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Pukalani Baptist Church

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## HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

### Ministries, 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

By Gloria Inciong

Pukalani Baptist has had many Outreach Ministries through the years. The Preschool was always a key to reaching out to families in the community who otherwise might never have a connection to a church to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Through the years many different people served as Directors, Teachers and Preschool Secretary and also many volunteers helping. Many who attended the preschool and/or had family to attend, remember fondly the Preschool and the workers.



The church first began support of Kula Mission in the late 1970s and in 1979 Pukalani Baptist dedicated the Kula Mission at home of Priscilla and Alex Sanders in Kula. Later when Mark Hoshizaki came in 1985 to Kahului Baptist Church to cover the Otona (Japanese Language) ministries and to help set up new mission sites on Maui, Kula Mission held services at Kula Elementary and Rev. Hoshizaki brought the messages. Mark and wife Wendy are serving in Japan as missionaries with International Mission Board. They worked with the homeless in Tokyo until the 2011 tsunami forced them to relocate to Kamaishi. Glenn Kamiya and Asa Ellison visited the Hoshizakis on a mission trip to Japan in 2007. If you would like to read an inspiring story about faith, read the book "Riding the Wind of God":A Personal History of the Youth Revival" by Bruce McIver. The story is about Mark's father, Reiji Hoshizaki, a Nisei student attending Baylor University in Waco Texas during World War II. How Rev. Hoshizaki overcame insults, physical threats and even his parents being sent to an internment camp to become the "unlikely hero" to help start a movement of Baylor student leaders holding youth revivals in the 1940s and 1950s and how the movement spread across the South and even came to Honolulu. This was not the Billy Graham Youth for Christ but it was simply called "Youth Revival." Mark's parents, Reiji and Alice, served for three years under the Japan Mission Board and then in 1954, they were appointed as missionaries for the SBC International Mission Board and served until 1984 when they returned to live in Waco.



Another of the outreach projects for the Church was "Literacy Outreach" started in 1989 and continued through early part of 1990s. Farmers in Haiku and Kula hosted men from China. The men needed help with their conversational English though most of them could read and write English. Through this outreach, they not only improved their English but also learned about the Good News of Jesus. The picture above shows them as they sang at the Sunday School Program.

The church also supported Lanai Baptist Mission when the church entered into a covenant with the Mission until they constituted into an independent church.

There were many activities and ministries involving the youth and Pukalani Baptist was blessed with persons who worked with the youth from the 1960s through the present time. The youth went on a few mission trips including to Calvary Baptist Church in Westminster California, Kauai and to the Big Island to help with VBS where Mike Ashman had been called to be Pastor of the Kealakehe Baptist Mission. He

and Naomi were members at Pukalani Baptist before moving to the Big Island. Later they returned back to our church.



Youth Group late 1980s



Youth Director, Dale Clancy, with Youth Group 1990s

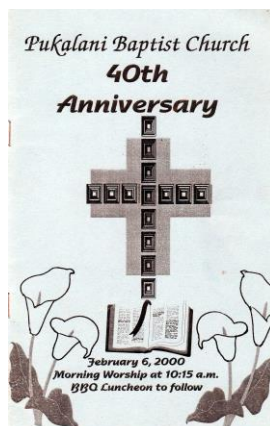
Other ministries the church congregation were involved in were preparing meals at Ka Hale A Ke Ola Homeless Resource, stocking the church food pantry and preparing baskets of food for shut-ins and anyone in need. Preparing baskets still continues today with the Women's Ministries. The women also pack and send boxes to our servicemen and college students away from home. In addition they send out get well, birthday and other special days for those in the church congregation and others. We pack Operation Christmas Child shoeboxes each year for Samaritans Purse. Also some of our congregation are involved with helping those who are in need during tragic events, both for residents and for those visiting Maui.

Lots of happenings the last part of the 1990s and into 2000. The men put up our "green" sign on side of the church. Laura Newell came on staff full-time in 1999. The church had a Baccalaureate Service on May 30<sup>th</sup> 1999 during the Sunday morning service for the first graduates of the new King Kekaulike High School and provided a potluck for the graduates and their families afterwards. June Yamamoto becomes the Church Secretary in 2000 and serves until 2016 when she retired.

On February 6, 2000 the Church celebrated its 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in 2000. Layne Morgan estimated that close to 200 attended.



Cake made by Ken Eldridge



Drawing for a Basket of Blessings





The Cooks



Mission Teams, being led by Laura Newell, went on mission trips almost every year, starting in 1999, and continue to go when able. The teams included persons from Pukalani Baptist Church and other churches. The countries included Asia, Rome, North Africa and Africa.

Two of our own, Joanna Kaneshiro and Naomi Kaneshiro were International Mission Board journeymen, Joanna in North Africa and Naomi in the Philippines

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JOHN 12:32

AND I, WHEN I AM LIFTED UP FROM THE EARTH, WILL DRAW ALL PEOPLE  
TO MYSELF.”

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## **Dragon Tales: “*Spit in My Face*”**

**By Laura Newell**

Li Zhun is the youngest of five children born to Gao Ying and Li Wenshi. Li Zhun was born just a couple of years before the Cultural Revolution hit China. Mao Zedong decided to breathe fresh life into Communism by starting a “movement” that would eventually lead to the death of tens of millions of Chinese. What better way to do it than letting loose the Red Guard upon the land to steal, to kill, to destroy? But that’s another story...

From Tienjin, Li Zhun’s family had been “banished” to Inner Mongolia because her father was on the wrong end of the political spectrum. Although he was a loyal Communist, his side lost a few rounds to

the hard liners and he was sent with his wife and five children to the undeveloped and backward minority region further north.

When I met Zhun she was twenty-seven, married with one child and teaching English in the Foreign Language Department at the Teacher's University. We met when she took a class for teachers that I taught and during the course of several years, we became good friends. I had the pleasure of meeting her family; in fact, her father taught himself English and when I had a grammar question, I'd call him.

Each week my friend would come to improve her speaking and listening skills and to better understand some of the texts she was responsible to teach her students. Some weeks our discussions would range from grammar (her grasp of grammar in her second language is better than mine in my first language) to word use, from child rearing to love and forgiveness.

We rode our bicycles one afternoon to choose fabric for a new skirt for Zhun. Nearly everyone in China heads home for lunch and has about a two hour break before going back to work. The hour after lunch is the least crowded one in terms of traffic, so we met outside my campus at 1:15. As neither of us had an afternoon class that day we relished this leisure time together by taking the long route downtown. It was quieter and there were fewer ruts on the road, not to mention the fact that this particular street had no open manholes.

After a noisy Army truck passed, filled with what appeared to be about 70 PLA soldiers, my friend spoke:

*"Do you remember Da Ling, the woman you met last week who asked you to tutor her youngest son?"*

*"Yes. She teaches at your school, doesn't she?"*

*"Uh huh. In fact, she's my boss."*

*"Well, actually Mr. Xu is Da Ling's superior because he's in charge of the entire foreign language department whereas she's just responsible for our section of English majors. Professor Xu is over all the Russian, and Japanese teachers."*

*"I see."*

*"Did you know that Da Ling is a Communist party member?"*

*"No, I didn't."*

*"Well, she is and, as you know, my father is too."*

I nodded.

*"Da Ling was one of the officials on our campus who criticized my father during the Cultural Revolution. She claimed he wasn't 'red' enough when actually they were simply on opposite ends of a campus issue. As a result of Ling's report on my father, he was sent to the countryside to work with peasants. It was a common practice to send intellectuals to the villages to be reformed through hard labor. My father spent three long years there. The village was so poor and the crops had failed due to Chairman Mao's 'Great Leap Forward' that my dad ate sweet potatoes every day for three years..."*

*"For three years?"*

*"Yes, that's all they had to eat. No meat, no greens. Just sweet potatoes."*

*"No wonder your dad is so thin,"* nearly slipped out of my mouth, but I caught it in time.

*"I remember so clearly, as though it were just yesterday. I was nine years old and each morning my mother would send me outdoors to search for grass..."*

*"Grass?"* I interrupted.

*“Yes, my sister and brothers and I had no vegetables to eat and my mother worried that our health would suffer, so I gathered grass and took it home. My older sister would carefully clean each blade and the Mother would steam it for us to eat. I still remember the smell...”*

She was lost in her memories for a moment. My mind silently calculated the years backward to 1974. Then I realized the obvious: this young teacher worked for the same woman who caused her family such suffering.

*“How do you manage not to hate Da Ling?”* I asked.

*“Oh, Laura, that’s not the worst of it. The hard part for me was what she did one morning...”*

Tears welled up in Zhun’s eyes as she began to relate that day in her life.

*“She rounded up all the neighborhood children and told them that my father was a ‘capitalist roader’ and that he wasn’t loyal to the Party. On cue each child filed past me – I was standing there at the gate which leads to my parents’ home – and spit in my face. I felt so humiliated. All the neighbors watched and I thought I would die of embarrassment.”*

I imagined the scene in my own mind and felt hot tears begin to form.

*“Zhun, how in the world do you manage to work with this woman? You don’t sound bitter or angry toward her.”*

*Remember last year when I became a Christian?”*

I nodded.

*“I read that ‘if you don’t forgive men their trespasses neither will your Father in heaven forgive your trespasses.’”*

Instantly I was reminded of what I’d heard Corrie ten Boom say when she was faced with forgiving one of the guards at Ravensbruck: *“Forgiveness is an act of the will, and the will can function regardless of the temperature of the heart.”*

I repeated it to my friend and it was her turn to nod. *“It’s true, Laura. Before I was a Christian I could not forgive that woman. But because I received the forgiveness of God, Christ enabled me to forgive Da Ling. I still don’t enjoy working with her, but at least I’m no longer bound by my own hatred and bitterness toward her.”*

To this day I cannot recall the color of the fabric we bought that afternoon but I will always remember the light and peace in my friend’s eyes.