



WEEKLY CHRISTIAN FOCUS



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HOW MUCH CAN JESUS DO THROUGH YOU IN one day ? LET'S HAVE A LOOK ON A DAY OF A MISSIONARY!

God bless you! Note from Jerry. Well, someone has once said that 'our days are like suitcases, and some people seem to pack more into them than others!'

Even though I was a missionary, I have always had a great difficulty in packing a simple suitcase! My wife seems to have been an expert even before she was born! So, I have left it up to her in that case. On the usual or rare events that I had to do the packing myself, I felt I failed miserably. I packed too much or I forgot too much. In fact now, at the later age of 71, I am relieved I don't have to pack too much anymore, thank the Lord.

So, let's share this incredible testimony of one of my favourite missionary teams, whom I have known for over 40 years. John early 70's and Sara early 60's, still going strong for Jesus Christ in Brazil, South America. I am not recommending nor suggesting that any of us can do the same as in this amazing story, but if and when God calls upon

you to step outside your comfort zone, then THIS is the example you can look to and take faith and comfort and encouragement from! You will be amazed! Please read on! Remember this did all happen in one day in 30 degree heat I believe.



Received from Sara in Belém Amazon region, Brazil, South America. Today is Oct. 30, 2024-Wednesday. John (my husband) and I are preparing to visit a neighbouring city of Castanhal in the state of Pará, Brazil, (75 Km away from here)



My phone rings. It's our missionary friend Thomas,

asking me for counsel about the idea of getting a tomography of his left arm (he has skin cancer) today. I have been accompanying Thomas in this journey, so I cancelled my trip with John and accompanied Thomas instead. We got the result of the tomography, and in the afternoon, we had an appointment with a surgeon. While waiting for the surgeon, I passed out Gospel tracts to everyone, about 50-60 people packed in the waiting areas for their doctors. One lady (her name is Socorro) approached me and said she recognized the tract and also she remembered me and my husband visiting her little city (Bonito, the name of her city) in the interior of the state. And she had received one of these tracts there. She has a kidney problem and waiting in line for the doctor. Witnessing to her about the power of prayer, we prayed together, and I laid hands on the side where her kidneys are.

Then our call came and the surgeon was very kind and accommodating. He promised to put Thomas on next week's schedule for surgery. That is going to be a big miracle, after 8 months of trying to

get something done on his skin condition.

Then I have to go on with the rest of my day, I dropped off a Christian magazine and a small key Bible verses booklet to a friend. Soon after, heavy rains poured down while on my way to the bus station. My pants were soaked, and while conversing with John on the phone, trying to work out meeting up with him in Castanhal (a city of 2-3 hour ride) my bus came. So, arriving home, I grabbed a few more items and tossed it into my ready-made faith trip bag, secured the house, and ran to the bus stop praying for the Lord to please let me catch the bus on time, otherwise, I would have to wait for another hour for the next one, and by this time it is already past 16:00! Sure enough, I made it just seconds! While on the bus I was praying to please help me catch the van or bus on time that will take me to the city to meet up with John. Sure enough, as soon as I got off that last bus in just about 20 seconds, my eye caught a bus coming with a big sign for the city I was going! (Castanhal). I raised my hand to stop it, and off I go! Wow, this bus is packed to the brim. It is a



public bus, kind of really old, with some seats broken. With my bag and my backpack, I could barely squeeze myself

into the entrance door! And mind you, here with the heat and humidity mixed with all the human odours! Being on my feet, and finding a space on the floor to put my bag down was close to impossible, all I see are feet plus I can't even bend down so I slowly let my bag down to my feet. And having tracts on my pocket, I offered some to the ones around me. I was thinking, would I survive for the next three hours on my feet and with all the sweat and smells? I was praying, Lord please let me sit somewhere.

In just a few minutes, a lady on the aisle signalled to me and said come here and told the people to make a space so I could squeeze through because there was a sit available. An old man got up and I could take his place. I sure was super thankful for the old man giving me his seat and super thankful that those people standing next to him did not claim it but instead waiting for me to take it!

I gave out tracts, including to the lady sitting next to me. We started conversing, and her name is Ana Claudia. She told me that she had just came back from the hospital, working out her soon coming kidney surgery.

She asked me what church I'm from, etc. I then asked her if she is Catholic, and yes, she is. I told her I believed in the power of prayer, that God wants her to be healthy and well. She started reading the tract, "Its Free!" about Eternal Salvation. Then I gave her another one, "WHO IS JESUS?!" Later on, we started conversing again, and I asked her if she works in a school. She turned to me with a shocked look

and said in her language, "A senhora acertou tudo sobre mim!" (You guessed everything about me!) Her religion and her work, and said how did I know? That I said, only the Holy Spirit can reveal because God is concerned about her. Soon after, she complained of pains on her side, so I offered to pray and I laid hands on that area, Commanding the kidney stones to dislodge and pain to be gone and come out of her! Claiming God's power ever present to heal! I thanked Jesus out loud afterwards! She was so touched by God's love that she did not feel pain any more.

Arriving in the meeting place waiting for John, I saw a man coming out of his car, walking towards me, I mistakenly thought he is one of our friends here in this city, so I said hi to him and shook his hand, called out his name etc. He asked if we're visiting the city and meanwhile John came around and I said, John our friend Regis. John said, "No, Sara, he's not Regis, and we all laughed. The man's name is Marcelo, owner of an eye glasses shop. He ended up inviting us to his house when we needed to have a place to eat while in his city, to come and see him and his family! When he received some tracts, he asked to give one also to his friend. His friend started quoting some verses and letting us know that he too he is a Christian.

It was really getting late, so we headed to our hotel, there we met the owners, a young couple who are subscribers to our mission magazines and they purchased some quantities to put in their hotel rooms. We prayed together, as

the hotel will be fully booked the next day by a church for their congregation's married couple's seminar. After we said hi to the hotel's cook, receptionist and the cleaner, we're ready to "hit the sack". Then we realized we're actually hungry, so we took showers then laid out our small table napkin and ate some homemade granola with yogurt and John managed to do a few stretches while listening to a recorded Bible study; then with a goodnight prayer and praise the body touched the bed and went into heavenly dreamland. Thank You, Jesus!

"The sleep of a labouring man/
woman is sweet!"
EVERYDAY WITH JESUS
IS SWEETER THAN
THE DAY BEFORE!

I hope you enjoyed this little one day journal of a lowly missionary plodding along day by day in this part of the world !"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work! John 9:4.
Lots of love and prayers,
John and Sara PI

I'm Not Tired
By Curtis Peter van Gorder
I'm not tired. Only a dead man is tired.
Give me the power to carry on your work.
Can the dead praise you?
No way; but the living soul, yes, I.
Life is too short, why should you look back?
Because if you look back, you lose track.
—Majek Fashek1

We all sometimes get tired of the fight when things get rough and tough, but how can we

break out of that downward spiral, I wondered?
During a recent trip to Cappadocia, Turkey, 2 a friends of mine played the song "I'm Not Tired," which shed some light on the subject and helped me to make some connections with experiences I had while there. I was struck by the contrast between those who tend to give up easily and the resilient people that once inhabited this land.



Anyone who goes to Cappadocia will tell you what a fantastical otherworldly place it is. Volcanic formations rise in giant spires and twist into far-fetched sculptured shapes. Rivers flow through deep canyons overlooked by 400 churches chiselled out of the surrounding hills. This area has been home to various peoples for millennia, beginning with the ancient Hittites. Perhaps the most noticeable is the presence of the Christians who lived in communities there for many years. We visited one of the largest of the 40 underground cities there, which was used by the early Christians of the first three centuries to escape Roman persecution and later Arab raiders. It housed 10,000 people at times. This city is a feat of engineering—eight levels with communal kitchens, meeting rooms, ventilation shafts, wells, granaries,

bedrooms, wineries, and even stables for horses. Watchers on surrounding hills could warn of invaders by flashing the sunlight off of mirrors to send a message on to the next post. In underground tunnels, huge circular stone slabs could be rolled and locked into place to protect them from invaders. Holes were strategically placed to drop boiling oil or arrows on attackers. This was a hard-working cooperative community with a vibrant Faith life—they had to be to survive.

Besides being a place of wonder, it is also a place for reflection. It is a prime example of showing an indomitable spirit in the face of persecution. The early Christians were not ones to give up because they were hunted and jailed, tried and executed. It would have been easy for them to just surrender and say, "We're tired of fleeing the wrath of Rome. We'll just blend back into society and give up our faith. It's too hard to carry on." Instead, many of them fled to this area in Cappadocia, where they not only survived but prospered. They even started a missionary school that sent teachers to many far-flung fields. One of the leaders there, Basil, had this to say: "Troubles are usually brooms and shovels that smooth the road to a good man's fortune; and many a man curses the rain that falls upon his head, and knows not that it brings abundance to drive away hunger." Basil and this community knew about hunger and famine as well. They survived by helping each other in time of need. I read his

advice on one of the plaques: "If there is a famine, give half of your piece of bread and trust the Lord for the rest—both for you and them."

The legacy of these early Christians still lives on. We saw thousands of tourists from many lands viewing the churches and learning how the Christians lived and worshipped, each of them with tour guides giving a narration in their native tongue. There were

of John chapter 1. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."⁴ Those who once worshipped here probably quoted the same verses two thousand years ago, which brought me to think that each generation has to have its faith renewed. Faith cannot be contained or perfectly preserved in churches carved in stone or murals painted on walls, which are bound to deteriorate. It must



portions of murals painted on the walls with various Bible stories. It reminded me of the verses in Acts chapter 2 where those from "every nation under heaven" heard the "wonderful works of God"³ in their own tongue. Sometimes God speaks through the universal language of art and place. I saw a lady from Japan, a land that also once violently persecuted Christians, stop to pray in one of the churches that we visited. As we sat in a small church with stone-carved seats, with a mural of Christ at the resurrection, we enjoyed the great acoustics and sang hymns and quoted verses we had memorized from the book

be vibrant and growing in our hearts today. Jesus reminded us that "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words will by no means pass away."⁵ He told the woman at the well that it was not the place of worship that was important but the way in which we worship Him—in spirit and truth.⁶

It's easy to want to give up the struggle and stop swimming when the waters rise about us. I have read stories of those who were near drowning, who heard an audible voice tempting them to stop struggling and just let the water in, right before they were rescued. If they had yielded to the "easy way out," they

wouldn't have survived. Instead they resisted and fought on and lived to tell the tale and strengthen others' faith as well. Perhaps this would be a good place to end with a prayer: "Lord, I don't want to be tired, retire, or fall into the mire of lethargy that will take me nowhere fast. Give me the strength and inspiration to keep fighting to keep my faith alive. As You said, 'If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, we can move a mountain'⁷—or live in it, if we have to. Please, give us that faith as well as our daily bread. Forgive us our mistakes, as we forgive others, and lead us away from the temptation to give up. You are all that matters, for Yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever."

Forever is a long time, but it begins today by not giving up and by leaning on His strength to make it. "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."⁸ "And let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart."⁹

1 From reggae song "I'm Not Tired" by Majek Fashek.

2 Cappadocia is a historical region in Central Anatolia, in Turkey. The name was traditionally used in Christian sources throughout history and is still widely used as an international tourism concept to define a region of exceptional natural wonders, in particular characterized by fairy chimneys and a unique historical and cultural heritage. (Excerpted from <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cappadocia>)

3 Acts 2:5, 11.

4 John 1:1.
5 Luke 21:33.
6 John 4:23-24.
7 Matthew 17:20.
8 Philippians 4:13.
9 Galatians 6:9

(The verses quoted in this post are from the New King James (NKJ) Version of the Bible.)

Amen to all that! God bless you dear Sara and Curtis for these two messages we have enjoyed today!

To close today, here are few Bible verses about days or times!

Psalm 90:12 Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to Wisdom.

Deuteronomy 33:25 As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

2 Peter 3:7,8 But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and

perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

John 9:4 I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work.

Acts 17:31 Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

Genesis 7:12-13 And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of

Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark.

Until next week, God willing, Jerry for the WCF Team

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