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Pukalani Baptist Church

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HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

Message from Pastor Paul Kaneshiro

We want to thank Gloria Inciong for her enlightening articles over the past several months on the History of Pukalani Baptist Church (PBC). Her diligent research and insightful stories of our History brought new discoveries for all of us. But last week was her last article on our History.

Now we will be asking some of you to share stories of Your History with PBC. We would like to ask You "What makes PBC special to you?" "How has God blessed you through PBC?" Just send us an email, text or call to let us know that you'd like to share your story of PBC.

Looking forward to hearing from many of You.

Pastor Paul

JOHN 12:32

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

Dragon Tales: “God’s Favor”

By Laura Newell

The week after I first arrived in China a neighbor came to introduce herself. She told me her name and informed me that she worked in the same department in which I would be teaching. Several days later she stopped by my apartment again to ask if I would tutor her in English. I had taken an immediate liking to her and so was pleased to encourage her in language learning.

Before long we were meeting every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. We worked on grammar, writing, intensive reading and vocabulary, and over the following years we became fast friends. She especially enjoyed teaching her son and daughter English to supplement what they were learning in high school, and was thrilled to stay several steps ahead of them.

After a couple unsuccessful attempts to study abroad, the door opened for my friend to get her PhD in Canada. Talk about thrilled! We corresponded and kept in touch by telephone over the following few years. Last summer I received a letter informing me she’d be in L.A. for a conference and was hoping to meet me in Santa Barbara if possible.

It was indeed possible, and we were able to renew our friendship during the two days she spent with me. During dinner the second night she leaned forward and lowered her voice.

“I want to tell you something I never told you in China,” my friend volunteered.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Well, I thought you might be frightened if I told you then, but my uncle was the contact person on our campus.”

“What do you mean?”

“The Public Security Bureau – you know, the ‘secret police’ – came to interview him each week. They came to check on you!”

I must have looked as confused as I felt.

“But why would they be checking on me? I am just a teacher.”

“It’s standard procedure, you know. You’re a foreigner and an American. That makes you automatically suspect in their minds.”

Then she smiled and proudly announced. *"I just want you to know that my uncle never gave a bad report on you. He knew we were friends and I told him what a good person you are, so he said only good things about you."*

My friend looked at me for a reaction and all I could do was smile as I thought of the request my parents and so many friends had made as they prayed for me: *"Father, give her favor with colleagues, students and official*