

May 20, 2020

Pukalani Baptist Church

Pastor Paul Kaneshiro

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HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

Church Organization Service and New Building by Gloria Inciong

PUKALANI BAPTIST CHURCH	
Box 233 Pukalani, Maui	
January 24 1960	
COUNCIL FOR ORGANIZATION ORGANIZATIONAL SERVICE	
2:30 P.M. 3:00	
ORDER OF SERVICE	
Piano Prelude	Miss Gladys Funaki
Doxology	
Invocation	Rev. Sam Longbottom
Hymn No. 406	"The Church's One Foundation"
Words of Welcome	Rev. James Sanbei, Pastor
Brief History of the Mission	Miss Alda Grayson
Recommendation of the Council for Organization	
Resolution of Those Organizing	Mr. Joe Mori
Election of Pastor and Church Clerk	
Hymn No. 379	"We've a Story to Tell"
Greetings from the Hawaii Baptist Convention	Rev. Mori Hiratani, President
Greetings from the Foreign Mission Board	Dr. Victor Koon, Field Secretary
Special Music	Choir
Message	Mr. Stanton Nash, Executive Secretary Hawaii Baptist Convention
Benediction	
Piano Postlude	Miss Gladys Funaki

After the mission was organized into a church, steps were taken to start the process for a badly needed new building. Blueprints were drawn and approval of the plans was sought from the Hawaiian Baptist Mission. With a \$30,000 budget to work with, a quotation of \$34,822 for the construction and materials was obtained from suppliers and Arisumi Brothers. Church members and friends would do the painting. This left an additional \$5,000 needed and the church obtained a loan with the approval of HBM. In a letter in August 1960 to HBM, Rev. Sanbei wrote "**We are confident that with the \$5,000 loan in addition to the \$30,000 grant, we will make it. The furnishings for the auditorium is being provided through gifts of friends of the church, members of the church and from Miss Alda Grayson.**"

On August 11, 1960 there was a groundbreaking for the new building. And by October, 1960 the grant money of \$30,000 from the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering through Foreign Mission Board was received.



In 1960 Miss Grayson retires after 39 years as a missionary, 10 years of that at Pukalani Baptist. She moves to Rutherfordton, North Carolina where she grew up. All who knew Miss Grayson speak highly of her and say how much people loved her. When explaining why she believed so much in foreign missions, she said it was because she believes in her "Lord's command to "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." She passes away Nov. 10, 1973. Her estate bequeathed to the International Mission Board Endowment Fund \$105,000.

New Building Dedication June 25, 1961

<u>SERVICE OF DEDICATION</u>			
PUKALANI BAPTIST CHURCH	JUNE 25, 1961		
PREPARATION FOR GOD:			
Prelude			
ADORATION OF GOD:			
Hymn	"The Church's One Foundation"	No. 406	
Invocation	Rev. C. R. Smith Pastor, Kahului Baptist Church		
RECOGNITION OF VISITORS:			
The Pastor			
Hymn	"Onward Christian Soldiers"	No. 46	
PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD:			
Expression of Appreciation and Recognition for Building			
Pukalani Baptist Church	The Pastor		
Soule Steel	Mr. Carlo Flores President, Commercial Building & Sales		
Builder	Mr. Hiroshi Arisumi President, Arisumi Brothers, Inc.		
DEDICATION TO GOD:			
Hymn	"All Hail the Power"	No. 1	
Recognition of Dedication	Civic and Church Leaders Maui Pineapple Company Dr. F. T. Woodward Hawaii Baptist Mission		
DEDICATION TO GOD - Continued.			
Honorable Tom Tagawa Acting Chm., County of Maui			
Mr. Stanton Nash Executive Secretary-Treasurer Hawaii Baptist Convention			
Doxology			
Presentation of Tithes and Offerings			
Special Music			
Sermon on Dedication	Dr. Arthur E. Travis Pastor, Gambrell St. Baptist Church, Ft. Worth, Tex.		
Act of Dedication	Responsive Reading		
Prayer of Dedication			
Hymn	"Lead on, O King Eternal"	No. 236	
BENEDICTION			
Rev. Dan Higashi Pastor, Wailuku Baptist Church			
REFRESHMENTS AND OPEN HOUSE			

---DEDICATION---			
O, Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built over earth and sea, Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship Thee.			
May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure devotion rise, While round these hallowed walls the storm Of earthborn passion dies.			
---William Cullen Bryant			

At the dedication services for the new building on June 25, 1961 civic and sister church leaders took part in the dedication. Following the service, members of the church served a meal to those in attendance in the newly constructed social hall. The picture below was taken about 1964 and as you can see, it looks quite different from today.



In addition to the grant received from Foreign Mission Board for the building, the FMB supplemented the pastor's salary through the pastoral assistance program. This continued until the 1980's.

JOHN 12:32

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

DRAGON TALES #5
“God's Ways Are Not Our Ways”
By Laura Newell

I'd visited people in the Molokini ward at Maui Memorial Hospital before, but it somehow failed to prepare me for the mental hospital in Harbin. I'd been to the People's Liberation Hospital some years before to have a leg cast removed, but I didn't even realize we had a mental hospital in the city. As an American educator in China, I was somewhat sheltered from the harsh realities of life.

I peered up at the red brick building, reminding myself I wanted to get to the fifth floor. That's where Yingli's younger brother said she'd be. I still couldn't believe their mother was dead. So final. Just like that. Nor could I comprehend that Yingli was responsible for her death...It just didn't make sense to me.

When I travelled south to Hong Kong for winter break just seven weeks earlier Yingli had come to see me off at the train station. She had seemed distracted and even paranoid, but I had no way of knowing it would come to this...If I had just prayed more for her or for her mother maybe this wouldn't have happened. I dismissed the unwelcome thought as I trudged up the last flight of grey cement steps, gathering what little strength I could to “knock” on the thick steel doors.

Nap time was to have ended at 2:00 with family visiting hours between 2 and 4 o'clock. It was now or never. With the side of my fist I pounded repeatedly until I could hear a cacophony of voices on the other side of the door. I heard a key being inserted into the door and in seconds I was staring into the unsmiling face of a large-boned female attendant. Offices on the left. Three medium-sized rooms, each fitted with eight hospital beds on the right. I followed her into the third room and there sat my friend on the side of her bed.

I found out weeks later that the hospital personnel determined that I was a visiting doctor, there to continue research – perhaps on paranoid schizophrenia. It's no small wonder my tennis shoes didn't give me away, but on that day they didn't. The attendant alerted the nurse in charge that I'd arrived and I settled in with a seat next to Yingli, handing her the fresh bananas I'd brought. After what

seemed to be the longest ten minutes of my life, a nurse informed me I'd have to leave because Yingli was tired.

Twelve days later I was given permission to see my friend again, this time by Dr. Ma Xiao Feng, the doctor in charge of this women's ward. Yingli loved to sing so I'd brought my old green hymnal and as we chose some favorite songs several of the women in surrounding beds crowded around to watch, to touch, to stare, to question and to listen. One woman paced the small room, another rocked to and fro in her bed, while a third held a conversation with an imaginary person.

Singing proved to be the perfect diversion for us and enabled us to forget our surroundings for a time. *"What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus! What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Oh, precious is the flow that makes me white as snow; no other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus..."*

Yingli stopped to translate the English words into Chinese for the young woman who asked what the words meant. And as I looked up I saw Dr. Ma walking toward us with a smile. In halting English she explained that she was interested in improving her spoken English skills *"May I listen as you sing and talk?"* she asked. We both readily agreed that she was welcome to do so, and what began that day as an interest in language, steadily grew into an interest in God and His kingdom of Light.

A few weeks later Dr. Ma requested a Bible. By that time we had slowly gone through a tiny tract called the Four Spiritual Laws and Yingli's psychiatrist had prayed to receive Jesus Christ as her God and Savior. Over the months I watched as the joy of the Lord spread in Dr. Ma's life. And I was reminded again that God's ways are not my ways, His thoughts are not mine.

[Taken from Pukalani Baptist Church Proclaimer.]