

July 1, 2020

Pukalani Baptist Church

Pastor Paul Kaneshiro

P. O. Box 880033, Pukalani, Hawaii 96788

(808) 572-7968 \* pbcmaui@hawaii.rr.com \* [www.pukalanibaptist.com](http://www.pukalanibaptist.com)

## HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

### Yard and Building Ministries

by Gloria Inciong



### Music Ministries



Hawaii Baptist Convention at Kahului Baptist 2005



1991 Easter Choir with Dale Clancy directing

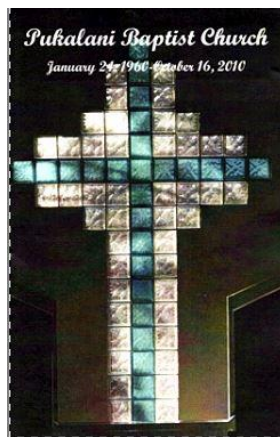
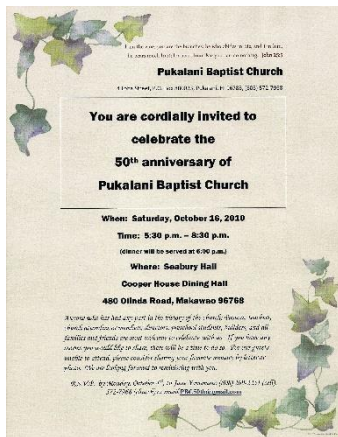


## Pukalani Baptist Church April 2007



On October 16, 2010 Pukalani Baptist Church celebrated the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary with a dinner and program at Seabury Hall.





Program	
5:30	Fellowship time Browse the photo gallery for a peak into the past 50 years
6:00	Welcome—Emcees for the evening Cy Fukugawa and Sean Racemo Prayer—Michael Ashman Dinner
6:45	Worship team
7:00	Celebration of the 50 years of Pukalani Baptist Church
8:00	Closing song



JOHN 12:32

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

# Dragon Tales: “Counted Worthy to Suffer”

By Laura Newell

## Part 1:

It was the dead of winter 1997. The place was Harbin, nearly as far north as you can get. It's the city where ice castles are carved every year. Two girls, ages 17 and 19, were overwhelmed with the joy of their salvation in Jesus Christ. They had been studying God's Word and were thrilled to be learning that God commanded them to spread His Good News. As they prayed and sought the Lord, both felt the Holy Spirit was calling them to go to a small yet remote village north of their city. Their task was to speak God's truth in love, calling old and young to repent and place their faith in Jesus Christ.

There was no doubt in their minds that they wanted to obey God, and so they began to make specific plans, setting a departure date that was three days away. Chen Li was the younger of the two, and although she hadn't been permitted to finish high school, still she could read and write. What a privilege it was to read God's Word, to know His thoughts! Her friend, Bu Xiaoping, was a couple of years older but not as proficient in reading. So they'd planned that Li would read from God's Word when they reached the village and Xiaoping would intercede in prayer for the work of God's Spirit. Unless people heard the bad news about their sin separating them from God, how could they respond to the good news that God had sent His Son to forgive their sin?

And so it was the last Thursday in November that the two girls set out. They rejoiced together as they travelled, first by bus and then by foot. How grateful they felt that God had impressed this particular village on their hearts and minds. As they drew near they could feel the wind whipping through their winter coats, numbing fingers and toes. Both girls were accustomed to the bitter cold, but still they shivered.

It was late afternoon by the time they reached their destination and hunger was gnawing at their stomachs, so they stopped at a small stand to buy bread. Eating two buns apiece, they headed on to survey the area and continue praying for the leadership of God's Spirit. It took about 45 minutes to circle the village and they estimated there must be close to 65 families who resided there. Xiaoping and Li began to pray aloud and soon Li opened her Bible to John chapter one. Then she began to read in a loud voice and continued reading through the second chapter before anyone stopped to ask what she was doing. A middle-aged farmer named Yan Hongzhong stopped his tractor and inquired as to their purpose for being there. It was easy to spot new faces in a place where everyone knew their neighbors.

Explaining that they were Christians, both girls began to speak at once. *“If you don't have a physical and spiritual birth, you cannot go to heaven to be with God when you die,”* proclaimed Xiaoping.

*“God loves you so much,”* declared Li, *“that He sacrificed His only Son to pay the debt you owe Him.”*

*“Nobody pays my debts!”* snorted Yan. *“I work and pay my own...”*

*“But you don't understand,”* insisted Li. *“Nobody can ever pay enough...”*

*“This is rubbish! You girls should be working. Why aren’t you at home? What kind of parents would let their children talk such foolishness?”* Yan muttered as he put his tractor in gear, driving off in a cloud of smoke.

The girls looked at one another and talked for a moment before continuing to pray that God would somehow soften the hard hearts of these villagers. A half dozen folks passed or stopped to listen as the winter sun began to set. As darkness surrounded them, each girl pulled out a padded quilt from a backpack and sat down on the cold earth. Uncomfortable on the rocky ground, they decided to find a flatter place to spend the night. A spot was located and they talked and prayed late into the night. Finally, ready to sleep, the girls added two more layers of clothing before drifting off.

Awakened early the next morning by a barking dog, they decided to move to a more central location in hopes of attracting the attention of anyone interested in hearing about God. An elderly woman passed by early and they spoke with her, and as the sun began to warm the air several people set off for work either on foot or by bicycle. They were able to speak with a few of them and others through the day. Most stopped more out of curiosity at seeing strangers in the village than for any other reason. A full day passed with nothing more than idle questions.

A second night was spent in the cold and the following day Li and Xiaoping began to wonder why God had impressed upon them to come to this place where peoples’ hearts seemed as dead and cold as the ground they tread. But still they continued. Stopping at noon they bought a steamy bowl of noodles.

*I sure wish there was a hotel or something in this place where we could stay overnight.”* Said Li, rubbing a sore shoulder. Her feet felt frozen.

*“Yes, but God will work; I know He will,”* her friend assured her. *“Let’s go round to the east entrance to the village and speak there this afternoon.”*

[The bitter cold outdoors seemed a reflection of the villagers’ hearts. What would it take to reach them for Christ? What would Christ require? Don’t miss the conclusion of *“Counted Worthy to Suffer”* in the next Wednesday newsletter.]