

# CYBERFLASHES

Keeping MVC Alumni & Friends in Touch



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## The Making of MVC: STORIES OF THE PIONEERS

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# Editor's thoughts: "My Story"

By Evelyn Porteza Tabingo

rowing up in MVC was the best part of my childhood. There was virtually an infinite space for a child to roam, several trees to climb and diverse places to explore.

Summertime was always fun. Our days were filled with various activities. The Jamandre Village kids played around the peanut fields across the valley, or gather mushrooms after a thunderstorm.

Snakes? I came face to face with one when we lived at the old sawmill (Mt. Nebo) location. One evening I bent down to pick up a piece of firewood from a pile behind the house. In the dim light of the kerosene lamp, I saw the silhouette of a cobra positioned to strike. I ran for dear life! I was six years old. There is no wonder I have extreme fear of snakes to this day!

A couple of months ago my sister, Virgie and I visited MVC. We recalled some of the fun experiences.

"Ate, can you remember ...."

...the *waterhole*? One day we saw frog eggs and decided to jump into the muddy water to push the eggs to the sides so they won't be "disturbed," when the carabao (water buffalo) wallows in the water. Boy, were we in trouble when our Uncle Gabriel Porteza saw us in the waterhole!

... when the *water reservoir* was being built and we heard a kitten crying inside? We innocently climbed down the ladder to save the kitten. I still remember Mr. Ely Bingcang, one of the men working on the reservoir project, yelling at us kids to get out of the dangerous area we were in--- IMMEDIATELY!

What was once a field of peanuts, or corn or pineapple plantation, you'll now see the Pioneer Guesthouse and faculty homes.

For a little girl, life was good in the campus. Someone has said, "if I could go back and do it all over again, I WOULD." My sentiments.... *YES! I CERTAINLY WOULD too.*

Let us turn back time. Be a part of the pioneer stories in this issue. See the hardship they endured and their determination to succeed and create timeless memories.

As you gaze at Mt. Kitangland, watch the sunrise slowly dissipates the fog that covers its mountaintop. Recall the time you spent in the campus, the happy and the not-so-happy times, and share those treasures with us.

*Lyn Tabingo*



## AN UNSUNG HERO

Don Christensen

As Americans celebrate the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, the anniversary of the founding of the United States, most citizens celebrate the holiday with family, a picnic, and fireworks—forgetting the principles that made this day possible. As I write this, I think of America's heritage, the heritage of any great nation of high principles, a nation that did not just come into being, but a nation by divine intervention, by diverse individuals, with deep-seated Bible principles governing their lives.

As I think back to the founding of Mountain View College some 63 years ago, I note that it too was founded by divine guidance using a diverse group of individuals with deeply held beliefs and vision. Some of the individuals are well known, others, less known, were equally important.

One such person I learned to appreciate was **Natividad (Sanglap) Mallari**. Mrs. Mallari, as I called her, had a daughter by the name of Vita, who married Tirso Jamandre, and continues to live in Iloilo. The Jamandres were important individuals in the acquisition of the MVC property, and Jamandre village was named after their family. Some of the property currently held by the college was acquired by the Jamandres at public auction in Malaybalay. But that is another story.

Mrs. Mallari was a teacher of Spanish and English. She played a unique, special role in the acquisition of the college property. Getting the property was not simply a matter of survey and purchase. It involved the usual contacts and signatures needed in the Philippines. As a friend of Fernando Lopez, the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> vice-president of the Philippines, she utilized her friendship to facilitate these necessary procedures in the acquisition of the college property—the makings of yet another pioneer story.

Often, as the years go by, nations and institutions forget those who were crucial in their founding. Mrs. Mallari was one of those individuals. We first met one hot day on an isolated beach on the island of Panay. She sat alone, on a chair under a coconut palm. Looking discouraged and withdrawn, she was retreating into a world of anonymity, which so often embraces the elderly--persons who have accomplished so much so long ago. After introducing myself, I sat down and we began to talk. As I shared what was happening at MVC, she brighten up, became animated, and her eyes began to shine again. I invited her to come to MVC with me to start writing a book on her recollections.

Mrs. Mallari's forthright, driven, and often impetuous personality made her a lady not intimidated by anyone or the inference of impossibilities. She had definite opinions but she could change if she felt a view to be the right view. We got to know each other well, and I treasure the memory of our acquaintance.



Mrs. Natividad Mallari

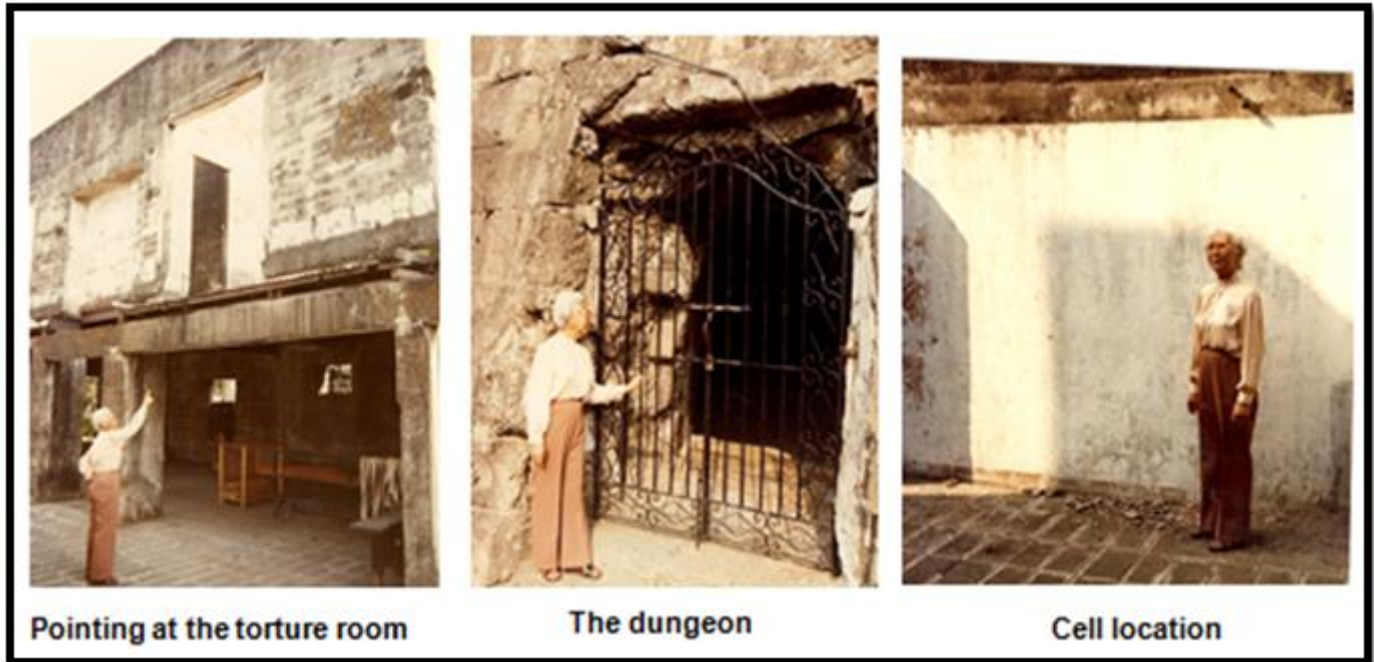


The Pasig River in the background

I wondered sometimes what, in the life of Mrs. Mallari, made her the way she was. What had God done to prepare her to be the Esther of the early 1950's for His work, and in particular, the work at MVC? I learned in part one Sunday morning in Manila. I had taken her with me on a business trip to Manila, and while she visited friends I went about that business. One day she accompanied me as I went from place to place in Manila. She started to tell me her story of being captured by the Japanese during the war and being a prisoner in Fort Santiago. She said she had not been back. The memory was still raw in her mind.

On hearing this, I hatched a plan in my mind that we would visit Fort Santiago together. On a Sunday morning with minimal tourists around, I knocked on her door at the guesthouse and announced what we would do. She immediately reacted with a fearful reluctance, but after a bit of urging she agreed. We drove to the Fort and entered the parking lot for visitors. The attendant came to the window to get the parking fee. Her direct, forceful personality immediately came to life. "Why are you asking for a parking fee?" she asked. "The last time I was here they did not charge me parking. They just put me in a cell and charged me nothing." The attendant looked surprised and unsure what to say. I explained to him that the lady with me used to be a prisoner at the Fort. I gave him the parking fee and we started on our own private tour, just the two of us.

She would stop, close her eyes and think. Former pictures on memories walls rose before her of those days long ago when she was a prisoner. Then, holding onto my arm, she would point me to go to locations where she would describe events during her internment. She guided me to a building, which was padlocked. No visitors were allowed inside. She described the interior and said that this was the place where she was held.



I found a guard nearby and asked him where he was from. When he said he was from Iloilo, I knew we had found a friend. As I told him I had a Mrs. Mallari with me from Iloilo related to the Jamandres, the connections worked their magic. The guard produced a key to let us inside. The story continued. She described the position of each cell, and who had been in each cell. She told me how she was forced by the Japanese to clean the cells from filth each morning. She took me to a wall where one could see the remnants of a stairway going to a second floor. It was in that second floor office, once used by General MacArthur, that she was tortured. She grew emotional and I became afraid for her health. I took her outside to sit on a rock, telling her to rest as I took a few pictures nearby.

I returned to find her with tears in her eyes. As I sat down beside her, she started to describe to me her memories. She recalled hearing screams at night from dungeons by the Pasig River. Prisoners (Filipino and American) were put into the cells, and then the tide in the Pasig River would rise and slowly drown them. She recalled hearing those screams finally become silent. I asked her where the cells were. She pointed, and then we walked together to view the cells. Beyond them was an area by the river where the guards took prisoners for daily walks. We walked that area together.

As we walked along she stopped and said, "This is where he jumped in." Mrs. Mallari told me of a particular day when they were walking when one of the prisoners jumped over the wall, into the Pasig River, and swam the river to Tondo and freedom. His name, Ramon Magsaysay, later became president of the Philippines.

Today the Fort has changed. The parking lot is no longer there. The building where she was held prisoner is now locked and unavailable, with no published historical significance. Little is said about the dungeons and the major history is about Dr. Jose Rizal who was also held prisoner by the Spanish before the American era.

This place was a crucible, used by the Lord, to prepare Mrs. Mallari for her future work for

Him. Mountain View College was only one of many instances in which she was used to expand the Lord's work. The bad experiences she endured testified to her firm faith in God and her willingness to obey Him, no matter what.

Mrs. Mallari was part of the many unsung heroes of MVC, a school that was formed by divine guidance and was destined to mean so much to so many. Like nations and institutions, MVC was chosen to be great. Whether it remains great will depend much on the degree to which generations to follow remember the people and principles which were laid down at their outset. I am thankful that Mrs. Mallari, and so many others, made the sacrifices so needful in making MVC what it is today.

*Mr. & Mrs. Don Christensen served as Financial Consultant in MVC. They now live in Northern California.*

*"If you want to understand today, you have to search yesterday."  
— Pearl Buck*



## A LOGGER'S STORY

By Samuel Rosalita as told to Virgie Porteza de Guzman

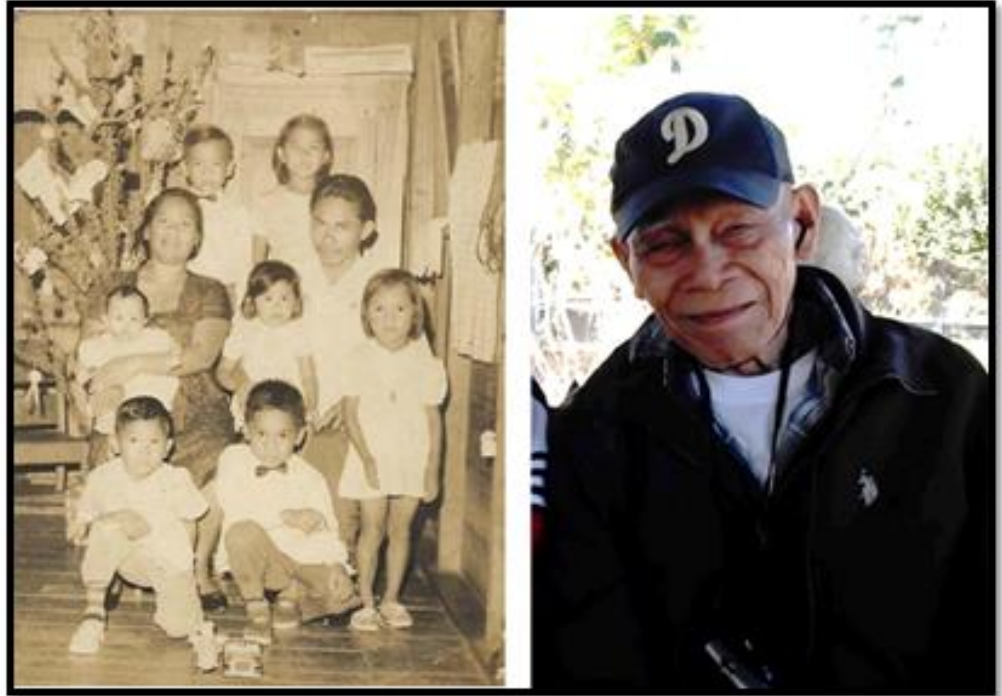
**M**y family originated from Lanao del Sur. After World War II, I went to Mindanao Mission Academy to study. However, life after the war was difficult and I did not have the funds to continue my studies.

A year later, I went to MVC and applied as a working student. Since I did not have enough money for my stay, Elder Murdoch told me to go home. Instead, I went to Lurugan and married Conchita Abesta, a special lady I met in the academy. Soon after, I applied to work in the Logging department of MVC but was rejected because there was no opening for me.

In 1957, the workers in the Logging department went on a strike when their demand for a salary raise was not met. This time my application was accepted and I enjoyed working with Marcos Pepito, who was the lead man, Mr. Nasario Quilog, Vicente Cena, Marcelo Queruela, Benedicto Cordero, Mr. Bacomo and other loggers who worked together in the middle of the forest to cut and haul logs. My assigned duty was to work with the "palo," which was a structure loggers used during the 1950s when a crane was not available. (See Ed Zamora's description of equipment used by loggers.)

One day we drove to the forest to cut trees. I was seated at the back of the truck with the

exhaust fumes coming directly at my face. At first the fumes did not bother me. When we arrived at the workplace, I felt light headed and dizzy but I had to go up the palo. After a short while, I felt an unusual type of sleepiness. I told my companions below to send up the carriage for me to get down. As soon as I reached the ground, I vomited blood. My companions took me to the college clinic where I was admitted by Dr. Solis and diagnosed with carbon monoxide poisoning.



Samuel Rosalita Family

Samuel Rosalita today

The loggers and their families lived in makeshift homes near the sawmill. In 1962, Miss Wakeham, the vice president of MVC then, told the loggers to build their own temporary houses in the place now known as "Loggers' Village." We were assured that when MVC will have the funds, permanent homes would be built for us. To this day, the house I built continues to be the living quarters for my family and me.

I had the opportunity to work as the crane operator in the construction of Hydro II. One day Mr. Queruela, the driver of the bulldozer and I were asked to move the crane to another place. On the way we passed a curve above the canal. Unfortunately, Mr. Queruela quickly negotiated the curve throwing the crane and me into the canal below. Thank God I was not hurt. Engr. Porteza and Mr. Queruela ran towards me and together we bowed our heads in a prayer of thanksgiving for God's protection from a possible serious accident.

In 1995 I retired from MVC. I enjoy visiting neighboring churches on Saturdays and I am often called to chaperon students for Sabbath ministerial work.

Even if I did not finish my college education, God is so good. He had opened the way for me to be at MVC where I had the opportunity to work and send my children to school. All of them are successful in their chosen line of work.

I am living a borrowed life, in a borrowed time and I will spend it in a borrowed place called MVC.

# EARLY DAYS OF LOGGING IN MVC

By Ed Zamora

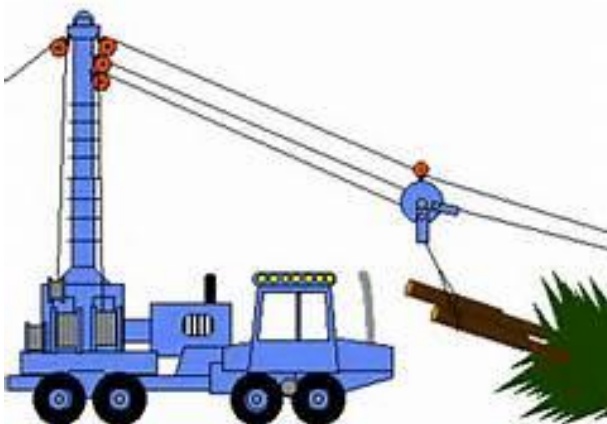
Logging in MVC during the early years was hard and dangerous work. Some of the personnel who were basically called “loggers” had their own designated duties. They had two “fellers” who chopped down the trees. Their jobs were dangerous as the trees could fall on them if they did not cut it correctly. The other loggers were responsible for cutting off the branches of the felled trees and cutting them into lengths that the trucks could carry.

The machine that hauled the logs from the stumps is called the yarder. The yarder at MVC was diesel-powered. It had drums onto which are wound long cables, a main line for pulling the logs through the forest, and another line for pulling the main line back to the stumps.

At the yarder site is a spar tree (the head spar), which is a very sturdy tree that has been topped off, meaning the branches have been removed from the top. At the stump site is another spar, which they called the tail spar. Between the two spar trees is a cable called the skyline onto which the main line is suspended from a large pulley. A smaller cable is attached to the pulley to haul the main line back to the stumps after the logs are brought to the yarder for loading on the trucks.

This diagram is for more modern logging. That upright at the old logging areas was a tree with the branches cut off. The cable on top is the skyline. The pulley is suspended on it. The machine that works the cables is the yarder. In this diagram the spar and yarder forms one mobile unit. It can be moved where work is done. In MVC’s old system, the yarder is moved by the bulldozer (TD-14) to new sites. The head spar tree is chosen at the site for its strength and location, and is cut down as a log before moving to a new site.

Mr. Samuel Rosalita was the person who topped the spar tree, and was also a signalman who relayed the signal from the stump area to the yarder operator, that the log was ready for yarding. Mr. Pepito (father of Rachel Tabaranza) used to be the yarder operator. The fellers were Mr. Cena and another person whose name I don’t recall.”





A real tree used as a spar tree



The yarder pulling logs



Logs being loaded onto a truck.  
the logging MVC had an older system.



A two-person cross-cut saw similar to the one used in  
operations of MVC.

## Memories of MVC

By Cirilo Litada as told to Bien Nebres

I stood before Elder T.C. Murdoch, president of Mountain View College, and handed him my application for his signature. What could have gone through his mind as he read it? In all honesty, I had indicated my responses: “Do you smoke? Yes. Do you drink liquor? Yes.” His eyes ran through all the questions and my answers down the page to the part where I had signed my name: **Cirilo Litada**.

Elder Murdoch then looked me in the eye and said, “Mountain View is not a reformatory school. It is a training school. If you want to be trained in the right way . . .” He signed my form, which meant I was accepted, and thus began the most important and memorable training years of my life.

That registration form revealed only a portion of my past. Just a couple of weeks before, in my home town of Albuera, Leyte, I had collapsed from sheer exhaustion and drunkenness from hours of dancing, drinking, and partying. After two hours in a drunken coma, I gained enough consciousness to hear the lady doctor before me. She spoke in

Tagalog, and the essence of her words was: "Loloy, if you want to stay alive tomorrow, next week, next month, next year, you have to get away from this place."

I did want to stay alive. But "get away from this place"? Where to? Some friends had heard of my close brush with death. They also learned that Pastor Benito Mary had come, recruiting students for MVC. So I made a decision and arrangements followed: I would go to MVC with a group of other young people headed that way.

Besides its tough rules, MVC had many activities. One Saturday, three male students invited me to join them to go to Lantapan, one of the Ministerial Seminar destinations. That surprised me because I was not an Adventist. Against my protests for lack of campus leave, and that my name did not appear in the MS assignment list came the assurance that everything would be taken care of. So, down the valley, across Manupali River, and after fields of corn, we came to Lantapan. We stopped at a store where one of us bought bottles of La Mallorca, a brand of wine all too familiar to my senses. We drank and finished with a blood compact. We drew blood from each other, mixed it up, and drank it, vowing not to tell anyone no matter what, on penalty of bloodshed. As we went through the procedure, I realized how little my naïve companions knew of the kind of world I had come from.

Back at the school, we came to the guardhouse. The husband of one of the faculty members, Dominador Ombiga, who was standing there, greeted us and smelled the telltale aroma of wine. He put an arm around one of us in a closer greeting and confirmed his suspicions. Word soon reached the administration and from that day the school kept the four of us apart. The three stayed in different faculty homes and I in the boys' dorm, all strictly guarded. Investigations followed, one by one, no one knowing about the others or their responses. The three others denied the affair. I, on the other hand, told the Administrative Council members everything. We went through a second round of interviews, with the same results. The Ad Council came to a decision: "The three should be sent home immediately, except Cirilo Litada, who will be campus bound for one year."\* Soon I learned by definition and experience what "campus bound" meant. A memo with the now familiar TCM initials defined the conditions. Among others, I could not go out of the school campus boundaries; every chapel period, every worship, every student meeting, I should be found within the first three rows of seats; I must not ride any vehicle anywhere anytime on campus.\*\*

While still serving my sentence, I received a telegram urging me to leave school and come home. My mother, a staunch Catholic and strong supporter of the church, was undergoing severe emotional, social, and religious difficulties. The church had prohibited her from going to confession and from participating in other rites because she had allowed her son to become a Seventh-day Adventist. In reality, I had not (yet) become an Adventist. But I had enrolled in the required Bible classes despite my arguments that I had come to learn accounting, not Bible. I went to Elder Murdoch's office with the telegram and the paper for him to sign to allow me to leave. "No," he slowly shook his head. "If you go home I may never see you again." Then right there in his office he prayed for me and my mother's recovery.\*\*\*



*Cirilo & Ruth Litada live in Central California, USA.*

So I stayed. Somehow I lived through that year. How could I not? Renato Domingo made sure that I did not sit, walk, or eat alone. Students like Cajil Fadri, Baltazar Acaac, Delbert Gozo,

Albert and Peter Cabardo, and others comforted, encouraged, and accepted me in my social stigma. In place of ostracizing, they commiserated. When the year ended, I had

satisfactorily complied with all that was required of me.

The school year 1955 – 1956, served as an introduction to the six years it took me to finish the two-year Associate in Commercial Science course. Like every other MVC student, I worked and studied, but unlike most students, I worked much more than I studied. Some semesters I enrolled for two or three subjects, taking only the classes that did not clash with my work schedule.

Once I shoveled gravel on to the dump truck for days. At each day's end I would come down with a fever from the exhausting job. Another time, I would have died when the logging truck turned over with its load of logs. Miraculously, a force opened the driver's door and threw Gideon Rodrigo and me out of the front seats. Two American students who had come with us and who straddled the logs said they felt like they were flying as they came off the logs, and landed on the ground safely. Still another time while doing construction work in the library on a Friday, I fell from the second story. I landed standing but with one foot right on a nail sticking out from a piece of wood. When the shoe was pulled off my foot a stream of blood gushed out. Baltazar Acaac, the only one left with me then, as all the rest had gone to prepare for vespers, ran for Dr. Solis. The doctor said regretfully there was not one vial of anti-tetanus left in the clinic. I was feeling faint. Soon I heard the voices. "Should we take him to Malaybalay?" "If we take him to Malaybalay, will he even make it?" Elder Murdoch, Pastor Gayao, and others prayed, and I thought, "Madala kaha ni ug ampo?" (roughly: Would prayer even help in this?) Soon Mrs. Geraldine Hill, the school nurse came, all out of breath. She explained that she knew she had one vial of anti tetanus but could not locate it. After searching frantically she found it in the trashcan where it had been dropped by mistake. The medicine was injected and immediately I felt better. I even lived to tell and retell the story!

Someone asked me, "What do you feel when you hear or think of MVC?" I replied, "I feel inspired and happy. No feelings of regret. All the experiences I had in MVC remain fresh in my mind."

Mountain View College prepared me for the work I would do in the future and the big challenges I would meet. The work program trained me for the fifteen years I worked first

as accountant for East Visayan Mission and later as shipping, book and inventory department foreman at Philippine Publishing House. It proved useful when I was custodian and person in charge of the shipping and mailing division of Northern California Conference where I retired after eighteen years. Looking back, I realize that “to be trained in the right way” included a complete change in my lifestyle, inculcation of the value of hard and honest labor, and knowing the power of God that works in my life.

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\*In all my years in MVC I knew of no other student campus bound for a year. Other students had it for a day, a week, or a month.

\*\*I kept those memos through the years and showed them to my children.

\*\*\*Ten years later while studying at Philippine Union College, I received a similar telegram telling me to come home if I wanted to see my mother alive. Elder Elton Wallace saw me clutching the telegram and walking along a path on campus. After inquiring and knowing why I was in tears, he, like Elder Murdock advised me against going home and prayed for me and my mother. Four weeks later, my mother came to PUC to see me graduate.

## AN UNKNOWN PIONEER

Francis Aguilar, Sr.

**M**y family came to MVC in 1953 during the pioneering days. This is how it happened.

My father, **Antonio Aguilar, Sr** was teaching in West Visayan Academy in Bongco, Pototan, Iloilo. For several evenings, armed men from the Huk organization came to our house to convince my father to join them. They knew that he was sympathetic with the US navy and they wanted to use him as their intelligence. The visit continued until my father agreed to speak with them the next evening. But very early the next day, my father left without telling anyone where he was going. The school administrators and faculty members were looking for him. We soon learned that he was in Butuan city where he joined the canvassing work. As soon as the school year ended, our family moved to Butuan to join him.

When Pastor Gil de Guzman, the president of the South Philippine Union Mission, heard that my father was in Butuan selling books, he asked him to go to Mountain View College to start the building of the classrooms. Since there was no elementary school at MVC, my siblings and I were sent to live in Iligan City close to the sanitarium where there was a church school nearby. In 1953, my family came to MVC and lived in the house my father built beside Balambangan River.

### ENJOYING THE WILD LIFE OF MVC

**T**here were huge trees in the forest around, many of which measured three to four meters in diameter or ten meters in circumference. Only one log can be loaded in a truck. The campus itself was a field of cogon grass, inyam trees and a few huts made of bamboo. We enjoyed roaming the campus where sometimes we saw wild deer, wild pigs and big monkeys that fought with our dogs. There were cobra snakes and pythons too. I remember my father killed a 15-

foot python in our poultry house and another time, a 13-foot python was caught below the bridge next to our home. The biggest snake I ever saw was the one killed by Mr. Larson. The twenty-five foot python was found hibernating inside a huge rotten log in the sawmill, now known as Mt. Nebo.

The weather was very cold. Every Friday evening, we had vespers in a building without walls. We had to bring our wool blankets to keep us warm. On Sabbath afternoons, we kids would sit under the inyam tree and listen to stories told by pioneers: Dr. Andrew Nelson, Dr. Virgil Bartlett, Mr. Larson, Miss Wakeham and Elder Murdoch.

## GIANTS IN MVC

**D**uring those years, it was not easy to establish a Seventh-day Adventist school in the midst of heathenism and Catholicism.

One evening as my older brother and I were going home from the cafeteria we noticed lights in the distance. We stopped to see who was coming up the narrow dirt road to the college. As we waited, we noticed that the vehicle stopped then moved forward then stopped again. This went on for a few minutes. Finally the vehicle turned around and left. Arriving home, my father told us to go to the other side of Manupali River in the morning to look for white bean seeds to plant in our garden.

The next day we left for Lantapan to get the seeds. Wherever we went, people asked us where we were from and what were we going to do with the seeds. A woman asked us if there were giants in the college. We replied that there were no giants there. Finally, three men with long hair and long beard questioned us about the giants. When we gave the same answer, they accused us of lying.

Then they related the story of what happened to them the night before. They were hired by the Catholic priest to burn MVC that night. Using the service jeep of the priest, they drove from Lantapan, passing Mailag, Dabongdabong and Fortich ranch. As they were half way up Manupali Drive, they saw three giants who warned them that if they continued on their evil plan, they would be thrown in the Manupali River below. However, with the thought of the money promised to them, the men attempted to go on only to be stopped by the giants who stood in front of the jeep. Giving it another try, they continued to move forward only to have their vehicle picked up and turned around and were told not to come back otherwise something disastrous would happen to them.

My brother and I could hardly believe what these men were telling us. Since then, the story of the giants had been told over and over again among the barrios around MVC.

## THE COLLEGE FARM

**T**he college bought a used tractor and other machineries for the farm. There were times when the tractor broke down and Mr. Raymond Hill, farm manager, used his army jeep to pull the old disc harrow in the field.

MVC farm was producing abundant harvest. Mr. Hill and the other missionaries brought seeds from the US to be planted in the farm. Pumpkins were also plenty. One pumpkin weighed 15-17 kilos. Sweet potatoes or camote were planted in the gardens. There was a peanut field that had bountiful yield that students could not harvest them all. Whatever was not harvested was "feasted" by big rats

and wild pigs. Corn plants were about 15 feet tall with 3-4 ears of corn in each stalk. The tractor was needed to aid in the harvest because the students could not reach the ears of corn. There was enough produce from the farm to feed everybody in the campus. Students were fed corn grits and camote giving another meaning to MVC: "Mais versus Camote."

## THE SCHOOL OF THE LIGHT

**F**rom 1953-1957, there was no electricity in the campus. Together with working students and some college staff, Dr. William Richli, Engr. Eugenio Porteza, and my father worked together on the construction of a hydroelectric plant. I remember a wooden pipe was built from the dam to the hydro plant below. Finally in 1957, the hydro provided light to the campus. The lights were seen by the many barrios around the school, thus MVC became known as "The School of the Light."

## 1955 GENERAL CONFERENCE OFFICERS MEETING AT MVC

**I**n 1955 officers from the General Conference held a meeting at MVC to decide whether to continue operating the school. After some deliberation, it was decided to keep the school open but there was the need for a godly leader who was compassionate to the needs of the young people. Several months later, Elder Todd Murdoch arrived and served as MVC's president for over 8 years.

During this time the elementary school was closed and my siblings and I went to Mindanao Mission Academy to continue our studies. It was difficult being away from our parents. Before the school year was over, we transferred to BUKLA in Bagontaas. We had to hike fifteen kilometers to school every Monday and go back home to MVC every Friday afternoon. Public transport was unheard of.

## A YEAR OF MIRACLE

**I**n 1960 was a year of miracle. A swarm of locust that devastated vegetation in the province of Cotabato was on its way to Bukidnon bringing serious destruction in its path. Crops in southern Bukidnon had already been destroyed and the hungry pests were heading towards Lurugan and Kilangi where the college owned several hectares of corn.

As the locusts came closer towards the college farm, Elder Murdoch told the bell ringer to sound the alarm and asked everybody to assemble in the new Florence Kern Auditorium. With everyone present, the godly president stood in the pulpit and led in the singing and prayer. Then he opened his Bible and read the promises of God to His faithful children if they only follow His commandments. After the reading of God's Word, we sang again. We did this several times and we prayed and prayed.

**A**s the thunderous sound of a million flatter of locust wings and the sight of the dark cloud approached, Elder Murdoch told everybody to go to the side of the hill (where the girl's dorm and the guesthouse are now situated.) Standing in our midst, he reminded us of God's promise and to witness His power to save the college farm from the plague of locusts.

That day, we saw a miracle indeed. After the swarm of locust descended on the cornfield, together with the other kids, we ran towards the fields below. Wonder of wonders! We were stepping on about 6 inches of dead locust but not a single corn stalk was damaged. God has fulfilled His promise in Malachi 3:11, *"I will prevent pests from devouring your crops, and the vines in your fields will not drop their fruit before it is ripe."* (NIV)

I spent seventeen years of my life in Mountain View College. In 1969 I graduated and was called to serve as a teacher, district pastor and department director in the local Mission/Conference and in the national office of ADRA Philippines.

Ellen G. White wrote: "We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teaching in our past history."

Pastor Francis Aguilar, Sr  
BS in Agriculture 1969



Pastor Francis & Ruth V. Aguilar, Sr    Mr. & Mrs. Antonio Aguilar, Sr    With sons: Charles, Francis & Antonio Jr.



a building without walls



25-foot python found in the sawmill

**Pastor Francis & Mrs. Aguilar** are retired and currently living in Cagayan de Oro City

## MORE MEMORIES OF MVC

Gerry Hill

In my previous account of the early days of MVC, I mentioned about the primitive house we shared with 4 young women: **Rosario Meriales, Corazon Maquiling, Carmen Alamo and Nellie Gequilliana** who were working in the college. I also told stories about rats and snakes.

After the ladies moved into the upper level of Pioneer Hall, we expanded our living area to include the 18' x 25' room they vacated. It was the largest room in the building. During this time we had a visit from Dr. Everett Dick from Nebraska.

One Sabbath morning I heard him asking which knothole should he plug his electric razor into, since we had no electricity. Our lights came from a Primus lantern. I remember Dr. Dick teaching the students a pioneer Adventist song, "Where are you going and what's your cargo?" although I was not fond of the song, the students had fun with it. Dr. Dick was a jolly visitor and was a good sport for putting up with our primitive living.

The Bartlett and Martin families shared a duplex close to our house. It was not a palace, but it was definitely superior to ours. They had flush toilets, which we did not have, so we had to use their toilet. After several months, a shed was built on the rear of our house to put a real toilet for us.

During the 18 months in our temporary home, Bradley was born while we were in Manila on our annual vacation. We brought him back to MVC when he was 9 days old. Our permanent home was still being built so it was back to our shack for a while longer. Mr. Hechanova who was in charge while the Bartletts were away, reassigned carpenters to work on our kitchen so that we could get moved in and set up Brad's crib.

When we moved into our new house, the cockroaches and lizards were already there. I did battle with roaches and ants the whole time we lived there. It is amazing that I have lived this long considering all of the dangerous insecticides I had in my cupboards, some no longer used in the US because of their toxicity. We got acquainted with the coconut beetles, rhinoceros beetles and atlas moths that used to hang their chrysalides in the santol tree across the road from our house. Those moths were spectacular in size. I still have a rhinoceros beetle to show any visitors.

Our cooking, baking and heating water were all done on a 2- burner kerosene camp stove. When I needed to bake bread, it was done on an oven that sat on top of the camp stove. Cooking dinner and baking bread was impossible to do at the same time. By the time the bread was ready for the oven, it was time to cook dinner. It was a total guesswork to keep the temperature stable. With the variation in the oven temperature, it was a wonder any baked goods were fit to eat. By the time we moved to our permanent home I was able to have small propane stove with a thermostatically controlled oven. What an improvement!

One time we received 2 bales of mostly women's clothing from our Adventist warehouse in

San Francisco. There were even winter coats included which seemed like a strange thing to send to the tropics, but I suppose could be used as blankets on cold nights. By the time word spread that we were giving away clothing, we had streams of people coming to the campus from the surrounding villages. One thing that brought us smiles was a pair of elderly women's shoes in size 11. There was also a pair of high-heel silver sandals. It was amusing to see the village ladies trying them on. I don't know where anyone could have worn those shoes had they fit, as at that time there was no sidewalk or pavement within miles... just mostly MUD!

On a Sabbath morning I heard the sound of an airplane engine. Looking out, I saw a small plane coming in low and heading for the western edge of the campus. From my perspective, I could see that it could not land safely as the ground sloped upward. The plane landed on one



"Six Hills on a hill" and Princess the dog



L-R: Calvin, Sherrilyn, Bradley & Margie  
Mrs. Gerry Hill, seated in the center

wing and the propeller. Fortunately, Dr. Richli and his passenger were not seriously injured. This was the first of his landings at MVC.



One evening Margie and Calvin, age 4 and 2 respectively, were chasing each other in our home when Calvin tripped on the uneven floor, landing on his face. The impact pushed the 2 upper incisors up into his gums and tilted the other teeth backward. His face swelled to make him almost unrecognizable. Eventually his teeth returned to their normal positions. However, when he was 4 years old, he and Margie were struggling over control of a swing my husband had built for them. When Margie released her hold on the swing seat it swung toward him hitting his mouth and knocked out those 2 front

teeth. After the pain subsided he was quite pleased as he looked like his sister and Verlyne Bartlett, both 6 years old, who were missing their front teeth too. He had much longer to wait for his permanent replacements, however.

The Bartletts and us had not been in our new home very long when an incident happened that could have been tragic. For some reason, the men who were digging the drain field for the septic tank that served both homes had taken the lid off the tank. Since it was located behind our garage I could not see that the Bartletts', Larsons' and our children were taking turns jumping across the open tank. Calvin was the unlucky one who fell into it. Thankfully the tank was not yet full, but deep enough that he could have drowned. One of the men lowered a shovel handle to him and pulled him out. I hosed him off out in the yard, and gave him 3 antiseptic baths before taking him to the clinic to have his chin sewn up.

One day I was over visiting with Mrs. Larson when Margie, Calvin together with Dick and Don Larson (I don't remember if David was also involved), came walking toward us carrying dead rats by their tails. Mrs. Larson and I were both horrified! The children had been killing the rats in the field as they ran from the tractor. These rats were their trophies! However, they did not get to keep their trophies!

When classes started the school had lights for a couple of hours each evening. Eventually the American homes had electricity from a generator 16 hours a day. That meant that our refrigerator defrosted every night, so I had a self defrost refrigerator even before they were invented!

I was impressed by how creative the Filipino people were. I attended one of the early recitals and was amazed at the decorations, bird of paradise flowers pinned to a sheet as a backdrop and pillars carved from banana stalks. Beautiful! I was also amazed at the music Mrs. Hechanova could produce from that first sad piano the college had.

We organized the Sabbath School, including one for the children. There were no supplies, so we made visual aids from pictures sent to us from the US. One time Mrs. Bartlett was to tell a story about something very cold. She brought ice cubes from her home and passed them among the children who were duly impressed with the cold.

Mr. Hill often accompanied the students to the barrios to conduct branch Sabbath schools. Because of the children I seldom went with him. I did try crossing the Manupali River on that shaky bridge, but I could not go over it. I did hike up to the sawmill village (now Mt. Nebo) once with him and as we descended Telescope Hill on our return, we witnessed the fire in the engineering building. That was a sad day for MVC as most of the college vehicles were parked there.



rowing American vegetables in the tropics proved to be a challenge. It took 7 plantings of green beans to get them to grow past 2 weeks. They would look nice and healthy, and then every plant would die. Until by experimenting with a spray schedule that killed off the insect that carried the plant virus, we could not grow them. Once

Ray figured that out, we could grow green beans all the time. We much preferred them to cowpeas. Our sweet corn seed did not do well either, until Ray secured Hawaiian seed that had been developed for hot climates. Our root crops never did do well. Eventually we learned how to grow pineapple and had fresh pineapple until our mouths got sore. We never tired of it! Most people were shocked at the amount of bananas we used, about 200 a week. Although we did not grow up eating avocados in the US, as they were expensive, avocados were also frequently on the menu. We even made avocado ice cream, which was very good. We enjoyed other tropical fruit, too, especially mangoes. Dr. Miller installed the soybean processing plant and we enjoyed the tofu that was brought to our homes for purchase. We ate well at MVC.



Atlas Moth



Amor ~~Seko~~



A portable stove top oven



A nut butter hand grinder

Coming from the Midwest of the US, corn and tomatoes were two of the things we looked forward to from the garden. My husband was trying to grow some real American tomatoes, not the little sour things we got in Malaybalay. His crop was looking promising when one

day little 3-year old Bobby Larson, decided to harvest in our garden and proceeded to pick a lot of Ray's green tomatoes. Poor Mrs. Larson was most apologetic!

When we moved into our permanent home we had to landscape the yard. Mr. Bartlett had gotten some Amor Seco seed that he thought would be suitable. Little did he know that the plant produced nasty spike-like stickers that adhere to any low hanging garments like trousers and socks. If the stickers were not picked out one by one before the garments were washed, they could transfer to other garments and make life miserable for the wearer. The yard had to be faithfully mowed every week to keep the stickers from appearing.

In time we had a very pretty yard, with a calamansi tree, a couple of orange trees, passion fruit and kalachuchi trees (Plumeria). The downside of the kalachuchi trees was the ugly brown permanent stains the sap produced on any clothing it comes in contact with. There were also bougainvillea, gardenias (rosal) and African daises along our front walk. MVC had many beauty spots.

My American cookbooks were almost useless since many of the ingredients were unobtainable, so we learned to improvise. For a while Mrs. Bartlett and I ran a test kitchen to see what we could make with what we had. Before peanut butter was available in the market we made our own. It was an all day job.

The peanuts had to be shelled, roasted in a fry pan then passed through a hand grinder several times to get them ground up. Should the peanuts not be sufficiently roasted, the mixture would literally freeze the grinder making it impossible to turn the handle. Then the grinder had to be taken apart and washed before we could continue making the peanut butter. We were glad when peanut butter came ready made.

While Dr. Richli, Engr. Porteza and their crew were working on constructing the first hydroelectric plant, Mrs. Richli lived on campus for a period of time and taught piano lessons and directed a choir. She had an interesting philosophy about church music. Since only an unblemished lamb was an acceptable offering to God, so our musical offerings should be as perfect as possible. At Christmas time her choir sang a lovely piece, "We have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." It was a beautiful number and beautifully rendered. I have never heard it since then. MVC had many fine choirs, male choruses and even a children's' choir. Before we left MVC Sherrilyn, then age 5, wanted to know if they had children's' choirs in the States. She did get to sing in a fine junior high school choir at Andrews University.

When we returned from furlough in 1958, we bought a puppy in Manila, which proved to be a bad decision as he became rabid. The children complained that the puppy was biting them, but I thought perhaps they were playing too roughly with it. One night the puppy was howling outdoors and I thought he might be hungry so I took him a dish of milk, but he just circled it and would not drink. The next morning, with leather gloves, my husband put the puppy in a large wooden box. He was snapping at everything. During the trip to the

veterinarian in Malaybalay, the puppy died. For 25 days I was giving rabies shots to 10 people while Mr. Larson, who had served as a medic in the US army gave me my shots. I made tins of peanut brittle to reward the brave children.

I also fondly remember the faculty parties we hosted. Once we invited all of the students who had August birthdays. My birthday is in August. No one knew the reason for the invitation until they arrived. This was an unscheduled faculty party and we had a delightful time. I still remember Gerry Ellacer and Luis Sabino were among the students who came.

Roller-skating in Kern Auditorium was a favorite activity for many of the young folks on campus, including our kids. Once Margie fell on that cement floor and injured her knee.

However, as it was not terribly painful she continued to skate. When she came home it was badly swollen and discolored. Amazingly it healed with no treatment and no long-term consequences. Another time Larry Downing fell and fractured his wrist. It did not dampen their enthusiasm for skating, though.

When it came time to build the Faith Elementary School, a number of us pledged a month's salary as our contribution. We also solicited funds from family and friends in the US. Our family raised German shepherd dogs to be sold as guard dogs for some of the merchants in town. Princess, our dog, had several litters as her contribution. One time we had to take a dog back as the owner was afraid of his own dog!

My list of memories would be incomplete without stories of some of my patients.

One time when the doctor was away, a frantic couple came running to my house carrying their year old daughter who had vomiting and diarrhea for a week and was unresponsive. I knew she must be dehydrated, so I got the IV solution and tubing from the clinic and started running some into her thigh, first one leg then the other. I also dripped water into her rectum. After some time she woke up enough that I was able to give her sips of water to drink and some Streptomagma I had on hand. I kept her at our house for a couple of days. She stayed on campus while I prepared a controlled diet for her for several more days while she recovered. It was satisfying to see her get well.

One tragedy we had on campus was when Rogine Pasco who was 6 or 7 years old then, was horribly burned while throwing a flammable liquid on the fire to 'help' whoever was cooking. I was in Cagayan at that time so I did not learn of the accident until 3 days later. By then the burned flesh started to have molds around the edges and he was clearly feverish. I discovered his temperature was 103 F (39.4 C). Fearing he would die if nothing were done, we fixed up a hammock arrangement in the old jeep and took him to the Baptist Clinic in Malaybalay where he remained for about 6 weeks for debriding and skin grafts. When we went to MVC for the 40th anniversary celebration he was with our traveling group. I enjoyed hearing him sing at the gathering in his fine tenor voice.

A number of times I was called to the barrios to help the delivery of babies that had not

gone well. Once I was called because the attendant did not know how to tie the umbilical cord or did not have anything to tie it with. The baby had been born some time before I arrived. So I tied the cord. As I bathed and dressed the baby I noticed she had an umbilical hernia. So I instructed the parents to bring the baby to me when the cord had healed so I could tape it and hopefully reduce the hernia.

Later I heard that they were naming the baby, "Visit" because I visited them. I let it be known that if they wanted to honor me in some way, I would be pleased to name the baby. When the father brought the baby to me, I taped the umbilicus and the naming subject arose. He did not like my first name, so he chose my middle name, Wilma. Later I learned they were calling her "Visit Wilma." Not exactly what I had in mind!

When we were preparing to go on furlough, Dr. Richli asked me to assist him in performing an appendectomy on Emma Mary. It was evening and the surgery was to be done in the clinic by lantern light. I had been up very early that morning and had been busy all day and I was getting tired. It was also hot under the gown, mask and gloves I had to wear. He had given her a spinal anesthetic but the surgery took longer than anticipated due to the adhesions he encountered trying to reach the appendix, and she was starting to feel pain. No one knew that I was also in the early stages of pregnancy with Sherrilyn. I started feeling faint so they found me a box to sit down on, but I lost consciousness briefly. When I was able to stand again I was holding retractors from under the drapes. Emma did just fine.

Just before returning to the US in 1963, Dr. Poblador and I were called to the sawmill village to attend to a 21-year old pregnant woman who had been bleeding for 3 days. Before calling us they had gone through their pagan rituals and sacrifices, to no avail. When I went to examine her, I was heartsick to discover that the placenta was out and dry, a total placenta previa, a condition, which can cause severe bleeding before or during delivery. If only they had had called us 2 days earlier we might have had a chance to save her. We brought her down to the clinic and were trying to start an IV on her, but by then her circulatory system was near collapse and we could not find a vein. What she needed was multiple blood transfusions. Soon after we arrived at the clinic the baby came and the woman breathed her last. Dr. Poblador sent someone out to check the men who came with her for weapons. It would never have occurred to me that they might blame us for her death. To this day that needless loss still haunts me. A husband and a 3-year old daughter survived her.

My memories of our years at MVC are mostly very pleasant ones: the cool nights, the pleasantly warm days, the double rainbows, the glorious sunsets, the brilliant starlit night skies, and mostly the wonderful people. A most pleasant place to be in. I feel that God has blessed MVC and sent her sons and daughters to many places around the world where they continue to shine for Him.

**\*Mrs. Gerry Hill** is a young "90-something" year old pioneer and has a birthday coming up next month. She enjoys knitting, crocheting and especially reading.



**Socio-economic Uplift, Literacy, Anthropological, and Developmental Services**

*Reaching the Unreached.*

## SULADS Corner:

HISTORY OF SULADS Comprehensive School for the Deaf

By: Daryl and Sarah Famisaran

In 1990, Sarah A. Famisaran was one of the five people who pioneered the Christian Record Services International (CRSI) in the Northern Philippine Union Mission, presently known as North Philippine Union Conference (NPUC). Pastor Marcelo Sique directed this department. Its mission was to specialize in reaching the deaf and the blind. It was Sarah's job to look for these people in Metro Manila and give whatever services was needed because of their disabilities.

As finances to support the ministry dwindled, Pastor Sique and Sarah continued with the program. Every Sabbath, blind and deaf children gathered to worship while others continued to join the group.

Meanwhile, Daryl F. Famisaran was working on his Masters in Elementary Education, Guidance and Counseling and Administration & Supervision at Philippine Union College (PUC), now known as Adventist University in the Philippines (AUP).

Early one morning as Daryl was out hunting for mushrooms, he met the late Elsa Lonergan, also known as Nanay (mother) to the SULADS Missionaries in Mountain View College. He surprised her with a hug. Because of her failing vision, Nanay did not recognize him and asked, "Who is this? You must be one of my missionary boys."

"Yes, Nanay," he replied. "I am Daryl, one of the SULADS missionaries."

"What are you doing here in PUC?" She continued.

"I'm taking up my Masters," was his reply.

"And what then after you graduate, where are you going?"

"Wherever God calls me to go, I will go." Daryl answered.

"Do you know that the Mission Schools in Mindanao are closed?" she asked.

“Yes, Nanay. I know that.”

Would you promise me that you will go back to Mindanao to re-open the Mission Schools after you graduate?”

“Yes, Nanay. I promise.” Was Daryl’s reply.

“Now,” Nanay said, “raise your right hand and repeat after me.”

There by the side of the road, with joggers passing by, Daryl took his oath: “I, Daryl Famisaran, promise to go back to Mindanao to re-open the Mission Schools.”

True to the oath he pledged before God, Daryl accepted the call of Mountain View College in 1994 after finishing his Masters in PUC. This was a stepping-stone towards fulfilling his commitment to re-open the Mission Schools in the Manobo Mountains.

Sarah was not aware of Daryl’s pledge to go back to Mindanao. Aside from leaving behind the ministry she helped established, she had fallen in love with her work in taking care of the growing church for the blind and deaf. However, she had to support her husband’s decision to fulfill his mission. Besides, she was promised that they would continue the ministry to the blind and deaf ministry in Mindanao. But re-opening the mission schools was the priority.

She called her blind friends on the phone, bidding them goodbye. They were crying. That Sabbath she told the deaf group about her decision to join her husband in Mindanao. Bidding goodbye was a heart breaking and teary experience.

The mission schools were re-opened in 1994. However, it took eighteen years for the ministry to the blind and the deaf to come into realization.

In 2011, SULADS purchased a five-hectare land with the help from Gospel Outreach (GO) Canada through Pastor John Blake, who had the passion to reach the Deaf.

On March 8, 2013, Dr. Fred & Arlene Webb, Vernon, from GO, USA, Barangay Captain and councilors of San Jose, Malaybalay and the SULADS Administrators and staff together with our deaf brethren from Cagayan de Oro City were all present for the inauguration of a two-classroom building and a nine-room dormitory.

Finally, Daryl’s promise to Sarah to continue the work for the deaf was fulfilled when the SULADS Comprehensive School for the Deaf was opened.

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If you would like to support this mission program dedicated to taking the Gospel to the people of Mindanao, please write a check to Gospel Outreach. Mark it for the SULADS and send it to: Gospel Outreach P.O. Box 8 College Place, WA 99324 You may also donate to the SULADS using your credit card by logging on to Gospel Outreach's donation site (<http://www.goaim.org/>) and follow the directions. Again, mark it for SULADS. If you would prefer, you may write your check to the General Conference of SDA and mark the donation for SULADS and send it to: General Conference of SDA Donations 12501 Old Columbia Pike Silver Spring, MD 20904 Thank you for your support of this very important project. If you do not want to receive any more newsletters, Unsubscribe To update your preferences and to unsubscribe visit this link forward a Message to Someone this

# Jessie's Patch of Weeds

*a hodgepodge of thoughts & chuckles to bring you cheer*

Shared by Jessie Colegado, BSC Accounting '80

## STRAIGHT FROM THE VINE

A Methodist dentist, Dr. Thomas Welch, objected to the church's use of fermented wine in the communion service. Experimenting at night in his kitchen he came up with a nonalcoholic grape beverage, which he named "Dr. Welch's Unfermented Wine." He approached church officials to persuade them to substitute his beverage for the traditional wine. The elders regarded his suggestion as being an unacceptable innovation.

A son, Charles, who was also a dentist, changed the name to Welch's Grape Juice. He set up a production facility in a barn behind the family home. Response was so overwhelming that he gave up dentistry and devoted full time to making and distributing grape juice.

(Cited on Church Life Newsletter)

## COMMITMENT TO CHRIST

Tony Campolo, the Philadelphia sociologist, found himself seated beside the Pennsylvania governor at a state prayer breakfast. In the course of conversation the governor said that he was sympathetic toward Christianity but not personally committed. Campolo asked, "Why not?" The governor replied, "Well, to tell you the truth, no one ever invited me to commit."

Campolo said, "I'm inviting you." Within five minutes that governor had committed his life to Christ.

We have good news that is essential to every human being; it's a matter of their eternal life or death. We may be the only conduits God has to certain persons. We must help him reach them.

Bill Bouknight, <http://www.preaching.com/newsletter>

## FORGIVING?



Once upon a time in their marriage, my Dad did something really stupid. My Mom chewed him out for it. He apologized, they made up. However, from time to time, my mom mentions what he had done.

"Honey," my Dad finally said one day, "why do you keep bringing that up? I thought your policy was 'forgive and forget.'"

"It is," she said. "I just don't want you to forget that I've forgiven and forgotten."

(From ArcaMax Jokes)

### TO HAVE SUCCEEDED

To laugh often and much;  
to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children;  
to earn the appreciation of honest critics and to endure the betrayal of false friends;  
to appreciate beauty;  
to find the best in others;  
to leave the world a bit better whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition;  
to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived.  
This is to have succeeded.

-- Ralph Waldo Emerson

### SENIORS' SPECIAL



we went to breakfast at a restaurant where the "Seniors' Special" was two eggs, bacon, hash browns, and toast for \$1.99.

"Sounds good," my wife said. "But I don't want the eggs."

"Then I'll have to charge you \$2.49 because you're ordering a la carte," the waitress warned her.

"You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?" my wife asked incredulously. "Then I'll take the special."

"How do you want your eggs?"

"Raw and in the shell," my wife replied. She took the two eggs home.

(From Mikey's Funnies)

### WORDS OF WISDOM

- We do not attract that which we want; we attract that which we are." -- James Allen
- "Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone to tell you that you are wrong. There are always difficulties arising which tempt you to believe that your critics are right. To map out a course of action and follow it to an end requires ... courage." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- "It only takes one lie to taint your entire testimony in a court of law. Honesty is a vital part of having a good reputation." -- Jim Rohn
- "The journey you wish to take can only begin from where you are right now this very minute." -- Ron Atchison
- "A decision is made with the brain. A commitment is made with the heart. Therefore, a commitment is much deeper and more binding than a decision." -- Nido Qubein
- "There are no shortcuts to any place worth going." -- Beverly Sills
- "When you're finished changing, you're finished." -- Benjamin Franklin

(From Weekend Encounter)

### PSALM OF THE ADDICT

When former Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina learned of the tragic suicide of a 23-year-old heroin addict who had on his person a twisted version of the twenty-third Psalm, he inserted "The Psalm of the Addict" into the Congressional Record. It reads:

"King Heroin is my shepherd, I shall always want. He maketh me to lie down in the gutters.

"He leadeth me beside the troubled waters. He destroyeth my soul.

"He leadeth me in the paths of wickedness for the effort's sake.

"Yea, I shall walk through the valley of poverty and will fear all evil for thou, Heroin, art with me.

"Thy Needle and Capsule try to comfort me. Thou strippest the table of groceries in the presence of my family. Thou robbest my head of reason.

"My cup of sorrow runneth over. Surely heroin addiction shall stalk me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Damned forever."

(By Kenneth J. Holland, These Times, December 1979 via the Signs of the Times Newsletter)

### MURDER

I was sitting in church with my boys, four and two. I was just pleased that they were not making noise and never thought they were actually paying attention.

The scripture reading was from Matthew 5 and when the speaker said, "If you hate your brother, you are guilty of murder"

I then heard my four-year-old say, "Oh-oh."

(From Mikey's Funnies)

### ARKANSAS FARMER

Billy and Bubba, two farmers from a small town outside of Little Rock, Arkansas, were walking home together after each had purchased a pig. Billy said to Bubba, "How are we going to tell them apart?"

Bubba answered, "We'll cut the left ear off of your pig." And so they did.

After a while, the pigs got into a fight and they had bitten off each other's ears. Billy asked, "Now what are we going to do?"

"Well, how about if we cut the tail off of my pig?" Bubba replied.

"That sounds like a good plan to me," Billy agreed.

A little while later, the pigs got into another fight, and when it was over, they were both missing their tails.

"What will we do now?" Bubba asked Billy.

After giving it some thought, Billy replied, "Well, we could cut the leg off of yours."

"That's not humane!" Bubba cried.

So after some more thought, Billy said, "Well, let's do this. We'll just call the white one yours and the black one mine."

(From Big Mac Clean Joke Attack)

## 100 CAMELS

**A**s U.S. tourists in Israel, Morris and his wife Ruth were sitting outside a Bethlehem souvenir shop, waiting for fellow tourists. A souvenir salesman approached them carrying belts. After an impassioned sales talk yielded no results, he asked where they were from.

"America," Morris replied.

Looking at Ruth's dark hair and olive skin, the salesman responded, "She's not from the States."

"Yes I am," said the wife.

He looked at her and asked, "Is he your husband?"

"Yes," she replied.

Turning to the husband, the salesman said, "I'll give you 100 camels for her."

Morris looked stunned, and there was a long silence. Finally he replied, "She's not for sale."

After the salesman left, the somewhat indignant wife asked, "Morris, what took you for an answer?"

Morris replied, "I was trying to figure out how to get 100 camels back home."

(From ArcaMax Jokes)



# MVC "Then & Now" in pictures

by Evelyn Porteza-Tabingo



MVC aerial view 1953



MVC aerial view 2016



Bagontaas Crossing 1950s  
The only store in this side of the street



Bagontaas Crossing 2016  
Several sari-sari stores on this side of the street



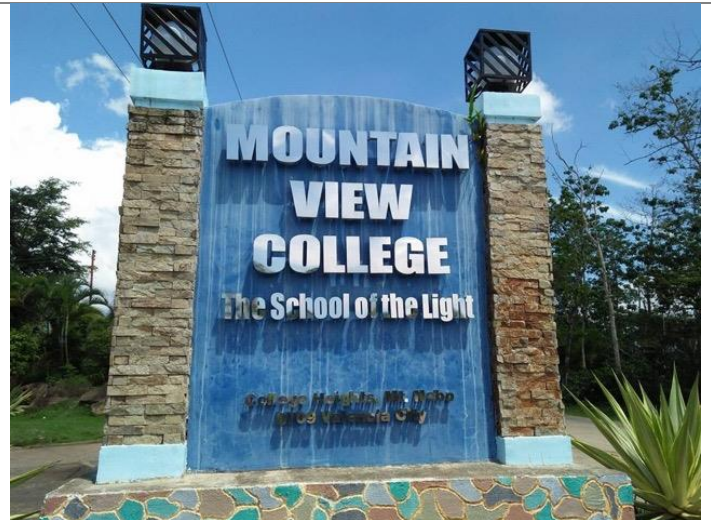
MVC Arch Gate 1950s  
Standing tall to welcome all



MVC Arch Gate 2016  
Barely recognizable



MVC Signage 1950s



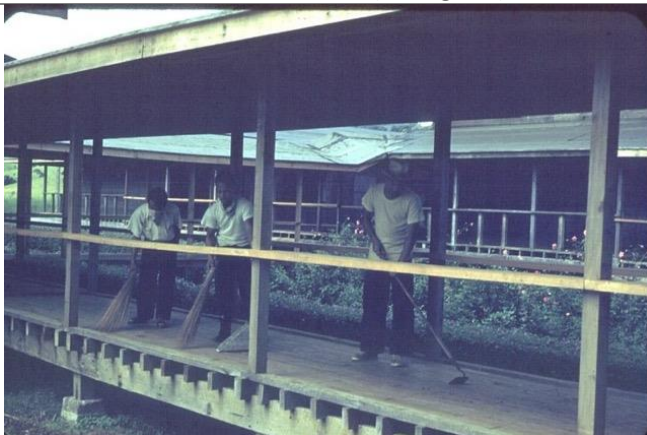
MVC Signage 2016



The bells in 1950s (now gone)



Siren 2016



The Ramps 1950s  
a major thoroughfare between classrooms



The Ramps 2016  
A decorative memorial of what was then



Jamandre village kids 1950s



A lone grown up kid in 2016



Telescope Hill 1950s



Telescope Hill 2016 – bald no more

*“Memories of our lives, of our works and our deeds will continue in others.”  
Rosa Parks*

# LIFE OF A MISSIONARY

written by Romulo "Romy" M. Halasan, BSBA'86

## Lebaran

**T**his week is the end of the Ramadan – the month-long fasting of Muslims. I decided to share with you how the Indonesians celebrate Eid El Fitri and Lebaran or end of Fasting. The end of Ramadan is a big event in Indonesia as Indonesians go “mudik” - an Indonesian term for the activity wherein migrants/migrant workers return to their hometown.

Mudik is like the annual tradition that occurs ahead of major religious holidays such as the Lebaran.

During this time relatives gather around for a family get together, especially for those living overseas. This is also a time to visit parents. Every year we look forward to this week-long holiday--a time to relax and travel.

There are around 30 million people who travel to their hometowns during the Lebaran holiday, bringing and spending around US\$ 9 billion from the main urban centers to rural areas, thus pulsing economic opportunities and business from the city to the villages.

Around 25 million of Indonesians participate in mudlik or pulang kampung (going back to village). With the sudden rise of the demand and volume of intercity transportations, the impact is tremendous with millions of cars and motorcycles traveling the roads and highways causing kilometers of traffic jam each year.

This year, we travelled from West Java through Central Java, East Java and finally to Bali. It is a 6-day drive from Bandung and covering some 3,000 kilometers.

While in West Java, we were stuck in traffic. I had never experienced travelling 7 kilometers in 12 hours. Basically, we spent the whole night on an expressway without rest areas. Because there was no food to buy, we tried to cook beside the highway.

Indonesians love to give money to relatives and other people especially during the Eid El Fitr. In several city streets, there are so many people who at this time become instant moneychangers. Large bundles of brand new paper money ranging from small denominations to the largest are for sale. These will be given to whoever visits their house.

Four different religious groups have penetrated Indonesia. During the first and second centuries of the Christian era, Indian traders brought Hinduism. On the sixth to the eighth centuries, Buddhism overlapped Hinduism. On the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the epoch of Islam arrived and the Islamic faith swept the islands and prevailed crushing the Buddhist Majapahit Empire in 1478. To this day, approximately 80 percent of the Indonesian people are Moslems.

In 1511 the Portuguese conquered the Moluccas, causing the Moslem leaders to withdraw under pressure to the South Celebes. Roman Catholics came to the Moluccas in 1522. In the 1530s the missionary activity of the Roman Catholic Church began under Portuguese protection. Francis Xavier, a Catholic missionary came from India and worked in Indonesia from 1546 to 1547. His influence was so great that he has ever since borne the appellation, "Apostle to the Indonesians". Francis Xavier also worked as Catholic missionary to the Philippines. Xavier University in Cagayan de Oro City was named after him.

## Evangelizing the Muslims



One factor contributing to the growth of Adventism in Indonesia was the conversion of more Muslims. This in turn, brought other Muslim adherents to the knowledge of Christianity. One new convert, Rifai Burhanuddin, wrote a fifty-page booklet entitled, "Isa Didalam Al-Quran" (Jesus in the Koran). This booklet gave a powerful appeal to the Muslim multitudes to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. Burhanuddin also prepared a series of five introductory lessons to the regular Voice of Prophecy course that attracted enrollment from Muslims. It was reported in 1956 that 300 Muslims were enrolled in the Voice of Prophecy course and many were baptized.

At this point the Department of Justice in Indonesia prohibited the circulation of Isa Didalam Al-Quran. Five thousand copies were confiscated at our Adventist Indonesia Publishing House.

Our trip this week took us to Karimun, Java that is composed of 27 very beautiful islands in the Java Sea. It was a refreshing retreat from our hectic schedule. We enjoyed swimming with different sharks and some of them seemed interested to nibble at my feet as I swam across them. It is only in Karimun, Java Island where you can swim with sharks. There is an island that we visited where the beach is really white.

We also visited Mount Bromo – an active volcano in East Java close to our East Java Conference. It was a blessing to witness firsthand an erupting volcano. Although we were not allowed to go close to the volcano, we still had a good picture of Bromo as it was spewing ash and hot gases.

On our fifth day, we reached Bali. I could not imagine that with hundreds or maybe thousands of hotels in Bali, we could not find a room because the hotels, even the very high priced ones were all occupied.

Bali is a tourist destination island whose people are ninety percent Hindu. However, some people continue to worship ghost and spirits. Yesterday, we were amazed to see a Hindu worship a spirit under a very big Balete tree. Because Hinduism is practiced religiously, conversion to Adventism in Bali is quite difficult. We visited one of the 6 SDA churches in Bali and talked with the church pastor. I am looking forward to that day when all the people of Bali will hear the gospel of Jesus.

On our way to Ubud, a tourist village in Bali, we saw a beautiful roadside decoration. We stopped and asked what the activity was. An old man came out to us and told us that there was a wedding

going on and we were invited to come inside. We declined because we were wearing short pants and definitely not properly dressed for the occasion. However, the man, who was also the father of the bride, insisted we go in. Suddenly he gave us some wedding souvenirs while we were provided with food. I was not interested in the food rather the decorations and the activities. I could not imagine that we were only guests yet we were warmly welcomed. I was inspired by the hospitality of the Balinese people. Before we left, the father of the bride called the newlywed couple and requested them to have their picture taken with us. It was a unique experience.

Please include in your prayer this week the work of the SDA church in this varied country of Indonesia.

Till here,

Romy Halasan  
Bali



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12

1. Cooking by the roadside
2. Fast boat to Karimunjawa
3. Tanah Lot - a rock formation off Bali
4. Swimming with the sharks
5. Mt. Bromo erupting
6. Mt. Bromo erupting

7. Mt. Semeru & Bromo Volcano
8. Bali temple
9. Rice terraces – a common sight in Bali
10. Wedding decoration at the roadside
11. A picture with the bride and groom
12. A smiling father behind the bride



# Alumni Sightings

Fun, random sightings of MVC alumni & friends

Last Monday was 4<sup>th</sup> of July, a favorite summer holiday as well as Independence Day. Many MVC alumni members around the world were sighted showing their patriotic colors. Do you recognize them?

## In the West Coast (United States):



In the East Coast (United States):



In Stars and Stripes:





**In The United Kingdom:**



**In The Philippines**



## In Closing....

Announcements | From The Mail Bag | Prayer Requests | Acknowledgements  
Meet The Editors | Closing Thoughts | Miscellaneous

### Announcements

**Sent by Laurence T. Gayao. Texas:** Fellow Alumni Dr. Vic Louis Arreola III is inviting all Filipino in the Tri-state region to the 2016 **Tri-State Filipino Convocation, July 22-24, 2016**, at Hilton Garden Inn, 375 Mount Hope Ave., Rockway, NJ 07866 for Registration visit: [www.nadapmin.org](http://www.nadapmin.org).

**July 22-24 2016**

**2016 TRI-STATE FILIPINO CONVOCATION**

**Featured Speakers:**

**Dr. Vic Louis Arreola III**  
Director, Asian/Pacific Ministries  
Field Liaison, Ministerial Department  
North American Division of Seventh-day Adventists

**Dr. G. Earl Knight**  
President, Greater New York Conference

**Dr. Jose Cortes**  
President, New Jersey Conference

**Hilton Garden Inn**  
375 Mount Hope Avenue, Rockaway, NJ 07866

**FOR REGISTRATION DETAILS, VISIT WWW.NADAPMIN.ORG**

### Sent by Seth Popoy III. Seoul, Korea

Greetings from the land of the morning calm, South Korea. We, the Filipino Seventh Day Adventist Church in Korea (Filsdak church) **are looking for a church Pastor who will help the church** and its members with its spiritual growth. We are searching for a shepherd who will lead the flock/church and help translate the great gospel commission into action. The church is composed of young adults who are mostly English teachers, Graduate students, and some EPS workers (OFWS). We are looking for someone who embodies the following qualifications:

#### Here are the Qualifications:

1. An ordained minister who is not younger than 40 and not older than 55 years old and articulate in written and spoken English. One who has a decent command of the English language.
2. Should be physically fit since the church is actively involved in sports/friendship evangelism. One who will have no problems mingling and joining the activities of the youth.
3. Married with or without children. If with children, the children should be high school or college level.

4. Wife should be VERY supportive of her husband's ministry.
5. Should be open minded and willing to learn and adjust to Korean culture and with other international cultures.
6. A leader, a visionary, and a man of action who takes delight in house visitations and looking after the welfare of his parishioners. A pastor who puts emphasis on house visitations and making connections and rapport.
7. A shepherd who has a burden for souls.

Thank you very much and may the Lord's blessings and guidance be yours and to our church as we unite our voices, efforts, and prayers for the work of the LORD.

Sincerely yours,

FILSDAK Pastor Search Committee Members:

Elder Ed Rivera

Elder Jasper Somozo

Elder Seth Braza

Elder Arnel Dungog

Bro. Mark Zipagan

P.S. If you have any questions or recommendations, please feel free to contact us:  
jaspersomozo@yahoo.com(Jasper Somozo), mercury7881@yahoo.com (Popoy Braza III),  
zipmarkgil@yahoo.com (mark zipagan), Ghols77@yahoo.com (Arnel Dungog)

### *Acknowledgement*

We wish to thank the following individuals who contributed to this issue:

- Special thanks to those who helped make this week's issue of CyberFlashes: "**The Making of MVC: Stories of the Pioneers**": **Francis Aguilar, Sr., Don Christensen, Gerry Hill, Samuel Rosalita, and Ed Zamora.** And to **Bienvisa Ladion Nebres** for sharing the story of Cirilo Litada.
- Thanks to **Virgie Porteza de Guzman** who sat down with Mr. Rosalita for "Logger's Story." Thanks **Giek** for accompanying me to MVC to meet friends and to take photos included in "MVC "then & now."
- To Daryl & Sarah Famisaran for the "History of Sulads."
- To our faithful contributors: **Jesse Colegado** for the "Patch of Weeds", **Romy Halasan** for "Life of a Missionary", and to the SULADS and Gospel Outreach
- To **Joy Caballera-Gadia** for assisting me with this issue.
- Photo credit to the owners of the Facebook pages where I "gleaned" some photos for this issue.
- Thanks Hav.

## *Meet The Editors*

This week's issue of Cyberflashes is by **Evelyn Porteza Tabingo**. Next week's issue will be by **Raylene Rodrigo-Baumgardt** Please direct all entries to her or to any of the editors.

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If you wish to subscribe to Cyberflashes, to unsubscribe, or if you changed your email address and want Cyberflashes to be sent to your new address, please send your request via email to any of the editors. We spell out the @ and dot signs in the email addresses to prevent worms, viruses, and robots from harvesting them. If you would like to correspond, simply substitute the correct symbols.

## *Visitors' thoughts*

Comments from visitors that came to MVC. Gleaned from Orchid Yearbook 1967

"I have never visited a school that is more ideally located—with water power, mountain scenery, ample land for farming, beautiful campus and so many other fine features. Of course, the most inspiring factor of all is the student body." Kimber D. Johnson, President, Iowa Conference, USA

"MVC is surely located in a beautiful area. The students and teachers are wonderfully friendly, but what impresses me most is the scope of missionary work in branch Sabbath Schools and churches carried on by the students. It is this alone that makes it the college of Light." Dr. Marvin Dick, Dentist in Private Practice, Kansas, USA

"Our visit to Mountain View College will long remain in our memories. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to be here." Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Husted

"I picked up a few ideas, and if they eventually get reflected in our educational system, it will be due to the fine operation and philosophy at Mountain View College." Onofre D. Corpus, Undersecretary of Education

"Mountain View College is a wonderful place to live in and work during this new year. The beauty of these hills, the delicate and complicated things of nature, and the quiet of the night are conducive to peace and study. Enjoy all these while you have it and utilize it to the fullest extent." Duane S. Johnson, Associate Secretary of the GC

"It has been three years since my last visit to Mountain View College, and I find much progress has been made. New buildings are under construction and the grounds have been vastly improved. Yet what pleases me most is the fine spirit of both faculty and students. By this standard, MVC must be rated as one of our very finest schools." Elder Paul Eldridge, President, Far Eastern Division.

## Invitation

For the next Cyberflashes issues I will edit, the focus will be on: "The Making of MVC..." (with specific topics). I am inviting, pioneers, retired workers, alumni and students to share their inspirational stories and memories made while in MVC.

So, find a comfortable seat and start writing your story before you may not be capable of sharing them anymore. 😊 Someone may be personally contacting you sometime. With appreciation...

Lyn Tabingo

## Prayer Request for Healing

Connie Asumbrado-  
Maquio,

Demi Garduque,

Elmar Bingcang,

Galileo Villaflores,

Lola Ellen Sigue,

Oseas Zamora

Pastor Rudy Bermudez,

Pastor Salvador Israel

Roxie Pido,

Sammy Galarpe, his son &  
grandkids

## Prayer for the Bereaved Family

Jonathan Navales

Clarita Nebres-Testa

Larina Nomus Mostrales

Serge Batiller,

Guillermo Maglinte,

Alvin Romanes,

Carmelita Arit-Correces,

Chita Penola-Flores,

Eng. Eugenio Porteza,

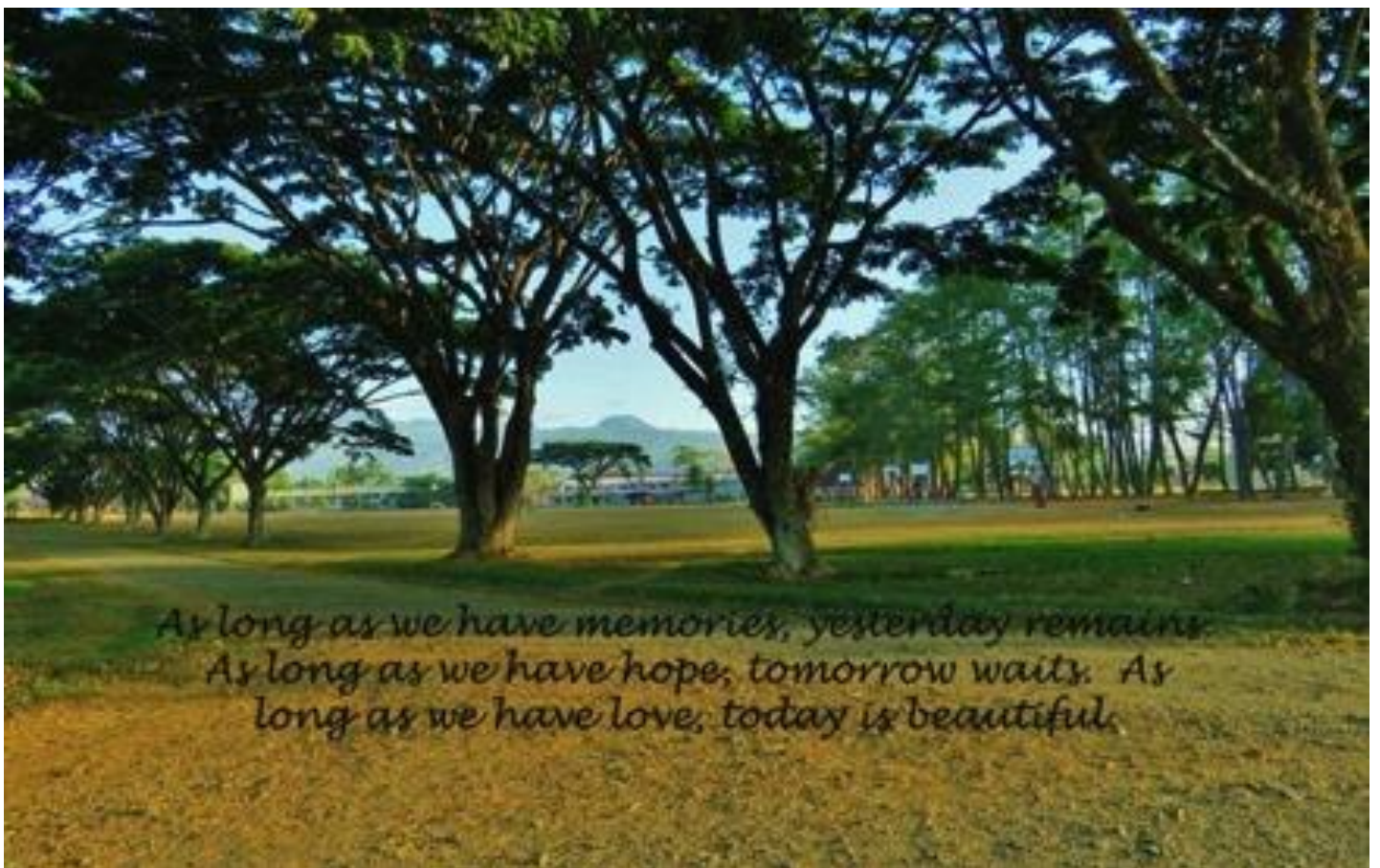
Jonathan Serenata.

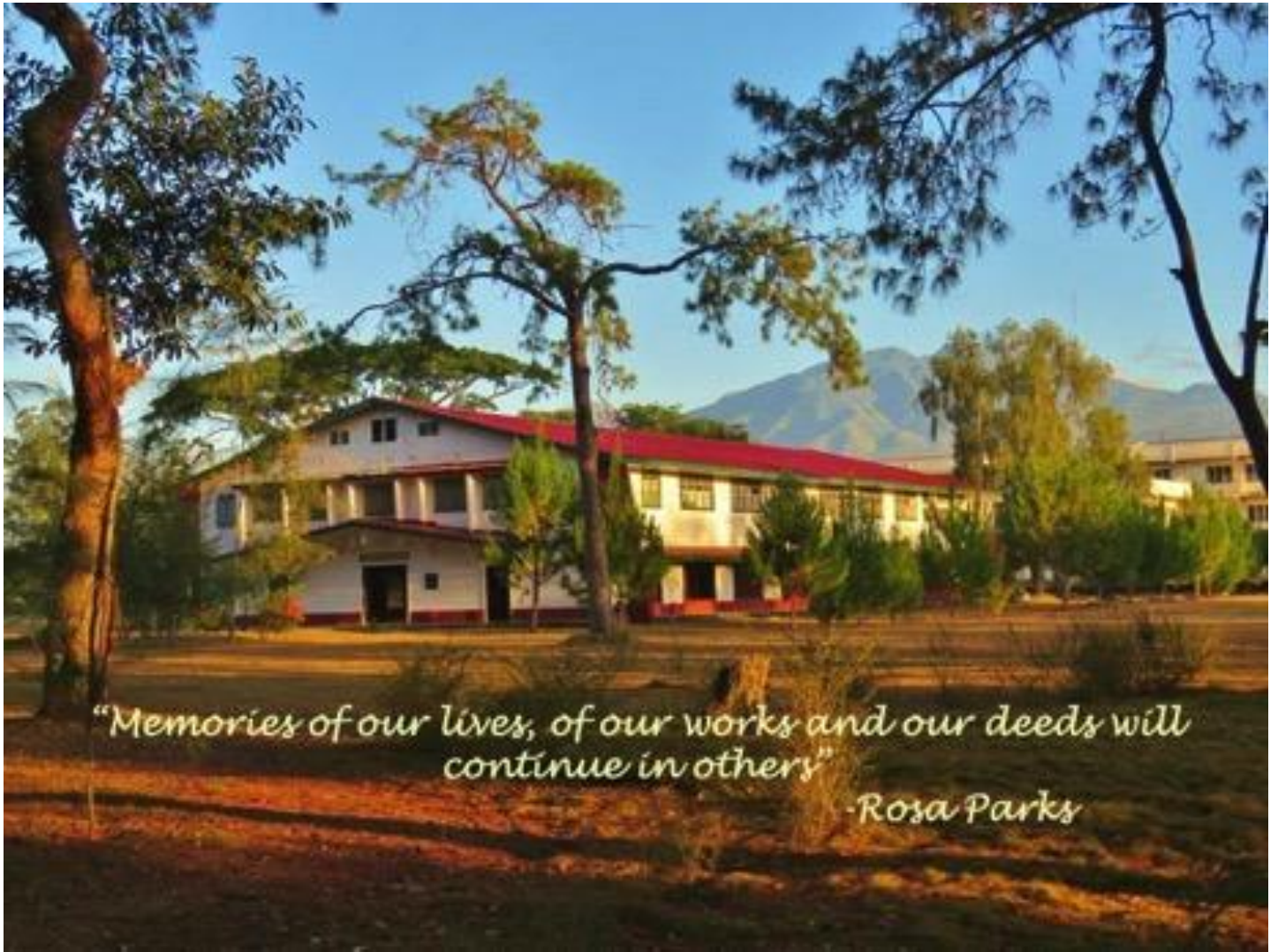
Rachel Sacala,

## Prayer of Blessings to

1. Missionaries around the world as they serve ...
2. Mountain View College and young people are being trained ....
3. Our individual family circles .....

*Closing Thoughts*





*"Memories of our lives, of our works and our deeds will  
continue in others"*

*-Rosa Parks*

*Happy Sabbath*