



The Lamplighter

Volume 17 Issue 6

Heart To Heart by Pastor Richard Wright

Acts 15:25 says, "It seemed good to us, being assembled with one accord..."

I think that's what campmeeting does for us. It brings us together from all over the conference in a spirit of harmony and we worship God as one big family. There always seems to be a good spirit at campmeeting. For the most part, everything goes very well. I hope you are planning on being there as we have some good speakers coming. Check out the bulletin board for details.

You know those little tents that some of you stay in during campmeeting? Well, did you know it takes two people five minutes to put up one tent? We pastors have to put them up, so it takes us ten minutes. That's because when we take them down after campmeeting they are all folded differently instead of the same. Some of you have a few holes in your tent don't you? Every year tents are repaired, but sometimes a few are missed. You know those nice wooden platforms you have in your tent to keep you off the ground? We spend a lot of time making new platforms every year. Have you ever gotten one in your tent? Me either. Did you



know that we go to a lot of trouble to level those platforms? That's why you sleep so well at night. All in all it probably takes a good fifteen to twenty minutes to get each tent set so you can be comfortable. Isn't campmeeting great?

Hebrews 11:25 says, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching."

What a time we have praying together, singing, worshipping and praising God. Come for the spiritual feast and you will be blessed. It will be great.

After the evening meeting is over and you and your children go right to your tent to settle down for the night like you're supposed to, and you're laying in your bed with your head twelve inches lower than your feet, and you're looking up at the stars through the holes in your tent, pause for a moment to give thanks to God for all the hard work we pastors have done for you.

If you need me during the night, I'll be five miles down the road at my daughter's place.

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Erielle Gladden's Favorite Scripture & Why

I would have to say my favorite Bible text is Psalms 46:1. "God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble." Why? Because it is such a promise. Now I can go through life knowing no matter what trials and hardships come my way I can make it-with my *Refuge* and my *Strength*.



Who is Who?

Prayer Partner's Banquet by Goldie Mason

The Forestdale School students and teachers participated in the 6th annual Prayer Banquet on April 12, 2001 at Hope M. Thurlow Hall in Woodstock, Maine. This is just one *Outreach Program* outlined by the Bible Lab Coordinators, Jim and Goldie Mason. Soon after school commences each year, the students are encouraged to choose a Prayer Partner that they will pray for and do little acts of kindness for throughout the school year, keeping their choice a secret until revealed at the banquet. Personal invitations are sent out to each students' partner or partners for this event.

The self importance and prayer power is highly emphasized each day with Prayer Requests and Prayer groups lifting their voices and praise to our Heavenly Father. What an inspiration this is to be a part of such commitment. We were highly honored to have our own Conference President, Elder Gary Thurber as a guest and speaker at this most important event. All his other commitments were rearranged and a mandatory meeting in South Lancaster was scheduled that same day which he attended. He still kept his invitation in Woodstock.

What a blessing his prayer experience was! As a 17 year old, he experienced an incredible threat to his life in a severe car accident on his way home from school leave. He experienced internal injuries and a broken back and his prognosis was not good. He never lost consciousness and was fully aware of the seriousness he found himself in. Surgery was necessary and if he lived through it he would never walk again, but be confined to a wheelchair. Before surgery he prayed, "Lord you know best if I wake up from this surgery, I'm sure You'll be with me and in my future



"Prayer is the answer to every problem in life. It puts us in tune with divine wisdom which knows how to adjust everything perfectly."

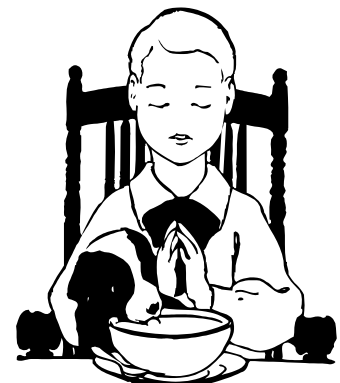
outcome." He made it through surgery and many painful weeks of recovery. His classmates sent him letters of encouragement along with the assurance that they were praying for his recovery. He knows prayer is powerful and successful through personal experience. He walked down the aisle at graduation time. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!!"

Another guest and prayer partner of a student, Randy Allen, related his positive prayer answer through prayer warriors. His diagnosis was a brain tumor. If operable, the probability of paralysis would be high. Praise God, after surgery he was talking and responding favorably.

Sixty-seven people were in attendance, including parents and grandparents that helped with preparing and serving the meal. Appropriate prizes were awarded through number choosing. Gift plaques were given out by the students that they had personally made with "Prayer Partners" on the front. Everyone was given a copy of the following to put in their bibles to read and memorize. (See italic text). Many attending stated that it was the most meaningful and uplifting banquet they had ever attended. "Praise God, His banner over us is LOVE".

Prayer is the answer to every problem in life. It puts us in tune with divine wisdom which knows how to adjust everything perfectly. So often we do not pray in certain situations because from our stand point the outlook is hopeless. But nothing is impossible with God. Nothing is so entangled that it cannot be remedied; no human relationship is too strained for God to bring about reconciliation and understanding; no habit so deep rooted that it cannot be overcome; no one is so weak that he cannot be strong. No one is so ill that he cannot be healed. No mind is so dull that it cannot be made brilliant. What ever we need, if we trust God, He will supply it. If anything is causing us worry or anxiety, let us stop rehearsing the difficulty and trust God for healing, love and power. E.G. White, Review and Herald, October 7, 1865

This is the beginning of a new day. God has given me this day to use as I will. I can waste it or use it for good. What I do today is important because I am exchanging a day of my life of it. When tomorrow comes, today will be gone forever leaving in its place something I have traded for it. I want it to be gain, not loss; good, not evil; success, not failure; in order that I shall not regret the price I paid for it. "Show me thy ways O Lord; Teach me thy paths" Psalms 25:4.



WHO SAID THAT?

Which biblical characters said the following statements?

1. "The water compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head."
2. "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."
3. "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"
4. "Surely the Lord is in this place."
5. "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being."
6. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

*Before you go to bed, give
your troubles to GOD.
He will be up all night
anyway.*



WHO AM I

1. My favorite saying is "Awesome!"
2. Baxter State Park is where I like to camp most
3. I have ALL my wisdom teeth

Last Month's WHO AM I was "Clara Johns"

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S MATCHING PUZZLE

Abraham-Ishmael	Jehoshaphat-Jehu
Ahaz-Hezekiah	Jesse-David
Bathsheba-Solomon	Leah-Reuben
Eve-Cain	Noah-Ham
Gideon-Abimelech	Nun-Joshua
Hannah-Samuel	Rachel-Joseph
Isaac-Jacob	Saul-Jonathan



Brian Yap & Heidi Hodson "picking" a tune or two at the recent May 19 baptism

Forestdale School News

By Mr. Frank Stahl

This month the school news is featured by students of grades 4-6. We want to thank all of you for your continual support and prayers. The "Silent Auction" was a big success. Please remember to and drop in at Isabel's Memorial Day Weekend Garage Sale.

Rhode Island Camporee

By Bradley Philip Sica, Jr.



The theme was "Anchored in Jesus Christ." The Mt. Blue Moccasin Club from Dixfield (which I am a member of) had to cook their own food. The girls would cook and the boys would clean up. Then the next meal the boys would cook and the girls would clean up. The Conferences that were there were: Northern New England, New York, Northeastern, Greater New York, New Jersey and Bermuda. Many Master Guides were inducted. The Conference with the most Master Guides inducted were from Northeastern. Northern New England Conference had one also.

Visitation Day

By Hannah Vail



Wednesday, May 16 was "Visitation Day" at Forestdale. There were 5 visitors in all. One from Harrison and three students from Dixfield with their teacher. On this day all students got to see a puppet show presented by several people from Cady Memorial school. It also gave people a chance to meet someone new!

Raking at Tammy Hadley's House

By Cody Dean Ballweber

On May 2 we went raking and had to pile leaves. That day we had hardly any water-maybe one 24 oz. bottle of water each (we mostly used it to cool us off. It was hot!!!). Later that day we went to the swimming hole down at the brook for about 15 minutes and then we had to go back to raking again. When we stopped for lunch most of our water was gone. An hour later Lyndon, Aaron, and I were thinking about drinking water again when Priscila Staley went by. We stopped her and asked if we could have some water. She went to her house and got us some water. After more raking we had to go home. The next day we went back and finished the job and went to the swimming hole again; this time for 30 minutes. Tammy met us there and paid Mr. Stahl \$100 for our work and gave us a free lunch!

My Side of the Mountain

By Ben Goodall

At Forestdale School, Grades 4-6 have been reading the book "My Side of the Mountain." It is a best seller and has won a Newberry Honor Award for children age 9 and up. We like it and we recommend it to everyone that likes nature.



School News Articles (Continued)

Pathfinder Campout

By Aaron C. Vail

The Woodstock Whitetails on the 19th of May are going to the Hodson's camp to do the Pathfinder's camping honors. Some of the Pathfinders are doing honor 1, and some are doing honor 2. One of the best things about it, in my opinion is, we might be able to go swimming. Pathfinders, bring your swim suit!!



(Art by Aaron Vail)

Camp Lawroweld Clean-up Day

By Billy Snow

Camp Lawroweld needed a clean-up. So all of Forestdale, Dixfield, part of Riverview and Pine Tree came to assist us in our work. Lunch was provided which consisted of spaghetti. Yum!! Everyone worked hard for as long as we could. It was not totally finished, but a good chunk of it was ready for campers! It looked very good as we left to go get ice cream. We got to school tired but happy. We had helped clean up Camp Lawroweld!

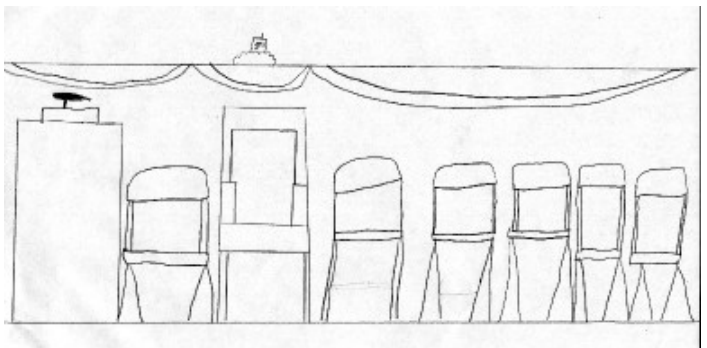
The Baptism

By Stephanie Harlow

William Snow, Hannah Vail, Emily Vail, and Matthew Hall are going to be baptized this Saturday (May 19). Hannah says, "I'm glad I'm getting baptized. I'm excited and I'm nervous!" I hope they all have a great time and that God blesses their hearts.

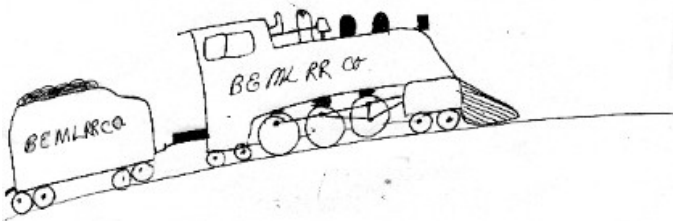
The class of 2001 graduation will be on June 6th.
Good luck, 8th grade!

By Elizabeth J. Glover (artwork as will)



This is a picture of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railway Company train. Students at Forestdale SDA School will be riding it on May 23 2001.

By Lyndon Mason (artwork as well)



Puppet Show

By Emily Vail

Forestdale School recently had a puppet show on Wednesday, May 16 put on by Cady SDA Memorial School of Conway, New Hampshire. There were six kids and two grown-ups in the show. The school just started a puppet program in October. This was the first time the school performed in public. There were kids all the way from first grade to seventh grade. The show was about drugs, why you shouldn't use them, and how to say "no" if they are offered to you.

What's the difference between school and life? In school you're taught a lesson, then given a test In life you're given a test that teaches you a lesson.

4 Woodstock Youth Choose Christ!

On Sabbath, May 19, Hannah Vail, Emily Vail, Matthew Hall, and Bill Snow IV were baptized at Mollyockett Pool. Pastor Wright has led baptismal classes for these youth for quite some time. Their decision is SUCH an important one! May our lives be an example of Christ in our hearts and may we all continue to recommit our lives to Christ daily. Dying daily to sin and Living for Christ!!!



"Gated Walls"

by Pamela Mason

Tragedy has struck another family
And left in its wake only sadness and grief.
Deaths' ice cold fingers have firmly gripped
Their hearts and threatened to tear them apart.

A gated wall has gone up around them

That few dare enter into.

Is it that the pain of those inside is too

Great for others to look upon?

Or are they afraid it could affect them

Like a painful disease one contracts?

The answer is different for many,

But the lonely hearts still remain within

Those gated walls that the effects of

Sin has produced.

Most walk on, unable to even glance inside;

But some cautiously enter,

Trying to warm and cheer.

Death is a morbid and unnatural thing

That we all must face.

Open the gate and enter in to look

upon the faces of those who grieve.

Bring sunshine upon the weary with a

Hug and a smile

Acknowledge their pain and dull it with your
thoughtfulness;

For one day soon, death will be no more

(See accompanying article on page 7)

JUST SAY SOMETHING

BY Betsy Okonski

Published in Newsweek, May 6, 1996, page 14 (Submitted by Pamela Mason)

Death is portrayed everywhere in popular culture. In this superficial context, people find it easy to talk about it. But it is dramatized, distant, impersonal. Grief, if it is acknowledged appears to last only a short time. Sadly, popular culture does not teach us about the true nature of grief, nor does it prepare us for the moment when death touches the lives of people we know. When death becomes personal, people don't know what to say.

One evening last spring, I was in labor with our third child. The baby was active and I had a particularly acute sense of being about to meet a new person. Suddenly everything went wrong. I began bleeding. Kaitlin was born in the car two blocks from the hospital and she didn't breathe. The hospital's emergency room staff could not resuscitate her.

My husband and I were in complete shock. We held Kaitlin and cried. It wasn't until after we went home empty handed that her death started to become real. Some family members, expecting to visit in a time of joy, instead consoled us and shared our grief. Flowers and notes arrived as word of our loss spread. But after about two weeks, the cards stopped coming. For months I literally waited by the mailbox hoping for word from the many people who must have known by then but had never responded. During that time, I discovered the amazing power of a humble sympathy card to bring me a measure of comfort. It was a tangible demonstration that someone else cared. And even though I cried every time I encountered someone who offered their condolences, it helped to know that another person recognized my loss. When the sympathy trickled off to nothing, I felt abandoned.

A few months after Kaitlin died, we moved to another state. Meeting new people has become very stressful. "How many children do you have?" is one of the first things new acquaintances ask. I have to decide each time how and when to tell them about Kaitlin, because it is bound to come up eventually. How can I discuss pregnancy with another mother and not talk about all three experiences? I would rather tell new acquaintances myself than have them learn from my 3-year-old daughter, who talks about Kaitlin's death whenever something reminds her of it. Besides, I always hope that I will discover a kindred soul who has lost a child of her own and understands what I am going through.

I want to talk about Kaitlin, just as I would if she had lived. It may seem as though I should not miss someone I never knew, but this is not the case. I spent nine months rearranging my life to include a new little person. In that time Kaitlin became a part of our family; she influenced our decisions and our vision of the future, and she created memories. Her death was the catalyst for profound changes in our lives. It feels like a lie to deliberately exclude mentioning her when discussing part of my life that involved her.

Because people often react negatively when I bring her up, I am constantly debating whether it is worth it. When I talk about Kaitlin and other people become clearly uncomfortable, ironically, I feel obliged to nurture them. And I feel isolated when someone changes the subject. Not only have I lost my daughter I have lost the right to talk openly about her existence. I realize that many times people avoid talking about Kaitlin because they simply do not know what to say. I have done the same myself. Before we lost Kaitlin, I was so uncomfortable with death and grief that I let my discomfort overcome my caring. Only months before our baby died, a neighbor lost her baby at birth. I regret now that when I saw her after it happened, I didn't say anything at all. Now I understand how much a simple "I'm sorry to hear of your loss" can mean, even from a relative stranger. It is difficult to know what to say. I would like to share what I've had to learn the hard way.

One of the most helpful things you can do for a bereaved person is to acknowledge the loss. Don't fear causing pain by bringing it up. It was much more upsetting to me when someone acted like nothing had happened. Keep it simple. "I'm sorry" may feel inadequate, but the truth is that there is really nothing you can say that will take the pain away. Sincerely said, "I'm sorry" says that you care, and that's what is truly needed.

Another caring gesture is to call or send a sympathy card. This goes beyond etiquette; it is a matter of showing support. You may feel very sad for a grieving person and think about them a lot, but caring does not do any good unless you communicate it. It only takes a few minutes to send a card, and the act itself is much more meaningful than the exact text. The bereaved I've met really want to talk about their loss. Be willing to listen. You don't have to say anything brilliant. Recognition of their feelings with statements such as "This must be very hard for you," and caring comments like "I want to listen" and "I feel so sad for you" are helpful. All that person can think about is that their loved one is gone. Remarks like "You can have another baby," "It is for the best" or "It's God's will" don't help.

Even if you don't know a person well, don't let that stop you from doing or saying something. Just let them know that you were sorry to hear what happened. I never perceived that as inappropriate, even from the most casual acquaintances. On the contrary, I was gratified to know that they cared. Some of the most touching sympathy I received was from people I barely knew, partly because I didn't expect it.

Grief lasts a long time. The first year in particular is full of holidays, birthdays and other painful milestones. Keep following up, ask your friend or acquaintance how they are managing with their feelings. Or if you have not acknowledged their loss yet, regardless of the reason, do it now. It is never too late.

Acknowledgment and support are always gratefully received, especially after the initial outpouring subsides. Say, "I'm sorry." Say, "I have been thinking of you." Or say, "I want you to know that I care." Just say something. It really does make a difference.

In My Humble Opinion

by Christie Hodson, Lamplighter Editor

Much is often said about new inventions and gadgets of technology. My generation has been immersed in the entire transformation. After all, the desktop PC evolved right around the time I was a small child. You could say, "We grew up together". I often think back to the days of my grandparents and the struggles of "simple" daily life. Where fixing breakfast may have taken 2 hours, whereas mine can be prepared in minutes. Where laundry was an all day affair and in contrast I can put in a load and walk away until it buzzes at me. Where running to the store would have meant catching the horse, hitching the team and then traveling the many miles to the general store. I suppose I should be grateful for 24 hour electricity, Maytags, microwaves, cell phones, and e-mail. It's a far cry from the life my ancestors lived. An immense change. Has it been for the good? One can look at it from many different perspectives and come up with entirely conflicting answers to that question. We could say that present day inventions provide for convenience, help us save time, and help us to reach loved ones within mere minutes. But I fear our new technology has actually made us busier, more sleep deprived and actually more isolated from personal contact than ever before. A good change? It's debatable. Change is inevitable but disruptive, exciting but unnerving. Some say it has made the older generation fearful of new gadgets and the younger generation less creative, less active and less appreciative. There is something in life that has never changed, the *Word of God, The Bible*. True, we've tried to interpret it differently, have made revisional variations and have paraphrased many passages of scripture, but the heart of its message in its context and in its original language, has not changed. We can take comfort in its consistency, in its message, in its enduring promises and in its ability to speak to those of all ages. As human beings, we've grown accustomed to and almost depend on change. If something doesn't work, doesn't sound right, isn't exciting enough we "want a change" We've even done this with religion and God. We're looking for something more when what we need is sitting right before us, in our hands or perhaps "on our shelf". God's word, God's message, Gods love never changes. In this world of continuous change I pray we may find peace in the consistency of God's word, His son, and His love. I want to cling to something that never changes. In this world of continuous changes and advancements, God's message has remained simple. He loves us. He died to give us a robe of righteousness and take us home to heaven with Him when He returns. Cling to "The Word" and may you find strength in its message. I was very fortunate to have the author of the accompanying song, *Sara Groves*, contact me by e-mail and explain what was the inspiration behind "The Word". She stated the following:

"There were many influences behind The Word. One was a devotional by Chuck Swindol called Intimacy with the Almighty. He says everyone is looking for a new word from God, but the old word is the new word. God has had the same message since the beginning of time, and every interaction with mankind has held the same "word" - reconciliation with man. Another inspiration was a conviction that my entire spiritual diet was made up of pre-chew food (gross, I know). I was reading good books and listening to good music, but I was not going to the Word myself. God spoke to me (not audible) and said he wanted to show me things first hand. Thank you for making our music a part of this."
Sara

The Word, by Christian Artist, Sara Groves

I've done every devotional
Been every place emotional
Trying to hear a new word from God
And I think it's very odd, that while
I attempt help myself
My Bible sits upon my shelf
With every promise I could ever need

Chorus:
And the Word was
And the Word is
And the Word will be

People are getting fit for Truth
Like they're buying a new tailored suit
Does it fit across the shoulders
Will it fade when it gets older

We throw ideas that aren't in style
In the Salvation Army pile
And search for something more to meet
our needs
And the Word was
And the Word is
And the Word will be

The old Word is the new Word is
The old Word is the new Word is...

Bridge:
I think it's time I rediscover
All the ground that I have covered, like
Seek Ye first what a verse
We are pressed but not crushed,
perplexed but don't despair.

We are persecuted but not abandoned
We are no longer slaves
We are daughters and sons,
And when we are weak
We are very strong
And neither death nor life
Nor present nor future
Nor depth nor height
Can keep us from the love of Christ
And the Word I need
Is the Word that was
Who put on flesh to dwell with us.
In the beginning...
And the Word was
And the Word is
And the Word will be

Woodstock SDA Church—June 2001

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1 B - Kenny Wilson B - Kelsey Mills	2 B - Rio McCall
3	4	5	6 B - Jerry Verrill B - Danielle Appleby A - Monte & Irwina Smith A - Armie & Chris Penney	7 B - Lou Farwell	8 B - Marguerite Verrill	9 * - Women's Ministry Special Sabbath Get-together (Place to be announced)
10 B - Kimberly Hadley	11 B - Kevin Roberts * - School Board Meeting, 6pm, Ledgeview	12 A - Randy & Rachel Wilday	13 A - Frank & Christie Hodson	14 A - Ken & Laurie Wilson	15 B - Joel Roberts A - Bill & Bev Show	16 B - Joe Saladino * - Church Fellowship Dinner-Thurlow Hall
17 B - Amy Taylor	18 B - Tina Hume	19	20	21 A - Jack & Linnie Roberts	22 B - Lonnie Hadley	23
24 B - Maurice Morgan A - Will & Ernestine Riley	25 B - Kevin Hodson B - Zandi Kemp	26	27	28 B - Richard Fleming	29 A - Elmer & Eda Waterhouse	30 B - Tricia Johnson B - Elaine Wilday

A = Anniversary

B = Birthday

* = Event

**Woodstock SDA Church
Perkins Valley Road
Bryant Pond, ME 04219**

**We're on the web
www.hodsonhome.com/woodstocksda**

One Sabbath morning the pastor noticed that little Alex was staring up at the large plaque that hung in the foyer of the church. The plaque was covered with names and small American flags were mounted on either side of it.

The seven year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the boy, and said quietly, "Good morning Alex." "Good morning pastor", replied the young man, still focused on the plaque. "Pastor McGhee, what is this?" Alex asked. "Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service."

Soberly, they stood together, staring at the large plaque. Little Alex's voice was barely audible when he asked, "Which service, the 9:00 or the 11:00?"

