

September 2026 Volume 6

Enumclaw Church Life

The Official Newsletter of the Enumclaw Seventh-Day Adventist Church



Vidal Mendoza



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Reflections from Pastor Vidal

As I look through the pages of this month's newsletter, I am reminded of what happens when a church moves beyond simply attending and begins living the mission. This past month, our church family served in Alaska, welcomed children and families through Vacation Bible School, and prayed with people from our community through Drive-Thru Prayer. Different ministries, different people, different places—but the same mission: sharing the love of Jesus. Jesus said, "As the Father has sent Me, I also send you" (John 20:21). Church is not only what happens on Sabbath morning. Church happens whenever God's people step outside the walls and allow Him to use their hands, their voices, and their lives to bless someone else.

My prayer is that this spirit of mission will continue to grow among us. You do not need to travel to another state or lead a large ministry to make an eternal difference. Sometimes mission looks like praying with a stranger, helping a neighbor, serving a child, inviting someone into your home, or simply noticing a person everyone else overlooks. Every member has a ministry, and every member has a mission. As we begin August, I invite you to ask God one simple question: "Lord, who can I bless today?" Imagine what could happen in Enumclaw if every one of us began each day with that prayer—and then allowed God to answer it through us.

3333 Griffin Ave Enumclaw, WA 98022-8321

360-825-4155

www.enumclawsda.org

CHURCH PICNIC

Pictures from Connie Raley



On Sabbath, August 8, our church family gathered behind the school building for a wonderful afternoon picnic. Nestled on the lawn under the shade of evergreen trees, we enjoyed perfect weather and a feast of delicious food shared among friends. The afternoon was filled with warm conversations, laughter, and meaningful connection as everyone relaxed and caught up with one another. Swept up in the warmth of good fellowship and the quiet beauty of nature, it was truly the definition of Sabbath rest.



NEW DAWN

Pictures from Connie Raley



MEN'S MINISTRY

Pictures from Earl Vanderhoof

On Sunday, August 30, our Men's Ministry gathered with the men and kids for an awesome day at the ballpark watching the Tacoma Rainiers! Everyone enjoyed a fun, relaxing afternoon together, cheering on the team, catching up, and enjoying plenty of classic ballpark snacks. It was a great day of fellowship and fun for all. Thanks to Earl for capturing the moment and sharing the pictures!



SOVATH'S STORY

SHARED WITH PERMISSION FROM SOVATH'S BOOK CALLED "BEYOND THE SHADOWS" BY ABIGAIL FOLLOWS

Chapter 1 (part 2): Runaways

Somewhere near Sisophon, Cambodia, Rainy Season, 1978

Sovath was not masterminding an escape. His goal was to stay invisible. Survival by blending in. But even that task was proving difficult. His friend had been watching, and he knew Sovath was weakening. They had to leave now, or he would leave alone. As far as timing went, the other boy thought that tonight was both terrible and perfect. By the light of the moon, they could see but also be seen. It didn't matter, though. He had to save his friend. After months of hearing, "to let you live is no gain, to kill you is no loss," it was perhaps easier to get up the courage to save Sovath than to save himself. The boy listened hard beyond the thumping of his heart for signs that the camp slept. Finally, the forty other children who served as Mobile Elite Kids stopped their uncomfortable shifting and began to breathe deeply. "It's tonight, Sovath," he whispered, rolling over to face his friend. "No," Sovath said. "They'll kill us. Shoot us!" "We're dying anyway." Sovath swallowed. His friend was right. How many times had he rushed off to work in the darkness of the early morning, trying not to notice the ones who didn't stir? They would disappear while he worked in the cotton fields. Perhaps their bodies would fertilize newly planted trees. Sovath shivered, half from fever, half from the mental image of the strange, grave-shaped holes the tree planters dug on the road to his "new home." "But I'm sick," Sovath said. "And weak. I have to get stronger first. If we wait a few more days..." "You might not have a few more days, Sovath. If we wait, you'll disappear like the others." Lots of things could make you disappear at the Mobile Elite Kids camp. Diarrhea. Working too slowly. Homesickness. Not seeming happy to be working for Angkar. Sovath had long since learned to detach from his emotions. To look neutral when terrified or smile when burning with the desire to cry for his parents. In the daytime, anyway. "I don't know," Sovath said. Yet for the hundredth time that week, he considered his friend's suggestion. His heart, which labored heavily from malnutrition, boomed in his chest like a bomb. Adrenaline surged into his veins, and he was suddenly aware of the terrible emptiness in his stomach. It was hunger, yes. A deep hunger down to his cells. But it was also a longing for his family. "This is our only chance." There was a long pause. Sovath did not breathe. All he heard was his own pulse pounding in his ears. "Okay," he said finally. "I'll go with you." The boys arose. Every movement they made seemed too loud. Trying not to breathe, they made their way down the ladder of the large shelter and past the giant clay pots that collected rainwater for the Mobile Elite Kids to drink. Sovath's friend led the way down a hill and through a small village. As they passed the village, fear rose up in Sovath's chest. He could almost feel the ripping pain of a bullet in his back or the clamping of some animal's teeth into his neck. Or maybe it would be the slow, hollow death of starvation. He was walking away from food! Those few grains of rice each day, cooked into a clear soup. Sovath clamped his hand over his mouth. He tried to steady his breathing. He had to stop crying. "Come on, Sovath," his friend said. "Stay close." He was crying, too. They exited the village and made their way to a road. The other boy turned around. He froze, listening. Sovath heard it too. Someone was coming. Angkar! The boys jumped into a ditch that ran alongside the road and lay on their bellies in the mud. Sovath was crying, shaking. He tried to picture the face of his mak, his mother. Angkar had once said that family didn't matter. That "family" was bourgeois, a Western concept, oppressive. "Angkar is your family now," they'd said. "Angkar will take care of you." Sovath hadn't understood, not really. He was young then, and there had been no time for his parents to explain. The sound came closer. Sovath recognized it as an oxcart. He lay there a long time, imagining snakes and leeches creeping toward him in the darkness. He tried not to breathe, tried to remember his mother's face. Finally, the sound of the cart receded into the distance. Sovath swallowed hard. He was not ready to run away, but here he was. No matter what happened, even if he was hunted down by Angkar, even if he couldn't find a single grain of rice to eat, he would use what little strength he had left to find his family. So I won't be alone when I die, he thought as his friend dragged him out of the ditch and onto the dirt road.

WOMEN'S MINISTRY BREAKFAST

Come with ideas for this year's women's ministry events.

September 27, 2026

9:30 AM

Breakfast will be provided



**SAVE
= THE DATE =**

Enumclaw SDA Church
Children's Ministry

PJ and MOVIES

October 31

Wear your favorite PJs,
bring a blanket, and join the fun!

PRAYER SUMMIT

OCTOBER 2-3, 2026

ENUMCLAW SDA CHURCH

MEN'S MINISTRY FISHING TRIP

FAITH • FELLOWSHIP • ADVENTURE

THE ENUMCLAW
SDA CHURCH
Men's Ministry Event

SEPTEMBER 27

JOIN US FOR A DAY OF FISHING,
FELLOWSHIP, AND FRESH AIR!

10AM-3PM
8-12 PEOPLE



ENUMCLAW
SDA CHURCH
MEN'S MINISTRY

HOW TO
LEAD YOUR HOME
Spiritually
WHEN YOU ARE TIRED

Encouragement: Faith, Brotherhood.
You don't have to lead alone.

FOOD FOR THE
Body
FUEL FOR THE
Soul

Be strong
and courageous.
JOSHUA 1:9

JOIN US! SUNDAY **OCTOBER 18, 2026**

WARM BREAKFAST REAL CONVERSATIONS PRACTICAL FAITH BROTHERHOOD THAT LASTS

COME. EAT. BE ENCOURAGED.
All men welcome!
BECAUSE STRONG HOMES BUILD STRONG COMMUNITIES.

ENUMCLAW SDA CHURCH • 360-825-4155 3333 GRIFFIN AVE, ENUMCLAW, WA 98022

Plant-Based Potluck Lunch



ENUMCLAW
SDA CHURCH

Join us after church service
every 2nd and 4th Saturday
of the month at Enumclaw SDA Church.

Bring a plant-based dish to share
and enjoy lunch together.

Good Food. Good Friends. Stronger Together.



Upcoming Events

September 27: Women's Ministry Breakfast

September 27: Men's Ministry Fishing Trip

October 2-3: Prayer Summit

October 18: Men's Ministry Breakfast

October 31: Children's Ministry event-PJs and a Movie