



Interlakes Seventh-day Adventist Church History, Part II of III

Additional background information comes from a letter written by Dr. Ray Kellogg, February 28, 1979, to:

Dear Floyd (Bresee),

I am very happy (underlined twice) to hear there are plans to move the old Ash Grove Church!

Do you have a committee? Or are you the committee? I do think if (underlined twice) either the Conference or the Madison church would establish a committee some additional contributions could be expected. As you know, if the church takes it as a "Public Relations" project, some others interested could donate and their contributions would be tax-deductible. I, for one, have definite plans along that line.

If you will let me know what the estimated costs of moving and renovating are, I shall be glad to help financially. You see with the break-up of my family I went through a real time of privation during the Depression. However, I was taken in by kind church friends and relatives and I can never forget it. When I went to California in 1932, I stayed at the homes of both Dr. L. C. Kellogg and Dr. E. C. Kellogg. These are debts I can never repay... Later I stayed nearly a year at the home of Drs. Carl and Verna (Riter) Clough. I mowed their lawns, helped build a tennis court for them, etc. From there I went to Oregon and later taught church school at \$40.00 a month. Unfortunately, the church was unable to pay that and I borrowed \$50.00 from the bank so as to get married! (1937)

My thought is to give money to the restoration project honoring all three of the Kellogg brothers: All became doctors and Uncle E. C. was President of Walla Walla College. Uncle L. C. (Clayton) was one of the greatest teachers of anatomy at Loma Linda. (People still talk about his teaching.) I would like, too, to honor Dr. Vera (Riter) Clough. Certainly the high ideals and altruism of that humble little worship place have had an influence on society out of all proportion to its size and appearance. I envision a bronze plaque perhaps relating briefly the founding of the church, some of its more outstanding members, Dr. Thomas Biggs, Jr., Elder Floyd Bresee, of course, Monte Cheney, who has just retired from a life time of teaching in denominational schools. Perhaps Elder Lloyd Biggs would be a candidate, too, as he was "born into the church" there, later "adopted" (never legally) by Uncle E. C. Kellogg, graduated from Walla Walla College and went as a missionary to Africa. He was later head of the Pacific Press and finally conference president in Oregon. So far as I know, Bruce Biggs is still working as an x-ray technician in a denominational institution in Florida. Undoubtedly, there are other names of stalwart members which deserve mention. You would know more about them than I, the Schlisners, Brooks family, etc. You perhaps do not know about it, but my Aunt Adelma Leora (Kellogg) Roff was an excellent teacher. At the end of her teaching days in Atlanta, GA. the Atlanta Constitution had a double-width write-up on the Editorial page entitled "Kellogg Day" honoring her.

I do think that the installation of a fire prevention system is an absolute MUST! I have never forgotten how the church on north Egan Avenue - just across the street from the southwest corner of the college - was the first place of Adventist worship in Madison. It had the windows stoned out of it continually! Thus the succeeding church was built out of what we used to call Lovers' Lane. Perhaps I shall give some money in honor of Aunt Ida Bess (Cheney) Courser, too, as she and Uncle Everett gave me shelter also in time of need. One of their sons is a doctor and has served a term of mission service in Nigeria.

Please let me know your plans and count me in on them. Surely the folk of the Interlakes Church owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude for your service to them.

Faithfully yours,

(Dr.) Ray (Kellogg, son of Dr. Hal Kellogg)

Article and photo from conference archives



Photo by Cliff Freese

High Times at DAA Academy Days

Every year Dakota Adventist Academy hosts potential students for a weekend filled with everything DAA. This year though, there were some additions to the normal school Preview Day.

Seven potential students joined the yearly ski outing to Huff Hills on Academy Day's weekend and experienced some fun in the sun. The remaining 25 inquisitive young people played 4-square volleyball, which started the mingling process. When they retired to their separate dorms the deans had the students work through games to make dorm orientation fun.

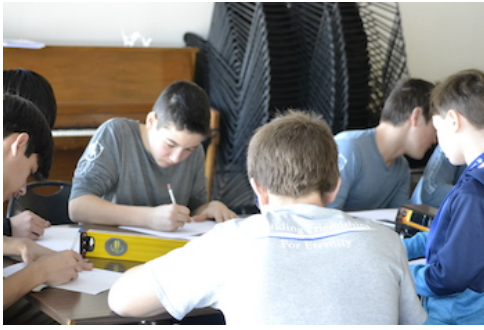
It is important for incoming students to understand that a boarding academy is busy. The students spent Friday with their potential classmates touring the classes they could attend next year, with no department being left out.

The weekend worship services by Pastors Brooke and Ricky Melendez were nestled on the stage allowing for a cozy Sabbath setting. Students took Bible promises and discussed their meaning. Current and Preview Day's students had a chance to talk to each other about their identity in God. Then group's discussions were shared up front.

Sabbath closed with over twenty young people stepping forward to state their desire to consecrate their lives to God. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit was a visible blessing to everyone there.

Saturday night was all about life-size games; Candy Land, Chutes and Ladders, Sorry, Tic Tac Toe relay and Human Foosball kept them all engaged.

DAA hopes to see all of the young people that visited, plus many more youth, come for school next year!



Article and photos by Tracy Peterson

The Pickle Jar

As far back as I can remember, the pickle jar sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then, the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar and admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank. Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck.



Each and every time as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. "Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back." Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly "These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me."

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. "When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again." He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief happy jingle, we grinned at each other. "You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters," he said. "But you'll get there. I'll see to that."

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed. A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words and never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith.

The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar. To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me. "When you finish college, Son," he told me, his eyes glistening, "You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to."

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. "She probably needs to be changed," she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her.

When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes. She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. "Look," she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

<https://truthbook.com/stories>; photo by [Michael Longmire](#) on [Unsplash](#)



All Seventh-day Adventist churches throughout North America are encouraged to hold a safety drill each year on Safety Sabbath. This year, that will take place on March 28. To register your church to participate and for a list of safety resources, visit safetysabbath.com.

Dakota Conference Trust Services has retired the email address trustservices@midconetwork.com.

We are now using the email address trust@dakotaadventist.org.

A Tribute to Wilbur Mauk

Wilbur Mauk was born in Astoria, Oregon, November 6, 1943 and passed away January 31, 2020.

In 1984, Elder Ben Liebelt, president for the Dakota Conference, called Mauk to see if he was interested in working at the Pine Ridge Mission



(Payabya) on the Pine Ridge Reservation. For ten years the Mauk family worked on the reservation and during his tenure there, he realized his dream of becoming an ordained Minister.

In 1994, he took a call as the mission director for the LaVida Mission in New Mexico and worked there for five years. He was called back to North Dakota where he spent six years in the Williston, ND district. It was also here he was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis and had open heart surgery.

Around 2006, he and Janice moved to Lehr, ND district. As his MS began to take a toll on his ability to stand and get around, he took an early retirement upon recommendations.

He and Janice decided to return to the Pine Ridge Reservation where they retired to the little town of Rushville, NE with the hope and prayer of restoring the work on the reservation. But the MS took a heavy toll on his health and he spent the last eight years bedridden. On January 31, 2020, Mauk suffered a massive stroke and passed away.

“Well done, thou good and faithful servant,” says Dwayne Mauk – a son who has lost a hero.

Article and picture by Dwayne Mauk

Visit dakotaadventist.org to view presentation titles.

Dakota Conference
25th Annual Men's Retreat
dakotaadventist.org

**Men of Issachar: Those
Who Understand the Times**

MARCH 13 - 15, 2020



ROUGH RIDER HOTEL
301 3RD AVENUE
MEDORA, NORTH DAKOTA

FEATURED SPEAKER:
DR. CONRAD VINE
ADVENTIST FRONTIER MISSIONS



Dakota Conference Calendar

Mar 07	Local Church Budget
Mar 08	Executive, Finance and Corporation Committees
Mar 11	DAA Students at the Conference Office
Mar 13 - 15	Men's Retreat at Medora, ND
Mar 14	Adventist World Radio
Mar 15	Religious Liberty Campaign due to Conference
Mar 21	Rapid City Youth Get-together
Mar 21	Local Church Budget
Mar 28	Dakota NW Regional in Dickinson, ND
Mar 28	Dakota Challenge

March Specials

ABC hours are Tuesday - Thursday 3:00 - 5:30 pm
Dakota Conference of Seventh-day Adventists
7200 N Washington Street
Bismarck, ND 58503
701.751.6177



		Retail Case	Retail Single	Special Case	Special Single
Bismarck					
LL CANNED					
Big Franks	12/20 oz	\$71.73	\$6.58	\$66.93	\$6.22
Big Franks l/f	12/20 oz	71.73	\$6.58	\$66.93	\$6.22
Linketts	12/13 oz	71.73	\$6.58	\$66.93	\$6.22
Little Links	12/19 oz	71.73	\$6.58	\$66.93	\$6.22
Vegetarian Burger	12/19 oz	71.73	\$6.58	\$66.93	\$6.22
Veja Links	12/20 oz	71.73	\$6.58	\$66.93	\$6.22
Heritage Canned					
Burger/Scallops/Mini Links/Deli Dog	6/19 oz				4.25
Chicken Bites	12/13 oz				4.25
FOOD SERVICE					
Big Franks	6/96 oz	122.94	22.56	115.74	21.46
FROZEN					
W Chicketts	12/16 oz	90.86	8.33	80.86	6.99
W Leanies	8/8oz	35.23	4.85	26.00	3.49
MSF Breakfast Links	8/8oz	37.74	5.19	29.99	3.89
MSF Breakfast Links f/s				65.00	

sale dates: March 1-31, 2020
 quantities may be limited

March 5 Dispatch Photo



Photo by Crystal Rittenbach

Dispatch Mission: To build a climate of encouragement and blessing through the sharing of witnessing and evangelism activities. If you have news to share or would like to be added to the **Dakota Dispatch** mailing list, please email Jacquie Biloff at jbiloff@icloud.com. © 2020



Dakota Conference Facebook



Dakota Conference Website



Dakota Adventist Academy



Dirt Kicker Charity Run



Dirt Kicker Run Facebook

Copyright © 2020 Dakota Conference, All rights reserved.

Want to change how you receive these emails?
You can [update your preferences](#) or [unsubscribe from this list](#)

