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Pukalani Baptist Church

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HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

China Tales: The Guys in Green By Laura Newell

During my first two years of teaching in China I worked with a young American woman who had just graduated from college, having majored in pre-med, pre-law, literature, and philosophy. She was nearly six feet tall and had been a junior Olympian in high jump. What a character!

When we first arrived in our city, she had gone from room to room, trying to find listening devices. Although she took her bedroom ceiling light apart in her search, she wasn't able to put it back together again. Imagine trying to explain that to the Foreign Language Department. That was my job.

We rode our old black bicycles, called Flying Pigeons, through the city streets to go shopping, hit the post office, or visit friends and teachers at other universities. I liked riding behind my colleague because that enabled me to watch others watching her. Eyes would get large as they stared at this long-legged foreigner ("lao wei" or foreign devil) speeding over pot holes in the streets. One day I actually watched a Chinese fellow fall off his bike while staring at her. It was hard not to laugh.

One day she flew by a group of Army guys on their bikes. They immediately pedaled harder and passed her; she did the same and the race was on! The guys in green uniforms were really impressed by this fast wahine and ended up inviting her to visit them at the People's Liberation Army Training School across the street from our university. Oh, brother!

She never went alone and it seemed pretty harmless, each side learning something new about the other's culture. When the boys found out my colleague liked to sing, they invited her to perform for hundreds of soldiers. I thought it was nuts, but she was gung ho, so I promised to go with her and sit in the audience; I promised to clap even if no one else clapped.

The time came in the program when my colleague was called upon to sing. Honestly, I was praying because she told me she was going to swirl around in the middle of the song, toss the microphone in the air and catch it, all in keeping with the beat of the song. She had to be crazy!

It was an Amy Grant praise song. Remember those? The tape was pushed into an ancient tape deck, and the music began. Everything went well and I began to relax a wee bit. Then came the part when the mic got tossed. She really put some energy into that (remember she was a junior Olympian) and it went flying up toward the dark ceiling; in fact, the lights weren't very bright and I lost sight of the mic....until it came swooping down into the lights and she caught it!

The People's Liberation Party soldiers went crazy. As one, they jumped to their feet and so did I. We clapped until our hands hurt. I could hardly believe she'd pulled it off. "Oh, me, of little faith."

When it was all over, we walked back to our campus, wondering at the doors God opened and closed. Does God work in mysterious ways or what?

JOHN 12:32

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

What PBC Means to Me

By Jayne Hottenstein

Psalm 116:6

When I was in great need He saved me. Jeremiah 29:11 came to me loud and clear and His word through scripture came alive in me. He put in my heart to return to church. I searched out a couple and was then led to PBC. I felt so comfortable and at home from the beginning and then realized this was where I took our two youngest children to preschool. I even recognized some faces from 30 years ago.

Inez Wineland invited me to Tuesday morning bible study and Cyrilla Agbayani invited me to Sunday school before church service. I continued to grow more and more in Jesus and was baptized in the church. To me PBC is my second home, first being heaven. I love my beautiful "forever" family that the Lord has truly blessed me to be a part of. Grace upon grace, upon grace.

Romans 12:4-5

Many members, one body in Christ and every member belongs to all the others.

Praise the Lord.