videl slávu Božiu a Ježiša stát' na pravici Božej, i riekol: Ajhľa vidím nebesá otvorené a Syna človeka*

stát' na pravici Božej.“ Podobný zážitok mal aj Daniel v 12:13 „*Ty však choď v ústrety koncu a odpočívaj! Potom vstaneš k svojmu údely na konci dní*“, povedal mu Boh. Ani Štefan, ani Daniel neboli nemocní aby sme hovorili o chorobných halucináciách. Pred ako dopadol na Štefana prvý kameň židovského odsúdenia, Boh ukázal Štefanovi miesto kde sa on o chvíľu presťahuje, videl priamo Ježiša ako ho čaká. Ježiša ktorému uveril, Ježiša o ktorom svedčil, Ježiša pre ktorého trpel, teraz ho On čaká. Štefan toto nemohol vidieť v strede svojej služby, ale iba pri svojom odchode do večnosti. Na základe biblických svedectiev a pozorovaním zomierajúcich, prichádzame k záveru, že niektorým ľuďom tesne pred samým odchodom do večnosti, Boh dovolil vidieť miesto kam odchádzajú. Toto nemá nič spoločné so zážitkami v klinickej smrti. Tieto skúsenosti ľudí neberieme ako dôkazy že nebesá sú skutočné miesto, ale ako námieta že to čo Biblia hovorí sa deje v skutočnosti aj dnes. Naša viera nie je založená na skúsenostiach človeka, ale na Božej výpovedi. Skúsenosti je mnoho, a preto ich musíme posudzovať Božím slovom, iba tie čo sú v súlade s Bibliou prijímame ako pravdivé. Môžeme povedať spolu s Ježišom keď odmietol Jánovo svedectvo: „*Vy ste poslali k Jánovi, a ten vydal svedectvo pravde; ja však neprijímam svedectvo od človeka, ale hovorím to preto, aby ste vy boli zachránení*“ (Ján 5:33-34). O týchto svedectvách pred odchodom do večnosti budem hovoriť v druhej biblickej hodine.

Evanjelistov Jánov prístup k Spaseniu a večnosti môžeme zhrnúť do jedného výroku „Už, a ešte nie“. Čo tým myslíme? Spasený sme už teraz v Ježišovi Kristovi, ale plnosť spasenia (nie istotu, ona je už teraz) zažijeme vo fyzickej prítomnosti v nebesiach, najprv na Baránkovej svadbe, udeľovaní odmienu a potom v novom nebi a novom Jeruzaleme, ktoré Boh pripravil pre verných.

„Podľa Jeho zaslúbenia, očakávame nové nebesá...“ Tieto nebesá už sú, ale mi ešte nie sme v nich, iba naše srdce, naša túžba. Zakončím so slovami puritánskeho kazateľa Richarda Baxtera „*Nebeská myseľ je myseľ plná radosti; to je jediný spôsob ako sa potešovať v živote keď prichádzajú ťažkosti. Môže byť človek v ohni a nebyť horúci? Alebo byť na svetle a nemať svetlo? Môže tvoje srdce byť v nebi a neradovať a nepotešovať sa z neho? Na druhej strane, čo môže dnes ochladiť kresťana ako len život ďaleko od neba (a nezáujmu ísť do neba)...O kresťania, pozerajte hore, tá oblasť hore je teplejšia ako tá dole.*“ □



Mark & Gretchen Potma Church Planting through Evangelism

Prayer update



*The Word
of God
is living
and active...
(Hebrews 4:12)*

Thank you for supporting us through your prayers and encouragement! Here are a few updates from our fall ministry schedule:

Thank you for your prayers for the flyer distribution and promotion of English and Bible classes at CB Skalka. We had been praying for 100 students, and now we have 105 students in 11 classes! PRAY for Mark's class of intermediate students, especially as he builds "Firm Foundations" with them in God's Word. PRAY especially for Ludmila, Zdena L. and Zdena O., who have been occasionally attending our Sunday services at CB Skalka.

We will be starting a new sermon series on Sunday at CB Skalka. PRAY for Libor, Larry, and Robert, who will be preaching in October and November. PRAY that God's living and active Word would pierce the hearts of the listeners, discerning the thoughts and intentions of their hearts (Hebrews 4:12). Please continue to PRAY with us also for a pastor for this new church plant.

New believers Mirka and Jozka have joined our fellowship at CB Skalka, bringing our total membership to 14. PRAY for Mirka's sister Jarmila who has been involved in New Age. Jarmila and her husband Milan are now attending English and Bible classes. Their twin sons, Petr and Pavel, are attending our kids' club, and their oldest son, Adam, is attending Teen Club. Please PRAY for the whole family.

Please continue to PRAY that all those who attend outreach and spiritual growth activities at CB Skalka would have hearts that are open to the Word of God. PRAY also that our team of Czech believers and missionaries at CB Skalka would make the most of every opportunity to share His Word.

PRAY that God would supply a Czech pastor or pastoral intern who can work alongside us at CB Skalka and continue the work when the time comes for us to move on.

PRAY for the English weekend outreach that is taking place this weekend, November 14-17, sponsored by South City Church, and for Mark's gospel message on Friday evening.

The spiritual needs in the Czech Republic are great, but we

would also like to ask you to intercede today for the overwhelming physical needs of the country of Zimbabwe. PRAY for strength for TEAM missionaries at the mission hospital who are continuing to minister in the face of a humanitarian disaster and PRAY for God's sovereign purposes to be worked out for His glory.

All the nations you have made will come and worship before you, O Lord; they will bring glory to your name. (Psalm 86:9)

For the nations,

Mark & Gretchen Potma, Luke, Noemi, Benjamin, Elise



Darfur diary

To describe the young Sudanese mother who arrived at Kijabe as "shell-shocked" would hardly do justice to her state. Just one day ago she was carrying on her usual routine life in Southern Sudan, just south of the Darfur region. Life was hard with a baby and two older children, a husband in jail for murder, and both parents dead in the Darfur conflict. And life got recently harder with the beautiful new baby girl, born without an anus.

The villagers suspected that she was cursed, and kept trying to convince her to kill the baby. She resisted for months, but suddenly one day death became inevitable—the villagers came for the child!

Life just south of Darfur was tough, and the young missionary couple working for "MakeWay Partners" only spent few weeks at the time helping at the orphanage for the "lost children" of Darfur, whose parents had been commonly killed in the genocide. When the husband got malaria and they suspected kidney damage, they arranged for an urgent plane evacuation to Kijabe. They were just getting ready for the flight when a local policeman came running.

"The villagers are about to kill a baby—can you help?"

It was the first time the missionaries met baby Arret and her mother, and the start of a whirlwind saga. Within minutes the young mother and her precious baby found themselves for the first time in a car, then on the plane, flying - without any travel documents, of course—to an unknown country!



Baby Arret with mother

Thanks to the AimAir pilots the Nairobi immigration officials were promptly informed of the humanitarian emergency, and the young mother and child arrived safely to Kijabe. Yes, "shell-shocked" was an understatement...

The saga continued at BethanyKids, as we planned the first of 3 operations that the baby required. The mother only spoke Dinka, and we had no Dinka speakers in Kijabe to explain to her what we needed to do... We were wondering and praying what to do, when we found out that the local Bible college had just accepted this past week its first



Dan operating with the assistance of local medical students.

student, with his wife and kids! Soon the smile appeared on the mother's face, as she found a fellow national with whom she could speak. And soon afterwards the care of her older children was also resolved back in Sudan, at the local orphanage...

We are now two weeks later. Baby Arret has successfully undergone two of the three surgeries, and mama Arret is all smiles, comfortable at BethanyKids among Kenyans and Somalis, being regularly visited by her newfound Dinka friends.

This is the amazing God we serve: One who uses a missionary's false medical alarm to save another precious life, a God of the "coincidences" and the "just-in-times". Praise be to Him!

MORE REASONS FOR PRAISE...

Dita's studies: after much exploring and praying, Dita has officially enrolled in an online Masters program in infectious disease through Dundee University. This will be a great compliment to her clinical work in Kijabe, but will also keep her quite busy for the next 2-3 years.



Providing a Rotary grant to a school for vulnerable children with friend Bill Gray

did over 50 cleft lip operations—and hopefully showed God's love and compassion to many. Besides surgery, the team taught medical students and built warm relationships.

And she will be able to keep good company to Dan, who is (very) slowly ploughing through a Masters course in World Christian Foundations...

Medical outreach to the North: Dan has just returned from a one-week outreach to a remote location in the Horn of Africa, where together with another surgeon and anesthetists they



"Cleft ward" where our operated children were cared for



Dan classification talk

leads its international projects. Please pray for wisdom to not only touch many needy lives through these projects, but also build meaningful relationships within the Rotary community for the Kingdom.

Combining faith with service at the Rotary club

Madagascar trip: Dan hopes to travel next month to Madagascar with his Malagasy surgery fellow Heuric, exploring sites and partnerships



Family visiting the IDP camp in Limuru

And since we were only able to operate on less than half of the patients which we saw, more trips are very likely...

FOR PRAYER

Rotary: Dan's involvement in the club has significantly increased recently, as he now

For opening a BethanyKids unit in the country once Heuric finishes his training.

Please pray for clear direction in the planning of the first BethanyKids unit outside Kenya.

John Barnett: this long-time

missionary friend at Kijabe, the husband of Dita's good friend Elaine, passed away last week after a tough battle with cancer. Please pray for comfort for the large family left behind. *"Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints."* Psalms 115:16

These are some of the ups and downs of our busy, fulfilling life which God has granted us here. Never a dull moment, yet such a comforting sense of being in that best place in the world to be—the center of God's will.

Blessings from that place,

The Poenaru team

If you would like to find out more about or contribute to our ministry please contact: Africa Inland Mission Int'l Canada, 1641 Victoria Park Avenue, Scarborough, ON M1R 1P8

In Memory

We just learned that Mrs. Marie Hynek, from Czech Baptist Church in Toronto, passed away on December 1, 2008.

Also Martha Karhan, from Cleveland Ohio went to be with the Lord early in the Fall 2008.

We will bring more information in the next issue of *Glorious Hope*.

Editors

Stories of Squirrel Suzy Experience

Natasha Laurinc

The falling leaves gave uncompromising evidence that winter was indeed near. On the edge of town, the big oak with its bushy crown was also getting ready for its winter slumber. Susan the squirrel was excited because her grandma and grandpa were coming for a visit. Normally they came a bit later, at Christmas. They lived quite far away, out in the country. At least it seemed far to Susan. Far away at a big lake that looked like an ocean. An ocean, that is, with sweet water. It didn't seem all that sweet to Susan, but she knew that the real ocean has salt water.

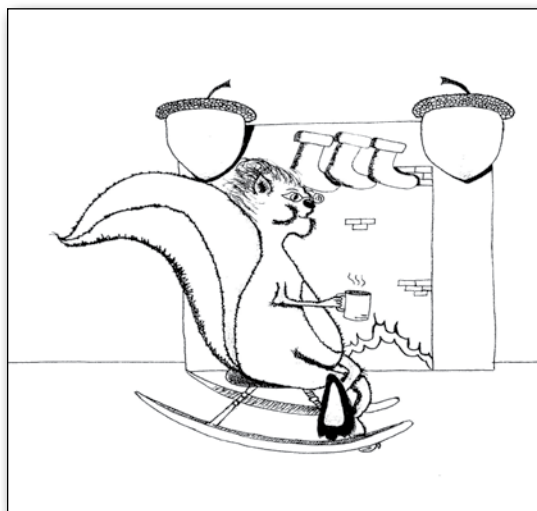
This year Grandma and Grandpa were supposed to come early. A lot of snow had already fallen, and there were four weeks left before Christmas. Grandma and Grandpa had decided to come earlier because if more snow fell it would prevent travel, and then they wouldn't be able to come at all. This didn't bother Susan. In fact, she was very excited now. Not only was Grandma going to help bake all the goodies, but Grandpa was going to liven up the family time.

This was because Grandpa loved to tell stories. His storytelling was actually the memories he had of his youth and life as it had been back then. To Susan, Grandpa seemed very old. At least, his white beard and hair seemed to indicate his old age. He also moved very slowly and his tail was no longer as shaggy as it had once been. Actually, his whole fur coat was silver-speckled all the way through. "Those are the grey hairs that deserve our esteem and respect," thought Susan suddenly. Those had been her father's words. A few white hairs had started appearing in his coat as well. Susan's mom always poked fun at Dad, saying that he wanted to stay young forever and hated wearing those grey hairs. Daddy would then react by quoting the phrase about grey hair that Susan had just remembered. Mom would just smile and not say anything after that. Susan was learning to understand this subtle game adults play. She couldn't shake the feeling that her mother was right when she said that a man is still a boy in a way, even when he is over sixty years old. She just had a hard time trying to picture her own dad that way. He was so big and wise. Even Grandpa said that Daddy was wise.

Maybe Grandpa wasn't so old. The children would often argue about his age. Nobody really knew how old he actually was. Whenever they asked him, Grandpa would laugh and say a person is only as old as he feels. Susan thought about that. How does Grandpa actually feel? Does he feel old or young? Grandma teased Grandpa, saying that the way he felt depended on what was asked of him.

If he wanted to relax, he was very old and no one was allowed to disturb his rest. If, on the other hand, he wanted to talk with the young people, he felt young. Who was supposed to make sense of it all? Susan still thought that it was all pretend. Mom must have been right. Apparently Grandpa loved being in the center of attention and it made him feel good. Supposedly men are like that. The little squirrel let that run through her head. It didn't matter, as long as Grandpa told another interesting story. It was true that he loved it when the children begged him for one. She knew it wouldn't be difficult to get him going. Oh, how she loved those times!

Just like before, Susan's expectations were not disappointed. Grandma and Grandpa arrived. They talked about how troublesome the roads had been on their way from the country into civilization (as they called the town). Apparently where Grandma



and Grandpa lived there was a lot of snow. The snow was so heavy that many trees broke beneath its weight. Electricity was cut off and many residents were left without power. "It's a good thing our oak tree is so big and strong," thought Susan when she heard that. With her wild imagination, she pictured the whole countryside covered in snow. She suddenly remembered the fireflies beneath the juniper tree. After one particularly cruel winter, the fireflies didn't wake up again. Suddenly Susan felt sad. Why had God let them die? Apparently everyone is given a certain number of days upon the earth. She heard this in Sunday school at church. Then she told herself that squirrels were larger than fireflies, and of course didn't hibernate during

winter. They would not freeze. When the cruel frosts came they would hide themselves deep in the trunk of their giant oak tree. Susan breathed a sigh of relief. Why God arranged it this way, that some can peacefully sleep through the winter (like the fireflies or bears) while others, whether it be summer or winter, have to get up every day, morning after morning, she did not know. Of course God knows what He is doing – her mother's words rang clearly in her ears and Susan stopped her philosophizing.

It was clear that Grandpa was content. It was certainly convenient for both Grandma and Grandpa that they were no longer alone. That evening a snow storm blew in over the town. Above, the oak's branches just creaked and groaned menacingly. After dinner, Grandpa laid himself out on the couch right across the warm fireplace. The children knew that an evening such as this was created for lengthy storytelling. All it took was a little broaching of the

subject, and Grandpa jumped right into storytelling, hooked like a fish on bait. Sometimes his stories began with a lesson. The elderly always love teaching the younger ones. The children were already used to this. Mother loved to see the children around Grandpa. She was convinced of the importance of experiences being passed down from generation to generation. Mother herself did not remember either one of her grandpas. One had died during the Second World War, and the other had died shortly after the war. Some horses he was taking care of had bolted on him and he had died as a result of sustained head injuries. This had happened before Mother was even born.

Grandpa clicked his tongue with delight (probably because of the great dinner he had just eaten) and looked around to find the children staring fixedly at him. He half-closed his eyes, took in a deep breath and began. It was about squirrels. Their lives were never easy. How much effort they had to exert in order to gather and store enough provisions to last the winter! Stores did not exist back then, except maybe in the big cities. Of course they were very expensive. The whole family had to work hard and many times the children couldn't even go to school.

"I would kind of like that," thought Susan's cousin Fracek. From spring through to winter the whole family worked hard to ensure they had enough food, especially when a particularly long, cruel winter came along.

Then Grandpa began to tell about one little squirrel he remembered:

In our neighbourhood lived a family with many children. It was not easy to provide for all of them. One of the boys of that family, Rudolf, was a little different from the rest of the children. His fur coat was redder than the fur coats of the others. Perhaps that is why they named him Rudolf. Oh how he pestered his parents with all his ideas, and even with his whole approach to life! He was always against everything and everyone. He had a thousand observations to make and questions to ask. Many times his father would sigh and wonder what would become of their Rudolf.

One day Rudolf decided he was old enough and made up his mind to move out. 'It will be easier for you,' he told his mother. He was going to school, learning many things, and he could handle being independent. A pang of anguish rushed through his parents' hearts. They had tried to make life easier for their children. What had their son thought up this time? They were, however, wise enough not to prevent Rudolf if he wanted a taste of independence. They only hoped he wouldn't travel too far away from their home. Rudolf proudly announced that he had found living quarters in the neighboring spruce tree. 'Then we will be neighbors,' replied his father, and his mother breathed a sigh of relief—they were going to be able to keep an eye on their Rudolf.

Autumn came. Rudolf tried hard, diligently gathering acorns for the winter. There were acorns everywhere! It wasn't at all difficult

to gather and store them. There were acorns as far as the eye could see. The spruce wasn't quite like the oak tree his parents and siblings lived in, but he had some extra room for storage as well, and all of it was now full. In reality, the storage space Rudolf had was quite small. Rudolf realized that he didn't have as much storage space as his parents. 'So what?' he thought to himself. 'Acorns can be stored elsewhere too.' The falling leaves were creating a golden carpet all around him. Even the gently sloping hillside was covered with leaves. Rudolf ran up the hill and rolled down with his body stretched horizontally, as if he was in a barrel. He wasn't a stupid boy. So, bothered by the insufficient storage space, he racked his brain for a solution. Suddenly an idea occurred to him – he could hide some acorns beneath the leaves, in the holes and hollows of the hill. 'What a great idea,' he thought. 'These leaves will lie here until spring, and when the snow falls, the wind won't blow them away.' He started right away, tirelessly carrying acorns. He was proud of himself. 'It's not so hard to take care of myself,' he thought. 'I have enough stored for three winters. I don't even need that much for myself.' He just couldn't understand why his parents

made such a big deal out of it all the time. Satisfied and content, Rudolf crawled into his little home and took a nap. Once in a while a paw would scratch his fattened belly. 'Perhaps my parents simply have old-fashioned opinions and ways of doing things. Maybe I should talk to them about it.' And with that thought, Rudolf fell asleep. He dreamt that the entire kingdom belonged to him. All the animals were in awe of his wisdom and bowed down to him. How nice it was to wake up! The sun was already high in the sky. The singing birds gave a beautiful morning concert with their brilliant arias. It seemed as though all nature

was making the most of these last moments before it settled into its winter coat.

Rudolf wiggled his nose and stuck it out the window of his house. He looked around for a long time. What peace of mind! He noticed humans outside. Surely the beautiful weather had lured them out. Their garden was always well taken care of, the pride of the area. They are most likely finishing up the work that a garden like that needs. A cruel winter can damage or even ruin the flowers and beautiful bushes that would otherwise bud come springtime.

Rudolf suddenly froze in shock. What was going on? What were those people doing? They had some monstrous thing in their hands that looked like many claws. They were raking those claws into Rudolf's favorite hill. His jaw dropped and his teeth started chattering. It played before him like a film in slow motion. With every rake, acorns spilled out from beneath the leaves. There were so many of them! The humans were gathering the leaves into one big pile. Acorns were scattered everywhere—many, many acorns. Tears sprang into Rudolf's eyes. He wanted to scream—what are you people doing, those are my provisions for the whole winter! —but



☞ Continues on page 5

Příběhy veverky Zuzky Zkušenost

Nataša Laurincová

Padající listí svědčilo nekompromisně o blížící se zimě. Veliký dub s košatou korunou na okraji města se rovněž připravoval k zimnímu spánku. Veverka Zuzka se těšila na návštěvu babičky a dědy. Obvykle přijížděli až na Vánoce. Bydleli docela daleko, na venkově. Aspoň Zuzce se to zdálo daleko. Daleko, u velkého jezera, které vypadalo jako moře. Tedy moře se sladkou vodou. Veverce se sice ta voda moc sladká nezdála. To, že moře má vodu dopravdy slanou, Zuzka věděla.

Letos měla babička s dědou přijet dříve. Napadlo tam velmi mnoho sněhu. Do Vánoc zbývaly ještě čtyři týdny. Mohlo se stát, že množství sněhu by znemožnilo cestování a babička s dědou by nakonec nemohli přijet. Proto bylo rozhodnuto, že přijedou co nejdříve. Zuzce to nevadilo. Naopak, velmi se již těšila. Nejenže jim babička pomůže napéct cukroví, ale i děda zpestří rodinnou pohodu.

Děda totiž velmi rád vyprávěl. Jeho vyprávění byly vlastně vzpomínky na jeho mládí a na život jako takový. Veverce se zdálo, že děda je již velmi starý. Aspoň jeho bílé vousy a vlasy tomu nasvědčovaly. Také chodil velmi pomalu a ocásek už nebyl tak huňatý. Celý jeho kožíšek byl vlastně posetý stříbrem. To jsou ty šediny, kterých si máme vážit, napadlo Zuzku. To byla zase tatínkova slova. Také mu už začínal bile prokvétat kožíšek. Maminka si tatínka dobírala, že prý tatínek chce zůstat věčně mladý a nelibě nese šediny. Tatínek pak vždy reagoval touto větou o šedinách. Mamince vždy přelétl lehký úsměv po tváři a již nic neříkala. Zuzka se učila vnímat tuto nanápadnou hru dospělých. Nemohla se zbavit pocitu, že má maminka pravdu, když říká, že muž zůstane svým způsobem malým chlapcem, i když mu je třeba přes šedesát. Jenom si tatínka neuměla dost dobře představit. Byl tak veliký a moudrý. I děda říkal, že tatínek je moudrý.

Možná, že děda ani tak starý nebyl. Často se děti dohadovaly o jeho věku. Nikdo totiž nevěděl, kolik je vlastně dědovi let. Když se dědy zeptaly, ten jim se smíchem odpověděl, že každý je stár podle toho, jak se cítí. O tom Zuzka přemýšlela. Jak se děda vlastně cítí? Cítí se být starým nebo mladým? Babička zase dědu šklábila slovy, že on se cítí podle toho, co se po něm chce. Chtěl-li odpočívat, byl velmi starý a nikdo ho nesměl vyrušovat. Chtěl-li se zúčastnit besedy s mladými, cítil se mlád. Kdo se v tom má vyznat? Zuzka si stejně myslela, že to všechno je jen na oko. Asi má maminka pravdu. Dědovi prý lichotí, když je středem pozornosti. To prý muži jsou takoví. Aťsi, pohodila veveruška hlavou. Nevadí, hlavně, když děda bude zase něco zajímavého vyprávět. Je sice pravda, že se rád nechával prosit. Věděla, že nebude těžké ho vyprovokovat. Jak ty chvíle milovala!

Očekávání ani tentokrát Zuzku nezklamalo. Děda s babičkou přijeli. Vyprávěli o svízelné cestě z venkova do civilizace, jak město nazývali. Sněhu prý je u nich velmi mnoho. Je těžký a mnoho stromů se pod vahou sněhu zlomilo. Elektrické vedení bylo narušeno. Mnoho obydlí zůstalo bez proudu. Ještě, že náš dub je tak veliký a silný, napadlo Zuzku, když to slyšela. V její bujně fantazii si představovala, jak sníh docela zasypal celé vesnice. Vzpoměla si na svatojánské broučky, co bydleli pod jalovcem. Ti se po jedné kruté zimě už ani neprobudili. Najednou jí bylo smutno. Proč to Pán Bůh dovolil, aby zemřeli? Prý má každý určený počet dní na Zemi. Slyšela to v kostele, v nedělní škole. Pak si ale řekla, že veverky jsou větší než svatojánské broučky a v zimě přece nespi. Ony nezamrzou. Když uhoří kruté mrazy, schovají se hluboko do kmene jejich velkého dubu. S úlevou si vydechla. Proč to tak Pán Bůh zařídil, aby někdo klidně zimu prospal, jako broučky nebo medvědi, zatím co druzí musí v létě, v zimě, každé ráno vstávat, nevěděla. Však Pán Bůh ví, co dělá, zazněla veverce v uších maminčina slova a Zuzka přestala filozofovat.

Bylo zřejmé, že je děda spokojen. Určitě jim oběma, babičce i dědovi, přišlo vhod, že nejsou sami. Ten večer se přehnala velká sněhová bouře i nad městem. Ve větvích dubu jen hrozivě praštělo. Po večeri se děda uvelebil na gauči, naproti rozehřátého krbu. Děti věděly, že toto je stvořená chvíle na dlouhé večerní vyprávění. Stačilo natuknout téma, a děda se chytil jako ryba na udici a rozvyprávěl se.

Někdy jeho vyprávění začalo poučováním. Starší vždy rádi poučují ty mladší. Na to byly děti už zvyklé. Maminka ráda viděla děti kolem dědy. Byla přesvědčená o důležitosti předávání zkušeností z generace na generaci. Sama si ani na jednoho dědu nepamatovala. Jeden zahynul během druhé světové války a druhý zemřel krátce po válce. Splášili se s ním koně o on na následky zranění hlavy zemřel. Ještě než se maminka narodila.

Děda slastně zamlaskal (asi po té dobré večeri) a rozhlédl se kolem sebe. Děti na něho upřeně hleděly. Přihmouřil oči nadechl se a začal. O veverkách. Jejich život nikdy nebyl snadný. Kolik námahy musely vynaložit na to, aby nashromáždily dostatek zásob na zimu! Obchody tenkrát ještě nebyly. Možná jen ve velkých městech. To však bylo zase velmi drahé. Celá rodina musela tvrdě pracovat, děti mnohdy ani do školy nemohly docházet. To by se mi docela líbilo, uchechtl se při té té představě bratranec Fracek. Od jara do zimy se celá rodina usilovně snažila zabezpečit živobytí. Zvláště, když přišla opravdu krutá a dlouhá zima.

V našem sousedství žila rodina s mnoha dětmi. Nebylo snadné všechny zabezpečit. Jeden s chlapců, jmenoval se Rudolf, byl tak trochu jiný, než ostatní děti. Měl kožíšek do červena. Možná proto



ho tak pojmenovali. Co se rodičů natrápil svými nápady a vůbec svým přístupem k životu! Vždy byl proti všemu a proti všem. Měl tisíce připomínek a otázek. Nejednou si tatínek povzdechl, co že to s tím jejich Rudolfem bude.

Jednoho dne si Rudolf usmyslil, že už je dost velký, a že se odstěhuje. Bude to pro vás snadnější, řekl prý své mamince. Do školy chodil, mnohému se naučil. Stačí si sám. Jeho rodičům se sevřelo srdce. Snažili se svým dětem život ulehčit. Copak si to ten kluk zase vymyslel? Rodiče však byli moudří. Chce-li okusit samostatnosti, bránit mu jistě nebudou. Jen aby neodešel daleko od rodiště.

Rudolf jim hrdě oznámil, že si našel příbytek na vedlejším smrku. Budeme tedy sousedé, zareagoval tatínek a maminka si ulehčeně vydechla. Budou mít Rudolfa na očích.

Nastal podzim. Rudolf se snažil. Pilně shromáždňoval zásoby žaludů na zimu. Jejda, těch žaludů! Vůbec to není těžké je nasbírat a uložit. Všude, kam se podíval, samý žalud. Smrk sice nebyl jako dub, kde bydleli rodiče a sourozenci, ale nějaké ty prostory na uskladnění také měl. Byly již naplněny. Ve skutečnosti však byly velmi malíčké. Rudolfa sice napadlo, že jsou menší, než mají rodiče. Nu což, řekl si, však žaludy se mohou uložit i jinam. Padající listy vytvořilo pozlacený koberec kolem dokola. I mírný svah byl listy zasypaný. Rudolf s oblibou válel sudy kopcem dolů. Bylo v něm mnoho všelijakých jamek, což jen napomohlo k Rudolfově dováděv cestě kopcem dolů. Nebyl to chlapec hloupý. Ty malé prostory mu přece jen vrtaly hlavou. A tak ho napadlo, že by mohl uložit nějaké žaludy i do jamek pod listím. Byl z toho nápadu nadšený. Listí tu bude ležet až do jara. Až napadne sníh vítr listí neodfoukne. Hned začal a neúnavně snášel žaludy. Byl na sebe hrdý. Však to není tak těžké se o sebe postarat, pomyslel si. Má zásoby aspoň na tři zimy. Však toho sám tolik nepotřebuje, mudroval. Jenom nerozuměl tomu, proč rodiče z toho vždycky dělali takovou vědu. Spokojeně zalezl do svého obydlí. a pochrupekával. Občas se pacičkou podrbl po vypaseném břichu. Možná rodiče přece jen mají zastaralé způsoby a názory. Možná by se měl s nimi o tom promluvit. S tou myšlenkou docela usnul. Zdálo se mu, že mu patří celé království. Všechna zvířata žasla nad jeho moudrostí a klaněla se mu. Jak krásně se mu probouzel! Sluníčko již bylo vysoko. Ptáčci zpěváci pořádali ranní koncert svými briliantními áriemi. Celá příroda jakoby využívala posledních momentů před zahalením do sněhového kabátu.

Rudolf zahýbal čumáčkem. Vystrčil hlavu ven ze svého domečku. Dlouze se rozhlížel. Jaká to pohoda! Všiml se lidí. Jistě i je vylákalo pěkné počasí. Jejich zahrada byla vždycky pěkně upravena, chloubou okolí. Pravděpodobně ještě dokončují práce, které si taková zahrada vyžaduje. Krutá zima může nepříjemně zařadit i mezi květinami a okrasnými keři.

Najednou Rudolf zkoprněl. Co, cože to je? Co to tam ti lidé dělají? Mají nějaké obludné věci v rukou připomínající mnohonásobné drápy. Drápou s nimi Rudolfův oblíbený svah. Čelist mu spadla, zuby zadrkotaly. Jakoby se před ním odvíjel spomalovaný film. Při každém hrábnutí se z pod listí vyvalily žaludy. Těch bylo! Lidé odváželi listí na hromadu. Dookola byly rozházené žaludy. Mnoho žaludů. Rudolfovy vyhrkly slzy do očí. Chtěl zakřičet – co to, vy lidi, děláte, to jsou moje zásoby na zimu, ale hlas mu selhal. Tak byl na

sebe hrdý a teď se mu chtělo plakat. Na to si však připadl už přece jen velký. Pomalu slezl se stromu. Huňatý ocásek táhl nešťastně za sebou. Lítost se střídala se zlostí. Tolik práce a nic z toho. Zamačkl velkou slzu a pohlédl na rozložitý dub. To byl jeho rodný dům. Odhodlal se vyšplhat nahoru. Ostýchavě zaklepal. Otevřela maminka. Hned poznala, že se něco stalo. Nedala na sobě nic znát a zvala synka na čaj. Má rád šípkový, s medem Vždy, když mu nebylo dobře, šípkový čaj pomohl. Maminka chtěla vědět, jak se Rudolfovi daří. Připravovala čaj a po očku ho pozorovala. Několik týdnů ho neviděla. Co se osamostatnil, dával velice jasně na jevo, že nikoho nepotřebuje.

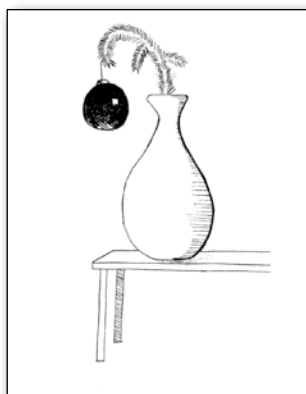
Při čaji se Rudolf začal ošívát. Maminka dobře věděla, že má něco na srdci. Je velmi důležité synka vyslechnout. Čekala. Umět naslouchat je klíčem v budování dobrých vztahů. Jedině tak se může vyřešit problém nebo nedorozumění. Jak těžko se Rudolfovi mluvílo! Začal oklikou. Chtěl vědět, jaký způsob při skladování žaludů na zimu je osvědčený. Ach tak, vydechla si maminka. Měla obavy, že jde o něco daleko vážnějšího. Rozhovořila se a Rudolf se zájmem naslouchal. Usrkačoval šípkového čaje. Příjemně ho zahříval. Maminka zmínila i tajemství zásobování, která se předávají z generace na generaci. Tak se přečká i ta nejkřutější zima. Nakonec se Rudolf odhodlal a se skroušeným hlasem mamince povykládal, co ho potkalo. Ta tam byla pýcha. Však jsme sousedé, utěšovala ho maminka. Kdykoliv je může navštívit, zásob měli dost i pro Rudolfa.

Rudolfovi se ulevilo. Jeho nezkušenost způsobila, že se ocitl v takové situaci. Jak byl rád, že má takovou maminku. Pacičkami ji objal a děkoval. Maminka ho vyprovázela s úsměvem. I lidé nás tu mají rádi, upozornila ho. Zvláště o Vánocích nám tu pod dubem rozsypou burské oříšky, na přilepšenou. Oslavují narození Božího Syna. Věří, že to Boží láska sestoupila na Zem. Projevují lásku nejen sobě navzájem, ale i všemu stvoření. Ano, lidé na ně byli hodní. Tatínek dětem často připomínal, jak je dobré žít v souladu se všemi sousedy. I s lidmi.

Děda se odmlčel. Děti ještě chtěly vědět, jak to s tím Rudolfem dopadlo. To by bylo dlouhé vyprávění. Až zase někdy jindy. Rudolf už nikdy nepohrdl radou starších a zkušených. Dodal děda. Chtělo se mu již spát.

V postýlce Zuzka naslouchala skučení větru a přemýšlela, co by asi dělala, kdyby byla úplně sama. Představa se jí vůbec nelíbila. Jak je dobře, že mají domeček, babičku a dědečka a tak všechno...

Pravidelné oddechování ukončilo večeřinu rozjímání a přeneslo ji do říše snů.



MOVING ?

Please write to:

Glorious Hope

Rt.4, Box 58D

Philippi, WV 26416 USA

or send email to : george.sommer@ab.edu

Include your mailing label from a recent issue of **Glorious Hope** for faster service.



Trial of Faith and Life in Christ

Tony Pknjac

It was the beginning of 2002. Our family was a happy one. We enjoyed the successful lives of our three children and four grandchildren. Our oldest son Darko was working as a university professor in New Hampshire, while his wife Tavnja and children stayed at our home.

Our other son, Mladen, lived in Windsor and daughter Mirjana lived with her family in Saskatchewan. Our trip to visit them was never difficult for us because our granddaughters are our great joy. Everything was beautiful. I called this time of our lives a “golden” one. Not even in our wildest dreams could we imagine what was coming.

During spring break in March, our son Darko came to be with his family and us. He told us that he had a backache. The next day his pain was all over his body so he went to the hospital for some x-rays. A few days later his doctor called him and his wife to his office. The result was shocking. He had cancer on his lungs and liver. It was too late for anything to be done.

His doctor was surprised that he took the news so calmly. The most difficult thing for him was to tell such grim news to us—his parents. He was also worried about the future of his wife and children.

The truth is, this was the most difficult time for us, to find that our son had an incurable disease. How was his wife going to cope with no job and two small children?

In times like these it's very easy to lose sight of our Lord although he is our only hope. Darko saw the change on my face, and replied with these words, “Dad, you are worried. If our God allows me to die, this same God will take care of my wife and children.” At that time he didn't know that he would never return to his office or teaching.

I remembered his words very well. They came true after he was gone. Our God is an awesome God who stays truthful to his promises.

As Christians, what are we to do in such situations? The best is to say as Job did, “Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?” We need to humble ourselves and ask God to take control. My wife, our children, and others have done so, including our sick Darko. Very often I remember Darko's words that we can't do a thing, but God can do everything.

I went to the Lord with these words: “Lord, you are our God and we don't need anyone but you to take us through this. We trust in you.” God's peace flooded my soul like a river. I was able to sleep, as well as our entire family. During the day, I was able to work at my job. The truth is that we cried, but not as those who do not have hope. We praise God for his help which He gives abundantly.

When we watched Darko we felt uplifted. Although he was in physical pain, he was able to witness about Christ to one of his student friends from Toronto, who came to visit him. That former student was an atheist. Darko asked him: “Whom are you going to

ask for help if you get into a similar situation? All those that started many religions are dead but my God is alive. He overcame death and only He can say, *‘I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me will live, even though he dies,’* (John 11:25). And also *‘I am the way, the truth, and the life,’* (John 14:6). To his students in Manchester, New Hampshire, Darko wrote a good-bye letter, telling them that he would see them when the stars came down and the sun became blood prior to Christ's coming.

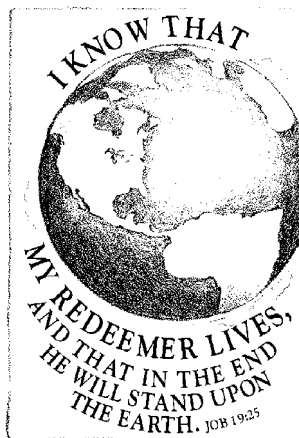
During those six weeks, I watched how Darko slowly but surely was vanishing. I prayed that God would give me Darko's cancer and give him life so that he could raise his children. But Darko cried: “Dad, you will get your portion. This is mine and I must go through it. I would never change my troubles for anything in this world.” His staying so close to God gave me strength to watch his departing. We knew where he was going and that we would meet someday. I praise the Lord for this hope. How wonderful it is to know that in Christ we will see each other again, and now we are six years closer to Darko and not six years without him. This is a great joy.

We don't need to grumble to God and ask why He took our son. We can be grateful that Darko is with God and is expecting us. Although we lost a son, we gained two beautiful grandchildren. God took one and gave us two. With Christ you will never lose. That's why we praise and bless His name. Maybe somebody will ask why I wrote this testimony. My answer is—to help those who might one

day find themselves in a similar situation. With these words I am encouraging you to put your trust in Him. He will help us carry our burdens.

I had a very interesting experience at work. One nice young man, who works with me, watched me the entire time during Darko's illness. He saw how often I cried and it touched him very much. One day he came, hugged me and said: “I see your pain but you strengthened my faith because I also have a big need. My wife cannot have children. The doctors tried to help but were not giving much hope.” I told him: “Derek, doctors can do only so much as it has been given to them, but God gives life. Trust in Him, have faith and humble yourself. Get on your knees and ask for forgiveness and ask for his mercy to give you a child. God's word teaches us that children are a gift from God. Ask for this with faith.” A month or so later he again came to me, hugged me and with tears told me that his wife was pregnant. That was a gift from God. Today, that boy Caleb is five years old. His father is a happy man, grateful for the gift he received from the Lord. Almost unreal—this is my experience of Darko's illness and death.

Translated by Marija Sommer





Our Centennial Convention will be held on July 9-12, 2009. Guest speakers will be former General Secretary of Baptist World Alliance, Dr. Denton Lotz, from Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and evangelist Dr. Barry Moore from Chatham, Ontario. Also Jan Titera, General Secretary of Czech Baptist Union and Th.D. Darko Kraljik, President Elect of Slovak Baptist Union will be our guests.

We have received information that some family reunions will take place during the Centennial convention.

At the midyear meeting of General Board which was held on Saturday, October 25, 2008, in Christ Community Church, Campbell, Ohio, the following program was approved.

The main theme is: *"The Mission Today and Always"*

Thursday July 9—*Enlisting New Disciples* (Acts 6:7)

Friday July 10—*Strengthening Brothers and Sisters in the Faith* (Luke 22:31-32)

Saturday July 11—*Passing the Traditions of Eternal Life* (Deuteronomy 6:4-9)

Sunday July 12—*Proclaiming Christ* (Colossians 1:27-29)

Monday July 13—Picnic and obecnstvi—fellowship at Blackwater Falls State Park, West Virginia. Plan to stay one extra day and enjoy the beauty of West Virginia.

Check the convention web page for more information:

www.czskbc.org www.czskbc100.info or www.glorioushope.info

George Sommer



Barry Moore



Darko Kraljik



Denton Lotz



Jan Titěra

Bill and Doreen Springle

Married July 24, 1958



It was with great joy that many close friends and relatives met with Bill and Doreen (nee Koutecky) Springle to celebrate 50 years of marriage. This celebration took place August 23, 2008 at their place of worship, Maple Avenue Baptist Church in Georgetown, Ontario.

Bill and Doreen have been blessed with three children (Cheryl, Stephen, and Gordon) and five grandchildren.

Their life together was honoured through their children's, grandchildren's and friend's reminiscences and musical numbers.

We wish them God's richest blessings.



Christmas comes more and more rapidly each year. We say, can it be that time already? And then it goes away on us too, almost as abruptly. Each year the transition leaves me with this: What exactly happened these past days? But then, it is on to other things. The calendar moves forward; the same with daily life.

For a short period, however, was not the Christmas moment a beautiful pause from the rest of living? Preparations, fatigue, travel, and stress aside, wasn't it good to settle back a few times and discover a quiet peace? That is what is supposed to happen. No matter how we complicate the season, something underlies all the frenetic activity that welcomes us to a centering point for living once again, remembering that we have a Source, and for relearning the essential contentment of faith.

Christmas may be about a birth, but a child who was way more than just another in the long history of newborns. Way more! Notice how the world keeps going back to the birthday of this one, even though it is so layered over with ancient centuries by now? In much of the rest of life, if anything predates by more than a few years, it is considered pretty much obsolete and irrelevant. But not this Jesus baby of more than 2000 years. His birth is as modern as a late December day in 2008. How come it was not set on a shelf and long since forgotten?

Because there was a message in that birth! However it is that one might unpack it, the featured theme was: No more barriers between us and God. Separation between people of earth and the population of heaven is out! God has come, the Lord has searched, and we have been located—with all our sins and flaws.



He stepped inside all the matrix of human living that we know so well, and he put a call out there for us: "Follow me and you will live your way right into the heart of God."

It started simply enough. Delivered by a human mother, sheltered in a barn that had no central heating (but at least kept the elements from dowsing him). And I suspect he was a good baby. . . don't you think? And the Spirit of God, who superintends everything, threaded into his very soul a strategic mission, even if his first fragile moments of life prevented him from understanding little other

than food and sleep. The awareness of his calling would come soon enough, and he would—and did—make us aware too. This was God in human flesh. This was God for us. This was the Lord with us from then on forever. For our part, we are sticking with him, as long as he is willing to have us!

This Czechoslovak Baptist Convention that God willed to us has been around through 100 Christmases now. We love the observance more than ever. The treasure grows larger and larger. And if next summer at the centennial convention we do not specifically speak about the nativity of Jesus – it will be July, after all – we will be remembering aplenty that God sent Jesus upon the world with his own human life in order that we might live the life of Christ deep within, through these days and into eternity. No barriers to keep us apart.

Robert Dvorak

□

Robert Dvorak



Robert Dvorak 70?



Yes, it is true, our president is 70. We wish him God's blessing, health, and wisdom, and look forward to his leading the convention past the Centennial Celebration. [Editors]

"Like a good 'Czech,' Bob chose to celebrate his 70th birthday with koláčky rather than a birthday cake. Each koláček had a birthday candle in it. After dinner we went to see a performance of *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. It was a great way to begin the Christmas season."

Dottie Dvorak

□



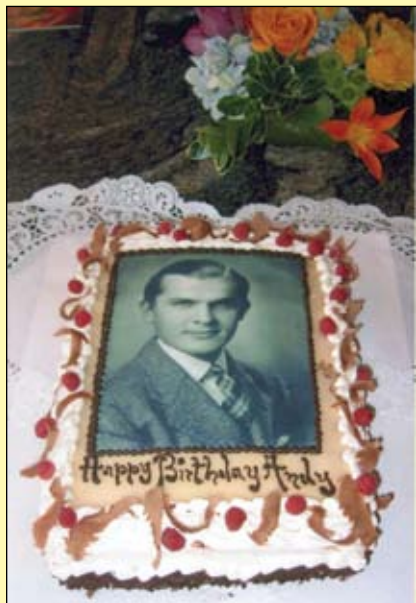
A Tribute to Dr. Rev. Andrew Kmetko

As delivered by Thomas Kmetko, Andy's eldest son

Sunday, October 12, 2008

In the last issue of Glorious Hope we published an article about Dr. Rev. Andrew Kmetko (May 8, 1917–August 19, 2008). Since the memorial service was held on October 12, 2008, after that issue went to print, we are bringing the entire eulogy now. Editors

Thanks so much to all of you for honoring our dad's memory by your presence here today. It doesn't



seem that long ago that we were celebrating my parents' 50th anniversary in a room just down the hall from here. For those of you who were here, it was a beautiful fall day like this one. It's hard to believe that that day is almost 21 years behind us.

You know, we began a tradition of anniversary celebrations for my parents with their 40th. At the time we were concerned because my dad was in poor health and we heard they might not celebrate their 41st. Since then we have had



last century. They brought with them three children: Mary, John, and Sue. Four children had died before they ever left Europe. My father and his brother Steve were the only two children born in this country. Their mother could not read or write. She was taught to write her own name so that she could sign citizenship papers.

In the 1920s the family lived on a farm near Akron. An old picture shows Grandma Kmetko and three of her children on the front steps of their home. The Okies in *The Grapes of Wrath* had nothing on them!

The Depression ended that dream. Several members of the extended Kmetko family ended up sharing an apartment and other expenses during the difficult times of the Depression. But those days became a cherished family memory.

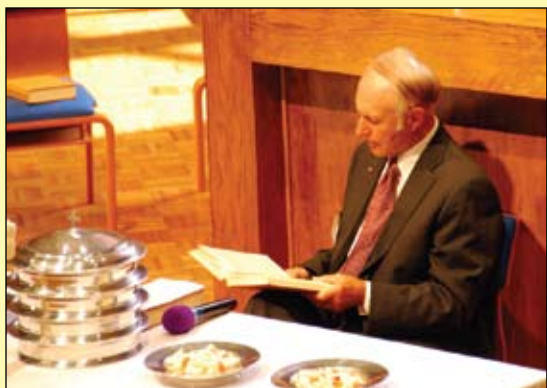
Later, like the father, both Steve and Andy entered the ministry. Before he studied for the ministry, Dad met Alice Newman at a church function in Akron. They fell deeply in love. We didn't find this out 'til we were adults, but my parents actually ran away to get married. Rumor has it that Alice's family wasn't too keen on my dad. But as the years went by, the Newman and Kmetko families realized that this partnership wasn't going to end.

Not long after their marriage our dad went to New York to study for the ministry while our mom stayed behind. Our dad's first church, the Hatch Hollow Baptist Church, was in a small rural community in western Pennsylvania, where a group of Slovak Baptists had taken up farming.



Continues on page 9

Convention Echoes in Pictures Part 2



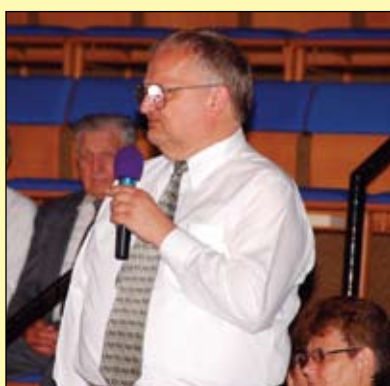
Rev. Joza Novak



Tim Racinsky



Darko Siracki



Jovan Vlasic



Worship Leader Milko Lamos



"Older" Generation



"Younger" Generation



Jodi Nesvadba, Natasha Laurinc, and Donna Nesvadba



Young People at the Blackwater Falls



Michele Moore



Marija Sommer



George Gregor, Treasurer