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Pukalani Baptist Church

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HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

PBC Nursery Opens, Pastorate Changes, Miss Kendrick Retires

by Gloria Inciong



Miss Bertie Lee Kendrick was serving at Wailuku Baptist Church as a missionary "on loan" from the Foreign Mission Board in spring of 1962. She was asked to come to Pukalani to help in the educational work with the specific task of opening a Church Nursery School. She accepted and began her work with the church in the fall of 1962. In the picture Miss Kendrick is on the left. Amy Murray is on the right side and served as a teacher with the nursery/preschool for 25 years until retiring. For many

years the nursery had morning sessions only. During the many years the nursery/preschool provided the opportunity to share the Gospel with many families that might not have been possible without the preschool. The church was blessed to have a bus that was able to pick up the children not only for preschool but also for Sunday school and church.

In 1963 Rev. Sanbei was called to be pastor of Kinoole Baptist Church on the Big Island. Rev. Sanbei served there until 1984 when he retired. He passed away July 21, 2012. Surviving him is wife Katherine, son Arthur and daughters Marilyn, Phyllis and Jewelle.



After Rev. Sanbei left in 1963, the church was without a pastor until July 1964 when the Rev. Foy O. King and wife Lela arrived in Pukalani just in time to help with Vacation Bible

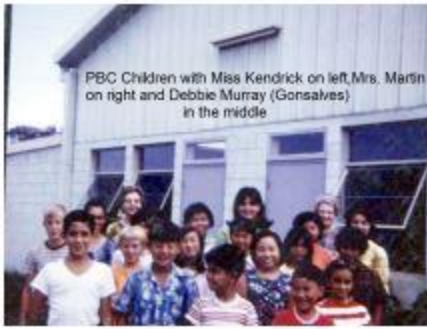


School. Home Mission Board under the Urban-Rural Missions appointed Rev. King "a mountain missionary to Pukalani." He served until 1967 when he was called as pastor of Kaunakakai Baptist Church on Molokai. The King's daughter, Maurine King, taught at Hawaii Baptist Academy for 52 years and she continues to volunteer at the school. Their son David attended HBA.



Once again the church was without a pastor for several months. Then Dr. Lewis Martin, retired Secretary of the Home Mission Board, came in October of 1967 with his wife Estelle and served as Interim Pastor until November 1968. Not only serving as Pastor, he also was very handy doing repairs around the church.

The faithfulness of the members of the church at that time enabled functions and activities of the church to continue during the times without a Pastor. The church had Japanese language services. Church sponsors a 4-H Club. Girls Auxiliary made 143 hospital tray cards for Easter Sunday for Kula Sanitorium (name that was used at that time.) VBS had 117 in attendance. Nursery School had 29 enrolled. Louise Tomita who is member of PBC is appointed as a missionary Journeyman to Japan. Stanley Shiroma is ordained as a Deacon in January 1968 and later that year leaves for Golden Gate Seminary.



After Dr. Martin leaves, the church calls Rev. Dan Ongais to be Interim Pastor and he serves until early 1971. Rev. Ernest Shipes serves as pastor for 8 months in 1971. Once again Rev. Ongais offers his services to the church and served as Interim Pastor for four months. Then

Rev. Malcolm Stuart, State Missions Director, helped in supplying preachers each Sunday until the church calls Rev. Stanley Shiroma January 1973.



The church congregation during the time Rev. Ongais was Interim Pastor 1968-1971.



SHIROMA

Shiroma, Former Deacon, Is Pastor Of Pukalani Church

The new pastor of Pukalani Baptist Church is Reverend Stanley Shiroma, who was born on Oahu but brought up on Maui and was an active member of the church before he departed—in the fall of 1968—to begin four years of study which led to attainment of a degree of master of divinity. Shiroma and his wife and two small sons, James and Mark, arrived December 20. They reside at 26 Ahehe Street in Pukalani.

Shiroma, whose parents moved from Pearl City on Oahu to Maui when he was at an early age, attended Puunene School, Baldwin High, and Maunaolu College. After earning his associate of arts degree at Maunaolu, he went on to the University of Hawaii, where he received his bachelor of arts in the spring of 1967. He then returned to Maui and was ordained a deacon of Pukalani Baptist Church on January 28, 1968. This was followed by ordination as a minister in the Pearl City Baptist Church, and enrollment at the Golden Gate Baptist Theological Seminary. He graduated from the Seminary on December 15, 1972.

Miss Kendrick retires in 1973 and returned to her home in Spindale North Carolina.



After Miss Kendrick retired, her home church, Spencer Baptist, in Spindale NC sent PBC contributions for many years. These were put into the church's building fund.

JOHN 12:32

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

Dragon Tales: "My Friend"

By Laura Newell

Even after all these years I still remember meeting Li Xiao Jun. The foreign language department at our university included Russian, Japanese and English, and being a teacher in the English section, it was her job to help welcome the new American teacher. However, it was curiosity more than hospitality, I think, that brought Xiao Jun to my apartment that sunny August morning. After all, everyone in China knows what strange creatures these westerners are.

So Tall Wang, Mrs. Zhou, Xiao Jun, Big Wang, and Mr. Lu trooped into my small living room to heartily welcome me. With only four chairs in the room, I hurried to find a couple extras to

make everyone feel comfortable. I smiled and they smiled and I wondered about all the propaganda they'd heard about "foreign devils."

Xiao Jun seemed to enjoy the tea party I proceeded to set out. Never mind that it was still morning. It was my first time to drop a large pinch of pungent green tea - loose tea, no bags here - into cups with matching lids and pour boiling water over top. We all slurped the steamy brew and began to get acquainted. Jun kept her eyes on me, inquiring as to every movement. And at the end of an hour Mrs. Zhou looked at her watch and informed the others it was time to give me a rest. The last one to file out, Xiao Jun whispered, "I'll ring you later if you don't mind." I nodded agreement and waved goodbye.

She phoned that afternoon to ask if she could stop by on her way home from the office. Glad for the chance to ask her some questions myself, I readily agreed. It seemed hard to believe that Jun was a teacher, given her appearance. She looked more like a 17 year old high school student than a college instructor, but she sheepishly informed me she was 32 years old and had a five year old son.

"I graduated from the top university in our province and am glad I got a good foundation to study English. But this is only my second year of teaching and I need your help. Will you assist me in improving my language skills?" Jun asked.

"Sure, that's why I'm here," I reminded her. "When do you want to get together?" "Really, I do not want to make trouble for you. How much time can you spare for me?" Xiao Jun inquired.

"Well, I've got more time than anything else right now. How about Monday, Wednesday, Friday for a couple hours in the afternoon?"

"Great! Oh, I have political study on Monday afternoons and they often run late, so perhaps another day could work."

"Does Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday sound possible instead?" I asked.

"No problem for me, Laura. I want to thank you for giving me this time..."

"Don't thank me," I interrupted. "I haven't done anything yet, Jun."

The following day was Thursday and promptly at 2:00 my new friend came knocking. She brought with her the intensive reading text we would later use in the teachers' class. After a number of questions that ranged from proper pronunciation to grammar and parallelism, we settled in for a discussion on the differences between American English and British English.

From there Jun explained how she'd originally become fascinated by English. Her father had a large part in it, she said, and had taught himself to read, write and speak English. I told her I'd love to meet this father of hers as he sounded truly remarkable. I pondered for a moment on the distinct impossibility of teaching myself to read, write and speak Mandarin. The lifespan of Methuselah himself would be too short for me.

Lowering her voice to a whisper, Jun said, "Will you promise to keep my secret?"

"Sure," I responded, puzzled by her question.

"When I was a college student my father told me I should read the Bible. He said I could better understand the English language and those who speak it by reading this book. So I read it from cover to cover before I graduated from university."

"Amazing, simply amazing," I muttered. "Most native speakers have never read from Genesis to Revelation. What did you think of the Bible?"

"Yes. I have. And it's my favorite Book. In fact, if you want to study together I would feel very privileged,"

"But you must promise not to tell anyone, even your colleague. Can you do that? Because if anyone finds out we will both be in a lot of trouble, Laura."

So we swore one another to secrecy and began making plans to incorporate our Bible studies into the first hour of our get together for language studies. It would be a perfect cover, Jun assured me, as no one would be suspicious of her wanting to improve her English skills.

Her questions and comments delighted me and the thrill of sharing God's thoughts and truths with my friend Xiao Jun highlighted my days and weeks as a stranger in a strange land. Fall quickly turned to winter. Jun's family had stored extra vegetables in their root cellar so I could enjoy them during the long winter months. Jun often brought a bag of carrots and potatoes with her when she came to visit; her Bible was wedged in safely on the bottom of the bag, secure from prying eyes.

With spring came my friend's birthday, so I cooked a typical American meal - birthday cake included, of course - and invited Jun to come for a luncheon celebration. Before starting our meal I asked if I could include a prayer of thanksgiving. Jun agreed and so I prayed and we ate lunch. The birthday cake and candles were a hit. She told me it was the first time she'd ever celebrated her birthday, explaining that many Chinese considered it a "bougeois" practice that served only to waste money. I hoped my friend had a different opinion than the majority of her countrymen. Jun's eyes twinkled, however, as she gathered the balloons I suggested she take home for her son.

Our language studies and Bible studies continued. One afternoon in particular stands out in my memory. Grasping more of the heart of Christ's gospel, Xiao Jun commented, "Communism tries to make the perfect man and it seems Christ does the same. How are they different, Laura?"

"That's an interesting observation," I replied. "But the greatest contrast involves the power behind the two. What I mean is this: communism attempts to create a perfect society, but because no man is perfect, the goal itself is impossible. How can an imperfect man create a perfect society?"

"So, you're implying that Jesus Christ was perfect? You know, many Chinese worshipped Chairman Mao during the Cultural Revolution..."

"Yes I've been told that before and read of it. Lots of folks actually bowed before his portrait and prayed to him for guidance, right? And studied his little red book, memorizing his sayings?"

"That's right. It seems logical: an imperfect man cannot create a perfect society. But how is your Christ any different from other good men?"

"In the Book of John, chapter 1, God explains that Jesus didn't begin as a baby in Bethlehem. Remember that story? Well, Jesus existed with God when He created the world. Look at Genesis 1:26. Notice the plural pronoun 'we'? God's Spirit and Christ Himself were with God the Father in creation. And other passages in the New Testament explain clearly that Christ claims to be God. He either speaks the truth and is indeed God or He is a liar."

"No, I don't think Christ is a liar," interrupted Jun. "I have a question for you. Last night I had a dream, a strange dream. I was walking and in the distance I saw someone praying. Laura, I thought it was you because you're the only person I've seen pray. But when I got closer I realized it was not you at all. It was me! What does it mean?"

"Xiao Jun, I don't interpret dreams. But I have a hunch: perhaps it means that one day in the future you will become a Christian and pray."

Silence. And then another question. "What do you think is the real difference between Christianity and communism? You know my father is a party member and leader on this campus..."

"I believe the basic difference is Christ. Because He is the God-Man, perfect and sinless, Jesus has the power of God to create a perfect man..."

It was during the following year that Li Xiao Jun became firmly convinced that Jesus Christ is God and died to pay for her sins, becoming Redeemer and Savior of man. Her God. Her Savior. Her Lord. As our studies of God's thoughts and God's ways continued, Jun told me how her life was being changed. Timid by nature, she felt more confident (not self-confident, she explained, but confident in the God who controlled circumstances) in dealing with peers and more peace in dealing with her husband. She lowered her eyes as she told of the fights they'd endured for years. So we began to pray together about the concerns of her life and it became my privilege to stand back and watch Him who began a good work in my friend prove

faithful to complete it. Although we're now separated by a vast ocean and lots of land in between, God continues to work in me, in Jun and in the life of her husband who is a new believer.

[Note: On July 14, 1996, Pukalani Baptist Church voted to add Laura Newell on staff as a Women's Ministries worker.

Taken from Pukalani Baptist Church's Proclaimer.]

