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BSDA Shoutbox

(12:05 PM) [leehaw](#) - Hey Everybody... home today cleaning up a wet mess! Not too bad.... It's basically in the wash room

(12:06 PM) [leehaw](#) - Just clothes and papers....yuck! 😬

(12:06 PM) [leehaw](#) - Mopped the rest out in the garage....

(12:06 PM) [Clay](#) - sorry to hear that Leehaw

(12:07 PM) [leehaw](#) - ...

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An Unauthorized History of 3ABN, Chapter 7 (the dollar store and the Lengend)

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 **sister**

May 22 2006, 05:17 PM

Post #1

The Dollar Store and the Legend of Plungie...

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
Posts: 616
Joined: 17-December 04
Member No.: 762
Gender: f

For the 3ABN workers and the other impoverished residents of Franklin County, even a trip with your kids to the Dollar Store can be a rare treat. This emporium of astonishing merchandise, gathered from unknown locations, is a shopping paradise for the working poor. Located in a strip mall in West Frankfort, anchored at one end by K-Mart and the other end by Krogers supermarket, many have walked its aisles seeking both bargains and treasures among it's innumerable items.

Today the cashier looks up to see what is obviously a father and his four children. No suggestion can be seriously entertained as to the paternity of these children, you see his physical characteristics reflected dominantly in each one of them. Upon closer inspection of this chief and his little tribe, the countenance of the father's face and his demeanor as he interacts with his children, makes his love for them quite evident.

Slipping a dollar bill into each of their small hands and following close behind, he has instructed them to choose a special toy for themselves. As a scurry of small feet makes a beeline directly to the toy aisle, with a look of amusement on his face he observes them searching, as if for hidden treasure. One by one, they come up to him their faces beaming as they proudly present before him the results of their painstaking search. He smiles and comments on each purchase and then as the last of the four approaches him, his expression changes immediately from pleasure to surprise. Clutched majestically in his son's hand is a toilet plunger. Kneeling down next to his child, he gently lays his hand on his shoulder and says, "Son, the dollar was meant as a gift for you to choose a special toy." Searching his son's face, he asks him, "Do you know what this is for? Ah, well, it is used for the potty..." An interesting discussion ensues between father and son, resulting in his son marching proudly up to the cashier, handing her his dollar and walking out of the store with his Daddy, sister and two brothers in tow. Like a conductor skillfully brandishing his baton before a philharmonic orchestra, this boy proudly leads his family through the parking lot, to the enthusiastic maneuvers of his newest toy: a bathroom toilet plunger.

Before their arrival at their father's modest abode, the unusual new "toy" had already been christened "Plungie". Now to the amazement of the rest of the family, Plungie has become the constant companion of Justin. With the expert movements that are usually reserved only for swordsmen of the caliber of Robin Hood or Zorro; Justin thrusts and parries, bringing Plungie into contact with every available surface: all areas of the car, windows, doors, the TV set, and the computer monitor. No flat, concave or convex surface is safe from the Plungie invasion.

At the end of their visit the children return to their mother's home. Alighting from the car, Justin runs up to his mother, excited to show her all the things he has learned to do with his new toy. He has

already realized that it is an excellent way to open the refrigerator door and to pick up certain selected objects from the floor.

Probably the greatest exploit in the history of Plungie, to date, was when Justin took his toy and constant companion to a Thompsonville function at the 3ABN school gym. Brandishing Plungie before him as he entered the crowded room, like Moses raising his staff and parting the red sea, a path was instantly cleared before Justin. Being ignorant of the facts, the good folks of the Thompsonville SDA church kept telling him to take that "germy, dirty thing" back to the gym's mens room where he had found it. But laughing and running around the gym together, Justin and Plungie were having too good of a time to be insulted by these callous remarks. In pure joy, to the extreme displeasure of the good folk assembled at that event, Plungie accompanied Justin for the entire evening.

Postscript: The father of these four children lost his job at 3ABN because, when God opened his eyes and gave him insight to see what was really happening and the corruption he had become involved in supporting, he was no longer willing to participate in doing Danny's bidding "behind the scenes" at 3ABN. This resulted in him quitting his job on moral grounds. Hoping that would be the end of Danny Shelton's intrigues in his life, instead he found out that it was only the beginning. By Danny's word he was branded a "pathological liar" and other labels were applied, equally untrue, each more heinous than the last. You might think that being the father of Danny Shelton's beloved grandchildren would afford some favorable consideration, wouldn't you? If you believe that, then you haven't been paying very close attention as we look "behind the scenes" at 3ABN...

Stay tuned...

This post has been edited by **sister**: May 22 2006, 05:37 PM

[TOP](#) [REPORT](#)

[QUOTE](#) [REPLY](#)

 **Clay**

 May 22 2006, 06:43 PM

Post #2

14. Wintley Phipps - Board member since 2005. Singer and pastor. Recipient of 1 million dollars from 3ABN, and proposed director of a proposed new network.

This post has been edited by **beartrap**: May 24 2006, 10:36 AM

[TOP](#) [REPORT](#)

[QUOTE](#) [REPLY](#)

 **beartrap**

May 24 2006, 10:33 AM

Post #34

Former 3ABN Board Members

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
Posts: 731
Joined: 5-April 06
Member No.: 1,659
Gender: m

1. Kenny Shelton - Co-founder of 3ABN, and Danny Shelton's brother. Fired by Danny.
2. Emma Lou Shelton - Kenny Shelton's wife. Left with her husband.
3. Goldie Seddon - Danny Shelton's mother. Left with Kenny.
4. Stan Smith - Wealthy businessman/financial supporter. Resigned.
5. Bob Ford - Wealthy businessman/financial supporter. Resigned.
6. Donna McNiellus - Wealthy philanthropist/financial supporter. Had a program on 3ABN. Resigned.
7. Owen Troy - Former Communications Director of the NAD. Had a stroke and resigned.
8. Linda Shelton - Co-founder of 3ABN and ex-wife of Danny Shelton. Fired over accusation of marital infidelity.
9. All of the Illinois conference presidents since the founding of 3ABN... up to the current one.

This list is to the best of my memory. It is possible that I forgot some.

This post has been edited by **beartrap**: May 24 2006, 10:38 AM

[TOP](#) [REPORT](#)

[QUOTE](#) [REPLY](#)

 **sister**

May 24 2006, 01:59 PM

Post #35

"The Televangelist", Part 7...

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
Posts: 616
Joined: 17-December 04

Walking into my darkened office, I turn on the desk lamp. The beam of light illuminates my keyboard, as the rest of the room remains hidden in the depths of shadows. The hour is late and silence is my only companion. With no distraction from "life in the world", again I return to the file of "The Televangelist". The following passage

Member No.: 762
Gender: f

triggers a memory:

"Arriving home, the televangelist starts thinking about his upcoming board meeting. The church that supports his ministry is made up of a World Conference, and various other levels of conferences, each falling under the other. The President of the Local Conference where his ministry is based is on his board of directors. This Conference president's parents both work for the televangelist. His personal assistant, his financial director, his chief legal advisor, and his facilities manager are all board members. Two of the board members, including the chairman, have programs that air on the television network. He has a new board member to whom he has just donated one million dollars, and appointed to head a new ethnic television network. He is comfortable that he owns the board."

Walking down the hallway Danny is conversing with the guest for tonight's 3ABN Presents Live, unaware of any witnesses they speak freely. "How do you keep complete control of your ministry when it is governed by a board?", John asks Danny. I could see a smile slowly lighting up Danny's face as he pats his jacket pocket and replies with a quiet chuckle, "That's no problem for me, John, I have them in my pocket and they will go along with anything I say." An unnoticed individual quietly slips back down the corridor, but what was heard was not soon forgotten. Only later would the full impact of that statement be understood.

The preceding incident took place between Danny Shelton and John Osborne. John had just recently returned to the SDA church after years of angry criticism against the church he once loved. These two men shared many things in common: both have held the position of televangelist in an independent ministry and both have been critical, in varying degrees, of the established church. If memory serves me correctly, Osborne was either in the process or had just recently published his experiences in, *Back on Track - The John Osborne Story*.

How could Danny's so confidently state he had the board in his pocket? A few facts from that time follows, many of the procedures still remain the same today. All department reports intended for the board first had to pass muster through Mollie Steenson's inspection. Any report that was not in line with Danny's spin of the facts was returned to the department head in question for revision. There was no contact between the workers and the board members. All the meetings were held at the home of Mom Ford, the

current home of Pastor John Lomacang, and scheduled for Sundays. Luncheon was a catered affair, so there was no opportunity for employees "accidentally" interacting with board members. Additionally, there has always been "selected workers" on the board who were both willing and able to testify to the accuracy of Danny's statements in regard to operations and employee conditions. And remember, Danny has hand picked all his board members and is quite adept at discovering what he could do to secure their cooperation: any thing from giving them their own programming, to donating one million dollars to a project that they have spearheaded, and pitching them a dream. Like a seasoned carnival pitchmen, you learn to read your mark and make your appeal based on what he or she would find most intriguing. Then as an avid fishermen Danny knows, you always wait until the hook is set, before you start reeling them in.

Stayed tuned...

TOP REPORT

QUOTE REPLY

 **sonshineonme**

May 24 2006, 02:10 PM

Post #36



1,000 + posts

BlackSDA Faithful

Group: Members
 Posts: 1,020
 Joined: 30-April 06
 From: USA
 Member No.: 1,709
 Gender: f

QUOTE(beartrap @ May 24 2006, 08:33 AM)

[snapback]132088[/snapback]

Former 3ABN Board Members

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Just be aware, folks can be pretty friendly in these parts and you just might get invited over to share some barbecue. It is not some "wham meaty fried bits" that will be placed on your plate, but southern Illinois prime pork ribs. Remember this is the "South", not Chicago.



This post has been edited by **sister**: May 25 2006, 03:51 PM

[TOP](#) [REPORT](#)

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 **beartrap**

May 25 2006, 04:45 PM

Post #64

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
Posts: 731
Joined: 5-April 06
Member No.: 1,659
Gender: m

Also you'uns might get invited to go do breakfast at the Thompsonville Cafe, known only as "the restaurant (pronounced "rest runt")"

This post has been edited by **beartrap**: May 25 2006, 04:46 PM

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 **sister**

May 25 2006, 07:57 PM

Post #65

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
Posts: 616
Joined: 17-December 04
Member No.: 762
Gender: f

"The fresh scent of Glade..."

Working in a salaried position at 3ABN and wearing many "hats", requires the equilibrium of an acrobat combined with the patience of a saint. When this does not suffice, only comic relief can stave the imminent onslaught of certifiable insanity or a nervous breakdown.

Follow me back in time, as we ascend the stairway to the second floor above the *3ABN Presents* studio. On our immediate left is the office of Doug: head of graphics, he also doubles as an on air announcer, in addition to other numerous responsibilities. Glancing inside the open door, he is completely absorbed in his current project on the "state of the dead".

As we leave Doug's office directly on our right is the restroom and adjacent to that a combination conference room/dining area with a small kitchen attached for employees. Across the hall is a second graphic department office, and following that on our left are the two pastoral departments offices. The pastoral offices both have windows facing the interior hallway. The first of these two offices is "the scene of the crime". Working alone in the first office is the only female member of the pastoral team, Venita. She is the intended victim.

After remaining seated for a long stint on the prayer line, she takes a deep breath through her mouth and stretches. Picking up the box fan and placing it in the open doorway, carefully directing the stream of air from the hallway toward her desk, she reaches up and tucks a loose strand of curly black hair back into her neatly arranged hair. Seeing her reflection in the window, the sprinkling of gray hairs give evidence of approaching age. She was much younger when she and her husband Jan Marcussen first came to southern Illinois. Like Kenny Shelton, Jan holds a Historical SDA viewpoint and both have been disfellowshipped from the SDA church.

Like the proverbial fly on the wall, we observe Doug pacing to and fro in his office, like a marathon runner that has hit the wall at mile twenty-three, he has reached a creative block in his current project: too much stress and too many deadlines have finally taken their toll. Now he heads to the restroom. Leaning his head against the wall, his eyes fix upon the spray can of Glade air freshener. Returning to the hallway the sound of a fan catches his attention. He stops in mid-stride realizing it's fluttering whiz is coming from Venita's doorway. Instantaneously, a light bulb explodes in his head and it is as if the name GLADE has been etched upon his brain. In a pivot, worthy of a prima ballerina, he returns to the toilet, picks up the spray can, gives a brief squeeze of pressure to the button and the heavy fragrance of an indiscernible floral scent fills the room. As a smile curls his lips, stealthily he makes his way down the short distance that separates him from his intended victim...

Approaching Venita's office window he begins to crouch down, quickly turning his head in both directions, checking if the coast is clear. Soon he is on his knees, his chubby physique resembling a bear cub on his ways to stir up some mischief. Almost there,

ducking his head to avoid observation from the office window, he reaches the fan. Peeking through it's swiftly rotating blades, he sees Venita is occupied with the phone. Lifting the aerosol can into position, like a sharpshooter preparing his shot, he takes careful aim. Almost instinctively judging wind speed and possible drift he place his finger on the push button and prepares to take one intense shot and flee. Readyng himself, with a final glance to insure he is free from detection, he fires. With an agility that denies his bulk, he darts back from behind the box fan and holds his breath as he waits for the projectile of highly scented air to reach it's intended target. Nothing happens... There is not a single reaction to the heady scent that is now returning to it's point of origin. Cautiously he again peeks out from behind the fan. No indication that he has achieved his goal exists.

Sitting down in the hallway outside her window a puzzled looks is etched upon his face. Like a skunk poised to release another attack, he assumes the position and fires! This continues for at least six to eight more rounds. Still no response... By now Doug is having difficulty breathing in the heavily scented air and the hunter has become the victim. Standing, he saunters dejectedly toward his office, as other employees start coming out of their offices and wondering what in the world has been going on in the corridor. It smells like skunk season in a cheap perfumery. Wondering what the commotion is all about, Venita starts to leave her desk, but first she stops to apply some nose drops. She has a severely stuffed up nose and has not been able to smell a single thing all day...

Epilogue: Doug's project on the "state of the dead" was never finished. After investing in excess of a year of his life occupied in writing the script, producing and directing the project, designing and constructing sets, scouting out locations on his day off and searching for talent; in addition to his already massive work load, the nearly finished project was scrapped. Why? It was decided that his time was needed elsewhere. From reading the first draft of the script, to seeing most of the work completed, I had witness a project that could have made a great impact put aside on the brink of completion.

Doug now works at Amazing Facts. His first project there: *The Final Events of Bible Prophecy* DVD. Many Adventists know the impact this project has made as an evangelistic tool. 3ABN's loss is Amazing Facts gain. And what became of Doug's project for 3ABN? Before leaving he packed all of his work together and handed over the

box to Mollie, where it still sits collecting dust...over three years later.

Stay tuned...

TOP REPORT

QUOTE REPLY

 **beartrap**

May 25 2006, 09:19 PM

Post #66

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
Posts: 731
Joined: 5-April 06
Member No.: 1,659
Gender: m

    Doug was over the top! One day I had just bounded up the stairs, trotted past Doug's office, and was just about to my own office when I heard an absolutely blood curdling scream come down the hall from behind me... and it was loud! I froze, and my already pale skin paled another few shades. I turned around and no one was there. Cautiously I made my way back down the hall and another terrified scream stopped me again. This time I ran for the closest office, Doug's, and cried, "What's going on?" Smirking, he clicked play on one of his editors, and on seeing Saul entering her cave, the witch of Endor drew back and screamed in terror.

After a cup of tea, my blood pressure went back to normal. Doug's state of the dead project! Sheesh!

TOP REPORT

QUOTE REPLY

 **Fran**

May 25 2006, 10:12 PM



500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Financial Donor
Posts: 632
Joined: 8-August 04
From: Over here
Member No.: 529
Gender: f

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This post has been edited by **Fran**: May 25 2006, 10:13 PM

The greatest want of the world is the want of men-- men who will not be bough souls are true and honest, men who do not fear to call sin by its right name, m as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for the right though the heavens

destroy a lady who is reaching to help the abused is worse than dishonorable.

It is timely and interesting that you would mention that the angels are watching. I feel exactly the same way.

Just this weekend, my visiting relatives said, "These Illinois people are behaving as though nobody is watching or taking note. Do they feel **no** Supreme Being watching them? Do these men feel they're walking the earth alone?"

From my relatives' point of view, the lesson that these Illinois men are inadvertently teaching onlookers is that belief in a Higher Being is for the superstitious and that the real "power game" is played somewhere else.

You are ill about it because it cuts across your deepest core values.

Remember that Mr. Lomacang, **most likely**, does not act alone. Mr. Denslow is on the 3ABN Board. My guess is that Mr. Denslow and Mr. Shelton **pre-approve** most everything their employee, Mr. Lomacang does.

[TOP](#) [REPORT](#)

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sister

May 28 2006, 01:05 PM

Post #99

"Not My Business..."

500 + posts

BlackSDA Enthusiast

Group: Members
 Posts: 616
 Joined: 17-December 04
 Member No.: 762
 Gender: f

For many that come to this thread and view it's contents, this is nothing more than a good read, interesting perhaps, but nothing more. Supposing they have no dog in this fight, they remain silent witnesses. But I beg to differ, whenever another human being has taken a stand against injustice, we all have a dog in that fight. The following is penned by Nigerian poet, Niyi Osundare. Although the excesses that he witnessed under a cruel dictatorship greatly exceeds anything in the experience of former 3ABN employees, the principles that undergird any organization where a man can be corrupted through the wielding of unrestricted power, remain the same.

Not my business

*They picked Akanni up one morning
Beat him soft like clay
And stuffed him down the belly of a waiting jeep
What business of mine is it
So long they don't take the yam
From my savouring mouth?*

*They came one night
Booted the whole house awake
And dragged Danladi out,
Then off to a lengthy absence
What business of mine is it
So long they don't take the yam
From my savouring mouth?*

*Chinwe went to work one day
Only to find her job was gone:
No query, no warning, no probe-
Just one neat sack for a stainless record.
What business of mine is it
So long they don't take the yam
From my savouring mouth?*

*And then one evening
As I sat down to eat my yam
A knock on the door froze my hungry hand.
The jeep was waiting on my bewildered lawn
Waiting, waiting in its usual silence.*

Not unlike Osundare, my chosen method against the abuses I have experienced and witnessed at 3ABN is to "stand upright, and attack with the tongue." It has been said that the pen is mightier than the sword. How can anyone who professes to be saved by the blood of the lamb, Jesus Christ, do anything less?

This post has been edited by **sister**: May 28 2006, 01:09 PM

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 **meadb**

 May 28 2006, 02:51 PM