

MORE
AMAZING TRUE



MISSION STORIES

FROM AROUND THE WORLD

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INTRODUCTION

Early in 2004, Dale Galusha from Pacific Press® contacted my husband to say that the supply of his book *The Best Amazing True Mission Stories From Around the World* was nearly exhausted and to ask if he would be willing to prepare another book of mission stories. Jim agreed immediately, since he was constantly gathering stories from his many trips abroad and was always eager to tell how God was working in marvelous ways. However, we had scarcely begun to gather stories when Jim was suddenly taken ill, and I rushed him to the hospital. He never returned home.

Dale then asked me if I would be interested in finishing the project, and I agreed. It seemed like a fitting monument to Jim's memory. However, it was several months before I could really bring myself to work on the stories. It was somewhat painful—and yet satisfying at the same time. I found it difficult to handle the stories that Jim had written while still actively engaged in advancing the work of the Lord. But I knew that this was a project very dear to his heart, and I am happy that, at last, I can see it through to fruition. It is my prayer, as it was Jim's, that these stories will lead those whose faith is faltering to trust more fully in the God who knows each of us intimately and whose primary purpose for the past 6,000 years has been to bring as many of His children home as He possibly can. I look forward eagerly to that day when I will be united with the One who loves me supremely—and the one who loved me fully when he was here with me in life.

This book—like the previous one—could not have been published without the assistance of Charlotte Ishkanian, editor of the Inside Stories in the *Adult Sabbath School Bible Study Guide*, who so kindly allowed me to include many of the stories we sent to her. Nor could it have happened without Dorothy Watts, who also gave permission for us to use some of the stories which she had sent us via email from time to time. Fred Webb, former director of the SULAD program at Mountain View College, also shared with us some of the wonderful stories of God's marvelous work among the animist tribes surrounding the college in the south Philippines. Recently I learned, through Fred, of the death of Tabalawan, and my heart was saddened as I remembered the chief of the Manobo village of Dampaan, whom we first contacted in the early 1970s and who was the first among the Manobos to embrace the Lord Jesus and lead his people into a new life. I look forward to meeting him again—and many of his people—when the Lord comes to claim His own.

Let's all plan to sit down together at that great table being prepared for us by our Bridegroom.

Jean Zachary

THE DAY MY FATHER WEPT

I would like to share with you the very first memory I have of my father. When I was a child, our family lived in a very humble log cabin. We had no water or electricity in our home. Life was always challenging in the winter, as we had to carry water to take care of personal needs.

In winter, in Manitoba, Canada, days were very short, and nights were very, very long. It is one of those long winter nights that forms my earliest conscious memory.

Beautiful frost figures painted the windowpanes—the work of the severely cold temperature. Mother was sitting by the fire, holding my youngest sister. The family was gathered for worship. Dad was reading the story of the death of Jesus. I don't know the name of the book he was reading. My guess is that it was *The Desire of Ages*.

Now, Dad was a strong man. Service in the army, as well as work on the farm and the sawmill, had filled his body with a good set of steely muscles.

But suddenly, as I watched him reading, Dad began to weep! My strong dad was weeping! His heart seemed to be breaking as he read the description of Jesus' sufferings as He died on the cross.

This picture of my father's reaction to Jesus' sacrifice made an impression upon my young mind that still draws me to the Savior my father loved so much.

How I wish every father could leave his son and daughter with such a strong influence for right!

HELP YOUR PARENTS WITH THEIR PRAYERS

Like most young teenagers, I looked forward to a wonderful evening of recreation with the other students at the academy. I promised my parents that I would return about ten o'clock in the evening and jumped on my bike for the three-mile ride to school.

It was good to get away from the farm with all of its regular hard work. While others spent time on the football field, I often helped my dad on the farm. So an evening of recreation was an exciting prospect.

The activities were great. I particularly liked the marching. It was fun to march back and forth in different formations. I must confess that it was also fun occasionally to hold the hands of the girls in the lineup!

After the recreation time, a program followed, and then snacks were served. How the time flew! When I first looked at the clock, it was past 11:00 P.M. Suddenly, I remembered I had made a promise to my parents. I excused myself from the activities and started the three-mile bike ride home.

A full moon was shining that night. I remember seeing the cows and horses grazing in the pasture as I rode into our yard. The house was dark; no lights were shining anywhere. This was the first time in my life that the entire family had gone to bed before I returned home.

Quietly, I stepped onto the porch. Taking off my shoes to avoid making any noise, I stepped inside. Our home was more than a hundred years old. All the rooms opened off the dining room/kitchen.

As I stepped inside, I heard a voice. My mother was praying. From the front door I was able to see through the open door of my parents' bedroom. The door was in a direct line with the window. Silhouetted in the moonlight were two heads bowed in prayer.

My mother's prayer ended in tears. Then my father prayed, "Dear Father, we have only one son. We don't know what has happened. Keep him safe and bring him home. We want him to be faithful to You always." More tears were shed as he closed his prayer.

Still holding the doorknob, I silently offered my own prayer, "Dear God, with Your help I want to fulfill these prayers for me."

The prayers of my dear parents have made a great difference in my life. May your home be filled with earnest prayers one for another.

PRIORITIES

It was Fall Festival night at Broadview Academy. The school family was enjoying a Saturday night filled with fun and food. My wife was attending evening classes at a nearby university, while my son, my daughter, and I were enjoying the hay ride.

It was a beautiful evening. The sky was filled with stars. A full moon lighted up the countryside. The academy tractor pulled the wagon along a narrow country lane. My children and I, with a group of students, sat in the hay that had been placed on the wagon. We all sang as the wagon moved along.

Suddenly I heard a shout. "Pastor Zachary! Vicki has fallen off the wagon!"

I leaped to the ground. Vicki had been sitting near the front of the wagon. I trembled as I thought of the wheels with their heavy load passing over her. I had only one objective—to find my daughter and help her.

Then I saw her in the moonlight. Her legs and arms were thrashing about wildly. I heard her screaming.

The lane was too narrow for the tractor to turn around. What should I do? The nearest road was behind the loaded farm wagon. I picked up my daughter and began to run for the road. As I ran, I prayed that the Lord would spare Vicki's life.

When I reached the road, I was determined not to let a car pass me. I stood in the middle of the road, my feet on either side of the center white line. In the distance I could see the headlights of an approaching car. Holding Vicki in one arm, I frantically waved with the other.

The car stopped. "Please, sir," I pleaded, "can you help me? My daughter fell off a wagon and was run over. Can you rush us to the hospital?"

"Jump in," the driver replied. "Let's go."

At the hospital, the doctor had good news for me. There were no serious injuries. But I learned something that night about priorities. In that emergency, everything else moved into the background; my mind was focused on only one objective—my daughter's well-being. As we face the end of the ages and the return of Jesus, we must have the right priorities. What are your objectives? What priorities do you demonstrate in your daily life? Take a few minutes and determine what is most important to you.

BAYANIHAN

Jean and I drove our jeep into the rugged highland of central Mindanao, Philippines, to visit a primitive tribe. The narrow one-lane path lay strewn with rocks and mud. Tall grasses growing along the trail blocked our view. At a sharp turn, we saw a house crossing the road just ahead! I braked immediately, and we sat to watch this unusual sight.

Afterward, we learned what had happened. A family had built a house down by the nearby river. During the rainy season the water rose and entered their home. The unhappy wife scolded her husband, "Why did you build our house here? You must move this house."

The village chief gathered all the villagers. Men and boys cut large bamboo poles from the jungle and placed these beneath the house. Then every able-bodied person placed a shoulder under a bamboo pole. When the chief gave the command, "Stand up," the house rose into the air. With the next command, "Forward, march," the little house began to walk.

When we arrived, the house was in the middle of the road. We waited as the little house climbed the hill to higher ground and was placed in a new location.

The chief could not move the house by himself nor could the owner. Alone, the homeowner and chief were helpless. It took everyone to move the house.

That made me begin thinking. It's the same in other areas, as well. Alone, a pastor cannot evangelize a city by himself. It takes every member helping. All the Christian pastors around the world cannot reach the more than five billion people on this planet. It will take every one of God's people, filled with the Holy Spirit, to move the world for God.

The people of the Philippines have a word—*bayanihan*—to describe moving a house like this. Literally, it means, "we all come together and work together."

If everyone will join in God's work, we can reach the billions who do not know of Christ and His death for them.