

PARTNERS IN PRAYER- "God We Exalt You!"

June 19th, 2022 Father's Day with the VanSumerens!

Dear Prayer Team,

"Blessed is the man who walks not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stands in the path of sinners, Nor sits in the seat of the scornful."

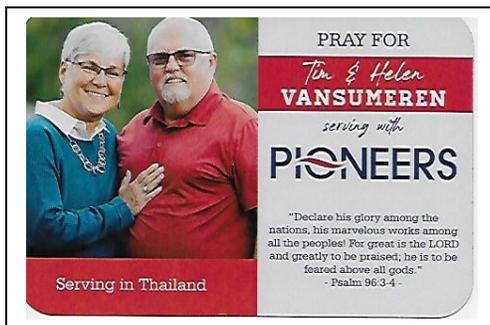
Psalm 1:1

"Blessed is the man to whom the LORD does not impute iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no deceit."

Psalm 32:2



Have you ever thought about getting rid of dad? Of course not! Is that even a serious question today? Unfortunately in our politically charged society, when someone faces any issue that may somehow be offensive, we try to change things. And if you Google "What do we change Father's Day to?", you will come upon some shocking statements.



Well for all of us, loved ones, Happy Father's Day! We are enjoying our mission's month of June by hosting Helen and Tim VanSumeren today. But as I was praying and getting ready

for today, I came across this wonderful Father's Day story submitted by Ken Board, missionary to Japan called "Get rid of Dad!" (k.enboard@network.or.jp).

"The children begged for a hamster, and after the usual fervent vows that they alone would care for it, they got one. They named it Danny. Two months later, when Mom found herself responsible for cleaning and feeding the creature, she located a prospective new home for it. The children took the news of Danny's imminent departure quite well, though one of them remarked, 'He's been around here a long time--we'll miss him.'

'Yes,' Mom replied, 'But he's too much work for one person, and since I'm that one person, I say he goes.'

Another child offered, 'Well, maybe if he wouldn't eat so much and wouldn't be so messy, we could keep him.'

But Mom was firm. 'It's time to take Danny to his new home now,' she insisted. 'Go and get his cage.'

With one voice and in tearful outrage the children shouted, ‘Danny? We thought you said Daddy!’”

Don’t you just love these wonderful stories of Father’s Day? Certainly there is a lesson for us all in this story, right? How we should shout when the world is trying to get rid of “Father’s Day.” Would you believe it? Now the politically correct want to call it “Special Person’s Day” so kids without dads won’t feel left out because the term “father” has been derided as “offensive”.

How we should shout when our world keeps portraying fathers as really “terrible” and the cause of most problems in this world. We need a world with great and godly dads! Especially our Heavenly Father!

A godly man who never reached fatherhood.

If you remember, last week I started the true story of John Chau, who was recently martyred for his desire to reach one of the planet’s last unreached people group call the Sentinelese people from North Sentinel Island- just off the coast of India within the Andaman Islands. When John died he was only 26-years-old. He was an American man who spent a great part of his life preparing to reach this people group for Jesus. And one of the things his own father said after his death, which was very sad, “He died for nothing!” When Jesus is your “everything” how can anyone say that we died for nothing? I want to continue his story for us as part two about a “godly man who never reached fatherhood but died because of his love for our heavenly Father!”

A Solo Mission?

In 2015, about three years before his death, John took the first of four scouting trips to the Andaman Islands, a unique territory of India located so far east in the Bay of Bengal that it is much closer to Bangkok than Bangalore. He was seeking a better understanding of the territory as well as confirmation that the North Sentinel Island was God’s calling for him.

Whenever he met local Christians in the island’s region, he would ask if anyone was going to the Sentinelese. John had told Christian friends that he was willing to serve in a support role if a missionary effort was already underway. For John, the important thing was not the messenger, but the message. But the answer was always the same: “No one was trying to reach the Sentinelese with the gospel.”

In a video he made for a supporting church, John described his trip home from that first Andaman visit and his reservations about his call to the North Sentinel Island. “I had been doubting a bit,” he said. “God, have You really told me to go here? Is this really where I’m supposed to be? Isn’t there someone that You’ve called that’s from here that You’re raising up to reach this people group?”

What John struggled with are often what missionaries from America struggle about when they come home to the States. Why is it that we expect someone else to care and reach our neighbors and neighborhoods? Why do we continue to act as if the lost are not walking and living among us? Isn't there anyone who realizes that need right next to them? As I was pondering that upon finishing a visit with a man in our community, I turned to leave, and I was staring into a beautifully green wheat field. I could see the beautiful heads of grain on top of the wheat. I was stunned with the sight. I whispered to myself, "Lord, right here is PCBC's harvest field. Where are the workers? And are we praying for the harvest?"

The Confirmation

As John flew back out of Port Blair, capital of the Andaman and the Nicobar Islands, John gazed out the window at the blue ocean below and saw an island come into view that he recognized immediately; it was the same island he had stared at on his dorm-room wall all through college. "A sense of clarity and peace came upon me," John said later, "a sense of knowing that I'm going to be going there one day. I took that as confirmation. I've only had that sense of clarity and deep sense of knowing a few other times in my life, and each time I can say it was definitely God that was speaking to me." The confirmation of John's call intensified his preparations. "All Nations," his sending mission agency, continued to train him in classes and through connecting him with people who were first to reach out to new people groups.

He spent hours learning what to take and how to approach a dangerous people. "He really was a learner," said a former mission's leader. "One of the most studied, prepared, just humble man. He soaked it all in: 'this group did it this way, this guy teaches this way.' And then he would pray, process and seek wise counsel from others." John was truly counting the cost. During this training, he began to write first contact plans. Then included contingent plans. He knew it would take years and maybe decades. His meticulous planning also included a plan that possibly the tribesmen would not welcome him and might even kill him, just as they had two fishermen who drifted ashore on North Sentinel in 2006. John was at peace either way. He didn't hide that from his friends and family. "John knew this could cost him everything," said a friend and mentor, "and he knew that he might even be misunderstood by many that would judge him. He didn't want any glory, even in his possible death."

"Adventure Bro!"

In case the world did hear John's name, he had done his best to protect Christian friends in the islands and make sure any publicity would not hinder further efforts to reach the Sentinelese with the gospel. To that end, he crafted an online presence that might explain his disappearance as merely a lone adventurer lost at sea.

His Instagram feed was filled with adventure images from far-off places. He blogged about traveling the world, climbing, kayaking and diving with great white sharks. His adventures were even sponsored by a beef jerky company. If John's name became known, anyone searching the images and blog posts would simply think he was an "adventure bro" who stepped too far off the beaten path and paid with his life. Unfortunately, that is exactly how the media portrayed him after the truth of his death finally came to light.

Finally, at the start of 2018 John wrote, "Death is inevitable. I can die in a car crash, from snake bite, from cancers. There are many ways we can die. I'm going to the island this November and I don't know what is going to happen, but I'm ready. I'm ready to lay my life down for the gospel." John even left a will with his family in the event he was killed. "If you do a memorial service," he wrote his family, "do know that ... I was obedient to what God called me to do, to reach those who have not heard."

Then in August 2018, the Indian government removed the requirement- in place since 1963- that foreigners visiting any of the Andaman Islands could apply for a Restricted Area Permit. That was the first and legal open door ever for anyone to enter as a missionary. As the news media later slanted the story, John was not breaking the law when he applied and received the permit to finally enter the North Sentinel Island as a missionary. His life was a life of preparing. Are we preparing as fathers, as sons, to be men of God who care about those around us? Next week, I will give you the conclusion to John Chau's story. But let me close with Jim Elliot's own words: "He is no fool who gives up what he cannot keep, to gain what he cannot lose!"



Extravagant Spending

Christian author Ron Hutchcraft tells this Father's Day story of extravagant spending: "When our son Doug was little he started a hobby that would later help to pay his way through college - collecting baseball cards! Now, he was still pretty young when he asked me to start going to this baseball card show circuit with him.

One summer I was scheduled to speak at Ocean City, New Jersey, and he begged me to go down a day early so we could catch the last day of this huge card show. We got there in time and Doug entered that large hall with all of the money that a little guy could have saved from recent chores and allowances. And as we strolled along the displays together something caught my eye, it was the baseball card I had tried so hard to get as a little boy, and I never could. You see, growing up in Chicago, my hero was the second baseman of the Chicago White Sox, Nelly Fox. He was the hero of a lot of kids. I bought tons of cards. I had the whole team but I could never get Nelly Fox. Well, there on that table was one of those very Nelly Fox cards I could never find as a kid! Doug said, 'Are you going to buy it Dad?' I said, 'No, it's nice to see it but I'm just going to keep looking around.'

So we went our separate ways for a few minutes until I felt a tug on my pants. It was Doug looking up at me with eyes I think I'll never forget, 'Here Dad, I love you,' he said. He reached up and he handed me a piece of cardboard protected in plastic. It was that Nelly Fox baseball card. My son had basically spent everything he had on that gift for me. That card is on my desk right now next to me, in a big plastic protector. There are few times in my life when I have ever felt so loved as I did that moment.

Now, I could tell how much my son loved me, he showed it by how much he spent on me that day. Everything he had! You can tell how much God loves you, He spent everything He had on you! No one has ever loved you like this. Why this price tag of the shed blood of God's Son? Well, the Bible reveals the answer in these words, '... without shedding of blood there is no remission.' Forgiveness means erasing our sins from God's Book. The penalty is clear, it is death. My sin can only be paid by dying. If you've ever wondered if God really loves you, here is His overwhelming YES! He sacrificed His Son to die your eternal death penalty on the cross. He spent it all on you."

Amen! Jesus thank You!

Let's pray,

"God we ask You in Jesus' name to bless us with the desires of our hearts that are the will of God for our lives and the lives of those we pray for. God heal us totally in all areas of our lives. Make us whole in You. Bless us to prosper, walk in excellent health, and never stop growing in the grace, knowledge, wisdom, and love of Christ Jesus. Bless us with a deep and abiding love to read, study, listen to and meditate upon Your Word. God let Your Word dwell within us richly, so that we may come to know You better, love You more, and make You known. God help us, show us how, and bless us to have an ever-growing closer, stronger, more intimate relationship with You. God bless us with and cause us to always think, act, and react with a God solution-focused heart, mind, attitude, and spirit. Tender Father help us to walk in the truth, faith, hope, and love of Your Word and presence in our lives. Amazing Father place Your angels all around us to cover and protect us from all sickness, evil, hurt, harm, danger, accidents, the plans of the enemy of our souls. Help us also to see those days of suffering as a gift from You. That You do not abandon us. And when we grieve from our sufferings and losses, remind us that 'sorrow may last through the night, but joy comes in the morning.' Father God please bless each of us to always walk in the integrity, love, character, and habits of Christ Jesus. Let us all live our lives for Your glory and good pleasure. God please forever honor this prayer over each of our lives. Amen, so be it by faith, and by faith, it is so. Thank You. Thank You. Thank You Lord Jesus, we pray. Amen."

Looking at our own harvest in prayer,

Pastor Corvin ◀▶

Quote as one of the last things John said, "You guys might think I'm crazy in all this, but I think it's worth it to declare Jesus to these people." ... John Chau, Nov. 16, 2018



hoping to appear less threatening. But when islanders, one with a bamboo knife, got between him and the kayak, he had to leave it behind — with his U.S. passport inside — and swim back to the boat. After that eventful day, he poured out his heart in the pages of his journal, which the fishermen later delivered to Christian friends.

The plan now is to rest and sleep on the boat and in the morning to drop me off by the cache and then I walk along the beach toward the same hut I've been giving gifts to. It's weird — actually, no, it's natural:

I'm scared.

There, I said it. Also frustrated and uncertain — is it worth me going on foot to meet them? Now they have attached me to the gifts ... Lord yet you will be close. If you want me to get actually shot or even killed with an arrow, then so be it. I think I could be more useful alive though, but to you, God, I give all the glory of whatever happens. I DON'T WANT to DIE! Would it be wiser to leave and let someone else continue? No. I don't think so — I'm stuck here anyway without a passport and having been off the grid. I still could make it back to the US somehow as it almost seems like certain death to stay here. Yet there is evidenced change in just two encounters in a single day. Will try again tomorrow.

John's journal also includes sociological and linguistic notes; he tried to learn as much as he could from each encounter with the Sentinelese. Later that evening, John added another entry.

Watching the sunset and it's beautiful — crying a bit ... wondering if it'll be the last sunset I see before being in the place where the sun never sets. Tearing up a little.

God, I don't want to die. WHO WILL TAKE MY PLACE IF I DO? ... Why did a little kid have to shoot me today? His high pitched voice still lingers in my head. Father, forgive him and any of the people on this island who try to kill me, and especially forgive them if they succeed.

Lord strengthen me as I need Your strength and protection and guidance and all that You give and are. Whoever comes after me to take my place, whether it's after tomorrow or another time, please give them a double anointing and bless them mightily.