



Thinking It Through

DAVID DUNLAP

With Eternity in View

The Scriptures lay great weight upon the doctrine of the eternity of God. When God called Abram out of the ancient city of Ur and led him to the land of promise, it was there God revealed Himself to Abram. Near a well in the city of Beersheba God revealed Himself to Abram by the name "El Olam," which means "the eternal God." Some years later when Moses, dwelling in the backside of the desert, was commanded to return to Egypt to deliver the children of Israel from bondage, he asked, "Who shall I say sent me?" God replies, "I AM WHO I AM." And He said, "Thus you shall say to the sons of Israel, 'I AM has sent me to you'" (Exodus 3:14). By this statement He expressed the self-sufficient, independent and eternal existence of God.

The Importance of the Eternity of God

God has existed in eternity past and will exist in eternity future. The Bible never tries to prove the existence of God or His origin; it simply assumes that He is and has always existed. He is independent of any other being or cause. He is uncreated without beginning or end. God is not bound by time. There is no such thing as past, present, or future with God. Words depict, but cannot define, the immeasurable grandeur of the eternal God. Author A.W. Tozer describes the lofty nature of this divine attribute when he writes, "The mind looks backward in time till the dim past vanishes, then turns and looks into the future till thought and imagination collapse from exhaustion; and God is at both points, unaffected by either."¹

The very thought of the eternity of God bows our hearts in humble worship. As the human mind seeks to grasp the endless existence of God against the backdrop of the vapor-like existence of man, one stands in awe and falls before Him in adoration. The hymn writer Charles Wesley has well written, "Glad Thy attributes confess, glorious all and numberless."

The Divine Attribute of the Eternal God

God is independent of all and sufficient in Himself alone. This is not true of any other living thing. Every other living

thing is dependent upon external resources, such as water, food and air for his very existence. This is not true of God. Indeed, if God were dependent upon anyone or thing, He would not be God. God does not need us, nor does He need our worship, our fellowship, or our service. He is complete in Himself without all of these. Yet, in His love, He has graciously planned to use us and to allow us to be part of His eternal plan. God does not need us, but we need Him. We are incomplete and unfulfilled apart from a personal relationship with Him. We find true significance and meaning in life only when we allow God to have the proper place in our lives.

The Eternal God and the Christian Life

The biblical truth of the eternity of God is a very practical doctrine. We have been created for eternity, formed and framed to enjoy eternal blessings. When the Lord of glory breathed into the first parents the very breath of God, man was separated from animal, and the time-bound creature became an eternal soul. Do not misunderstand. We all will die, but we will not cease to exist. Therefore, only that which we build into people's spiritual lives, our own and others, will endure for eternity. It is futile to live for things of this world. We who are Christians have something far better to live for than the temporal things of this world.

Living With Eternity in View

Therefore, the Christian must live his life with eternity in view. Earnest seasons of prayer, crying out to God for the salvation of the souls of men, will yield an abundant eternal reward. Laboring in the gospel and pointing lost souls to Christ is an eternal investment. Because God is eternal, no endeavor on earth has higher priority than knowing Him, loving Him, worshipping Him and serving Him. The earnest follower of Christ would do well to keep the Christian maxim before him, "Only one life will soon be past; only what is done for Christ will last." ■

¹ A.W. Tozer, *The Knowledge of the Holy*, (New York, NY: Harpers and Row, 1971), p. 45

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THE HARVEST IS RIPE!

But Are We Even Trying to Reap?

“The biggest thing that matters is making God’s name great among the nations and with that in mind we should attempt great things for our great God whether we fail at them or not.”

by Micah Tuttle



Santa Rocio, one of the villages Micah visits on monthly river trips.

“Yacumama” is Quetchua [the main surviving indigenous language of the Andes] for “mother of the water.” This is the term that the Peruvian jungle people give to a supposed 150-foot-long anaconda with bristly hair, big ears and lion-like eyes that have the power to pull you in like a giant magnet. The legend of this “monster” has many variations, all of which are quite far-fetched, yet almost everyone that lives here in Peru believes it. On one of my trips down the Haullaga River, I talked with three people, from three different villages, who claimed to have seen Yacumama in recent days. The supposed sightings made quite a stir in the villages and put a temporary halt to all swimming and fishing in the area. Huge anacondas do exist...but when does “Yacumama” become a lie of the devil that enslaves people to fear and spiritual darkness?

Praise God, Jesus Christ saves from bondage to fear and spiritual darkness! Here in the northern jungles of Peru God has given us many opportunities to spread this good news for His glory. One-on-one evangelism, open-air preaching, home Bible studies, church planting, river trips and training leaders are our main focus. The situation is urgent—sin is destroying families and individuals. The only solution is Jesus Christ. There is so much to do and not enough time.



A woman in Lamas wearing the typical dress of her people.

William Carry, a famous

missionary to India, once said, “I’m not afraid of failing, I’m afraid of succeeding at things that don’t matter.” As Christians we ought not to waste our short lives here on earth succeeding at frivolous things that don’t matter. We might fail in our attempts to evangelize and make disciples and plant churches but at least we fail trying to do something that has eternal significance. The biggest thing that matters is *making God’s name great among the nations* and with that in mind we should attempt great things for our great God whether we fail at them or not.

Keith Green once said, “This generation of Christians is responsible for this generation of souls on the earth!” Those words are true! At the same time we should know that God doesn’t need us. He will get His work on earth done with or without us...but what a privilege! He has given us a tremendous opportunity to be in on what He’s doing. The harvest is ripe! But are we even trying to reap?

In our context of life, missions sometimes means going to work in a canoe at 3:00 a.m., preaching on the radio, hiking to remote villages, discussing the Scriptures with new believers as we slog down a muddy trail together, or handing out tracts and giving away New Testaments.

Some days missions is praying with the believers; other days it’s singing hymns in a canoe as we head down river. One day it’s having meetings with the elders until 1:00 a.m.; another day it’s giving counsel to broken marriages. One day it’s being mocked by a group of drunken men; another day it’s giving out anti-parasite pills. One day it’s preaching in schools and another day it’s showing evangelistic films by generator.

Missions last week was preaching in our small assembly.



From Left: Micah standing over the Mayo River that flows into the Huallaga River; Twenty-four foot-long boa killed just before Micah arrived in the village; Micah open-air preaching.

Missions was digging a 20-foot-deep septic tank; it was reading the Bible together and it was thanking God for His provision.

RIVER TRIPS

The Huallaga River zigzags its way through the northeastern rainforests of Peru and later flows into the mighty Amazon. Bert and Colleen Elliot (*Missionary Prayer Handbook* Day 25, and now both with the Lord) worked for many years along this river pulling teeth, preaching the gospel and planting churches. Today some of those churches are still going strong but sadly many are struggling and others have died out altogether.

When I made my first trip into the area about 11 years ago I saw the tremendous needs and wondered how God could use us to encourage the work along this forgotten river. Now, in the last couple of years God has given our family the opportunity to minister in this area and to these precious people. I have chosen about 30 villages along the Huallaga that I try to visit in a circuit. Some of these villages have about 150 inhabitants while others have about 1,000. These people are normal Peruvian mestizos that live off the land by planting crops, fishing and hunting. The poverty is great and the living conditions are difficult. Drunkenness and fornication are prevalent and there are few Christians. They need the gospel!

On a normal river trip I'll usually take one of our kids and about three or four brothers from our Tarapoto assembly. Each trip is different but the usual schedule in any given village involves a meeting with the believers in the morning, hut-to-hut evangelism in the afternoon and open-air preaching at night. Some days we'll have to hunt for lunch. Other days we'll be served smoked boar brains at dinnertime. Some days we'll get to shower in a hot springs waterfall. Other days we'll sweat it out as we hike for hours through the hot, muggy jungle en route to the next village. Some days we'll get soaked to the bone in a torrential thunderstorm while other days we'll get burned by the blazing sun. Mission trips on the river are sometimes very difficult and other times they are very exciting, but they are never boring!

EVANGELISM

The apostle Paul said, "*Woe is me if I do not preach the gospel.*" The prophet Jeremiah said, "*God's Word was in my heart like a*

burning fire, it was shut up in my bones, I was weary of holding it back and I could not!" This is the primary work. It's all about preaching the gospel. Everything else is ancillary. No programs, no gimmicks. Just prayer, a Bible and a willingness to get in the main square and preach the good news of Jesus Christ. We have the greatest message in the universe and we ought to take it to the world with a sense of urgency.

Many times I've been preaching in the open air and crowds of people will gather around to hear. Sometimes the crowds just grow bigger and bigger until I lose my voice and when I'm finished many draw near with questions or advice. People need the Lord! Judgment day is coming soon! We must preach the gospel! C.H. Spurgeon said, "*If sinners will be damned, at least let them leap to hell over our bodies. And if they will perish, let them perish with our arms about their knees imploring them to stay. If hell must be filled, at least let it be filled in the teeth of our exertions, and let no one go there unwarned and unprayed for.*"

CHURCH PLANT

About three years ago when we moved to Tarapoto we joined an existing Bible study that has since grown into a church of national believers. We thank God that many people have made professions of faith in Christ, chosen to be baptized and have grown in the Lord. It has been exciting to see lives transformed and painful to see some turn back to the world. Church planting is extremely rewarding and at the same time extremely difficult. No greater work and no higher call exist on earth than to make disciples and to be part of building Christ's church.

We continue to support this assembly but we are at the difficult stage of trying to hand it over to the local leadership. For the first few years we did everything as far as preaching, pastoral work and administration, but now we are trying to focus more on helping "behind the scenes" and pushing the Peruvian brothers to take the ministry. We want to avoid creating dependency on "the missionaries" which is a major problem in South America. In the end we hope this will make them healthier and also free us up to start a new work in our new neighborhood. Our ideal strategy, step-by-step, is: 1. evangelism, 2. discipleship, 3. establish a church, 4. establish leadership,

5. give the work to the nationals and 6. go do it again on the other side of town.

BUILDING PROJECT

God has blessed us with the opportunity to buy and develop a piece of property for ministry on the outskirts of Tarapoto. This plot of land consists of five city lots, has a wall all the way around it and a well-built, two-storied structure. The structure is unfinished and was previously going to be for a Christian school but the project was abandoned because of a lack of funds and the failing health of those heading up the ministry. For the last few months the property has been for sale and is worth about \$150,000. When we came along we saw how perfect it would be for ministry but also acknowledged that we wouldn't be able to offer what it is worth. But God does miracles! The mission that owned the land specifically wanted to sell it to missionaries who would use it for ministry. After talking with the right people they offered to sell us the land for \$50,000—a third of its value! I told them we would love to buy it and that it was a great price but that we still couldn't afford it. A few weeks later they got back to us with a plan in which we could pay for it over the course of five years with no interest accrued.

Within days, without asking anyone for money, God provided \$10,000 to use as a down payment and to begin the work! We signed the papers and we are now in full construction mode. It has been amazing to see God work in this whole process. Without our begging anyone for money, God has already provided the funds and the willing workers to help get the property livable. We still have a long way to go to pay off the property and finish the building project, but we praise God for his provision up to this point. We are excited to see how He will continue to supply our needs.

BIBLE INSTITUTE

One of the things we hope to use the property for is to train leaders. There is a major shortage of men of God that are able

to teach the Bible and share their faith. John Wesley said, "Give me 100 men who fear nothing but sin in their own lives and want nothing but God and God alone; I care not whether they be clergymen or laymen, they will shake the gates of hell and set up God's kingdom upon the earth." In other words, it doesn't matter if you're a pastor or a garbage man, what matters is being wholly yielded to God. The Lord can use men like that. That's the kind of man that I want to be and the kind of men that we want to help shape through Bible training and a discipleship program.

The churches along the river need encouragement, sound Bible teaching, pastors and evangelists. We are not sure how God will guide us but we are excited about the possibilities of a Bible institute. Many of the brothers in the villages and also here in town have expressed a desire to study and enter into an intense discipleship program. As we begin this ministry we pray that it would have a lasting impact on individuals and be instrumental in the strengthening of the churches.

CONCLUSION

Jesus said, "the harvest truly is plentiful." Keith Wright stated, "Lost people matter to God, and so they must matter to us." John Piper has exhorted, "Go, send, or disobey." William Borden exclaimed, "No reserves. No retreats. No regrets!" William Carry has admonished, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." I find myself very encouraged and challenged by those words. I hope that it has the same effect on many readers as you reflect on missions, the time in which we live and the urgency of the situation. ■



Micah and Amy Tuttle are from Portland, Oregon, and were married in 1996. The Tuttles were commended by Eastgate Bible Chapel in Portland, OR, in December of 2000. You can learn more about the "Tuttle Tribe"

by visiting their blog at: www.thetuttletribe.blogspot.com.



From Left: Progress on the student house; Bria and Mya helping carry adobe bricks; Javen nailing down floorboards on the second story of the student house; Bible Institute (IBEM) class.

An MK's Encouragement to a Grandma

Editor's Note: The following letter was written by Janet Hardage, daughter of Jim & Sharon Haesemeyer (*Missionary Prayer Handbook* Day 17). Janet spent 13 years on the mission field with her parents and siblings. The letter is addressed to a concerned grandmother with the hope of allaying some of her fears concerning the impending departure of her daughter, son-in-law and their family to Central America. As would be true of nearly any grandparent, this particular individual was greatly concerned for the safety of her grandchildren and had serious misgivings as to the wisdom of going to the foreign mission field. References have been removed that might suggest who are the parties involved.

Dear Mrs.S.,

I am writing to you because I know that your daughter has recently moved to Central America with her family. I can only imagine the strain this has had on your heart as you see your loved ones leave for a distant land, and that is why I feel I must share these words with you.

My own family moved to Central America when I was only five years old. This big step in their (and our) lives was the result of much prayer and seeking of God's will. My parents could not ignore the Lord's calling of them to reach out to the wonderful people of the area where they now serve. Just as in your case, my grandparents were supportive but had to deal with deeply conflicting emotions. Those feelings were certainly understandable. Their children were venturing off into the unknown and taking their grandchildren with them! I now have a son of my own and should he ever decide to follow God to a faraway land, of course I will be proud, but my heart will ache every minute he is away.

My sister was in seventh grade and my brother in third grade when we made the long journey down through Mexico to Central America. Before we left, there were many well-intentioned but misguided people who vocally expressed their misgivings about what my parents were "doing to us." They said it was irrational. They warned my grandparents that we would never be "normal" if we were taken from the United States and the home and land that we knew.

Those individuals didn't understand the effect those words would have on us, particularly on my older sister who was at a very impressionable stage of life. As a result of those comments, she struggled through school and became resentful with God. But the Lord, in His perfect way, used my sister's life and anger and turned her into a beautiful example of His love and forgiveness. She is now Director of Diversity at a large Christian Academy. She helps minorities learn to "fit in" because she was once a minority student herself. She understands people's differences and connects with them on levels others could never reach. Every year she returns to Central America with Academy students on mission trips to open their worlds and their hearts to minister among the people she has grown to love. She herself freely declares that going to the mission field saved her life. She had always had something of a rebellious streak and only the Lord knows where it would have taken her—had she remained in the United States with ready access to life's foolish temptations and vanities. People often look at her—her blue eyes, pale skin, light brown hair and wonder how she possibly landed a job in diversity in a predominately white suburb in the U.S. She just smiles and tells them her story about a faraway land and God's grace and enduring patience.

My brother, a third grader at the time, has always been the academic. He is a hard worker and extremely studious. As a result he suffered the same bullying and verbal abuse from his classmates that many students in the U.S. endure. Most of this teasing came from fellow Americans trying to "look cool" in front of the locals. Growing up in a normal situation is tough, but throw in skin color and cultural differences and things become more challenging. Nonetheless, my brother made wonderful friends and built enchanting memories. One day these stories will be shared with his children as they fall asleep listening to "daddy's exciting conquests." These include tales of white-water rafting through waters still raging just days after a hurricane and stories of trekking through jungles, dodging monkeys and climbing steep trails up verdant mountains. Growing up in Central America has opened so many doors for him. He majored in Spanish and International Business in col-





lege, allowing him to find a financial position at a firm that has sent him on consultation projects to Spain and Mexico. He continues to volunteer for various charities and people in need because God opened his heart in a special way. To this day he faithfully and generously gives of his resources to advance the gospel in his adopted land.

I was five when we made the exciting journey to Central America. I was homeschooled for kindergarten and started the first grade in a private Christian school. I will admit it was quite daunting. I was mortified by the differences in appearance between my classmates and me. The language barrier terrified me. God, however, was bigger than all my fears. He swooped in, settled my heart, and soon I made friends with some whom, even to this day, I still talk to and e-mail every week. I had the most rewarding childhood imaginable. Of course there were stages of hardship that any adolescent goes through but there was so much more good than bad.

I remember sitting at my desk at school (which was perched high on a mountain ridge) and marveling at how the clouds would roll through the windows, enveloping us in a wispy, breezy fog. I remember traveling along narrow, serpentine roads which clung to the sides of steep mountains. I recall walking through overgrown fields or along rocky trails to reach small villages where my dad often preached. I remember contemplating an expansive sky of stars shimmering through the enveloping blackness of the cool mountain nights. I remember jumping off rocky cliffs along magical waterfalls into chilling, restless rivers. I remember trips to the beach at Christmas and hearing the raucous sounds of exploding fireworks at midnight. I remember riding slightly too energetic horses through historic Mayan Ruins. I remember the abundance of exotic flora brilliantly displayed everywhere I looked. I remember stubborn cows, burros and goats indifferently blocking traffic on highways.

All these memories are wonderful and vivid. But the important memories are the ones hidden deep in my heart, safely stored so that I may never forget: the trembling hands of an old man near the end of his days, the hollow belly of a hungry child, the worrisome eyes of a desperate mother, the lethargic body of a young street boy addicted to drugs, the pleading mouths of beggars. These are the memories that I allow to surface from time to time to remind myself why God led us to Honduras. Because of these memories, I am more grateful, more thankful and more hopeful of God's return than I suspect I would be had I grown up in the United States.

I now teach English to immigrant children in kindergarten through second grade and am the interpreter for our elementary school. I have a connection to the Hispanic community that most of my colleagues don't understand. I know their customs and their views on education. I know the deep family values and morals embedded into their culture. I praise God for my upbringing because without the life I have lived, I would not have the job that I love so much today.

If I could take one thing away from my 13 years growing up on the mission field, it would be the example my parents gave me of complete and unrelenting faith in Jesus. To drop the course in life that you started, leaving your home, your family, the very life you made, takes an act of God. And He did just that. He intervened in my parents' life, interrupted the path that they had chosen for themselves, and called them to do His work. They followed Him and have been blessed by their obedience. This is the greatest example of faith and trust I could ever envision.

I pray that these words give your heart some sort of comfort and peace while your family is serving our Lord in foreign lands. I pray for strength and patience as you await their return. ■

Janet Hardage, 28, daughter of Jim and Sharon Haesemeyer, spent 13 years growing up as a Missionary Kid in Honduras. Janet married and has a two-year-old son. She teaches English as a Second Language to kindergarteners as well as first and second graders.

Pictures taken with orphans of the La Finca de Ninos orphanage located in Honduras. From left, pictures include Janet Hardage (author), Jenny Brady (sister), and Matthew Haesemeyer (brother).





In Memoriam

Jay & Katrina Erickson Missionaries to Zambia

Zambia - June 2, 2012: Jay Erickson was at the controls of the Chitokoloki (Chit) Mission Station plane flying back to base after dropping off a passenger at Chavuma. His wife Katrina was on board as a special treat since she had not been off the mission station since they both arrived to serve the Lord in February 2012. While flying by Zambezi Town the plane came in contact with a power pylon and plunged upside down and sank into the Zambezi River. Both Jay and his wife were called home to be with their Lord and Savior as a result of that terrible accident. They leave behind in the care of the Lord and their remaining family, two beautiful daughters: Marina (3) and Coral (16 months).

Gordon Hanna (*Missionary Prayer Handbook, Day 4*) reported that their bodies were recovered by a team of divers the next day and transported to the mission station at Chit. The following day Gordon and his son Doug returned to the scene and with the help of the dive team were able to locate the submerged plane, which was towed down river. The mangled fuselage, minus one wing and the engine, was placed on a truck and moved back to the hangar at Chit. Divers were to remain one more day to search for the wing and engine but had to leave and are to return at a later date.

The funeral service and burial was held at Chit on Tuesday, June 5 with thousands in attendance from various parts of Zambia. Gordon reported that the President of Zambia declared a National Day of Mourning for the entire country. There were only hymns to be played on TV and radio and all are to observe mourning until sunset.

The mission station at Chit has played a major role in presenting the gospel of the Lord Jesus and meeting the needs of the people in the Northwestern Province of Zambia since 1914. The hospital facility is one of the

best in the area. The emergency transportation provided by this plane (the only one on the compound) was an important part of the work.

At this writing Jay's mother and Katrina's mother and father are en route to Zambia to pick up their grandchildren. They will spend time at Chit meeting those who served with Jay and Katrina so they are able to build history which, at the right time, they can share with Marina and Coral how their parents died in service to their Lord and Savior whom they loved. Please continue to pray for these dear children, the grandparents and all those at Chit and the assemblies throughout Zambia who are mourning the loss of these dear saints.

CMML President Bob Dadd said, "During our recent trip to Zambia with Allan Wilks and Tom Wilson we often flew with Jay and spent time with Katrina and their two small girls. We grew to love them all."

As a result of this tragic event and in an effort to be of help, CMML has set up two special funds. One is "Erickson Children's Fund" to help with their care and perhaps their future education. The other is "Chitokoloki Flight Fund" to help meet the need created by the loss of this aircraft. For those of the Lord's people who feel led to have a part, gifts should be marked with the fund name and sent to CMML or made through the CMML Web site using PayPal. MSC Canada has advised that memorial gifts may be directed to their "Chitokoloki Missions Hospital Fund." Canadian donors wishing to contribute to the "Erickson Children's Fund" must do so directly through CMML, however these donations will not be eligible for Canadian tax credit. Addresses for CMML and MSC are included on page 23. For updates you may also visit the CMML Web site at www.cmml.us or the Web page at www.chitokoloki.com for additional information as it becomes available.

by Tom Turner

Pictured above: Jay, Katrina, Marina and Coral Erickson

The Funeral at Chitokoloki

Zambia – June 5, 2012: It has been another very difficult day. However I should not have been surprised or amazed that just when I thought I could not continue and came to the end of myself; God provided the much needed strength, peace, wisdom and clarity of mind to complete the day.

We wanted to bury Jay and Katrina Erickson side by side in a single grave. However, overnight the grave that had been dug collapsed, but the workers did an excellent job in fixing it. People started arriving early and some had driven all night from as far away as Lusaka and Zimbabwe.

While we were having the usual devotions with the staff at 7:00 a.m., I received a call from the Zambian President's office advising me that President Michael Sata had declared the country would observe a day of National Mourning and all flags in Zambia would be flown at half mast, only somber Christian music would be played on radio and TV and all social functions canceled. I was overwhelmed and humbled as to my knowledge this had never been done before. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Sata and the government for their kindness and support in declaring the burial a State funeral. The president sent his representatives [to the funeral], provided food and prepared to cover costs of the funeral such as the coffins, etc. We had made the coffins in our own carpentry shop and great credit goes to our three carpenters who worked hard and did an excellent job.

The service was to start at 12:00 noon but was delayed by 45 minutes to wait for a large delegation of government officials who were traveling. By 11:00 a.m. the church building was filled, more outside than inside. I'm not sure of an accurate count but it was in the thousands. Many of our co-worker missionary colleagues from around the country came to support and we appreciated that. It was not easy to come to grips with the reality that two of our dear friends who on Saturday were so full of energy, enthusiasm and an intricate part of the team here at Chitokoloki, while we still had their bodies in coffins before us, were no longer here. We thank God that we know with full certainty that they are with the Lord and while we grieved, they were rejoicing in the Father's Home and they are experiencing what we too shall some day when we see our blessed Savior.

I had the task of speaking about the history of Jay and Katrina followed by a message, that I must confess, just came to me about two hours before the funeral. In the midst of all the activity, commotion and confusion, I thank the Lord that I was able to gather my thoughts to present what I felt God

wanted me to say, knowing the audience would be mixed and also the family would not be present. A reporter for the national media recorded the entire service. The reports of the crash, the aftermath, and the lives of Jay and Katrina have been featured on all the media in Zambia including print, radio and television. This is most unusual and we can only see how God is already using this incident for His glory.

Following the service, a group from the hospital staff carried the two caskets on their shoulders a distance of 500 meters to the grave side. They were heavy and yet they refused transport by vehicle and wanted to do this. The coffins were interred while the audience sang hymns. I then spoke a few words followed by a speech by one of the government ministers, on behalf of the president. Philip Grove (a UK missionary) then spoke briefly and closed in prayer.

We continue to be amazed and appreciate how friends and believers from all across the world prayed on our behalf for the whole team here and for Marina, Coral and the family. It is what enabled us to do what needed to be done today and may even in these sad events be an occasion when God's Name will be honored and used for the salvation of souls. (For those interested, pictures of the funeral and other information is posted on www.chitokoloki.com.)

by Gordon Hanna



From top: Jay doing what he loved; Coral (16 mos) and Marina (3); Barbara Erickson (left with Coral) and Larry and Doreen Mansfield (right with Marina) traveled from the West coast of the U.S. and were re-united with their grandchildren on June 8th. They returned to the U.S. with the girls on June 12th.

