



Brian and Helen's News & Views

Eastern Highlands Province

November, 2010

New Friends from Strangers



Breathtaking views from Justine's House. Million dollar views are everywhere in Papua New Guinea.

As the Lord Moves... Again...

Isn't it amazing to see the Lord's hand move on your behalf? We need to be sensitive in our busy schedules to look up and see those many "natural miracles" that surround us each day.

Pray For:

- Pastors Karl (EBC) was invited to start a new village church in an outcast family hamlet led by "Manis." Pray this new church grows.
- The clinic joyously welcomed Dr. Jeff Stout's return, but soon there will be no clinic manager. (Present manager moves on to furlough)
- David continues to enjoy his theological studies at Seattle Pacific University. Pray for more independent consultant work.
- Pray both of us can wrap up many work details and prepare the house in time before the start of our next furlough, soon.

Kamano Birthday "Mu-Mu" (Feast)

Our long standing friend, Justine from Kamano country makes the trip to our house periodically to share with us. We were invited to Justine's Little Brian's 7 year birthday party at the village the other day. That's over at a place called Barola mountain, about a half-hour's drive away by the Highland's Highway. I have a broken diesel fuel gauge in my old Toyota Hilux called "Milo" and I thought I still had miles to go (kilometers here) before a tank refueling. I grabbed a bunch of presents that Helen had prepared in advance, and headed first out to Kainantu town, which is on the way over to Justine's place. Then passed through a police check-point on the highway and beyond the turn-off for the Okapa road (a major fork). Now in Kamano country... you guessed it.... Sure enough, around the village of Ife (EE-fay) I ran out of fuel completely.

Everything stopped for me and I prayed for the Lord's wisdom on what to do next. I grabbed the presents for the mu-mu and Lit'l Brian, and proceeded to walk the rest of the Highland's Highway to the place to turn off for Justine's village, which would be a short walk further, maybe 20 minutes. I sort of had an unexplained peace that the car would be all right situated at the entrance to Ife village and that somehow I would get back home, but the goal was to get to the "party" that morning and afternoon. As I was hiking along, another Toyota pickup

truck raced by going to Kainantu. Still further while I was at a remote but abandoned police station (newly built), surprise.... the same car had turned around and came back for me.

The man "Steven" was carrying a family of "wantoks" (relatives) on the flat-bed part and inside the cab. He said that after he saw me, the Lord told him to turn around and go help that brother!! It turned out that he is with the EBC church, but in the Komperi District. He asked if I needed help, and of course I explained how I had run out of fuel and was heading toward the mu-mu party, or at least trying to get there. Everyone on board the back of the truck agreed that Steven should help me, so I was off on another adventure. First we had to return to Steven's house which was back toward Komperi Station, but actually right on the Highway and fetch a diesel fuel container. Then we all turned around and went back where I had come from... towards Kainantu town to pick up fuel. Then a trip to the Kainantu market to drop off the wantoks with their items to sell. Then off to a gas station.

Steven asked if I had any money, of which I said I only had 10 kina. I don't normally carry lots of money because of bandits on the highway anyway. Steven then surmised that 10 kina was not going to get me back home, so he offered to purchase 50 kina's worth for me! What a guy! We filled up his car and the container for a

total of 80 kina which is what I owe him. This places me in a debt relationship with Steven, but I don't mind being his new friend, actually. Then Steven went to the gas station's equivalent of a "mini-mart" window and purchased some hot-baked scones, still warm, and two cans of "Milo" drink. This was to be our breakfast while traveling.



Lay-Leader Steven showing off his practical skills in getting cars back on the road. My good Samaritan friend.

Then we went back to re-fill my car. By now, Justine had heard about the car via mobile phone, and had come with friends to guard my car on the highway. Not totally necessary, but this was the heart of "raskol" (bandit) country.

The difference, is that everyone in that area actually knows me, so I don't particularly feel threatened there. Once we got the diesel container in a high place, there was another opportunity for "true love" since the container didn't have a spout, but rather we used a simple hose instead. Steven then proceeded to suck the siphon and get it going, several times, by mouth. Yuck! I can't imagine dodging that diesel fuel, and he did it readily enough. Into my fuel tank, it all went. But wait... this a diesel engine car, not a gas (petrol) car. It meant that running the engine dry left air in all the lines. One has to bleed these lines first, and I had never done that before.

Not only was Steven a "lay preacher" like myself, he had also attended one of the EBC vocational schools down at the Kassam Pass mission station. He had learned all about car maintenance at this place. God's man, Steven, knew exactly what to do, and actually taught me how to take care of my own car. He showed me all the procedures to prime the fuel lines and pump the fuel past the fuel filter. I did have my ancient motorcycle tools from the States in the car glove box, so we had the necessary wrenches to do the job. Once behind the

wheel, everything started right up. A bit rough at first, but then we bled the fittings a bit and it all smoothed out.

So here was my "lotu brata" (worship brother) working in action. I invited him to the mu-mu party, but he declined, saying naturally enough: "I'm too busy." But Steven was not "too busy" for me that day. Praise the Lord!

So then I traveled off the highway, onto the old dirt road that lead to Justine's hamlet, then a hike further in to his place near where a bridge is out. I found a bunch of people there already assembled, maybe 30. There were kids everywhere and I delivered the presents including some coloring books and color pencils for Little Brian. I sat in the grass on a warm sunny day overlooking the Komperi valley and the mountains that are between there and Go-roka town in the distance. It was a real mu-mu with a whole pig in there cooked in the ground on hot rocks in a traditional style. I sat next to Pastor Robert of the Ite church...



the same village where I had left the car. And when I told the remarkable story of Steven, they all said: "Oh, that's Justine's nephew that helped you!" Small world.

Various sweet potatoes, young fern greens, "pit-pit" and pig sections. Note the inch thick fat and skin layer. Yum?

All this to say that the Lord was exceedingly good to me that day, and He does indeed look after His children. I was totally blessed and was totally enjoying the Lord, as we celebrated in the village. I also had a nice dream from the Lord the night before... speaking on another issue for me, but the theme was still, "His Peace" in the end. I remembered the peace I had on the Highway while walking alone... that everything was going to be all right...

"I am leaving you with a gift – peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give is a gift the world cannot give. So don't be troubled or afraid." – John 14:27

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