

Pukalani Baptist Church

WITH CHRIST, INTO CRISIS!

*"...He Hath Said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
Hebrews 13:5b*

Sunday, June 21, 2020
Happy Father's Day!

Pastor's Pen
by Pastor Paul Kaneshiro

A TALE OF TWO UNCLES

In the summer of 1969, I served as the Janitor & part time Youth Director at the Waialae Baptist Church in Honolulu. It was the summer between my Freshman and Sophomore years of College. This was truly a life changing summer for me. We had an Evangelist for some Revival Services. The Youth group joined me in witnessing at Waikiki Beach with a Gospel Tract called "The Big Question". It was "**If you were to die today are you certain that you would go to Heaven?**"

A number of people trusted in JESUS there on the beach of Waikiki that week. On the last night of the Revival Service, JESUS convicted me that I had not witnessed to my 2 Uncles who were not yet Christians. Yet, I had shared with dozens of people who were total strangers to me. I walked forward during the Invitation and shared my burden for my Uncles with my Pastor.

Then I immediately left the Service and drove to my home where the extended family was gathered. There I shared with my 2 Uncles about their need for Jesus if they wanted to go to heaven. I shed tears for them because of my desire for them to receive JESUS, but they did not accept JESUS as their personal Lord & Savior. I was heartbroken.

Much later in 1983 or 1984, we had a small team of lay people from a Church in North Carolina come to our Church to lead us in another Revival Service, but they didn't preach. Instead they went to People's homes to personally share JESUS with them. My Dad and two of their men visited one of my Uncles (My Dad's Brother) and shared JESUS with him. He decided to receive JESUS into his heart and become a Christian then and there. That was my Uncle Shige, who died on May 24, 2020. I rejoice in realizing that he is in Heaven with JESUS now. I'll see him again in the presence of JESUS when I finally go Home also.

But then my second Uncle never accepted JESUS as his personal Lord & Savior. It saddened me when he died on April 22, 2020. I'll never see him again.

Pastor Paul

Instructions to Accessing the Sermons on our PBC website:

1. Log on to www.pukalanibaptist.com;
2. Click on Messages;
3. Click on 2020 Messages; and
4. Choose the Sermon of the Day (i.e. for today's sermon, click on the 6/21/20).

Sermons may take about a week to be posted to www.pukalanibaptist.com. Thank you for your patience as we continue to provide this ministry to the church.

For assistance, please email the church office at pbcmaui@hawaii.rr.com or call (808) 572-7968

God's Mysterious Ways By Laura Newell

A few of you met Canadian Pastor Carl Klassen; he filled the pulpit at Haiku Bible and Paipala Churches when they were between pastors. In fact, one year he sharpened scissors and knives at PBC and helped some families around their homes. How He loved to serve the Lord!

Prior to that, he was asked to visit Ray Kokuban's elderly father (that's Michael's grandfather), sharing the Gospel with him. By God's grace, He drew that dear gentleman to Christ and Ray was so joyful that he invited other family members to hear the Good News of Jesus.

Ray's cousin, Linda Tamashiro, was one of those who came to meet Pastor Klassen and she renewed her commitment to Christ that night. Later, when the Klassens returned to B.C., Linda and I and some others went to the airport to see them off. That's when I met Linda, and Pastor Klassen asked us to start a women's Bible class to get rooted and grounded in the Lord. That was 1983.

What fun we had getting to know one another and getting to know God! We met for years at Linda and Alson's home in Kahului, and that's where I met Ruby. Dear Ruby. Each evening after class we stayed and enjoyed the amazing hospitality and feast to which the Tamashiros invited us all, every week. What wonderful fellowship we shared! Karen Fujimoto was Linda's neighbor and she was a regular; that's also when I met her.

Fast forward nearly a couple decades when Karen was diagnosed with cancer and went to M. D. Anderson Hospital in Houston for treatment. How we prayed for her! We prayed for her dear husband and three children, her travels to Texas, her housing and transportation, treatment, and especially for her healing.

Housing was taken care of by Karen's brother, although he lived across town from the hospital. The first week Karen was in Houston, she found a small Baptist church that had prayer meetings on Wednesday nights. It was in her brother's neighborhood so she could walk there. A stranger, Karen was asked to introduce herself, which she did, explaining why she was in Texas and a very long way from home in Hawaii.

They prayed for Karen that night and after the meeting, the church organist offered to drive her each day back and forth to her appointments at M.D. Anderson. What an answer to prayer that was! We rejoiced on Maui as we watched God answer prayer after prayer for Karen.

One day during their daily drive, the women talked about daily living in a big city, including the high crime rate. To Karen's great surprise, her driver whipped out a small pistol from the front of her blouse, careful to keep the barrel pointed away from Karen. Then she explained that although she trusted the Lord for protection, she had a back-up plan if anyone made the mistake of messing with her.

Karen didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but she remembered that her sisters on Maui were praying for safe travels on the busy streets of Houston. Imagine our great surprise when Karen explained to us how God was answering our prayers for her! God's thoughts and ways really aren't like ours and we experienced that in our Bible class, but what a joy to hear of God's mysterious ways in the life of our dear sister.

God hasn't changed in all those years, but we have. Linda reminded me last week that the truths we learned together all those years ago prepared us to pray for Ruby, trusting Him for her healing. Circumstances change, people change, but not God nor His mysterious ways.

Men's Sunday School Class

John Henry is leading a series through the book of Revelation for the Men's Sunday School Class. This virtual class starts at 8:30 AM. Logging on before 8:30 AM is helpful if possible. If you would like to join in, please email Gary Fitt at gnfitt@live.com.

PBC's Yard Ministry

Team:	Members of the Team:	Week of:
1	Jason, Thomas, Jim	Saturday, June 27, 2020
2	Shane, Duane, Kaipo	Saturday, July 11, 2020
3	Glenn, Gary, Rick	Saturday, July 25, 2020

Today's Scripture

¹² My command is this: Love each other as I have loved you.

John 15:12 (New International Version) NIV

Jeni Kaneshiro's Testimony

You know those recurring mission trip nightmares about having 5 min to share your testimony as a teenager in front of a bunch of strangers. I looked down at my hands and prayed "Let me say your words about Jesus in my life." I would spend a lot of time thinking about the negatives. No one understands the words coming out of my mouth. I'm an outspoken circular thinker, with slightly backwards jokes. I share the punchlines first. Remembering Paul's prayer about the thorn in his side, I will limp on to share a story.

I went to church because my family took me, diapers and all. Certain things, I learned backward. We learned about the "Do unto others" rule in Sunday School, then I covered my father in band-aids. One, Band-aids are precious. They solve every hurt in the nursery. If you can't see booboo, the band-aid has covered and you are healing. Two, my Dad worked so much that he laid down to a quick "rest" in my playtime at Sunday School. Three, we wanted to share every band-aid in the box for his imaginary boo-boos. Now, my dad was laughing quietly on the ground, arms and face covered in 16 band-aids. As kids, we forgot what we wanted done to us might not work out the same for a dad with arm hair. I remember him not so happy taking all of those band-aids off. Sometimes, you have to pray and do unto others what He wants you to do. Otherwise, it's a pile of wasted band-aids.

Another thing I learned backwards was prayer. I remember the first time in the nursery.

"Hands together. Close your eyes. Bow your head." No one said "Talk out loud to God". So when it was my turn, I repeated those instructions faithfully. After a few beats, I said "Amen!" The poor nursery worker said "Are you going to lead us in prayer for snack time?" I told her "I did." Kids were hungry. She said a quick prayer and passed out the snack. Later, She explained prayer was like a telephone call to God. Whatever you wanted to thank God for, you could say out loud to him.

Now, I pray silently at a kitchen sink, thanking God that we are safe with Him. Thankful that He is bigger than any problem (math) I have to face. I wish I could say I remember all five types of prayer when I pray. Usually, it is a prayer of thanksgiving or intercession for someone who is having a bad morning during school drop off time.

These happy memories lead to a sad one. I prayed to accept Jesus in 2nd grade. Our whole class did. We really loved our teacher. We understood Jesus was the best thing for us. I didn't understand that Jesus was the only thing that would fill that tugging hole in my heart. One fine summer fun day, I began to realize I couldn't be good. I went to church. I was nice to people. But, everything was going wrong. My friends and I would argue over who took someone's twinkies. If I was going to say anything, it would end up in a girl fight. Everyday, we would get into a snit. Our parents thought we were together too much, 56 hours a week. Yet, our bad attitude got us left behind in the cafeteria from a field trip.

One poor Summer Fun worker watched us from the piano. Anita Bice turned around and told us about her friend who gave up his life for hers. She told us about how He died on the cross for the things she had done wrong. I sat there realizing that my wrong actions had nailed Him there. I prayed for Jesus to forgive me. I said out loud that "Jesus is the Son of God. I believe that He died on the cross for my sins and rose on the third day." With my friends that I was fighting with, I prayed for Jesus to come into my heart and be my Lord and Savior. The hole in my heart was gone. I wasn't on my own. Jesus is my best friend. We settled a lot of BFF fights with that answer. My mother was a bit confused at the news. "Didn't you accept Jesus in 2nd grade?" she asked. I told her "I really meant it this time." I should have told her that I finally understood what repentance

meant. Looking up from rock bottom, you can't use your whole heart without Jesus. Now to the cold, painful, joyful memory I wanted to share in the first place.

Yes, I tend to work on a few things at once in college. I was doing a couple shows and promised to visit a friend on the mainland at the end of the run. I think I had five days off. I was so tired from stage managing, acting and pulling costumes/props for another show. So excited, I was going to meet up with her and her new family. I flew up and she took me for a walk on the pier. It was cloudy, windy and wet. Like a puppy, I was excited to be out with my friend and never could catch a hint of what was coming. She shared it wasn't what she was expecting. His new job fell through. Her new apartment was her in-laws basement. The new family member I wanted to feel kicking wasn't there.

So many sad things at once, I think I gave her a hug and went to cry in the bathroom. In my tears, I prayed for my friend's heart. I cried my disappointment over a sink. Looking up at the mirror, I began to praise God. "Blessed be Your Name" came out softly and heartfelt. It wasn't till the chorus, that I realized that praising God in the middle of the storm was my answer. I meant right then, "Blessed be the name of the Lord. Blessed be your name. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Blessed be Your glorious Name." Leaving my friend alone on the bench wasn't the bravest move. But she knows I don't cry in public and I was just heartbroken. But even the heartbroken get to eat a comedic dinner.

Now I had been up for 16 hours when I got off the plane. It was a long day. Her in-laws explained the dinner rules. Everyone got one biscuit. If you were too slow, the kids would eat your food off of your plate. As an only child, I thought she was joking. Every time I would close my eyes, another thing disappeared. I ate one forkful of casserole and something else in between. The whole table burst into laughter when I realized my plate was clean. Never fall asleep with 3 hungry siblings. I think we all needed a good laugh. And no kids... you snooze, you lose. The iced tea was good.

Looking back, God is with us, in those times when we cling to Him. All three of us, hoping that there would be a way through this. Before falling asleep, I remember pretending to be a frog from a famous superbowl commercial to break the heavy silence. I waited for their answering punchline. Sure enough, my other friend answered and made his wife break into giggles. It had been a long time since I heard her laugh. From the basement floor, I told stories and jokes to make my friends feel loved. How we once were before, needing something to help heal our hurts. But we need to put down our "band-aids" and ask God to take our hearts and heal them. Praise and praying together would speeded up the healing process. Time helps. Still a promise fulfilled renews the heart. I didn't expect to have a baby at the same time as her. But I treasure her family as it grows. I smile at the happy pictures. But in my heart, I am rooted to a memory. I remember God being with me when I felt so alone. That I am not alone. He is with us, just as He said.

Prayer Chain

If you would like to be added to our prayer chain email list, please contact the church office at pbcmaui@hawaii.rr.com

Prayer Requests & Praises for the Week

Update from Laura Newell: Her breathing tube is OFF and she was able to suck on two pieces of ice. Slow but sure, our God is watching over our dear Ruby. Thanks for passing this on, Laura

Prayer Request from Imelda Statzer: Please pray for Imelda Statzer's cousin William, and his entire family. William is a nurse, and is currently hospitalized with COVID-19. His physician wife, Marilou, and their two children, Catherine and Kaye, have also tested positive. William's parents, Victoria's and Rosalina, were tested yesterday and are awaiting the results. We thank the Lord that he is mighty and that he loves us. Please pray for salvation and strength. Please pray that God's comfort and peace will replace their fears, that the spread of the virus will be halted, and for complete healing. Thank you!

Update from Laura Newell: Ruby is off her IV meds, breathing well, electrolytes are stable, she's speaking w/ a soft voice but is easily exhausted. Therapists are working w/ her on swallowing and mobility. Ruby says "Thank you" to all who are praying for her. Hallelujah!

Update from Laura Newell: Ruby has progressed from ICU to PCU and is receiving PT and speech therapy. Her nutrition and meds are going in through a stomach tube now. Let's pray specifically for: 1) no choking 2) more rest 3) more alertness Again, Ruby says, "Thank you" to all who are praying. The family also says, "Thanks!"

Update from Laura Newell: Another Ruby update: there's daily improvement (She brushed her own teeth last night!) and her daughter says, "Her sweet and selfless personality is intact and she is smiling more and more.....We stand in awe of God and how He cares for our Mom and family." HALLELUJAH!

Update from Laura Newell: From Jade: God continues to protect and heal our Mom; she is getting stronger and more alert and even sitting up. She's conversing well, recognizing people and her thoughts and memories are very clear. Today was a real treat: a couple sips of Coke! Thank you again for your love and prayers.

Prayer Request from Ross Hart: Gayle is on Oahu and not feeling well. I told her to go to the ER right away. Will have more info later. Please pray for her well-being. Thank you. Ross

Update from Ross Hart: Gayle got checked and has a temporary bout with "Bells Palsy", a one side of the face paralysis. For her it's mild. Please continue to pray for quick healing. Praise God always! brother Ross

Glenda Chong: Could you please pray for my brother Ken? He is in the hospital and isn't doing well.

Please continue to uplift Glenda's brother, Ken in prayer. Glenda Chong: Ken is still sedated. Hospice came in today. Today may be the day they turn off his ventilator. Thank you

Prayer Update from Glenda Chong: "Ken passed away at 7:34pm. Thank you for praying" Pastor Paul: Let's pray for Glenda & her Family during this time of grief

Pastor Paul: My good friend Scotty Schaefer passed away early this morning. Please be in prayer for his wife, Lynette, & their Family