



Ken and Eileen Shoop

Researched and written by Charles and Lois Dailey,
Ed Farmer, Carol Farmer and Randolph Gonce

Ken, the Man

A man God used to reach out to people of other languages was **Ken Shoop**, born during World War II (March 14, 1942) near Warrenton, Oregon. The town was named after pioneer **D. K. Warren** in the 1890s and Ken's parents retained the connection when they gave him the middle name of Warren. **Kenneth Warren Shoop**.

Before Ken became a fisher of men, he fished for fish. Here he is in 1946 or 1947 fishing at Warrenton. (Dates from Ken.)



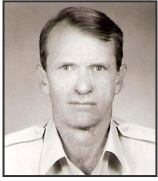
The *Warrenton High School* team is the Warriors, but Ken became a warrior again the devil on God's team. After attending *Warrenton High*, Ken joined the Navy where he completed his GED when he was 18.



While in the Navy, Ken was stationed on a heavy cruiser, the USS Rochester 124 with a complement of 1,142 officers and men. During these years, Ken married **Eileen Farmer** while stationed near Long Beach, California. Her brother **Ed Farmer** married **Carol Shoop**, a cousin of Kense, so there was a double link between the families.

A Brief Navy History (Written by Ed Farmer). Ken Shoop entered the Navy in 1958, at seventeen years old. He was in boot camp in San Diego, California. After boot camp he was assigned to the *Helena* (heavy cruiser), where he served as a seaman apprentice. The *Helena* was headed for Portland,

Oregon, to participate in the Rose Parade, where Ken got to meet the mayor of Portland and the governor of Oregon. He was on the *Helena* for about a month.



Afterwards, he hitch-hiked home to Warrenton and then on down to San Pedro, California to be assigned to the *Rochester* (heavy cruiser). The *Rochester* was assigned to do sea maneuvers, along the coast of California.



In April of 1959, Ed Farmer went aboard the *USS Rochester* 124, (pictured) where he and Ken met. They sailed to Japan on a goodwill tour which lasted over a period of seven months. The tour included stopping in many ports, including Hawaii, Guam and Subic Bay in the Philippines.

After leaving Japan, on the way to Australia, the ship was called to go to Laos, on a rescue mission (pre-Vietnam War). Ken and Ed were assigned to "shelling" in Laos, after a helicopter crash, on shore. Their GQ stations were in 5 inch gun mounts, #52 & 53 for several days, protecting the rescue operation on shore. They were in the 4th deck division. The rescue helicopter was low on fuel and had to land on the *Rochester* to refuel. There was already a helicopter on the *Rochester* that had to lift off in order to let the rescue helicopter refuel. After the refueling, the rescue helicopter left.

The *Rochester* helicopter crashed on the *Rochester*, while attempting to land. Several men were injured, but no fatalities. The *Rochester* was a flag ship, meaning that the admiral was aboard. Also, the on-board helicopter was used for transferring personnel, mail delivery and delivering supplies.

Ken earned his GED while in the Navy. He became a full seaman and coxswain. His jobs were routine maintenance, such as painting and cleaning.

Ed, who lived in Southern California, took Ken home where he met his sisters Eileen and Karen Sue. At that time, Ken was stationed on the *Bryce Canyon* (destroyer tender).

Ken and Eileen were married in 1961. Ken, newly married, did not relish being gone for six months. He arranged to "swap" with another Navy man and was stationed on the destroyer *Larsen*. Unfortunately, he didn't realize that he was headed for the Arctic Ocean on a secret mission. He was gone for 6 or 7 months. It was a rough journey and the ship suffered damage.

After arriving back to California, he was discharged. He and Eileen moved to Ken's childhood home, Warrenton, Oregon. (End of Ed Farmer section)

Transition from Naval Service to Lord's Service

Reno. Following his discharge from the Navy, Ken and Eileen moved to Reno, Nevada to be mentored in Christian leadership for one year by **Rodney Reyman**. Following this, they moved to Vancouver, Washington where Ken attended *Northwest College of the Bible (NCB)* in Portland 1967-1969.



Washington State. This writer moved Ken and Eileen from Reno to Vancouver, towing their goods with a 4 x 8 trailer and at night. On some rangeland in Nevada, we encountered numerous cattle on the highway while driving at highway speeds. The Lord made the way for us, because we did not touch a single cow or lose control of the car and trailer. Looking back, it could not have been because of driving skills.

Ken and Eileen became our neighbors, living just across the alley from our house on X Street in Vancouver and they were members of the *Minnehaha Church of Christ* where I was the minister at the time.

After taking classes at *NCB*, Ken took classes at *Lower Columbia Community College* in Longview, Washington.

About three years after Longview, Ken and Eileen were living in Goldendale, Washington where Ken was the minister for the Church of Christ. The congregation had been formed when the a capella *Church of Christ* and the pioneer era *Christian Church* merged.



Church of Christ at Goldendale
Courtesy of the Klickitat
County Historical Society

The Pumpkin Ridge Adventure

(This section was penned by Carol Farmer)

In early 1970, Ken Shoop, Ed Farmer and Roger Higgins purchased 30 acres from the Porters, who were our neighbors on Pumpkin Ridge. The acreage was divided up among the three families.

The three men traveled to Summerville, Oregon, where the property was located. On each parcel of land, small cabins were built during early spring snow storms and other typical spring weather. The men lived in a very small, crude travel trailer.

In late April, the families were moved from Longview, WA to the ridge. What a shock to see our cabin! Ours was 10 ft. by 20 ft. It looked like a plywood boxcar! We had two girls, Tamara, four months old and Andrea, 2 years old. What a challenge caring for a four-month old, without running water or electricity!

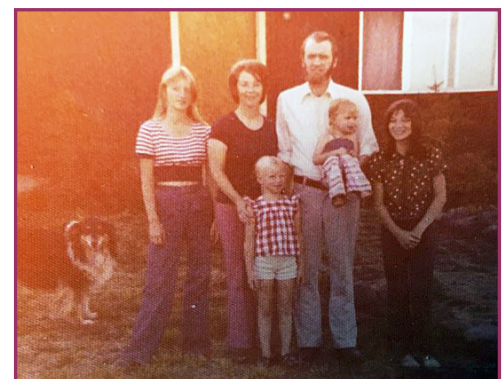
The Shoops had two girls, Paula and Diane, who were in the lower elementary grades in school. Carrie and Julie came along, later. Our girls and their girls became very close cousins. All three families carried water from Summerville for everyday use. We were fortunate to have a spring on our property, which we developed. When we did get electricity, I carried five-gallon metal cans of water to fill my electric washing machine.

Ken and Eileen hired a well driller. It was exiting to watch the driller at work. Unfortunately, after drilling at least 100 ft down, no water was to be had.

Ken and Ed worked at a variety of jobs including a cement plant, sawmill and a manufacturing company (making stainless steel food processing equipment). Ken also worked a brief time with the railroad and as a bill collector.

The scenery was spectacular. We could see the Blue Mountains and the city lights of La Grande from our cabin. The property above our home site was rocky and strewn with wonderful wild flowers in the spring and summer. We heard coyotes at night. The sound of the wind in the trees was awesome.

The Shoops were blessed with many fruit trees, including cherry, apple and peach. We had a huge cherry tree from which



I canned many jars of fruit on a Coleman camp stove. Our family lived in Summerville for a total of 1½ years. Ken and Eileen eventually bought property in Summerville, where they built a new home. The Higgins family also relocated.

Our homesteading experience was a challenge that I have never regretted. Our good friends, the Richardsons, pastored a church in LaGrande where we worshiped. Their love of God was certainly shown to us in so many ways. (End of Carol Farmer story)

The First Trip to India

In 1981, Ken was the evangelist of the *Church of Christ* at Bonner's Ferry, Idaho. Ken heard about preaching possibilities in India and traveled there with a team for short-term evangelizing. The team met up in New York where Ken first met **Randolph Gonce**—an agricultural engineer as well as a gospel preacher—who became a life-long friend.



Gonce writes of this meeting:

Getting acquainted with Ken was an event. Once preliminary greetings were exchanged, Ken began to pick me for evidence that I might be a radical legalist, which he considered likely with me being from the Southern Bible Belt. He was at that time an evangelist with the *Church of Christ* at Bonner's Ferry, Idaho. He considered himself to be a middle of the road sort, but was deeply suspicious of preachers from my neck of the woods.

We soon found each other to be moderate in our positions, and discovered that we shared most of the same understanding of Bible teaching. I made some comment about Ken being a Yankee, and he informed me that his grandfather had ridden a white horse and fought under Grant to whip the Confederates. This kind of jovial give and take came to characterize my relationship with Ken Shoop.

We agreed on doctrinal issues, but often disagreed on personal judgment. We learned to “hash things out,” as Ken describes it, and to get on with the work without focusing on personal differences. But sometimes our personal exchanges would become extravagant in their excess, and only through time our brothers came to learn that we do love each other.

Ken's work was financed, in part, by the *Woodmont Hills Church of Christ* in Nashville, Tennessee. **Rubel Shelley's** name was often connected with the church during those years.

Gonce recalls important events on that first trip to India:

Our Indian brethren had learned that they had a chance to form close relationships with newcomers from America, and many were eager to latch on to Ken and I. Among the interesting characters we met was **K. Enoch**, who had served jail time as a Communist revolutionary before becoming a Christian. His favorite program was to get some foreigners to visit a site for a new church building where a corner stone with the visiting foreigner's names was prominently displayed. The guests would then be asked to pray for the construction of the church building, and I soon learned that pray was connected with pay in the mind of K. Enoch. I learned to resist such blatant attempts at economic coercion, and was taken in many times by people who were more subtle.

Ken and I were bold, and had volunteered to go to some cities in the North to conduct Bible classes. First we traveled to Ahmedabad, where **Y. Thomas** had arranged classes with some people from a slum area. In every major city in India, there are people who have moved there hunting work, and

they live in unbelievable conditions in temporary makeshift huts on whatever land they can find that is unoccupied. Raw sewage runs down the narrow spaces between huts, and children play in the sewage. These areas are called *slums*. When permanent buildings can finally be arranged, these areas become known as *work camps*.

Most of the people living there earn their daily bread by labor. These people sat politely and listened patiently as we taught them from the Bible. We supplied food money for those attending, as they were very poor and depended on their daily wages to eat. I had my first bad experience with providing food money for Bible classes. When I went back to the class after finishing teaching before lunch, I observed the crowd clamoring for the money promised them. They were gathered around Y. Thomas with their hands in the air shouting loudly. It was a sight that has stayed with me through the years. Apparently the people had gathered for physical food instead of the Spiritual food we wanted to provide. Jesus had similar experiences with the crowds who followed Him after feeding the thousands.

While in Ahmedabad, there was a riot of textile mill workers. They were protesting against an agitation by Hindu students trying to stop the University reservation system whereby free education is provided for the backward class. We were under curfew and could hear gunshots from our hotel room. The next day we learned that some of the rioters had been killed by police. We decided that we never wanted to be around a riot in India. The way that the police and army quell riots is by firing directly into the mob, shooting to kill.

Ken Shoop came down with *Blackwater Malaria* that evening. His head was aching terribly, he had a fever, and his urine was black with blood from his kidneys. At five in the evening the Muslim prayers were being sung from the turrets of the Mosques, the Hindus were ringing the temple bells and singing, and Ken was beating his head against the wall because of an unbearable headache.

“Listen to that! The heathens have us surrounded!” Ken shouted in desperation.

I went down to the hotel lobby and asked for a doctor of English medicine, a full medical doctor, to be sent to our room to treat Ken. A short time later an Indian gentlemen arrived, carrying a medical kit. He tapped the kit to remove the dust before he opened it. When the lid lifted, I saw the picture of a Jain Saint pasted to the back of the top lid. We learned that the doctor was actually a medical practitioner, and a member of the Jains, who profess to hold all life sacred. We wondered if this protection would be extended to the tiny creatures which were causing Ken's fever.

Fortunately, the Jain doctor had no compunctions about killing small organisms, and proceeded to give Ken an injection into the big vein in his arm. The doctor took a pair of tweezers and lifted a big needle from the clip on the inside of his medical kit. The needle was crusted with white from being boiled for sterilization, but had been carried in the dusty box mounted on a metal clip. When the doctor fixed the needle on a big syringe, pulled some clear liquid from a vial, and jabbed the needle into Ken's arm, I could hardly watch. After instructing Ken to take only clear liquids until the fever was gone, the doctor departed. Ken began to drink *Gold Coin* apple juice, and that is all that he had for two days. Ken drank apple juice like it was the elixir of life. *Gold Coin* makes some good apple juice, but I have not seen Ken drinking any since that time. He had a miraculous recovery.



I now had a close relationship with Ken Shoop and **M. Vizia Rao** (our translator). We shared a special bond because of our experiences and our common faith and love for

Jesus. I would never be the same again. Seeing the circumstances of so many who lacked daily food and clothing made me feel ashamed of the affluence I enjoyed back home. My mind was filled with hope of convincing Christians in the USA to share with the members of God's family in India. I knew that the matter of first importance was to bring people to the knowledge of Jesus Christ so that they might believe in Him and be blessed. But my heart went out to those who were suffering so much without proper food, clothing, and shelter.

The Third Trip to India

Ken and Randolph Gonce worked together again on another trip in 1983. Mr. Gonce writes about this trip:

I hooked up with Ken Shoop again in 1983. Ken had decided to arrange his own work schedule separate from me for the first week, probably because of his desire to accommodate a schedule arranged by Charles Scott for general Bible classes in some new area. But Ken's translator went crazy, and was carrying Ken around to visit his kinfolk.

Finally Ken managed to get to Jaggampeta where Vizia Rao and I had scheduled classes again. D. Krupa Rao, a childhood friend of Vizia Rao who lived nearby at Peddapuram, had come to the classes at Jaggampeta. Ken arranged with him to go to the classes where Ken was scheduled, and to join with the American preacher who was also scheduled to teach along with Ken. Ken spent his share of the money to pay the meal expenses for the class by Krupa Rao, and was so impressed with the diligence and honesty of D. Krupa Rao in dealing with that situation, that Ken chose to work closely with Krupa Rao after that.

Ken made arrangements with his taxi driver to take the "gone crazy" translator back to Hyderabad, where he lived. But the man was not rational. He cursed the taxi driver, who hit him in the face, and then had the driver jailed for assault. We went to the police station and explained the circumstances to the superintendent. He was glad to release the driver, because a large group of taxi drivers was gathering to protest the unjust jailing of one of their own.

We went to the police station . . .

Ken then purchased a bus ticket for his gone-crazy translator, and we hoped that he would go home. However, he proceeded before us to Visak, and threatened Vizia Rao's wife. We had another confrontation with him when we finally arrived in Visak.

Meanwhile, Ken joined with me in teaching the class at Jaggampeta. He was impressed with the great opportunity to teach men who were active in teaching in the surrounding villages about Jesus. We participated in night evangelism programs where we would drive to remote villages for preaching. We often had three meetings each night, after teaching classes all day. Our first meeting would be around 6 PM, the second about 8 PM, and the third around 10 PM. We would get back to the travelers' bungalow after midnight. We were young then, but the pace was really a killer. Often we would get run down and sick from such a hectic schedule.

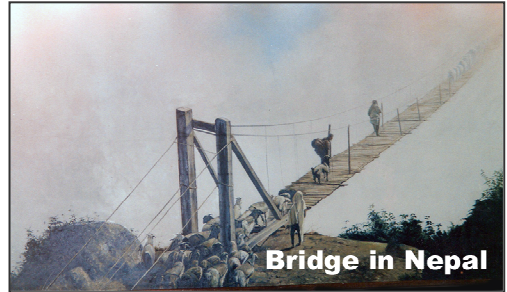
Ken suggested that we call this work at Jaggampeta a Bible Camp, and that we prepare special teaching material for the camp; also that we concentrate on teaching preachers who were already members of the church of Christ, and to equip them to teach and train others. The next year we prepared our first special study course titled "Scheme of Redemption" covering the great stories of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. This began the process that eventually led to the development of the *Institute of Biblical Studies*. <http://ibsresources.org/>

Ken and Randolph Gonce spent some time preaching in fishing villages. While poverty is less in this industry, gambling, drinking and sexual immorality are greater than the countryside at large. Mr. Gonce writes:

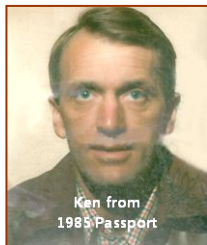
In the evening we preached at different places within the fishing village. They would spread several sails on the sand, and sit facing us. We would stand with a petromax lantern in front of us on a rough wooden table. And we would preach to them about Jesus. We took turns speaking. Ken would go first and teach about God, the creation, the Bible, and about Jesus. Then I would follow with a message about how we are saved by obedient faith in Jesus. Then our translator would finish with a review of both messages and encouragement for the believers to obey the gospel. Those who responded were taken to the seashore and baptized. There were fourteen baptisms during the two days of teaching in Puri.

The men traveled into Nepal to conduct Bible classes and visit with some Christians there. At that time it was unlawful to convert anyone to Christianity in the Hindu kingdom of Nepal.

Gonce concludes:



On Friday, March 11th, 1983, we left Delhi for New York. We had baptized 321 people and learned more about the problems and opportunities awaiting us in India.



On the 1984 trip, Ken took two friends from Washington State, Roger Wiemers and Sam Coy. These men were involved in starting a church at Cheney, Washington. This was their first visit to India. Roger continued to visit India for at least 20 years.



In a 1989 newsletter, Ken gives a summary of several years of work in India.

For you who are not aware, I have been working on short trips in India since 1981. It has been a very fruitful work. I work in partnership with two other Americans and an Indian team. We have planted over 150 village congregations in this time. This year I'll be spending one month there.

We hold Bible camps for training Indian village leaders and are enacting a Bible training by extension program. In addition, we do evangelistic preaching in villages in the evenings. India now is the most receptive place on the earth. We do not practice a "baptize them and leave them" program, but a strong focus on leadership training coupled with a circuit riding Indian team. We have both great victories and failures.

We are dealing with Hindu idolatry. There are 800 million people now in India; many have never heard the gospel. Thousands of them are tired of idolatry. India generally does not allow missionaries into the country. We come on three month tourist visas.

In reporting on his 1989 India trip, Ken wrote:

First, I would like to say that I was very happy with the fruit that is bearing in the India work. We have been working at this task since 1981 and I was impacted that the work is beginning to show maturity in many areas now.

Indian leaders are involved in training other Indians now. Organized evangelism (conquering the land) has spread in our particular work beyond what had expected. The maturity level of many Indian leaders is comforting, to say the least.

In our annual Bible camps, we had a total of 190 men this year. Two years ago we enacted a training by extension program and to my absolute "shock" the brethren have over 900 students enrolled to date. They have divided this program into areas and have appointed preachers who will take responsibility for the various districts and visit the students regularly.

Although conversions are happening on a regular basis, we had 454 baptism during our one month focus this year.

While on an India trip in 1992, Ken and Randolph Gonce had been asked by a U.S. church to investigate a dispute over moral conduct in a congregation they supported in Pakistan.

Randolph Gonce wrote his impressions:

The lobby of the hotel was full of obviously rich Arabians dressed in their traditional garb, and Arabic music filled the air. Heavily armed men were stationed everywhere. The place was obviously opulent. Ken and I went to the desk and were informed that we had the presidential suite reserved, and that it was more than \$300 per night. . . . Ken and I explained that we would like to stay at a more modest place that was cheap, clean, and safe. Eric proceeded to take us to a small hotel on a back street that was a stark contrast to where we had just been. The man who took our bags and showed us to our room wore a 9mm automatic pistol in a holster. This was certainly different from what we were used to in the hotels of India.

We have to relate the story of Jenny in Canton, China. It was 1984. Randolph Gonce captures the story on paper:

While Ken was at *Mission 1000* in Memphis, a visiting missionary who had been doing work in China showed some slides from Canton, China. Ken Shoop thought he recognized one person in the pictures.

"Is that Jenny?" Ken asked with interest.

"Yes! How do you know her?"

Then Ken proceeded to tell the story about our trip to Canton, China, on our way to India in 1984.

Jenny was the public relations director at the hotel where we stayed. She showed an interest in spiritual things. Ken Shoop was talking with her in the lobby, and she moved with Ken Shoop to the center of the room, apparently to an area free from listening devices, where she felt free to talk. Ken began to talk with her about Jesus.

"Does Jesus live in the USA?" she asked. She had been educated under the threat of the Red Guard movement, when any deviation from orthodox Chairman Mao doctrine was fearfully avoided. This

lack of knowledge about Jesus demonstrated how completely she had been isolated from Christian religious teaching. Marxism had been her religion.

Ken gave her a Bible, and introduced her to the wife of the resident missionary from Hong Kong. This relationship later led to Jenny's conversion, and to her becoming an active worker in the Lord's church in Canton. We never knew what had happened with her until that day in Memphis when KEN saw her picture.

Roger and I soon learned from Ken that Jenny had been baptized, and was one of the most active workers in the Canton church, having taught many others about Jesus.

We thought our trip to China had failed to some extent, because of the confiscation of so many of our Bibles that we had planned to distribute. But Jesus is the Lord of harvest. We often do not know what we are accomplishing, but if we do what we have the opportunity to do, God will empower our service.

We have our plans, but they may not be God's plans. God will accomplish His purpose even if we may fail to accomplish our plans. The important thing is that we do something, that we preach Jesus as we have opportunity, and let God take care about the fruit.

Yearly trips to India were the high point of Ken's life. Nineteen were successful, but in 2001, this writer received a summary from Ken of his work in India.

In January I was banished from India forever. Also, two of my fellow workers, Stan Hurd and Randolph Gonce. Randolph and I had arrived in India ready to rejoice in our 20th anniversary working in India.

They would not tell us why we were being booted out – and we know that they will never tell us – due to world opinion. After 20 years, planting over 300 congregations and training several hundred leaders the work goes on without us! Our training program with nearly two hundred students this year is run and manned by Indian Nationals.

We went to Nepal and already have a school installed with 72 students and I am putting in place a nation wide evangelistic program. Also, we are looking towards Bangladesh and Burma. I have already made arrangements with a national evangelist in Nepal to work on the India border, bringing Indians over on the Nepal side for classes then sending them back.

Actually the India Government did the Kingdom of God a real favor by booting us, in that we have neglected the border areas and always talked about going there, but it never happened until we got pushed out of India. Also, Nepal is a real pioneer work. I was in Nepal 17 years ago – some of our brethren were sent to prison for three years for preaching. Now there has been a leeway given due to world pressure. We must only teach in buildings – not allowed out in the open, but we can live with that.

The Lure of Papua New Guinea

Before moving to PNG, Ken printed a six panel folder about the island. Here are some of the points:

New Guinea is the second largest island in the world. It lies north of Australia and just south of the equator. The eastern half of the island is an independent nation called "Papua New Guinea." It received its independence from Australia in 1975.

THE LAND: Mainland Papua New Guinea is about the size of California and cannot be described simply. It is a land of extremes, consisting of a fiercely rugged mountain range whose peaks tower beyond fifteen thousand feet, and divided by deep jungle ravines and gorges carrying rain swollen rivers. There are hundreds of miles of coastal land, with inland rivers, huge swamps and rain forests.



Many native animals abound, such as pigs, Cassowaries (Ostrich like birds), wallabies, tree kangaroos, giant fruit-eating bats, crocodiles, and poisonous snakes, as well as leeches, ants, wasps, and malaria carrying mosquitoes. Beautiful Birds of Paradise adorn the trees.

THE PEOPLE: While the government seeks to create national unity among the people in PNG, the three million inhabitants of the country are separated by up to five hundred air miles with no roads linking to the capital city, Port Moresby.

Eighty percent of PNG peoples still live in the bush in tribal villages and are separated by over 800 languages in hundreds of different tribes. Melanesian Pidgin, a trade language, is used as a medium for cross-cultural communication.

While the business of the twentieth century hums in Port Moresby, tribal wars are being fought in the highlands on a continued basis. The village people live in conditions today much like their ancestors did. Many highland villages still have little or no contact with the outside World, with some believing that the end of the world is about "three days walk" from their village.

PNG is a bountiful land providing the village people with year-round gardens, and hunting and fishing. Near Mount Hagen, the world's largest gold strike has been found. Oil and copper are also strong development potentials. Coffee, tea and copra are now important crops. In many places, Christian missions are widespread on the island, but Animism (worship of ancestors and spirits) has a strong hold on the people.

The people of PNG are the greatest attraction. They are a people of great contrast. You can find in the capital the suited business entrepreneur or in the highland bush men with bones through their noses or at a tribal dance people in full feathered dress with bows and arrows. You can view man in every stage of development from the "stone age" to the present. The people tend to be curious, social and hospitable, and when threatened or wronged they can be quite fierce.

Evangelizing Remote Tribes

A. Patrols - Our primary focus now is carrying the gospel to remote, mountain, bush people who live beyond the towns and areas that are generally accessible by Jeep. We are reaching these villages and clans by airplane first, then on foot. The amount of contact exposure varies with location and the orientation of the people.

The plan being carried on is relatively "simple," but the work is hard and complicated. First, we fly to a dirt airstrip, then we walk in search of remote tribal villages. When contact is made, we have begun our second phase of the work, that is, to make friends, share hospitality and create trust. Then comes the teaching and sharing of the gospel of Christ.



We begin a newly planted congregation when we have converts. Following this, we make return patrols into the village, teaching and discipling the new converts. Simultaneously, we set forward a brother in the newly formed village congregation that demonstrates potential for leadership. As we teach the congregation, we also teach the new leader(s) and minimize "missionary dependency"; hence, promoting native leadership from the beginning. This work continues on as we cross another mountain, new patrols, return patrols, teach the gospel....

We confess that only through the grace of God and the power of His Spirit that anything worthwhile is, and will be accomplished.

B. Mount Hagen Bible School- MHBS is a unique school in that it primarily trains leadership for village churches from the people found in each congregation. Our aim is the teaching and training of men in each village who are already showing evidence of leadership potential, so that they may serve in their own cultural and environmental setting. The village church with it's cultural surroundings requires a different approach.

Here is the approach that is being used to train solid village leaders.

- **Short-term School Sessions.**

These sessions are designed to allow the village men to come from their remote areas to Mt. Hagen where they will be taught intensive studies. The sessions will last from one week to one month, so as not to keep the men away from their village for too long. The studies will be concentrated on one main subject. There will be three to four of these short-term sessions per year. Each student will receive a printed workbook in his language for the subject.

- **Extension Courses**

These are printed courses provided to the student for directed study between each of the short-term school sessions. This is a basic part of the whole training program. Courses are being utilized from existing materials, as well as ones we develop ourselves. We hope that each student will accomplish two to four courses per year. Leaders can remain in their own village while being taught.

- **Area-Wide Village Schools.**

These are short three or four day schools held in the bush for area leaders, as deemed necessary for that locale. One subject is taught in these village schools. The number of village schools per year will be determined by specific needs.

- **Our goal is to see each student involved in MHBS for three consecutive years.**

- MHBS has a facility near the town of Mt. Hagen in the Western Highlands Province. It is suitable for fulfilling the school's in-resident needs.

Mission Aim

We will seek to primarily reach the un-evangelized peoples in the remote tribal areas of Papua New Guinea with the gospel of Christ. As we preach and teach, we are establishing congregations in the villages and training men for leadership to mature the believers. Our focus in all the work will be to develop an independent and indigenous direction. We work with Papua New Guinea evangelists in fulfilling this stated aim. This mission of reaching remote people with the gospel of Jesus is already in operation. [End of Ken's brochure]

NEWSLETTERS

(Most of the following narration is drawn from newsletters provided by daughter **Julie Shoop Hogan** of Nashville, TN. In 2016.)

God called Paul from Troas in Asia to Europe in a dream. Ken was called to take the gospel to the highlands of Papua New Guinea (PNG) when he read a pamphlet about the remote land. It was laying on the airplane seat as he returned from India.

Like Paul's, the trip was not easy. The alpine nation of Papua New Guinea is a little larger than the State of California. New Guinea is the second largest island in the world, after Greenland.

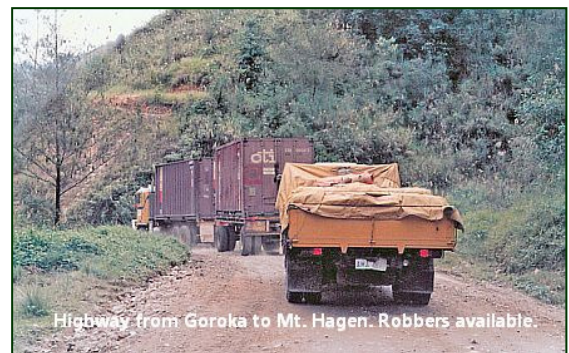
It is a land of extremes, consisting of a fiercely rugged mountain range whose peaks tower beyond fifteen thousand feet, and divided by deep jungle ravines and gorges carrying rain swollen rivers. It is mountainous in nature and is engulfed with long stretches of wooded rain forest.

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Entering the Dark Island

The traveler enters PNG by landing at Port Moresby, the capital city. There were no other airports equipped to handle foreign travelers at that time. According to a survey of world cities by the Intelligence Unit of *The Economist*, Port Moresby is one of the world's **least livable cities**. Several of the government buildings have now been abandoned due to long-term neglect.

Once arriving by plane at Port Moresby, can one rent a car and drive further inland? The answer is *no* and the reason is this capital city is not connected with the main portion of PNG by roadway. The entire nation has only 426 miles of paved roads. So the traveler must take a domestic flight to his destination and in Ken's case that was Goroka, a city of 19,000 people deep in the interior. The flight distance is 264 miles.



Ken writes of this adventure,

Goroka, is where I first met Andy Scott and his wife I stayed with them in their standard house. I went into the bush by jeep a few times (kind of getting my feet wet —sometimes it was literal. Also, joined Andy in his school for Evangelist and teachers.

I only listened, and attempted to say a few words. I saw some minor law and order problems soon after a short time. Then I traveled to Mount Hagan. There I became acquainted with Ken Page a Canadian missionary. At this point I did some other short term ventures into the bush. Then it was time to return to the states to ponder and discuss with Eileen and the kids.

The Big City

Mount Hagen is third largest city on the island with a population of 46,250. It is the capital of the Western Highlands Province with an elevation of about a mile above sea level. (See map.)

It has an airport capable of handling small jets. So was this Ken's final destination? No, again. Now he had to get into the highlands that were situated at 8,000 feet. No rental cars, no jets. Just single engine planes without runways to land.

What language do these highland people speak? The right question is what *languages* do they speak? There are more than 800 languages (not dialects). A traveler does not move far until he encounters another tribe with another language. *Tok Pisin*, an English-based creole, is the most widely spoken, serving as the country's lingua franca. It is sometimes called Pidgin English. Pure English is spoken by less than 2% of the population.

Back to the United States

Following this get-acquainted trip, Ken returned to the U.S. to brief Eileen and the kids on his findings and his dreams. The next several months were used preparing to leave the States for PNG.

Ken writes, "We did a short two month program for preparation to go to PNG. At the same time I attended *Harding Graduate School* to take a course in using the Old Testament for preaching material."



Ken, Eileen, Carrie and Julie left for PNG in January of 1987. (The first India trip had been in 1981.)

1987 Newsletters from PNG FEBRUARY 1987

Getting Settled: Well, it's been a month today (Feb. 19) since we left Nashville for PNG. The trip over was good and, of course, quite taxing on our strength. We flew from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia, spending the day and night there. The next day we were on to Port Moresby, New Guinea. We spent the

night there, visiting with Andrew & Maggi and the Ford family. The next morning we flew into Goroka. We are thankful that all of our luggage made it with us along with a "zip" right through customs with a polite wave of "go on," which resulted in no duty charge for our goods!

The last fifteen minutes of our flight was spent winding around between the mountains as we came down into our new home—Goroka at 5,000 ft. Elevation.

Eileen and the girls have adjusted quite well. They have become accustomed to going to the open markets, driving, and beginning to speak the language. The flying and crawling bugs are freaking out the girls though. Carrie and Julie (pictured) are doing their school work at home via correspondence.

Papua New Guinea is a country in various stages of transition. From those living in towns to those living in close and/or remote villages. Here in the eastern Highlands tribal fighting goes on regularly. Small riots and ruckuses are common in town.

To the Work: In the town of Goroka, there is a congregation of about 100 members. The many men do all the preaching, teaching and have baptized several since we have been here. They have asked me to preach next Sunday in Melanesian Pidgin, so I am working very hard to put together a message. It is a humbling experience to "speak as a child" due to the new language.



I have already made a three day trip into the bush at the 8,000 ft. level. It was a very good experience. We baptized five men. We took with us some young men who are in the Bible training school here in Goroka.

I lived, ate, and slept in a bush house. They build their fires inside (no chimney) and it does get a bit smokey at times. The people were hospitable, friendly, and a joy to be with. The men of the village taught me how to shoot their bow and arrow. I finally succeeded in hitting the target—much to my surprise and their howls of delight.

The countryside was very beautiful. The village we were in was on a high and narrow mountain ridge which sloped down on both sides to about 2,000 feet. I enjoyed my portable short-wave radio, picking up Moscow (anti-American propaganda), Canada, China, and London. The villagers were impressed by the different "TOK PLES" (languages) they heard.

As our jeep snorted and crawled out of that village area we were faced with a log pole road block by a certain village that did not take kindly to our presence. After about a 20 minute "dialogue" my fellow missionary, Andy Scott, had us moving again. This a common occurrence.

APRIL 1987

Learning the ropes: My central interest, continues in planting new congregations coupled with some time in established congregations. I have been staying in the bush - sleeping and eating in the villages in order to learn more about the people.

The congregation I stayed in and preached in last week was a three-hour drive into the bush (rock, dirt, and some places where the road was about 3 inches wider than the wheel base, with the river gorge below. This particular group is growing faster than usual. They now have about 200 members and are only about 3 years old.

An interesting note was a debt that the men were judged to pay for a tribal fight right before they had become Christians. They killed seven men in a tribal fight - now they must give seven cows in payment. So, a cow was the value of a human life! Tribal fights are almost daily happening here in the Highlands.

In addition to the bush work, I have been teaching Bible in the government high school here in the Goroka area. This is a good opportunity because only selected students have the opportunity to go to high school and will most likely go on to college in Port Moresby.

MAY 1987

Being a Jinx. I just returned from a bush patrol that was both positive and negative. Because one portion was positive - the whole trip was positive. We made contact with a small village and did some teaching and they desire for us to come back.

While we were staying there, a village man got his blanket stolen. The logic seemed to be, it happened, because I (whiteskin) was present (jinx) and so if I didn't get out, there was going to be some violence. My two native brothers advised me that we should leave so we left.

Carrie and Julie are still working hard in via programmed correspondence from the U.S. They also have taken a good interest in helping Eileen and I socialize with the native people.

I have received good reports from the Indian brethren in India about the progress of the work. My plans are to fly to India next January for a month's work.

JULY 1987

Letter to Nashville Elders: I am writing about moving to Mt. Hagen. Recently Joe Cannon and Ken Page have asked me to come to Hagen to live and help them establish a four to five year level Bible College. I have said yes and am making plans to do so August 1st.

Mt. Hagen is in the Western Highlands about 180 miles "up the mountain" from Goroka at the 6500 ft. level. Between Hagen and Goroka is some of the same bush territory that I have had my orientation in.

My major interest in the work in PNG has been working in a Bible Training School, coupled with bush evangelism. Mt. Hagen is at the ground floor of starting their new school and especially with the view that I have "already been building in my mind" while doing my orientation here in Goroka.

This would of course be our outreach for church planting. My part in this program would be organizing, designing a curriculum, and participating in bush evangelism.

We need to train leaders for today and for tomorrow. We need the kind of leaders with a certain caliber, who will lead the church into the future generations. We must work beyond the present level and push for higher ground. I believe this is the time.



Hagen has good property—a mission center with a church building and class rooms. At present, we can accommodate about 45 students and have plans for expansion. Hagen's city population is about 10,000. It is a center of buzzing activity with coffee and tea plantations, and the new gold mining and oil drilling commerce. All in all, it is a frontier town.

(Charles Dailey: The mission center is pictured. "Joe's log cabin" is probably the home of Joe Cannon.)

AUGUST 1987

Wife Purchase: Paulus Wemen is a good Christian young man whom I have chosen to have as a "right hand man" and to develop into a good leader. He had been saving for his 1,000 kina bride price (average cost now) and was having a hard time at it with about 600 kina saved. His wife's line (extended family/clan) raised the price to 2,000 kina. If it wasn't paid by this August, they were to come and repossess her. He did not ask me for the money. I gave it to him and we all prayed that God would soften the hearts of his pagan in-laws in the bush. He recently held a *bung* (meeting) and the price was settled for 1,000 kina. Eileen, Carrie, and Julie have grown very fond of Paulus and his wife - so they were relieved also.

This thing of paying bride prices by missionaries is against "general policy" and my budget restraints, but our relationship overruled all of this. Paulus has offered to work out this cost and that will be good for him.

Local Democracy in Action. The national elections are over now (August 6), but there will be a new election here in Hagen for provincial government. The last election (July) the ballot boxes were raided by warriors armed with spears and they burned the ballots. Also, the day we arrived in Hagen the losing party burned down the provincial government building. In addition, several community schools were burned down and several new tribal fights have erupted. Ken Page (missionary here in Hagen) has recently taken his truck into the bush and transported many of the brethren away from the fighting. (Editor: A truck can hold a lot of people when they are standing.)

SEPTEMBER 1987

Teaching Methodology: Most of these men have a low reading comprehension and so it is a real challenge to teach the written word to them. Their wives are mostly illiterate. Our wives teach them reading and other related subjects.

Books, lessons, test, etc. are not customary for the men. One thing that I am utilizing is drama, or play acting. We read the Bible story or account, they answer questions, and then I assign them the task of putting on a play of the account. They do quite well in this area. This is a part of their culture. They are also very good at rote memory. The task is teaching them conceptual knowledge and how to apply it in one's life. They correct me when I misuse a Melanesian Pidgin word and help me with a word when I blank out. This of course is good for both of us.

News From Eileen And The Girls: Hi, I just want to share with you some of the activities that Carrie, Julie and I are involved with.

The 8th of September was the beginning of classes offered to Christian women. Lois Page, Debbie Crone and myself are teaching Literacy, Bible, Hygiene, and occasional sewing classes. I feel really blessed to be able to work with these women. Helping them to feel better about themselves, and to help them learn better ways of caring for themselves and their families.



The girls and I love to shop at the large market place where all kinds of fresh vegetables and fruits are sold. It is such a treat to be able to get produce fresh year round! Carrie and Julie are doing real well in their home schooling. Julie just started the 7th grade and Carrie is busy working on her high school courses. Carrie is taking piano lessons and Julie is taking guitar lessons. Both are doing quite well I think. Ken and I take them swimming two or three times a week at a nice private pool in town. There is a basket ball court here on the compound, which the girls enjoy very much. We are enjoying the good coffee and tea which is grown here.

The Value of Correspondence Teaching. A while back I (Ken) received a note from the missionaries at Port Moresby about a national that had subscribed to a *World Bible School* course from the U.S. He was in our territory, attending a Vo-tech school (in the bush). After about 300 miles of driving (at different times) I and Dawa finally located him. We set down in the shade and read the Bible and talked for about, an hour. It was apparent he was ready and wanted to be baptized into Christ. We took him to a nearby river and baptized him. Tomorrow I will return to him and introduce him to a small group of Christians meeting near to where he is staying. In December he will be returning to his home village and I plan on going with him with the view of starting a church in his place in the mountains.

Back at Home: Behind our house and all around us are bush houses and clans. Yesterday a lady died and the whole clan (about 75) has been wailing through the day and into the night. Our dog howled and barked along with them. We woke up today a bit tired.

I am busy laying plans for a trip to India in January. The work continues to flourish there. Our effort in the last six years have been blessed. We have started a leadership training program by extension (run by Indian nationals) and I want to tend to that plus keep in the evangelism thrust. India is very receptive now, and we must not pass the opportunity. Papua New Guinea receptivity differs here due to the primal nature of this society. All-in-all, the works of both places are of equal importance.

Wherever we might be, PNG, India or the USA, the message of faith hope and love must be our stay. This certainly is a fallen world (Genesis 3) and we need to exercise faith and learn to be sustained by hope for life now and above all - heaven. Love is that power that transcends this earth and will keep us all in His hand.

NOVEMBER 1987

Like the Stock Market: I would like to make an analogy of the mission work in third-world countries, such as Papua New Guinea and perhaps Uganda with stock investments. Investment (work) in PNG is like investing in high-risk stocks. Things are much more unpredictable due to the instability of the government and the pagan people you are dealing with. Dishonesty is the rule of life. Where in the U.S.A. your involvement is much more predictable due to stability and the Christian ethic and being able to work with people of proven character. On the other hand, the challenge and rewards of overcoming the negative when accomplished are great and the "capital gain" is tremendous. Of course, we have no choice in the kind of stocks we are going to "buy" in the work of the kingdom of God. We are at war and sometimes a very ugly war at that. We together thank God for the power of His gospel.

1988 Newsletters from PNG

JANUARY 1988

We trust that you had a happy holiday and are ready to face the new year of 1988. We did some resting over the holidays along with a big Christmas dinner with other missionaries and nationals.

Bush Patrol. In November I made a bush patrol into Lowe, in the Southern Highlands. I took with me three of the men who were in the ten-week school. In order to reach Lowe, one must travel six hours by bush road in which the last three hours is in low range 4WD compound, averaging about three miles per hour. This put us about a total of 90 miles into the bush. Then after camping for the night, we set out on foot for a five-hour trek through the mountains.

Unwelcome. When we made it to Lowe #1 village, the "contact" I hoped to meet was not available. So we simply pushed on to another village about one hour up the trail. By this time it was getting late in the afternoon and we were "bushed" (has a significant meaning over here). The first man to greet us in the village told us we were not welcome! My translator told him that there "was no law of God or of the nation that we could not come here!" Besides that, we were very tired and simply wanted to lie down in the green grass. That we did and all of us fell asleep for about an hour. Soon a crowd of about 35 villagers returning from their gardens down in the canyons sat down around us. By this time the three boys with me pointed out that we did not have a tent or any cooking pans (they forgot to pack the pans) and of course we were planning on staying with our "contact" in the previous village. So the evening rains were ready to fall, and we had no shelter. Meanwhile the villagers, realizing our situation, began to laugh and question us about what we were going to do (they seemed to be enjoying themselves). It's not every day that a white man is caught in the rain and night is coming on. The first thing I did was to ask a young boy to go to the bottom of the canyon and bring me some water. Then I asked a very old woman to please lend me a cook pot. They both complied. Then I asked a very old man for some fire wood which he brought.

Simon's House. It was the villagers ranging from 20-30 years old that were doing most of the laughing. We built a fire, cooked the rice, prayed, and ate. Then I asked the old man that gave us the fire wood if we could set under the eave of his house when it rained. He gave his consent. Now with the basics taken care of, I began to preach for about an hour. After that, there were some questions. One of the leaders in the village said, "It is not good that you must sleep in the rain. Come into my house for the night" (translated). This we did. Simon turned out to be a wonderful man with a big house and a good family. He also fed us. We studied the Bible some more that night. Simon has had some education and can speak Melanesian Pidgin along with the tribal tongue. Now, by this time my right foot's big toe was swollen and in much pain.

You see, on the way in, my shoes that did not fit properly, wore the hide right off my toe. So I removed my right shoe and walked barefooted for about five miles. During that walk, I went through some mud where the pigs had been. Well, I had infection coming on. It turned out to be a good night of Bible reading and when we slept and heard the rain pounding down on that grass roof, I felt very blessed.



What to Drink. The next day we arose early, ate some biscuits, and I took my pocket knife and cut the side of my shoe for the journey back, so that my toe would hang out side. Also, at this time I realized that my canteen was dry and I needed to boil water for the trip out (the water around us was dirty from pigs in the creek). I asked for the cook pot and boiled the water. When I got to the bottom of the canyon, I took my first drink. I almost threw up! The pot had been used for boiling fish and the water gagged me. I was faced with trying to drink that stuff, or pour it out and fill my canteen up with the creek water that was a bit unsanitary. I chose to pray and take the creek water unboiled.

As we proceeded on the trek out, my foot became more painful and my thoughts about the water likewise pained me for I've been wiped out in India by such water before. By the time we arrived at the base camp, Ken Page was waiting for me and had a quart of spaghetti ready for me and a pint of pears to go with a kettle of tea. I devoured it all. I had forgotten my tea bags and was suffering from withdrawals after three days without tea! By this time I had to keep my foot elevated due to the pain and I had a red streak up my leg. The next day we arrived in Mt. Hagen and the doctor injected me and all went well.

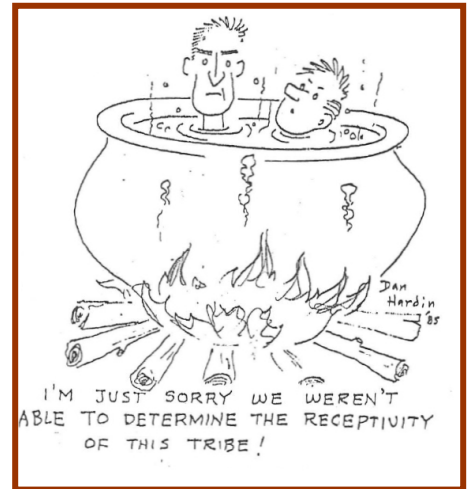
Back to Simon's House. When we arrived at the village, we received a warm welcome, that was quite different than the first time. The man who met me the first time in and announced that we were not welcome, listened closely to our teachings for two days. Simon was elated to see us. The next two days we spent preaching and teaching. Finally, Simon seemed overwhelmed that he could "die with Christ" and be new again. He responded along with another man and woman. We hiked to the bottom and baptized them. I feel that Simon's father is very close also. We taught about 30 other villagers who had many questions. Simon is the key to a real breakthrough in the area due to the respect he holds in the area. In fact, we are laying plans to go further beyond his village. He pointed out to me that the enemy line was over there a few miles. Until the late 1960s, his neighbors were practicing cannibalism. We intend on pushing into that area in the future.

Trials? Many have asked us in letters if we have trials and problems. The answer is yes. At times we experience feelings of isolation in these mountains. Being a white in a black majority is a trying experience at times. False brethren are taxing. Missing your children, grandchildren, parents, and friends; the stress of lawlessness, backwardness, senseless human suffering and corruptness. We do

need your prayers. On the other hand, this country is full of beauty and many of its people are so enjoyable and interesting. We have a lot to be thankful for: good health, caring brethren, and the opportunity to serve Christ and His kingdom.

APRIL 1988

India. My trip to India was a good and fruitful one. There were 190 men in our training camps. We had 454 baptisms in our evangelism outreach work. The Indian leaders are now actually training other Indians and evangelism is moving in an organized method in the particular area of work we have labored in since 1981. Our new training by extension program has over 900 students enrolled, managed solely by Indian leaders.



I went into another area some 150 miles from our present area of concentration. This area, Vizianagaram, is controlled by strict, devoted Hindus and is a new challenge for us to begin a new work. It is our intention next year to spend 60% of our time and thrust into this area.

I also visited several congregations that we had started four and five years ago. I was happy to see many of the same faces there, but also an increase of new members of the body. I left India in February feeling very good about God's grace in our lives.

Australia. I met Eileen and the girls in Cairns, Australia upon my return from India. While in Cairns, we swam and snorkeled on the Great Barrier Reef, ate, rested, and read. No one stared at us or gathered around to observe our strange ways. We had a good rest and were able to worship with two different congregations. I enjoyed the opportunity to speak at each congregation.

PNG. Arriving home on March 8th was good also. I feel quite adjusted to the work here now and see my work basically as two-fold.

- 1) Bush evangelism into the roadless areas
- 2) Involvement in the school training national leaders.

The school schedule is being designed to facilitate both pursuits.

I put my affairs in order, got reorganized, and pushed on into Southern Highlands (province) for a bush patrol.

Back to the Bush. We drove for six hours in the bush on the world's most terrible road! I arrived about noon and it took another hour or so to round up five packers to haul my supplies into the mountains.

I arrived in Lowe that evening and was happy to see our new brethren in Christ again. After stripping off our wet clothes (the trails were literally running creeks of water and the small rivers were swollen due to the rainy season), we rested a bit and met for evening singing and Bible study. After several days of preaching and studying, the "old man" of the clan, who had been listening and asking questions since last November, decided to surrender to Christ and confess His name and identify with His death, burial, and resurrection by the beautiful picture of baptism. His two elderly wives also did the same.

During His baptism, he told us in a long confession of his way of life that was once an enemy of Jesus Christ. He told how he once murdered a man with a spear who had cursed him in the very stream we were about to baptize him in. Now we were washing away those sins by Christ's shed blood on the cross. It was a touching scene.

In January, I had a 30-minute private conversation with the Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea. We discussed law and order and Romans chapter 13.

JUNE 1988

We have moved back to the mission center as of June 7th. I completed the repairs on the "Armstrong" house and we are settled in and comfortable. I spent nearly a month working on the house. I hated to take time out for this, but it was necessary.

In the last few months we have had several break ins and my name was forged on some stolen checks (not my checks). So, I've had to spend some time interacting with the police (an enlightenment) and courts.

AUGUST 1988

Carrie. Carrie left for the U.S. She hopes to attend *David Lipscomb College* next fall. We felt very empty when she left, experiencing some sleepless nights and new adjustments. This is the third daughter that has now departed. We miss her! We must understand that she is nearly 18 and has her life to pursue also. If there is one major strain in the mission field it is being separated from family, but we have decided already to pay that price when we made the decision to leave the USA.

Lutheran Pastor. I have been doing patrols both in the Southern and Western Highlands. The church at Lowe continues to grow. I believe in the near future that more in the clan will become Christians. I recently baptized a Lutheran pastor who decided to embrace Christ and New Testament Christianity. In this country Catholic and Lutherans hold to a great deal of superstitions and fear. The church evokes power over them (control) in respect to their personal convictions and beliefs about Christ and the Bible.

This means that Kindi had a real struggle in accepting Christ in respect to shaking off the "threats" from the hierarchy. I will be doing a patrol again to his village September 2. I hope to teach others as we plant the church in his area. Catholicism and Lutheranism is often times defended in the bush with violence. In a "Lutheran held territory," you are often viewed as an intruder and met with force.

Family Outing. During the month of July before Carrie left, all of my family went on patrol into Lowe, along with the Stuffbeams, Mike Williams and some national brethren. We hired nine packers for the mob and we were strung out like the 5th Calvary. It rained hard and the trail turned to muck. Eileen had a tough time at it. Simon and myself were on each side of her and "propelled" her along the trail for nearly six hours.

We did our regular teaching and socializing. Eileen and the girls taught the first steps of reading. In Lowe, very few can read or understand Melanesian Pidgin, just their tribal tongue, so Simon wants us to teach some of the new Christians to read the *Pidgin New Testament*. (Sample a similar translation at: http://worldbibles.org/language_detail/eng/tpi/New+Guinea+Pidgin+English)

Homes Away From Home. They have built us a grass house (12 x 20) with woven mat floor and two holes (windows). It is cozy and warm. Now we can stay for longer stays and be able to have better "creature comforts."

Also in the Western Highland we have another bush house underway, overlooking the most beautiful canyon surrounded by mountains. We will also use this for a point to hold "village schools." We

left family and houses in the U.S.A. and now the Lord is multiplying to us this promise of one hundred fold! (Read Mark 10:29-30).

The Sun and Moon. While in Lowe the previous time, we encountered questions on the "flat earth", and where does the sun go and hide at night. I brought with me this time an inflatable globe and explained and explained that the earth "floats" in the sky . I then spun the globe, holding a flash lite, demonstrating how the sun shines on the earth. They thought the earth was flat (and naturally asked how we kept from falling off the side of the earth). That led us to the subject of gravity and that was interesting trying to explain. They hold to the belief that the sun went into a hole at night, then went through a tunnel and came up on the "other side" the next morning.

Previously I had told them that men had walked on the moon. I don't think they really believed me so this time I brought pictures with me of this event. They were of course astonished and wanted to know how they got to the moon! I used the airplane as the nearest means of an explanation. Then they wanted to know the distance to the moon, and these folks do not think in miles or set time, so that was a problem for another day. During this time I showed them pictures of the ice fields in the Artic and they felt so very sorry for the Eskimo people who could not grow gardens year around. This was all done at night in our house with much gasping and outbursts of laughter, and of course we enjoyed teasing them as their emotions raced up and down.

Warriors Settle a Dispute. In addition, I have been patrolling to some established congregations and helping them with some inner conflicts. In one case the local evangelist punched a brother in the face when he was caught stealing. He did this because the man brought shame on the church. Then the church took sides over this action and quit meeting. I camped with them and encouraged reconciliation based on the work of Christ and the cross. There were confessions and at first some refused to forgive. I pressed further for open display of forgiveness based on Colossians 3:13. It appears they were moved at this point and they demonstrated their forgiveness. Violence and loss of temper is usually the first reaction to every problem in their culture, so we must contend with this always. It takes patience and your eyes must be set on the distant goal.

From the Other Planet. We were blessed with a visit from our sponsoring congregation. Brother Aaron Thomason (Elder), Larry Souder (Deacon) and Michal James (high school student). Larry did video's of the work over here. I took them on an overnight trip to the bush so they could get a better feel of the work. I'm sure they actually "felt" some things. We slept in a bush house, watched a pig kill and feast. The clans put on a mock tribal fight for them (to our dismay, a clan down the way thought it was real and got ready for battle, but were put at ease when informed by a runner that it was a show for the white skins). I gave them a taste of our roads as we traveled in the bush. Larry got some good video footage that will be shown at the PNG forum in Nashville this October. We always enjoy folks coming from the other planet. In addition, I was able to talk about many important subjects relative to the work here and the leadership training program that we are putting together.

State of the Union. The previous government has been ousted and the new one has been in for about six weeks now. Crime still is on the increase. Last Sunday Terry Stufflebeam and I were driving on a bush road to meet with a congregation when we approached a small wooden bridge and suddenly saw six armed men with shotguns. Fortunately, we were far enough away to put the truck in reverse and found a place to turn around and left. I then stopped other traffic, warning them of the roadblock. This area is virtually being ruled by outlaws and the police seem afraid to do anything about it. In this case I am sure they would have simply robbed us and let us go for another day.

Some Reflections. We have plenty of inner struggles here. We must learn more to "love the unlovable" (many are lovable). We struggle in the communication barriers of culture, language, and the primitive mind set. The senseless actions of government, the ignorance, injustice, are at times hard to bear. This is an easy place to give way to anger or to be brought down by despair. But we are always encouraged by those who have risen above their ancestral behavior and have learned to walk in the light of Christ. God's will to reconcile all men to Him must be a priority here!

DECEMBER 1988

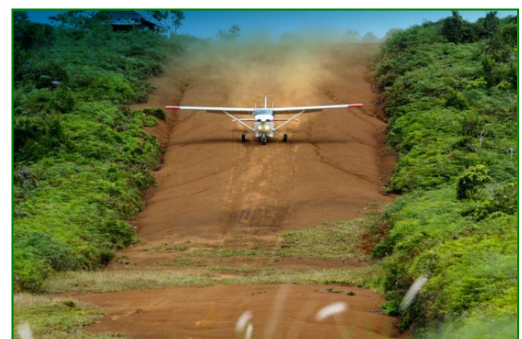
Our Schedule. We have our struggles, but a real blessing is the pace of life here in PNG. Time takes on a different dimension here. Airplane flights are always late, schedules seem to get swallowed up in the elements and many things seem to happen "accidentally." After some time in the nation, one learns to manage the unmanageable.

Bush Air Strips. (Ken located a map showing airstrips in remote areas, 50 or more miles from a road.) My first flight was to Karumui. I planned on going by foot to Negabo. The nationals told me different stories about the distance. Some said four hours, others eight hours. It took us two days!

Our plans were to push on to another area called Sola. It was the third day and our plane was to pick us up in Negabo on the fifth day. We knew we could not go to Sola and back in that time. While we were laying on the ground, a plane buzzed the dirt strip looking for potential passengers. We waved and he put his ancient bush plane down on the ground. He was not going to Mt. Hagen but to another place about (75) miles from Hagen, so we hopped in and in 30 minutes were back in civilization. We then took a bus home.

Comical Looking Back. One particular comical incident that happened on the journey: while walking, we came to a river that was banked by sheer rock sides. It had a single log across the river about 60 feet in length. We had to walk one foot in front of the other due to the diameter of the log. I would guess the fall to the rushing water and rocks was about 30 feet. I do not do well with height. I walked nervously out, and when I reached the very middle of the log, nationals were coming from the other side of the river. Their dog saw and smelled me and charged out on to the log to attack me. He stopped about four from me, growling. I was gripped with fear of falling. My mind raced. Shall I turn around? No, you will fall. Shall I throw the pack off into the river and turn around? No, you will surely fall getting the pack off. Shall I sit down and straddle the log? No, the dog will get me. I became dizzy, my eyes blurred, I thought, I'm going over. Then, the last message came to me: charge the dog. I did and he turned and ran. When I sat down on the other side, my prayer of thanksgiving was short, "Thank you Lord, thank you Lord, thank you Lord." During this ruckus people on both sides of the river simply watched with concern, knowing that interference would have but me into the river. When I said this was comical, I meant, in looking back!

Speed Bumps. Now these dirt air strips are another story. They are usually hand dug with shovels. They often run up hill to stop the plane. Then you run downhill to take off. Many times there is a cliff at the end of the runway. The strips are often bumpy (like speed bumps) and the plane will jump in the air four feet or so. This particular pilot had it all figured out and on the last bump, he simply gave it full throttle and were were airborne. I said to him, "That's some take off." He grinned and said "I've had 100% success so far mate."



This deep bush work is a lot slower work (in terms of baptisms) than the settled areas. This is due to the more primitive mind set, language barriers and exposure to the gospel. This is what I aim to continue to do, in this work of reaching those who are not being reached.

Eileen, Julie and I took a *Mission Aviation Fellowship* (MAF) plane to Madang from Nov. 21 - 28. Missionary air fares are reduced by 50%. It was one-hour flight to the coast. En route, we dropped down and let off a national on a bush strip. It was another wild one and Eileen and Julie got to experience a cliff hanger strip.



We enjoyed our rest. We stayed next to another American family and all of us together rented a boat and spent the day on an uninhabited, 200-acre island with white sand beaches, coral reefs, and coconut trees. The kids snorkeled; we caught several nice fish. The rest of the time on the mainland was spent resting, eating and had good conversations.

1989 Newsletters from PNG FEBRUARY 1989

The work in India continues to bear good fruit and progress in terms of conversions, new congregations and leadership development. To refresh your memory, I and Randolph Gonce began our work there in 1981, with Roger Wiemers joining us in 1984. We began by choosing "key" men to work with. Our goals were to train and develop leaders simultaneously as we planted new congregations. We targeted the district (east Godivary) in southeast India. We had annually held Bible training camps with our own prepared literature. Jointly with the camps was evangelism in the villages which resulted in conversions and congregations. The training of of leaders was to accommodate the new converts and congregations.

So, after eight years we have trained close to eighty leaders and have planted over two-hundred congregations ranging from 20 to 100 members. Our key men are largely responsible for this growth, and especially in the last few years, and of course that was and is the aim to accomplish.

This year (1989) we held three major Bible camps (leadership training) with a survey on the New Testament. During our night preaching there were about four-hundred baptisms. India is very receptive to the gospel and missionaries have had varied results depending usually on the kind of men they choose to work with. There is a great number of "opportunists" ready to make merchandise of the gospel. We have found that working with trustworthy men is very rewarding.

Back in PNG. My December 29th trip to Lawe was good. Four decided to become Christians while we were there. Simon the leader is continuing to grow in faith and showing an extra ordinary manifestation of the fruits of the Spirit in his life. You might remember, I baptized Simon about a year ago and we started the church in his village. Now there are about 20 in the congregation. Simon is now getting the vision to reach out. Kinde, whom I baptized several months ago, has recently baptized four in his village. While we were making the patrol into Lawe we arrived first at Piama, Mark's place.

He and the village people were very shook up. They had just found a man from their village, down by the water hole with his chest cavity cut open. His heart and liver had been removed and he had been sewn back up with grass. I told them that when I return three days later, I would stop at the nearest

police post and report it. They all looked at me in a puzzled way and said, "the police cannot arrest an evil spirit!" On further questioning, I discovered that they hold to a belief that there is a Mausolite (spirit) man who hides and holds a white stone at you which causes you to lose your senses, he then cuts you open and removes the heart and liver to eat.

They pointed out that he (spirit) could hold this stone on me also. I told them that his stone would have no power on me or them if they believe in Jesus. They were silent.

While we were in Lawe, Simon's father, ask me after the preaching, some questions about heaven. He said, "I am a man of the ground, you are a man of the ground and sky (meaning I've been in the airplane). Have you ever seen heaven in your travels? Could I possibly walk to heaven? I have been only three days walk from my village in all my life, possibly heaven is four or five days walk from here. If so, I would like to go. I took some time in explaining to him the nature of heaven. Some of the younger folk snickered about his questions and of course inside I was amused, but more so, I was deeply impressed with his deep faith about heaven. 1. He believes in heaven. 2. He wants to go there. 3. He has prepared himself to go. Can we say confidently, in simple trusting faith those three things? Think about it.

Frequently Ask Question. Many ask if I preach in one congregation as what would be commonly viewed as "the preacher." So I want to clarify this. My work in PNG and India is to start congregations, train leaders for these congregations and herald the gospel to the lost. When a church is started, my first target is to find leadership for that body of believers. Hopefully, a leader or leaders from their own. My work will then be through these men. I have several congregations going at one time and hopefully more will increase. In conjunction, we hold short schools here in Mt. Hagen for leadership training. In short, I am trying to do the work of an evangelist. I am not a pastor/elder who would be a stationary shepherd of the flock. I admire pastor/elders who have such great patience to feed the flock daily.

Furlough. Lord willing we intend on returning to the United States on May 25th. We will arrive in Los Angeles on the 18th. We will leave Oregon on August 15th to Nashville. Then on to India October first, then back to PNG the last of October. Eileen and Julie will be with me in India for the first time. Pray for us as we finish the next two months here and make our way back to the United States.

1990 Newsletters from PNG

January 1990

Back Safely. We arrived safely back in Mt. Hagen November 5th, not without mishap. Flying on *Continental Air*, our first mechanical failure was in Houston. The second and third was in Guam. The plane we were to fly to Port Moresby on had mechanical problems so we had a considerable wait for the next available plane.

While in flight from Guam to PNG Julie had an extended conversation with some high ranking politicians that were returning to PNG. They seemed quite interested in her views on the economy, law and order problems and missionaries.

We arrived at the mission station at about 12:30 PM and the local congregation was just dismissing. It was good to see everyone again. About ten minutes later I was engaged to settle some long- standing disputes. Well, we didn't settle them on the spot but rather worked on modifying the problems over the next few weeks. It was a mix of personalities and doctrinal disputes over the Holy Spirit. I told them that they are getting just like the folks back home and that proves that we are all men of "like passion," and that we ought not to get "unholy" about the Holy Spirit!

Out to the Bush. I was soon making plans for a limited bush patrol (walk) since the doctor told me not to do any heavy stuff until January. I sent Paulus and Samson into an area by bush plane that Terry and I had explored several months ago. They made some good contacts and baptized seven men and women. After their return, Paulus and myself went back about two weeks later. We taught some more and baptized another man, so the church is started in Debi (Karimui district). These people are small in stature and have large houses made of hand hewed planks with indoor fire pits and floors.

They are passive, and ardent hunters. They have had minimal contact with the outside. When I first arrived (as my custom is) I put the tea pot on the fire (you can't imagine how tea tastes after being on the trail). After the water got hot the pot began to whistle. Immediately everyone that was gathered around the fire took off running. They obviously had had their first introduction to the technology of a whistling tea pot. I gave some of the men gifts of lighters (for fire starting) which many had never seen before. Salt and sugar was also well received.

Agricultural Agent. In December I met an agricultural agent (national), that works for the Government at a bush outpost. The story is, Paulus and I were returning from Debi, got caught in a Monsoon rain storm and were drowning in the stuff. Paulus gave me some rationalization that if it was not for this rain, we would be sweating in the hot sun, so I figured shaking in the cold wind and rain was a better alternative.

We arrived at the agriculture post and was received in by a Chimbu man and his wife. We shed our wet clothes for dry ones, and before you know it, this gal had us eating fried potatoes, corn on the cobb and cow meat with tea that was the best I ever drank. The food was like back home.

After a couple hours of hearing about the culture of the locals (they were not locals), Steven informed us that he was commissioned by the Government to go into a deep bush area, fly in and then walk for two days to examine the possibility of putting in a Government agriculture post. I said, "Can I go, too?" and he said, "Sure." So, we hope that in the Spring we can journey into this area for exploration. The couple assigned us two warm beds and as the rain crashed down on the tin roof of their humble cabin we drifted off to sleep with much thankfulness.

The next morning we arose to a nice breakfast of eggs and biscuits and tea. We praised the Lord and the lady of the house. I gave her a jar of strawberry jam and peanut butter. We were still a 1½ hours walk from the bush air strip where we were to meet a plane at 9 A.M. We had to wait a while before the plane came in, would you believe, 5:30 P.M.! The pilot arrived with "Sorry mate - a mite late."

Gold Mania. More large gold strikes have been discovered. The PNG highlands is becoming a literal gold mine. Yesterday, across the road from our house, a man came with a pistol and held up two men that had just returned with a pocket of gold. While the holdup was in progress another friend came upon the scene. He picked up a rock the size of a handball, threw it, and hit the robber in the head. The robber went down, then many village women came and beat the robber with sticks. They dragged him to the road in front of our house and waited. A pickup truck came by and they flagged it down and hauled the robber to town and turned him over to the police. I watched this from my front porch.

The Old Testament. The Old Testament was recently completed and printed in Melanesian Pidgin. Now we have it bound in one volume, Old and New Testament. I'm very pleased. Now the task before us is to introduce, orient, teach and cause appreciation for the Old Testament, which of course is foundational to faith and knowing God, and brings about an appreciation for the longsuffering of God in His redemptive work in Jesus Christ.

Last week I was held up (robbed) by bandits and they stole my jeep. I first refused to surrender to them, but when they (4) produced a knife, I decided that trucks were replaceable. One comment: "I'm going to break your head open if you don't give me your keys." With that motivating statement, surrender was forthwith. The next day they used my truck for a daytime holdup in Mt. Hagen. Two days later the police found my truck abandoned on the edge of town. There was about \$1,500 damage! Insurance will hopefully cover most of it. We are thankful that we got the truck back and that I was not harmed.

I had no feeling of anger. In fact I felt an almost clean feeling as I watched the bandits drive away. I was immediately impacted by the folly of material possessions. A peace came over me. It was later that I discovered that some of the national Christians were demonstrating more faith than I was. They were praying for the return of the truck and for the salvation of the bandits. I had not done either! Generally, stolen vehicles never come back (burn them). Also another dimension from this has developed. The village elders where the bandits live (bush) have sent word to me that they want to talk with me and straighten things out. Also I found out that the bandits will be present. I sent word with the runner that I will soon, in the near future, come.

Evangelism. The new congregation I told you about (Da-be) is growing. There is about 48 Christians. About 40 baptisms recently. I hope to patrol again into De-be this June. The dirt airstrip is under repair now and has caused delays into this area. Since a wheel was ripped off of a plane and the steering knocked out of another - the local pilots put up a fuss about landing at Neagobo until the strip was leveled a bit.

Spring 1990

We are holding a one week school in April. The course is *Introduction to the Old Testament*. It will be on some basics and some of the great Old Testament stories. In fact, during the school in January, it was wonderful to use the Old Testament to lift up Jesus and to show that He is the fulfillment of God's working in history and eternity. We have a big task ahead of us.

I did not go to India this January due to being away from PNG for nearly six months. I hope to return to India this October or next January. Roger Wiemers is in India now and will return back to the U.S. in February. On February 25 he and his family will arrive here in Mt. Hagen to join us in the work here. I will then report to you of his journey to India. The Wiemers are sponsored by my sponsor—Woodmont Hills in Nashville. Woodmont Hills now has three families in PNG, the third family being the Jacksons who are based in Port Moresby.

During Thanksgiving, we met with about 30 other Americans for dinner. Most of them we did not know. They came from various parts of the Highlands and we potlucked the food at a meeting place. It was very enjoyable.

Moti. The congregation has finally began to show strength and has come to life. John (20 years) is maturing now and demonstrating faith. We had eight baptisms last month and expect more soon.

During April I had sent John on patrol with Paulus to De-be (John's first time in an airplane and he was scared). While away on patrol the police came to Moti and burned all the houses down and shot their pigs. There has been considerable amount of tribal fights and bandit activity in that area - hence the police action. Unfortunately the innocent suffer during these raids. John's mother came to town and told me the news. John had just finished building a new house (lot of work).

So, when John returned from patrol I took him to his village, and as he walked through the village, all that was left was charcoal as he looked at his parents place, his uncles, aunts, cousins houses, he broke down and wept. I almost did, too. The next Sunday Roger and I went back to Moti with rice, fish and gifts. They had not ask for anything and were surprised. About 300 people gathered (from other family lines) and we sang, prayed and shared the Word with them. I spoke simply of Jesus not having a place to lay his head while foxes did. Then in Romans 5:1-11, tribulation builds character and causes us to need God more. The meeting was good for all and it helped break the spell of despair. Now they are all busy rebuilding.

Kimel. Peter Kole left Alimp and moved to Kimel. He told me the people there were working Posen (magic) on his family and causing them to be sick all the time. He cried when he told me. I respect Peter. He is a godly man and a good evangelist. Most of the Christians at Alimp were "nomads" and have now returned to their own place. Kimel was happy to receive Peter. I have began to talk with Peter about his fear of sorcery. I asked Peter if he thought all sickness came from sorcery. He said no, some from the ground (virus, bacteria) and some from sorcery. I asked him, how do you know that? He said, you white people taught me about the sickness from the ground and I read in the Bible about sorcery and how Jesus cast it out, and sorcery has been in my place forever. I said no more at this point.

Peter had a new son born last year. He named him Ken - after me. One, having the child named after me is an honor and two, when the child (Ken) becomes sick Peter brings the child to me. After all - I cannot let a child that has been named after me die!

The refrigerator story. The middle of March, our refrigerator was stolen from the school kitchen. A few days later it was reported to Terry and I that it was up the road in a village trade store. So away we went and sure enough, there it was. My hair stood up on the back of my neck and my adrenalin pumped. The store keeper told me that some one came in with a flatbed truck and sold it to him. He was scared. I said, we are going to take it now!

Then a crowd of about fifty men came. They were family, you know. And one man made a speech, how he saw the thief and he was from another province. I thought, "very convenient." They said he sold it to them for 150.00 kina (\$145) and that it that it was really our fault because we let the thief steal the refrigerator. I told them they had a responsibility to know who they were buying from (English Law), but they seemed to be more moved by tribal law.

So, the owner of the store came later and asked for a compromise. He asked to keep the refrigerator for six weeks so he could sell enough soda pop to retrieve his 150.00 kina back. Then we could have it back after that time. That way no one would be hurt. The thieves got 150.00 kina, he would retrieve his 150.00 kina and we would get our refrigerator back! Finally, Terry and I agreed. (We were out numbered.) Also we did not believe most of the testimony and if there ever a cock-and-bull story this had to be it. When we got back to the mission compound, we then incurred the "wrath" of our families and fellow national Christians for being so weak minded to accept a deal like that. We ate crow and stuck to our deal. May 1, we went and got the refrigerator.

School. During the month of April we had school. The subject, "Introduction to the Old Testament." We introduced some factual information and many of the Old Testament stories. Also, Eileen, Paula Wiemers, and Jean Stufflebeam had classes for the women. We also had a class for young men that the older students brought with them. The Old Testament was just completed last December in the Melanesian Pidgin Bible.

Missionary workshop. In April all of the missionaries met in Madang (coastal town) for five days for fellowship and rest. A generous benefactor from the U.S. paid for all of our hotel rooms over-looking the sea at a resort. I do not know their names (anonymous) but thanks be to you and your contribution to the health of missionaries. We snorkeled , swam, went boating , talked, ate, prayed, and sang together. All thirteen of us at Mt. Hagen went on an 18 seat plane to the coast.

On Course. PNG being the land of the unexpected can get one off course. Every day I focus on the course I have set before me . Reach remote peoples with the Gospel. Convert and train men to lead their own people. This has been my work in India and PNG. There are a thousand other things to do. There is sickness, untold "requests", false brethren, bandits, unstable government, check books to balance (I try), mission compound to manage, misunderstanding, children, guilt, anxiety, depression, joy, ignorance and death and life. Some things are valid interruptions - others are the direct work of Satan.

What is the answer? "My grace is sufficient for you, for power is perfected in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, I will rather boast about my weakness , that the power of Christ my dwell in me, therefore I am well content with weakness, with insult, with distresses, with persecutions, with difficulties for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong. 2 Corinthians 12:9-10 (NASB).

Planting - Sowing - Reaping 1 Corinthians 3:5-16. Much of the work we are doing, planting and sowing (training leaders) — some one else will see the harvest reaped. And some who are helping me now are the result of someone else sowing the seed of life before me. I believe that some of our sowing will bring forth fruit after we are dead, even though we see some harvest already from the planting. In India there is much reaping from tiny beginnings since 1981. We do not know many of the hundreds of names of converts and leaders that have come about from our sowing since 1981. That is good, because the Lord is using the early converts to spawn a new generation of Christians. Above all, 1 Corinthians 3:7, "but God causes the growth." God has a plan in the way He uses us (if we will yield) in His kingdom. In His time, His way and His purpose.

India. It is my hope to take Paulus, my fellow "right hand" evangelist to India with me this coming January. Eileen and I have progressed in teaching him English to date. You ask why?

- 1) I want to enlarge the worldwide church (fellowship) view for both PNG and the Indian brethren.
- 2) Paulus is a very able preacher, he will proclaim the gospel and save souls.
- 3) It will lay the groundwork for future events between PNG and the India church.

June 1990

During June and July, lawlessness and political turmoil peaked here and we could not proceed with all of our plans in the work. It was not safe to leave the families and go on patrols because the mission station and area was being and subject to attacks. So we defended the fort and did work locally.

1. We have fenced our property and have "unpleasant" dogs.
2. All houses have sirens to alert each other and to frighten potential attackers.
3. Our windows are covered inside and out with heavy wire. Doors are barred. Flood lights are placed in the housing areas.
4. We have some defensive tactics and "instruments."
5. We do not venture out at night in cars, etc.
6. We rotate on and off the mission center.
7. We pray daily for protection and trust the Lord for good judgment.

For several weeks Eileen has been having some very hard times with her health and emotions so we went to Australia for a month (August) for rest and medical attention. The rest was good. We stayed in a small coastal town and watched the tide go in and out. We took a train into the "outback" and we engaged in some low-level communication with the Kangaroos. We were also very impressed with the Lord's unique design of the crocodile.

We returned to Mt. Hagen in early September. Since the middle of September the tribal fighting and lawlessness in the area (100 miles circle) is increasing again. We seem to run in cycles here. I'm thankful that our major work is done via bush airplanes because Satan's work is on the roads at this time.

Some of the students are over the halfway mark in finishing their three year program. It feels good to have this accomplished thus far. The students are already preaching and leading as they are being schooled.

The philosophy of our program is training for those who are already working in church leadership. We judge the students on three categories: academic, Christian conduct and work progress. We find that some of the students who have low test grades are better preachers than some with high grades. Academic progress alone is a poor scale to judge gifts and discipleship. I'm convinced that there are some fundamentals in teaching that are universal, but teaching the Melanesian mind and heart have many unique qualities that are not comparable to western training. The teacher must always be learning and be alert to differences.

Church Fights. The church at Debe has had many spiritual growth problems, such as church fights. One church fight resulted in the male members axing each other that caused some nasty wounds about the head and shoulders! They do cry and repent and give gifts at reconciliation. They are quite primitive in mind and this is the root of the problem. In spite of this, the membership has grown from 48 to 69 Christians since last May. There is now a power struggle for leadership and it is hard to teach them to see the Bible view point of a leader. Pray for the Debe church that the Holy Spirit may bring His work of peace into their hearts.

It is my aim to patrol again into Sola (remember the place where I went 1½ years ago and the folks there were a bit less than friendly). Peter from Debe knows their tribal language and is willing to go with me even though these people are his traditional enemies. I hope to go during the first part of November. Roger Wiemers will be holding a three day village school in Debe the last of October from the book of James and we trust that it will have an influence on their conduct. They are really nice people. I enjoy them and find them quite funny at times. They are also interesting people. They are ardent hunters. Barry, the young single man here has spent quite a long time with them and identifies with the young men as a good friend. We want to start some new congregations in the Debe area.



Arranged Marriage. In the May news letter I told you about John at Moti and how his father wanted to "marry him off" to one of three available girls. First, John was worried that the girl would not be a Christian and number two, would not speak Melanesian Pidgin. Well, Pa married him off to a non-Christian girl, but she does speak Pidgin which means she will be able to come to the school and attend the ladies classes. John got one of his wishes anyway. I have found his wife to be gentle and of good spirit, so I believe in time the prospect of her becoming a Christian are in order.

We (Shoops and Wiemers) went to the wedding and watched the squealing pigs exchanged for the bride.

Typhoid. The first of October I was summoned to come and get brother Peter Kale (evangelist). I drove to Kiemel and entered his village house. When I laid my hands on him in a dark room, I jumped back as the "fire" in his skin startled me. He was burning up with fever. I carried him back to the Mt. Hagen hospital and when we arrived there was the usual line of over a hundred people. All the doctors and nurses were out to lunch. I got the maintenance man to open up the reception center and I put Peter into a bed and waited for two more hours for the doctors and nurses to return.

By that time Peter had slipped into a delirious state. I peeled his eyelids back and his eyes were partially rolled back. He was near death. Finally the doctor came and quickly gave him shots and told me to take him to ward one for bed stay. I asked him where ward one was and he said, "Right next to the morgue!" Peter recovered from his Typhoid and has since gone home.

Thank You. Accept our personal thanks to all of you who pray and or contribute financially to our support for the work in PNG. Your faith and commitment by God's grace make it possible for us to labor here. We are common folk like most of you and in spite of our weakness and sin - the Lord can use us in partnership with you because of His grace and the Holy Spirit He has given us. I know many of you labor hard and that money is not always abundant - hence our appreciation is deeper yet for you.

You can rest assured that long after we are gone - the many men and women who are being trained and taught will live on with the Spirit of the Gospel in their hearts and deeds.

February 1991

Many things have happened since I last wrote to you. First, I did not go to India in January as I had planned. The law and order situation here is still not good. Considering this and Eileen's health and the advice of the *Woodmont Hills* church Elders, I concluded that it was not the will of the Lord at this time to go. So, I've marked next October (91) to carry on with the same plans. Once again, I will leave it in the hands of the Lord and wait for His directions. I am willing and ready. The funds (\$2,200) I received for the trip are being held for that purpose.

The 'Law and Order' situation has not improved. In fact, some areas have deteriorated, which has resulted in anarchy in some areas, like roads being controlled by outlaws (police afraid), courts shut due to violence against judges and increased tribal fighting.

Good Life. There is a measure of great encouragement in New Guinea. The country, especially highlands, is very beautiful. Lush green, year around summer time (no 8 ft. snow drifts) mountains, rivers and valleys. Plenty of wild country, no roads or even people. Better yet, is the warm and simple hospitality of the people. They always have time to talk. In all of my bush patrols, I have never had to sleep outside. People simply open their doors to you anytime day or night, cook you a meal and engage in great conversation until you fall asleep.

Gulf War. The highlands people have been very fearful that they would be bombed. They think that the Middle-East is about 150 miles from here and are afraid that some of the missiles and fighter planes will stray off course! One elderly man ask me to call Mr. Bush and use my influence, that they will be careful and not bomb us. I didn't call. I think George has enough on his mind at present. This news of war has even penetrated into the deep bush areas. Everywhere I go in the bush, crowds demand that I tell them what it is all about. I've been doing that and then ending the story with 2 Peter chapter 3—the destruction of this world and the escape through Jesus Christ.

Saving A Life. In November, Roger and I held a gospel meeting at Minj. Classes in the day time and exhortation at night. We were questioned until past midnight each night. On the third day we went to the river to baptize three people. I was ready to return home after the baptisms and Roger was to stay the last night. So I was elected to baptize and go home in wet clothes.

After I removed my wallet and stepped into the water, a young boy came running down the hill shouting that there was an emergency on the road. A woman was bleeding. I abandoned the folks in the water and ran on top. The woman was laying by my truck. She had been stabbed right above the heart and blood was pumping out in spurts (artery). There was about fifty people standing about watching her die.

I removed her blouse and made a knot compress and ordered some of the standers to put her in the back of my truck. At first no one would help me. They were "spooked" by the blood. Finally, a criminal that had been attending the meetings reached down and helped put her in. I asked who her close relatives were and I summoned three to get in with her. It was about a 15 minute run out of the bush before we were on the highway and another 15 minutes before we reached a mission hospital. I knew that we had to really move or she would die of blood loss. So, I turned on my flashers and siren (siren was installed to scare bandits) and we went top speed to the hospital, scattering people and cars as we went. When we arrived there was a pool of blood on the floor of the truck. I discovered later that she had been stabbed twice in the face and once on the side. The doctor took her directly to surgery. She lived, and after a couple of weeks, she returned to her village. She was stabbed by two other women. She was an adulteress, and received some PNG payback. The people in the area appreciated what we had done.

Oh yes, Roger baptized the three people and got his clothes wet. I did not return to tell Roger the outcome. PNG is the land of the unexpected.

Talbakul. This is a new area across the divide, one day's walk from Di-be. Paulus, myself and Peter Bomo (Di-be) flew in on January 7th. Our plans were to walk straight into the rain forest (jungle) for two hours to visit a place called Sagan. We were greeted by a man named Du-pee at the airstrip. He insisted that we come to his house and stay the night. We said no. He said you'll never make it to Sagan before dark and the snakes will get you. We began to walk towards the Sagan trail and Du-pee followed us. He made it very clear that he and his wife wanted to hear about Jesus. At that point we decided that the Lord had new plans for us. Paulus (national evangelist) my fellow worker said, as he has many times, "God is laughing at us again," meaning that we make plans and He changes them. We went to Du-pee's house.

We were up late telling the old story of faith, forgiveness and His wonderful grace. They were deeply moved, and grasped the message. We all fell asleep (right from where we were teaching) that is, the floor. We awoke the next morning with Du-pee and his wife Maria waiting. Their first words were "It's a short walk to the river. We would like to go and be baptized into Christ." We did so.

Du-pee has accompanied and guided us back into the rain forest to meet many people. We have high hopes for him. First, his spiritual level, second, he knows how to read and write (very few can, in this area).

Sagan. After leaving Du-pee the next morning we went to Sagan. This is a small village that breaks out into a clearing in the middle of the jungle. The houses are about 8 ft. into the air on posts. Everyone was gone except an old lady. She told us (through Peter) that every one left this morning to

chase a young man that had "stolen" one of their young women. They probably would not be back until tomorrow.

We decided to return at a later time. Du-pee explained to us that in this area, men usually get their wives by spying around while the women work in the gardens. They make eye contact (flirt) and if the feeling is mutual, grab the girl and run. Then the man must make arrangements for the bride price. They then have a feast, pay the father of the girl (so many pigs) and then they set up housekeeping, usually back in his village.

This area is reported to have the big snakes. The kind (Boa Constrictor) that wraps around their prey, crushing them and then swallowing them for dinner. We heard plenty of "horror stories" of snakes crushing men in this fashion, then the snake would go to the river and fill up with water, return, belch the water on the person (lubricate) and swallow him.

I have been pre-occupied with a much smaller snake. Actually a leech. This area is full of them. They get on you as you walk along the rain forest trails. They are about the size of a small earth worm. They attach their bodies to yours and without you knowing, drill their razor teeth into you and inject an anesthesia and suck your blood. When you are finally aware of the assault, they have become the size of a jelly bean with your blood. When you flick them off, the "bean" bursts open and the blood splatters. Paulus, being a high mountain man, never had encountered these critters. He was the first to get two on him. He screamed, then apologized to me for screaming. Then he screamed again when he found the second one. We now tie rope tightly around our pant legs so not much trouble since then. Usually about 20 cling to our boots though.

At the Man Haus in Sogan. Some were quite interested, some grew bored, some of the young men left and came back. I noticed one man in particular who seemed moved. The next morning when we awoke, he was there waiting. He quietly ask me to come to his house, about ¼ mile from the main village. We did. That night he had gone home and rehearsed all that he had heard, to his wife and another relative. We taught them more that morning. We assured them that all of their tribal taboos and rituals were of the "ground" (earthly) and had no bearing in stopping him from becoming a Christian if they were willing to trust whom God has sent and be willing to follow Christ.

He then led us to the creek. The creek was already dammed up with rocks and mud to bring the water level up. He had done this early in the morning before we arrived! The big step in repentance is to trust Christ over their tribal beliefs. This is a real test and it takes genuine belief and courage. I remind you that these people believe that evil spirits work in everything: sickness, marriage, wars, death, and to forsake tribal "magic" could, to say the least, cause some sleepless nights.

While Paulus was preparing to baptize them, one of the men who had been in the "Man Haus" appeared. He wanted desperately to become a Christian, but he could not at this time because he had to make some rituals for his deceased father. It was not totally clear but I tried to encourage him to follow Christ. He openly wept and said he could not at this time. I assured him that we'll be back.

Special Thanks. I need and want to thank two ladies for the production of these news letters. First, my wife Eileen. She has to take about fifteen pages of the most wretched, misspelled scrawling and translate it into a typewriter. This is usually a four day job. Then the master copy is sent to Donna Masih at the *Woodmont Hills* church. Donna then reproduces this copy and addresses over 100 envelopes and stuffs this newsletter, (Donna calls it a mini-series) into all the envelopes and runs them through the postage process. If I've missed anyone, thanks to you also, and I thank *Woodmont Hills* for covering the cost for the newsletter.

Celebration Dinner. January 21, we had Paulus and his wife for a special dinner to celebrate our four years of work together in Papua New Guinea. Paulus is proving to be an effective evangelist. Paulus is a Chimbu and his wife is a Bena Bena, so that makes their little boy a "Chimbena!" During the four years, Paulus has taught me about the Chimbu customs and philosophy. I, in turn, have taught him about the outside world. His grasp of the Bible is very good and a keen memory of Bible stories and events.

Well, Paulus and I are now recovering from our last patrol. We had did a lot of walking and preaching. The pilot was supposed to pick us up on Friday, but the plane never arrived. So, we returned to Du-pee's house for the night. There was a lot of sickness going around in his village. His wife was quite sick. That night, both Paulus and I became ill. Sinus drainage, sore throat and fever. We awoke the next day expecting the plane to pick us up in the morning. By 1:00 it had not appeared. We were getting worse, and I did not want to spend the weekend in the village, sick. As we layed on the floor (fever) I became angry at the pilot. I was contemplating what I was going to tell him when he arrived Monday, (three days late) to pick us up.

About 1:30 we heard the distant whine of an airplane. We jumped up, grabbed our gear and headed for the airstrip. Ten minutes later the plane landed. As I made my way to the plane I was thinking: a hot shower, Eileen's cooking, a bed. I'll be home in a few hours, and by the time we got up to the pilot, you know, I almost hugged him! I shook his hand said, "Happy to see you". He then told me that he had tried to pick us up Friday, but the weather blocked him out. The next day Paulus was running a fever of 105. I took him to the doctor and discovered, he had Malaria. The Doctor put him on some antibiotics for infection. Paulus is better today, since he had a Malaria treatment. We trust by February 18th, to be ready for the return patrol.

Roadblocks. Paulus and I left on Monday by bus to Kundiawa (about 75 miles) to catch a bush plane to Talbakul. Well, we got about twenty-five miles down the road and some man flagged the bus and warned the driver that there was a road block about ½ mile around the corner. He said they were bashing the cars up and robbing all the passengers. The driver started to let the clutch out and try it anyway. The man then said, "Go ahead stupid and get bashed."

By that time I and Paulus were ready to leave the bus and "hoof it" down the road. Then the passengers all started to yell at the driver so he turned around and took us back to Mt. Hagen. I then arranged to take a local flight out with *Mission Aviation Fellowship* (MAF). They are not always reliable in returning to pick us up and I usually avoid them. So the next morning we were airborne about 9:30. As we flew over the highway, Paulus spotted a new road block at the airport road near our place. He could not tell me because I was in the tail and he in the cockpit. After we landed and walked a while, Paulus revealed to me that he was very worried about our families because of the road block. We had no way to communicate so this put a "cloud" over us the next few days. We patrolled to Sogan and taught the recent converts and some other non-Christians, left and went back to Talbakul Wednesday because we were to be picked up by MAF Thursday morning. So, we spent Wednesday, teaching and fellowshiping at Talbakul. MAF did not show up Thursday (as to be expected) so when we did not return on Thursday, Eileen called Simbu Air (a wild man operation with an old plane), that always shows up with a friendly smile. Friday, they came and got us. On the return flight, I watched one of the rivets in the fuselage work loose.

Protesting for Law and Order. We were relieved to find everyone at home safe and sound (our prayer answered). Eileen then told me how the Jiga tribe had stolen buses and drove them onto the airport runway to stop incoming and outgoing flights and that the whole ordeal was a protest to the government to do something about the law and order problems.

The law and order condition has not improved. In fact, it has become worse, increasing day by day. The criminals rule and the police are hopeless. There is no restraint on lawlessness. Examples are: daily robberies, abductions, continued roadblocks by criminals, police robbed of their weapons, jailbreaks by hardened criminals without recapture, murder and rape are common.

Last week, our Mt. Hagen airport was completely closed down within one hour by an angry mob, showing that escape route is vulnerable. All of the above criminal activities are increasingly being targeted toward whites. Most alarming of all is the spread of anarchy throughout the country. This is evidenced by the Southern Highlands road (close to us) has been under siege for over a year.

Our heartfelt dilemma is that our work, by God's grace, is progressing well. That is, leaders have been trained and are being trained successfully. To our great joy, the 1991 plan of outreach has produced six new congregations in two months. The future for exploration in new areas looks bright. Our intentions and commitments in this work have always been long term. At this point, however, we are fearful for our families' safety. If it was just ourselves (Ken and Roger), we would continue to risk the danger for the sake of the work. Our emotions at times reel at what to do. Are we overreacting to the present circumstances or are we pushing ourselves too close to the line?

March 1991

It was about 4½ years ago that the Shoop family arrived in Goroka, Papua New Guinea. The small airport was jammed packed with tribal people with mud smeared on their faces. They were making "weird" noise (weird to us) and were mourning a dead relative that arrived on the same airplane we arrived on. Eileen, Julie and Carrie were quite "taken back" with this reception.

Leaving PNG. I'm writing this letter to tell you that we are leaving New Guinea on April 6. We are leaving because I have determined that the danger is too great for Eileen and Julie. Lawlessness has increased (and potential civil war) and I could not reconcile staying here any longer. We put it in the hands of our elders back in Nashville. The return message by them was - "leave as soon as possible." The first week we were physically sick for we did not want to leave the work here - especially because things are progressing so well. But we knew that the decision was right. We made this decision jointly with the Wiemers family and they will also be leaving along with Barry Bentley.

We do feel confident and assured that the word of the Lord and the power of the Spirit will not return void upon the work that He has used us in - the Highlands of PNG. You all have been a partner with us in this eternal work. Since 1987, I have been involved in the training of over forty-five men of whom many are actively teaching and preaching the word. We have seen teenagers grow into men of age, as well as faith. In this work, we have planted (directly and indirectly) several new congregations and stabilized other congregations through our leadership training program. We saw many baptized into Christ and we saw some leave the faith and become enemies of the cross. In our time here, we were loved deeply by many, shown indifference by some and wickedly plotted against by few. Some gave us great joy, laughter and amusement. We have come to admire many in their courage and commitment to the gospel. Some put heavy burdens upon us in their pursuit of materialism. We, of course, did not always live up to the High Calling of the Lord - due to our own weaknesses; nevertheless, His grace carried us and we are bonded to individuals and the multitude of the Lord's Body.

What Next? First, let me make it very clear to you that we are going to continue on in the work (vow) that the Lord has called us to do—that is, taking the gospel to the tribes of the earth. Our present plans, after a one week stay in Honolulu, is a short visit in Los Angeles with our daughter, Paula, and

her family; then on to Oregon. We will be staying at Warrenton until July. In July, we will return to Nashville and meet with the elders for the purpose of counsel and reassignment to a new mission field.

We arrived in Oregon from Papua New Guinea on April 21 and enjoyed visiting with our children, parents and many friends. In addition, I preached at several congregations in the Northwest (this was not planned) while we were resting.

(Note from Charles Dailey. After leaving Los Angeles, Ken and Eileen came to our house. Neither Lois nor myself were closely attuned to the conditions in PNG, but we quickly noticed that Ken and Eileen were like people shell-shocked from war. It was so generous of the *Woodmont Church* leadership to encourage them to rest for a time - even several months.)

We reported to our sponsoring congregation on July 9, and they have settled us into an apartment in which we are enjoying very much. It is quite a contrast from living out of a suit case since April.

Mid-summer of 2017, *Pioneer Bible Translators* published an amazing story about the Aruamu people in these same mountains. Its headline reads:

Using heart-language Scripture, the Aruamu start a Bible college to train missionaries to serve unreached people groups across the South Pacific.

A new Bible college has opened—not in North America, but in a mountainous jungle region of Papua New Guinea. The students and instructors are all ethnic Aruamu, a people group who within a few decades has gone from being unreached to preparing to send out their own missionaries.

“We are thinking big about this.” Steven Dazim, an Aruamu leader, spoke with eyes full of conviction, the weight of his words hanging palpably in the air. “We want to train people to be a part of the Great Commission that the Lord commanded us to carry out. We believe this school will impel our people to go into other lands and help raise up the next generation of those who will follow Jesus. This is our dream.”

Then a handful of Aruamu people heard the message about Jesus at an open air crusade in a distant town. For the first time they understood the Gospel, and they embraced it. They carried this Good News back to the Aruamu area. Soon little groups of believers began to form. They began praying that they could have God’s Word in their own language so that everyone could understand it.

Their dream began to take shape three decades ago when God led missionaries from Pioneer Bible Translators to the Aruamu. The New Testament was completed in 2005, impacting the Aruamu people profoundly as they read and heard it taught in their heart language. When the translation of the Old Testament was well underway, they began to wonder about other Bibleless people groups in their area. They looked upon their neighbors with compassion and asked, “What about them? How will they receive God’s Word?”

Aruamu leaders began seeking the Lord’s direction for how to continue to grow His Kingdom even after they have the complete Bible in their heart language. Steven

Dazim's visit with an Aruamu pastor who had helped establish a Bible college in Vanuatu sowed the seeds of a vision. These conversations germinated into prayers, and the prayers sprouted into a new dream—a Bible college that would train Aruamu missionaries to preach, teach, and share the Gospel with other language groups in Papua New Guinea, Indonesia, and elsewhere.

Early this year the Aruamu Bible College began its first session. Pioneer Bible Translators is honored to accept invitations to teach short modules in the college and to equip and encourage the teachers. In these and other ways we are blessed to work alongside them to proclaim the Good News of Christ in Papua New Guinea and beyond.

The Aruamu are no longer unreached. They are now our colleagues. They have gone from being a Bibleless people to becoming partners in training and—someday soon—sending missionaries to those who are still unreached.

Back to the Shoop story. Now that we are here in Nashville, the pursuit of relocation to another foreign field is underway. We have begun meeting with the Elders and Mission Committee, and I am doing some individual research on possible target areas.

Following the research period, Ken continues:

The good news is that we have found a place to relocate and this, now, has final approval by our elders as of November 5. The Lord has opened the doors for us in Guatemala.

Eileen and I left October 3 for Guatemala and did a survey of the country. We returned to Nashville on October 28.

Many of you know that we were interested in a "third world" work and especially remote and tribal groups. In the Western Highlands of Guatemala we discovered two open doors that were somewhat similar to our work in New Guinea; that is, the opportunity and challenge in a leadership training program, and outreach evangelism (church planting) thrust into the Indian peoples living in the mountains. At present, and for many years there has not been any organized leadership training program for the existing congregations and at present, there is not organized outreach into new places (mountain areas).

There are four American missionary families (church of Christ) now spread out in Guatemala. Two are involved primarily in "medical missions" and the other two are "growing" a church in the city of Quezaltenango. All of these missionaries expressed a need for the aforementioned programs that we are going to pursue.

We found that the Guatemala work is very much medical and evangelism together. We are happy about that. We believe that is a real need and a biblical precedent for this approach.

Upon arrival in Guatemala, we will first enroll in Spanish language school for about three-five months. This type of school also no English to be spoken and after class, you return home, which is living with a Spanish family where also no English is spoken. This is the "total immersion" program! Then, after this we will be involved in a three month medical training program under Dr. Mike Kelly (medical missionary). The purpose of this is to give Eileen and I basic health promotion and medical assistance training for the Indian peoples we will be teaching the Gospel of Christ to.

I would guess that many of you would like to know about the "law and order" situation in Guatemala. First, let me say that Guatemala is a military state, that is, a nation where the army has a "strong voice." There are soldiers in all of the towns and cities as well as the highways and byways. You might think "that is not good;" but we think that it is just fine! Criminals tend not to do lawless acts when troops are standing around with machine guns!

Indian People. The population of Guatemala is about 50% Latins and 50% Indian peoples. The Indians are the poor and isolated and often discriminated against. It will be the Indians that will be the focus of our work.

Christo-paganism is the belief system of the Indians. This is a mixture of "third world-Catholicism" (worshiping saints, idols, Jesus-a magic potion) coupled with fear of evil spirits, communion with the dead, and worship of the devil. We, of course, have ample experience with this "orientation" from our New Guinea experience.

Guatemala is a beautiful mountain nation that lends itself to extremes. Four percent of the population control 90% of the wealth! Seventy percent of the people are in desperate poverty. To date for 1991, there has been a 70% inflation factor.

While doing a survey at 11,000 feet elevation among the Mam Indians, we came upon a young Indian boy herding a small band of sheep. I jumped out of the jeep to snap his picture. He immediately hit the ground on all fours among the sheep and proceeded to run along with the sheep. He escaped my camera! Shortly thereafter, we came upon two Indian ladies, and again I came out with my camera. They shook their fists at me not to take pictures. I was told later by my Indian brother that they are fearful of having their spirit captured, thinking you will be able to work "black magic" on them later on.



Most of you know by this date that Eileen and I will be relocating to Guatemala around March/April 1992, to evangelize the Indian peoples in the mountains of Western Guatemala. I have decided that a Mitsubishi 4WD - Double Cab Pickup (from my experience in Papua New Guinea) is needed and most practical for the mountain roads, hauling people and supplies. This vehicle would be the major "tool of trade" that we would use.

Conclusion:

Ken and Eileen finished their life of ministry doing exactly what they wanted to do. Only in eternity will we be able to see the extent of their work for the Lord and his church.

Because of the trips to India, there is some overlapping in the narrative. Our thanks to the many who have contributed to this story: Randolph Gonce, Ed and Carol Farmer and Julie Hogan have been major contributors. Gabriela Ewing sorted the passports and put that part of the story in order.

Our hope is that the story of Ken and Eileen will challenge many others to brave hardships and setbacks to help spread the best news the world has ever heard.