

BIMI WORLD



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Opening Windows of Opportunity

by David H. Snyder



In recent years we have often been reminded about the many windows of opportunity that exist in unevangelized areas around the globe. The *unreached people groups* are being emphasized because of the millions who have never heard the true message of salvation. Also, BIMI's *100+ Nations Ministry* has been highlighting numerous places in the world where the need is especially great. This is something that definitely needs to be discussed since our Lord commanded us to go *into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature* (Mark 16:15 – emphasis added). The need of getting the Gospel into every part of God's harvest field should be obvious—in spite of how difficult it may be to “open the window.”

I had the privilege of growing up out in the country, surrounded by many acres of farmland. With that privilege came the respon-

sibilities associated with raising many different kinds of animals. My family lived in an old farmhouse that had a history dating back approximately 200 years. As one can imagine, we did not have air conditioning. This called for open windows and fans during the summer months. The old, wood-framed windows in our house were often difficult to open due to high humidity or adverse weather conditions. As a young person, I would push up on one of those hard-to-open windows with all my might, and once it began to open, I would stop to rest. After a few moments, I would try to open the window further so that we could get more airflow. In doing so, I found I had lost momentum and it was almost like starting over.



Through trial and error I discovered that once the window started opening, I needed to keep the momentum going in order to push it open as far as possible. After opening one window, I would continue to open as many other windows as possible in order to increase the flow of air throughout the house.


Although there are many windows of opportunity in missions, a lot of those windows are difficult to open. A tremendous number of nations have religious beliefs dating back hundreds if not thousands of years. Nevertheless, after many years of diligent work, missionaries have seen many hard-to-open windows opened to the Gospel. Additionally, the renewed interest in Gospel-deprived regions has caused many Christians to surrender to serve in “pioneer” areas of the world. Realizing this, we must remember that now is not the time to stop and rest. Rather, we should take advantage of the momentum that has been created. We must endeavor to open as many windows as possible and to open them as far as possible. Since this is the case, I would like to suggest some things that can be done to keep the momentum going.

First and foremost, we must **PRAY**. Pray that God would *send forth labourers into his harvest* (Matthew 9:38). The size and population of the world demands a tremen-

dous host of missionaries. Also, we should pray for the protection of those who labor in the “utmost” areas of God's harvest field. Church planting can sometimes be very difficult and very dangerous. I am reminded of what Paul wrote concerning an open door that can be applied to an open window: *For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries* (1 Corinthians 16:9).

Second, we must do what we can to **PROMOTE** the cause of missions. Those who teach Sunday school or Junior church should emphasize the subject of missions on a regular basis. Pastors who repeatedly preach about the great need for more laborers will be blessed by seeing church members surrender to missions. Parents play the biggest role in the development of their children. Therefore, the idea of dads and moms encouraging their young people to become missionaries should not be overlooked. Furthermore, giving financially to support missionaries is also an essential part of promoting missions. In short, we must do whatever we can to advance missions and thus help to open as many windows of opportunity as possible.

Finally, we must **PONDER** God's question, “*Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?*” (Isaiah 6:8). Too many Christians are content to “window shop” when it comes to missions. We should not be content with just looking at windows of opportunity. It is important that we consider whether or not God is calling us to go through that open window. The Lord does not want everyone to serve as a foreign missionary. However, with the tremendous need that exists, it is only logical that God is calling a *multitude* of workers. Perhaps as you read this editorial, you would be willing to breathe the prayer, “*Here am I; send me*” (Isaiah 6:8).

Most likely, the majority of those who read this article have had the privilege of growing up in a country where the Gospel is proclaimed on a regular basis. With every privilege comes responsibility. While there is momentum, we must do what we can to open the many windows of opportunity that exist around the world. To be sure, there are countless hard-to-open windows due to difficult circumstances and adverse spiritual conditions. Nevertheless, when God sets before us *an open door*—or window—*no man can shut it* (Revelation 3:8). 

Understanding the importance of the Great Commission, our purpose is to assist independent Baptist churches in the establishment of like churches around the world. **BAPTIST INTERNATIONAL MISSIONS, INC.**, exists to serve the local church as it sends missionaries into God's harvest field. As the church's delegated servant, we provide accountability, training and assistance to our missionaries as they carry out their pre-field, on-field and furlough ministries. It is our desire to glorify God through the pursuit of excellence in every area of this worldwide ministry of faith.

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Salvation in the Sahara

A true story as told to [Eric Bohman](#) by a missionary in the 10/40 Window

They came in a rush. Six armed men converged on the small Bedouin encampment. Moonlight glittered off their unsheathed knives as the attackers moved stealthily through the desert sands. The attack had been well planned. An informant had told them when the men would be gone to tend to the livestock, leaving the camp defenseless. Now in the isolation of the vast Sahara Desert, the women and children would be at their mercy.

One of the attackers, Husseini, knew the camp well for he was the former estranged husband and father of some of the camp's occupants. His cruelty was well known and had been the cause for his former wives to flee him—but he did not care. His background had taught him that women were of little value, only to be used. This wife, (whom we will call Mary), who lived

in this encampment, had committed the ultimate crime. She and others in the camp had become Christians. She and two of the older children had been recently baptized. This he would not tolerate. They would pay for their crime against Allah.

The stillness of the desert night was shattered by screams and curses as the attackers ransacked the camp. Women and children fled out of their tents to the safety of the desert only to be quickly chased down by other attackers in a waiting vehicle.

Herded up like animals, the victims were subjected to a tirade of curses and abuse. “You are not only cursed and the filth of the earth!” the attackers shouted, “You are also polluting these children by teaching them to become Christians!”

Whispered prayers were uttered as the women huddled their terrified

children around them. Who were these men? Muffled cries could be heard as Mary and her children, wide-eyed with terror, recognized one of the attackers. Husseini had returned!

It was not long before Mary was singled out, and all the venom of the attackers was directed at her and her children. The attackers, working themselves into a bloodthirsty frenzy, pulled Mary away from her children and brandishing a long sword, they prepared to slay her on the spot.

Suddenly, almost as quickly as it started, the attack ended. Husseini swiftly snatched his children, crammed them in the vehicle, and he and the other attackers sped away leaving Mary and the others weeping in the midst of their vandalized camp.

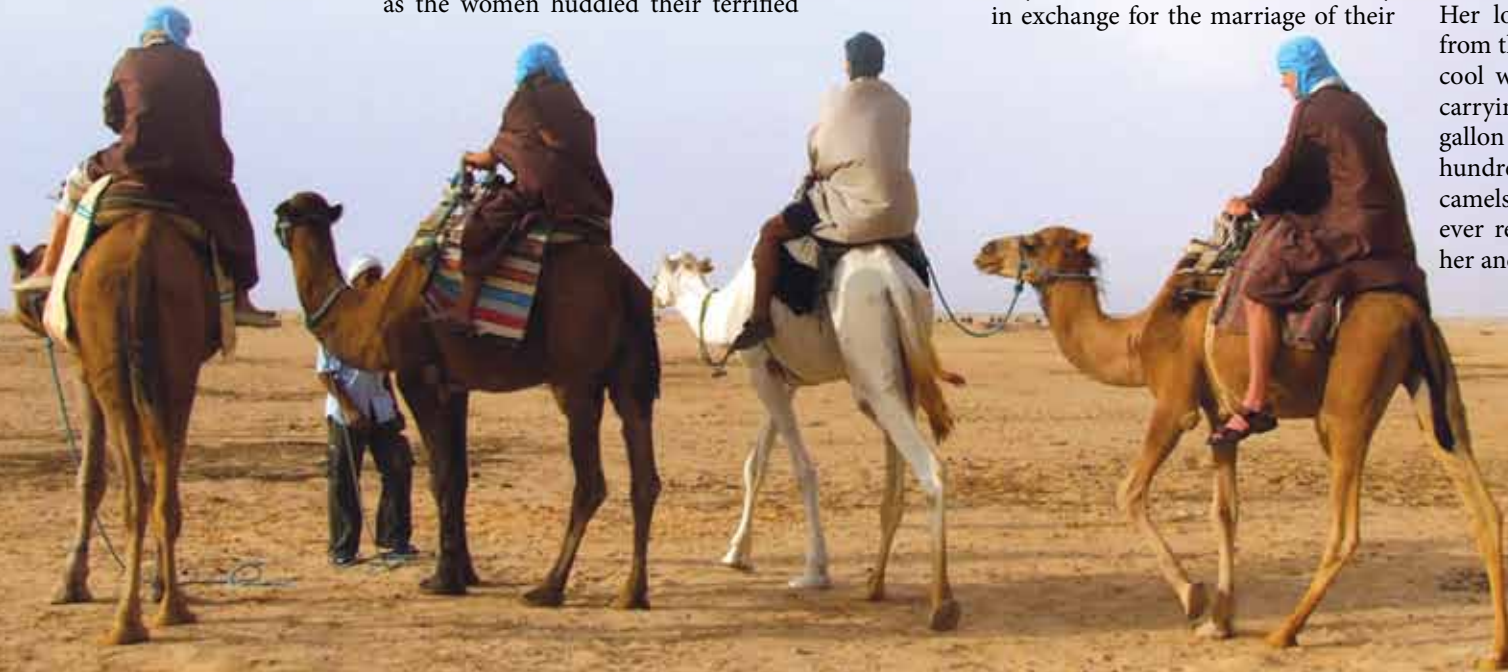
This is Mary's story:

She had been forced to marry Husseini when she was only fourteen years old. It had been an arranged marriage by her parents—no doubt they had received a sizeable dowry in exchange for the marriage of their

daughter. Husseini had already tried marriage several times, but none had lasted because he had treated his wives so cruelly. So this time, he had to go far afield to find a wife. He had to travel farther into the desert beyond where his cruel reputation would be known.

For sixteen long years, Mary had been married to Husseini. During all of these years he had never cared for her. When sick, medicine was never purchased. When in need, she was never helped. Even when basic clothing was lacking, nothing was provided. She was not much more than a slave. At times Husseini even brought another woman home with him for the night, chasing Mary and the children away from their tent-home to find some other place to sleep out in the desert.

In the early days of their marriage, Mary had lived with her in-laws in their family camp. Their cruelty towards her was only eclipsed by her husband's frequent tirades. She had to work hard to provide for her growing family as well as help with her in-laws' livestock. Her lot was to draw water by hand from the deep desert well. Drawing the cool water from 130 feet down, then carrying the water on her head in five-gallon cans in order to water several hundred dromedaries (one-humped camels) was an arduous task. If she ever refused, the in-laws would curse her and treat her and the children even



more brutally than was their normal custom. Twice she gave birth while drawing water from the well. The first time she miscarried because there was no hospital or doctor's care nearby. The second child born at the well, a little girl, survived.

In 2004 Hussein heard a Gospel message on the radio. He had never heard of a God of love. Who was this One who had died and shed His blood for him? Could this way of salvation truly give him hope and change his life? The missionary had spoken powerful words that he said came from a Holy Book. Hussein had his Koran, but he knew there was no power in it like those words of the missionary's God. Intrigued by the message, he and his neighbor invited the missionary to visit their encampment.

The missionary was thrilled at this invitation. For years he had labored in translating the Bible into this desert tribe's language and had faithfully read it and preached it over the radio station, but with little fruit. With a prayer in his heart and a copy of the recently translated Scriptures under his arm, he set out for the encampment.

Hussein marveled at the power of the words of the missionary as he read God's Word and prayed for them. He was so moved, the missionary was invited to come again. Soon a regular Bible study was formed. Each week the missionary visited them. Hussein and his neighbors would hear instruction from God's Word. Truly this Word was different than his Koran, but was he willing to submit to its truth in order to change his life? Some in the encampment were willing to accept this Savior, yet others rejected it because it spoke against their sin and they had no desire to quit their wickedness.

For a time, Hussein seemed to soften as he listened to the Gospel message and he even professed to embrace it. However, Mary knew he was only pretending this in order to gain favor from the missionary and perhaps receive financial help from him.

On the other hand, Hussein's neighbor and family fully accepted Christ as their Savior. In doing so, the love of Christ began to show forth in their actions. The missionary, along with these new Christians, showed compassion on Mary's plight by helping with the needs of her family and even providing donkeys to help draw water from the well.

Through the teaching of the missionary, the changed lives of her neighbors and the conviction of the Holy Spirit, Mary quietly opened her heart to Christ and accepted Him as her Savior. Her husband's change was only superficial. He remained unchanged in his heart and soon went back to his harsh and cruel ways.

He cursed her and the children more often and continually threatened them. At last, Mary could take no more. Twice she fled with her five children through the desert sands to a family encampment many miles away. Then, each time upon promises of a better life, she returned to Hussein only to be later disappointed by the broken promises and the return of the former abuse. Finally, no longer interested in the marriage, Hussein released Mary from their marriage agreement and arranged for a divorce.

Mary came back to live near her Christian former neighbors, who had since been baptized. In this new home, Mary began to testify openly of her faith in Christ and grow in the Lord. Soon she presented herself and two of her

oldest daughters for Christian baptism.

It was three days after the baptism that the vehicle of six armed men attacked Mary's encampment. Hussein had re-married two or three times already, only to be rejected whenever the new wife discovered his cruelty. Now he was vindictive. He was more ruthless than ever. This former wife and children had shamed him by openly professing to be Christians through baptism. Rounding up the children and heaping more threats and curses on the Christian women and other children, he and the other attackers left. He took the children to the only place he knew he would be welcomed, his parent's encampment.


The next day, he appeared before the Muslim judge and arranged for Mary and her Christian neighbors to be summoned before the Islamic court. Great fear fell on all who walked into the courtroom later that day as the young Christians, who had just submitted to Christian baptism in a Muslim country, knew all too well what their fate could be. Silent prayers were incessantly being sent to their new Savior whom they loved and trusted. They would not recant their faith!

To the surprise of many, the Islamic court declined to hear the case! He sent them to the local government authority. Upon hearing the case, the government official decided the case in Mary's favor! He explained that even though their country was predominantly an Islamic country, the new government wanted

everyone to have freedom of religion in their nation.

The case against the neighbor was dropped and the official even demanded Hussein give restitution for the attack and abuse to Mary and her children. However, not everything was resolved. According to Sharia law, the children belong to the father. The official explained, however, that any child seven-years-old or over could not be forced to stay with the father unless he wanted to do so. This meant three of Mary's children would come back to her.

Today, under the guidance of the missionary's family, Mary is still growing in her faith in God and striving to train her three older children for Him. She has acknowledged many times that if the missionary had not come to her country, translated the Bible into her language and had a heart for evangelism, she would never have the salvation and hope she now has in Christ. Her two younger children are still living under the harsh hand of Hussein. Because of her faith, threats on her life are still being made. Will any of her persecutors dare to carry them out? Will Hussein's heart ever open to the Gospel? Only time will tell.

Will you pray for Mary, her family and others like her? Many more are seeking for answers and groping for spiritual light. Thank the Lord that one missionary was willing to go and make a difference by bringing salvation to the Sahara. 



HOW TO REACH THE 10/40 WINDOW

By David Harris

“What is the 10/40 Window?” This is a question one of my daughters recently asked. It is a good question and not everyone knows the answer.

In simple terms, it describes the area of the world with the greatest concentration of people and the least number of missionaries. Logically speaking, this should be the other way around. Since it has the largest populations in the world, should it not represent the heaviest concentration of laborers? That is the goal when we try to represent the need of this part of the world.

It is true wherever you look. In Matthew 9 and Luke 10, our Lord twice emphasizes the need and what we who know Him should be doing.

Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest (Matthew 9:37-38).

Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest (Luke 10:2).

Double emphasis means double importance. It shows the Lord is very concerned about the harvest and wants each of us to be actively involved in bringing about real change in order to bring in the harvest. How can we bring about change and gather the harvest even in the 10/40 Window?

1) Pray for Laborers.

Prayer for lost souls around the world and for laborers to reach them ought to be a real part of the daily life of every believer. This is what the Lord instructed of each of us who have access to His throne. The result of our prayers should mean more workers going to the fields, but in many cases this is not true. If we take a look at the needs of harvest fields all over the world, we see the same thing. The laborers are few.



Being part of a team like BIMI allows us the privilege of meeting many dedicated missionaries. Recently, we were able to participate in our BIMI Field Conference in the Philippines. Before and after the meeting we were able to see missionary families in action as we visited their churches. What a great blessing to see families giving their lives to see souls saved and churches established in needy areas. I thank the Lord for every one of our missionaries.

Yet, as I sat in that meeting and looked around the room, I realized that even if we had twice as many missionaries, the needs of the Philippines would be even greater still. Though we will probably never see large numbers of missionaries go to needy fields, we certainly need many more to go *into all the world*.

Many of our missionaries in Japan and the Philippines have spent enough time to be able to retire. Yet, where are the replacements? This is a real problem that needs immediate attention. We are in great need of many younger couples to come to these fields. To see one or two missionary families trying to reach millions of people on any given island in the Philippines or cities in Japan should stir any heart to pray for laborers.

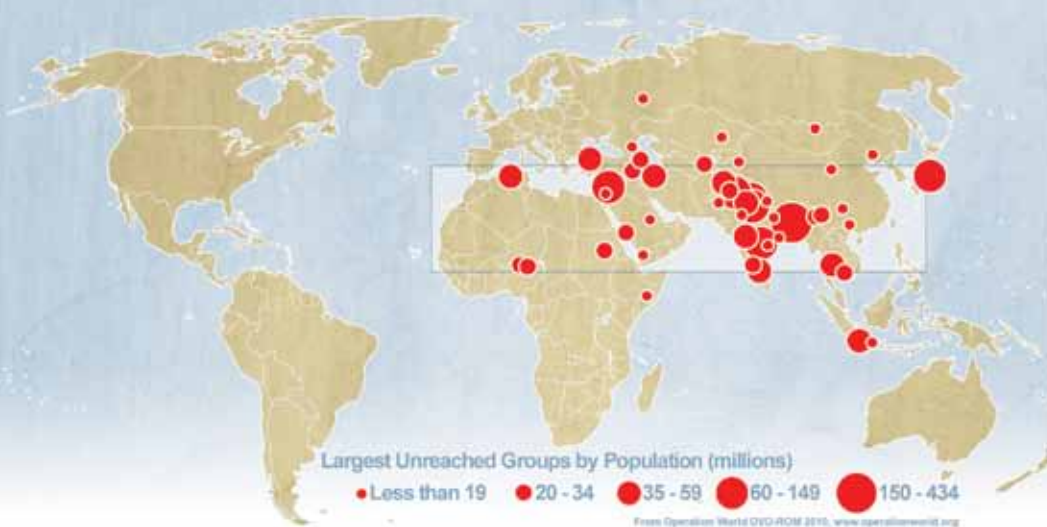
That brings us to consider countries in the 10/40 Window. Many of these are the largest countries of the world. Who is going to go and tell them of Jesus’ love and the heavenly mansions waiting above?

2) Participate in the Harvest.

What is the greatest thing you can do for world evangelization or for reaching the 10/40 Window? The answer is found in the Great Commission. The oft-quoted theme of the church is for us to go *into all the world*. Yet, where are the laborers?

What is the most important part of the Great Commission? Is it to go? Is it to teach or preach? How about to baptize? How about those who hold the ropes, those who give and pray? The answer to this question can be found in an often used multiple-choice selection...all of the above.

In line with the Great Commission, the key is in personal soul winning and discipleship. Nothing can help us reach our world like going out and winning the lost and then working with them until they go out and win the lost. This is where we begin to see growth, increased resources and the potential for more laborers.



Every Christian should be actively involved in the harvest. How about you? Are you involved? If not, you could be the key to reaching the 10/40 Window.

3) Passionately Serve the Lord.

In John 4 we see our Savior going out of his way to reach one lost soul. His passion was to do the will of His Father, which is *to seek and to save that which was lost*. This caused His life to be lived on purpose. The importance of soul winning was evident in His life.

This is an amazing thing. Our Lord was passionate about doing the will of the Father. It meant helping some lost soul realize their true need, revealing to them who He was and offering to them the “living water.” Only this can truly satisfy a soul. This story reveals that in doing so, it surpassed the physical craving of His body for food. This is how much our Lord was motivated to win the lost.

The souls of men so moved Him that He endured the cross. We are challenged in our race to follow His example. *Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God* (Hebrews 12:2).

If we each could grasp the spirit of our Lord in John 4 and follow His passion into our place of service, great things can happen. In this chapter we learn that our Lord was passionate about the needs of those who were lost, about doing the will of the Father, and about the great need of the harvest. Everyone is passionate about something. Should we not be passionate about doing the Father’s business?

Do you know what this world needs? It needs those of us who know the Lord to proclaim the Gospel to the lost and to pray for laborers. It needs believers who will participate in winning others. It needs you and me to passionately proclaim His Word.

Practically, reaching the 10/40 Window is difficult for a westerner. In many places a western face is not readily accepted. Yet, reaching people from those countries and seeing them go into this needy area of the harvest has great potential. Reaching others is the way to reach our world and the 10/40 Window.

10/40 Facts

- 87% of the poorest of the poor, living on an average of only \$250 per family annually
- 45 of the 50 worst countries in the world for persecution of Christians in the 10/40
- 95% of those in the 10/40 unevangelized
- 2/3 of the world’s population—4 billion people—in the 10/40 Window
- Only 5 cents out of every 100 missions dollars directed toward the 10/40
- 1.6 billion never heard the Gospel even once
- The seat of every major non-Christian religion—Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, Animism, Atheism, and Sikhism—headquartered in the 10/40 Window

10/40 Facts taken from www.win1040.com/about-the-1040-window.php



THE PRICE THEY PAY

By Gary Craft

May we never take for granted the price our American military and their families pay for our liberty. **Each member of the military family** contributes to that payment. They understand that in an all volunteer military they will be in harm's way at some point in time. Yet, they are willing to pay that price for us.

One day's events can change a life forever. June 29, 2011, was such a day for the McCulley family. John was in a base camp on the Iraqi border with Iran. He had commanded an Army unit as a Marine for eight years and was now a contractor imbedded with an Army unit at COP Shocker, Iraq. John had served 19 months in Iraq. It was 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday afternoon. John and five others arrived in the command tent for their daily leadership meeting. Just 211 meters away, the enemy had other plans for their meeting that day. Twelve rockets were launched with devastating results. Three of the six soldiers paid the ultimate sacrifice. John was severely injured. He was pulled from the wreckage of a huge crater caused by the rocket attack. Initially, it appeared John would be another casualty.


Meanwhile back in Germany, John's wife, US Army Specialist Stephanie McCulley, was working a twelve-hour shift as an Army LPN at Landstuhl Army Medical Center (LRMC). Separations and deployments had become a part of this family's life. Seven-year-old Tarron and his six-year-old broth-

er Ryan were being cared for by a family friend. Much of their young lives had been spent with one of their parents in harm's way. Having served for 16 months in Iraq on a Combat Medic Team, Stephanie had experienced devastation and death firsthand. Her team's mission was to respond to those injured in the many daily attacks. The Medic Team came under attack twice with casualties of their own. Their brigade lost over 30 personnel in 16 months of service in Iraq. As Stephanie finished her shift, she received word of the attack and learned of John's injuries. John's brachial artery was severed in his right arm and his left leg from the knee down had multiple fractures. He had minor head injuries and it appeared he would lose his right arm. He went through three surgeries but God was gracious to spare his life.

Three families in the United States were receiving much more devastating news. They would learn of the ultimate sacrifice **THEIR** loved one's paid for the cause of freedom that day.

US Army Captain Matthew Nielson (27) from Jefferson, Iowa, US Army Captain David E. Van Camp (29) of Wheeling, West Virginia, and US Army Sergeant Robert G. Tenney, Jr, (29) of Warner Robins, Georgia, assigned to the 2nd Squadron, 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment, Ft. Hood, Texas, lost their lives in the attack. For the parents, brothers and sisters and the young wives, an empty chair at their tables will always be a reminder of the high price of freedom.

Back in Germany, John faced months of surgeries and physical therapy. During his time at LRMC, I was able to visit with John regularly and talk to him about the Lord and his need for the Savior. Stephanie and the boys had been faithfully attending Heritage Baptist Church located near Ramstein AFB and LRMC for nearly a year. As a church family, we had been praying for John's salvation. That prayer was answered on Sunday, September 4, when John trusted the **ONE** who paid the ultimate sacrifice for him.

It has been well said that freedom is not free and that there is a price to be paid. We are thankful to the McCulley family and many other families like them who are paying the price for liberty. May God bless our military and God bless America! 



Gordon Is Going To College

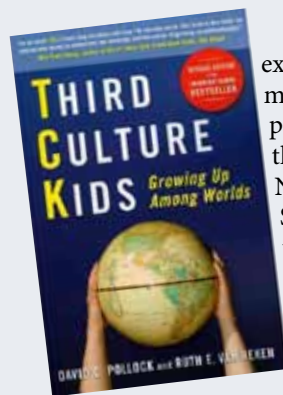
by Mary Ray

It was a simple paragraph inserted in the middle of what one would consider an ordinary prayer letter from a missionary in South Africa. He wrote, “Gordon Headed Home to Start College—Gordon has been accepted at Pensacola Christian College. Laura will be bringing him to the States in late August to get him off to school. Please pray for Gordon as he starts this new chapter in his life.”

It seemed like a simple statement, but the tears welled up in my eyes as I read it. I knew the emotional challenges this family would face.

Most missionary families are very close on the field. They usually do everything together. Our children grew up on the mission field and when they went to camp, we were there as counselors. When they went to youth meetings, we were there helping lead the meetings. When we had church-wide visitation, they were there. They were involved in the music and the children’s ministries and every other aspect of our service for the Lord.

When a child goes away to college, it is a tremendous adjustment for the whole family. This is true for every family but even more so for the missionary family. One missionary mother said, “There is something



extra painful about knowing that there is an ocean between me and my child.” Another missionary wrote, “Please pray for us. This is the first time that we will go back to the field with one missing.” A missionary couple to Papua New Guinea said, “It will be very difficult for us to leave Sara behind. It will be a painful separation as it always is when leaving kids behind in the USA. We will need God’s special grace when that time comes, so remember us in your prayers.”

In their book *Third Culture Kids*, David Pollock and Ruth Van Reken refer to missionary kids (MKs) as Third Culture Kids. TCKs are kids who are American but grow up in another culture. Ruth Van Reken was an MK, so she knows what they face. Pollock and Van Reken say that TCKs often grieve for hidden losses. “With one plane ride a TCK’s whole world can die. Every place that’s been important, every tree they’ve climbed, every pet they’ve had and virtually every close friend they’ve made are gone with the closing of an airplane door. TCKs don’t lose one thing at a time; they lose everything, but there’s no funeral.”¹

It is painful when an MK sees his family fly away without him for the first time. One young college student said that he took his family to the airport for them to return to the mission field. After they boarded the plane, he went back to his car and sat in the airport parking lot and cried all night.

Not only do MKs grieve the loss of family, but they grieve the loss of their adopted countries. Even though the missionary kid may be an American, for many of them the only home they have ever known is their “host country.”

Because we at BIMI understand the emotional challenges that missionary families face when it is time for the MK to leave “the nest,” we are especially thankful for the ministry of Glenda Williams. Years ago as a BIMI employee, she saw the need for an **MK Ministry**. This ministry includes keeping in contact with MKs when they return to America for college by sending birthday cards and Christmas gifts and by lending a sympathetic ear. When a BIMI Director is speaking at their college, she endeavors to arrange a time for the MKs to go out to dinner with him.



Glenda Williams

God has placed a special burden on Glenda’s heart for MKs. She loves them and prays for them during the emotional struggles they face upon “reentry” into the United States.

So, the next time you read in a missionary prayer letter, “Gordon (or Susie or Timothy) is going to college,” would you say an extra prayer for that missionary family? [W](#)

¹David C. Pollock and Ruth E. Van Reken, *Third Culture Kids* (Yarmouth Maine: Intercultural Press, Inc., 1999), 167.

MISSIONARY KIDS ARE REALLY FOREIGN STUDENTS

By Clint Vernoy

A few years ago while still ministering in the jungle of Venezuela, I went through the biggest change imaginable in just under 12 hours. I went from preaching in flip-flops in our Indian village in the jungle to preaching in a suit. I hadn't worn a suit for over a year. I flew out of the jungle at sunrise with the Missionary Aviation



Fellowship pilot. After 12 hours of travel, I went straight from the Chattanooga airport to the Wednesday night service of a supporting church. I walked in and shook hands with the pastor and greeted his wife, both dear friends, as I would always do according to custom in

Venezuela. I continued to walk through the foyer of the church and only then realized I must have done something wrong, though for the life of me, I had no idea what it might have been. Everyone stood in the foyer in absolute silence and expressions of shock. What had I done? When I realized my mistake, I was ready to head back to the jungle and hide. I had greeted the pastor's wife with a kiss to the cheek. To not greet the pastor's wife as I did, had I been in Venezuela, I would have been considered cold, standoffish, rude, or even arrogant and superior minded. To greet her as I did in Chattanooga was inappropriate at best or scandalous at worst.

I turned to the pastor and saw a smile of understanding. He knew I had just experienced a feeling he had known all his life. He started to giggle and waved me off saying, "Don't worry about it, Clint, I know how you feel." He was a missionary kid (MK). I had just done the culturally correct thing in the wrong culture.

To feel like a foreigner in their parents' homeland is common among MKs. Yet, people around them have no idea how they feel. The MKs may hold blue US passports in their hands, but their hearts will often hold to a different color. Many people will say innocently, "Welcome home!" The MK is thinking home has never been farther away.

Many MKs go to the States for their college education. Everyone treats them like they are home, like they belong, when in reality they are foreign students. When an Argentine or Colombian student commits a cultural faux pas, everyone passes it off by saying, "He's a foreign student, he doesn't understand." When the MK does the same thing friends say, "What's your problem, why did you do that?" The emotions they experience such as confusion, disorientation or loneliness in a crowd of friends are almost universal among the MK "tribe." They find it hard to explain to those who are mono-cultural.

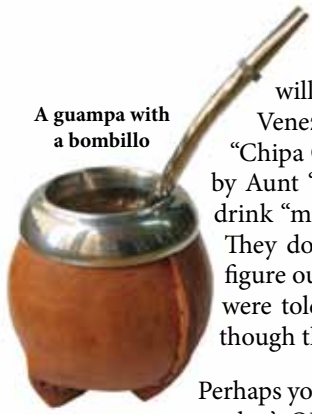
The emotions that cause such difficulty while studying are also some of the best catalysts for them to become second generation missionaries. They want to obey God and they feel His call to service. It is not so much that they can talk in a foreign language but that their heart speaks and feels that language. They will scour the city for some tiny corner restaurant where a little Paraguayan grandma makes "Bori-bori." They

"I stood and watched my mom clear security, wave one last time, then head for her departure gate. What in the world have I done? I am the biggest fool in the world! This will never work!" Such was my train of thought for the next few days as I became adjusted to the reality of living Stateside without my family. I had decided to return to America to prepare myself to better serve the Lord and I was officially terrified! That was nine months ago, and it has been a long process as I learned to pump my own gas, go shopping alone, make friends, stand up for what is right, and follow (or get lost following) my GPS.

Something a little shocking to me was the "blending in" factor of American life. Here, I do not stand out at all (except for when I commit a social faux pas, then I get funny looks!)"—Sarah Beth Earnhart, BIMI missionary kid to Peru who studied in Pensacola, Florida



A guampa with a bombillo



will find the one sidewalk cart in a city of two million that sells Venezuelan “pepitos.” Their comfort food is not cornbread, it is “Chipa Guazu.” It isn’t Taco Bell or Old El Paso; it is a hot “papusa” by Aunt “Tia” Carmen. They don’t want a cup of tea; they want to drink “mate” with their friends from a “guampa” with a “bombillo.” They don’t want coffee; they want “café con leche.” They want to figure out a way to hang a hammock in their dorm room since they were told they couldn’t hang it outside next to the fountain, even though the trees are perfect there.

Perhaps you read this and haven’t a clue as to what those foreign words mean; that’s OK. The MKs understand and upon reading this they will set out on a quest to find the perfect “_____.”

The problem is not that they are of one culture or the other. It is that they are of both, and it isn’t really a problem either as this MK explains:

Friends, especially roommates at some point or another, have said things to me like “you’re funny.” To this, I always respond, “Thank you!” I’ve learned that it is always good to get people to laugh, even if they are laughing AT me. For years I excused my differences from the Argentines, on being American. It wasn’t until I came to the United States to college that I realized I wasn’t American either! So what can I blame for not being American? Being Argentine! I realized the other Latins understood my plight and even related better with me when they saw me as Argentine. God provided the group I needed. For example, students from other countries tease me about the Argentine accent I never realized I had. Youth all over the world struggle with establishing roots. By studying here in the States, I KNOW I’ve been uprooted, but I’ve come to grips with being a third-culture kid. I’ll always be 100% Argentine and 100% American—it’s what makes me who I am.—Shana Brosius, MK from Argentina now studying at Pensacola Christian College, Pensacola, Florida



One of my MK daughters, now studying at Trinity Baptist College in Jacksonville, Florida, freaked out when she found out her passport was expiring. She didn’t want to get stuck in America! The idea of always being in America was tantamount to forced exile from one’s homeland. My children will compete over how many different passport stamps they have from other countries and the number of languages they speak.

Another unexpected area of confusion is language. In their country of service, everyone thinks the MK speaks English fluently. Arriving in America, they find they do not. One MK from Mexico once announced to a church congregation that I had given birth to over 50 babies while living in the jungle. He meant to

say I had attended and helped deliver over 50 babies while ministering in the jungle. The looks on the faces of the congregation were priceless. The expression on the preacher’s face was utter confusion as he tried to figure out what he had said wrong. While studying in the States, another MK almost got a guy pummeled at Bible school. This guy kept teasing her and she wanted him to stop. So she told him in a very strong and louder than normal voice, “Stop molesting me!” She realized she had said something wrong when five other guys grabbed him and pinned him against the wall. She then understood she should have said, “Stop bothering me!” “Oops...sorry about that, I have to get to class now...bye!” She is now a missionary with BIMi in Paraguay.

Stories like these are endless, but the end of the matter is this: these pressures of living in a foreign country (the United States) for an MK are of such force that they will long for the day they can return home. They want to serve God. They see the statistics that put 95 percent of Christian preachers ministering to 5 percent of the population in slide shows at missions conferences. They have personally seen and know the needs of many countries. They will gladly go to their homeland (what we call a foreign country) to preach and serve. The benefits of having an MK as one of your missionaries are many—no need for language school, they often already have their visas and paperwork and some even hold dual citizenship due to birth overseas. They know the culture or are much better equipped to adapt to a new one because they are old hands at culture shock.

When MKs go to the mission field, they don’t leave for a foreign country, they go home. They don’t have to learn a strange language. They get to talk again with their hearts and souls. They won’t be living among strangers, they will be among friends. They will finally be going home and they will plan on staying there as long as God will use them there. [W](#)

Missionary Enrichment Week brings furloughing MKs together for a week of fun and relationship building that helps them understand they are not alone.



Thankful to be an MK

By Jonathan Bergen



Recently, I was asked what the best and worst things were about being a missionary kid (MK). As I thought about, it I came to realize that many things fit in both categories—for different reasons.

One thing that was hard as an MK was how often I had to say goodbye to family and friends. We first moved to Germany in December of 1985. I can still clearly remember seeing my third grade class wave to me in the school parking lot, knowing that in a few short days we would be in Germany. As an eight-year-old

all I knew was that I was leaving friends and family. I had no idea what to expect on the other side of the Atlantic.

The trip over was fun—flying for the first time—having a layover in Iceland where we had to walk through the snow to get from the plane to the terminal. After arriving in Germany, we lived for a month with a missionary family with whom my parents would be planting a church. About a week after we got there, my parents sent me to a German public school. I walked the half mile to school with the kids of the other missionary family. Neither of them were in my grade so I found myself in a classroom full of kids who did not understand my language and I did not understand theirs. Even the teachers understood little English. So I learned to say *Was ist dass?* (What is this?) and point to things and then try to remember the strange words they said. Looking back, I now see this was the quickest way to learn the language, but for an eight-year-old it was tough. Most kids turned out to be friendly and helpful and it wasn't long before I made friends and became comfortable in the language. In the years that followed, God would give me opportunities to share my faith with my classmates and teachers.


Leaving grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins was also hard. In 1985 there was no email or Facebook. Making overseas phone calls was very expensive. My grandfather figured out that if he wrote letters on the thinnest paper he could find, he could add a Kool-Aid packet with the letter and still just use one stamp. This was always a treat for us since we did not have Kool-Aid in Germany. Outside of letters, cards and the rare phone call, we had little contact with our family in the States.

But God provided us with a new family. The missionaries in Germany were a tight knit family. We called the other missionaries “Aunt” and “Uncle.” We would all get together at a camp facility in southern Bavaria every three months or so for a weekend of fellowship. The MKs would run around in the woods while our parents played Rook. “Uncle” Bruce would give us haircuts since he had trained as a barber before becoming a missionary. Christmas and Thanksgiving, those times one traditionally spends with family, were spent with other missionaries. The bond that was created is one of the things I put in the category of favorite things about being an MK.

Another difficult thing about moving back and forth between countries was that the cultures were so different. As a kid I mainly just noticed the little things like the unavailability of grape soda or Reece's Pieces and that the cereal aisle only had three

choices. It wasn't till I came back to America for our first furlough in 1989 that I really started to notice how different the cultures were. In America strangers are friendlier and even say “excuse me” when they pass by in the grocery store. I noticed how dependent America was on cars. As a twelve-year-old I could not just walk home from school or to the park as I did in Germany. Here I needed my parents to drive me everywhere. I noticed how raising my hand in school and telling my teacher I disagreed with her was not as acceptable in the US as it was in Germany.

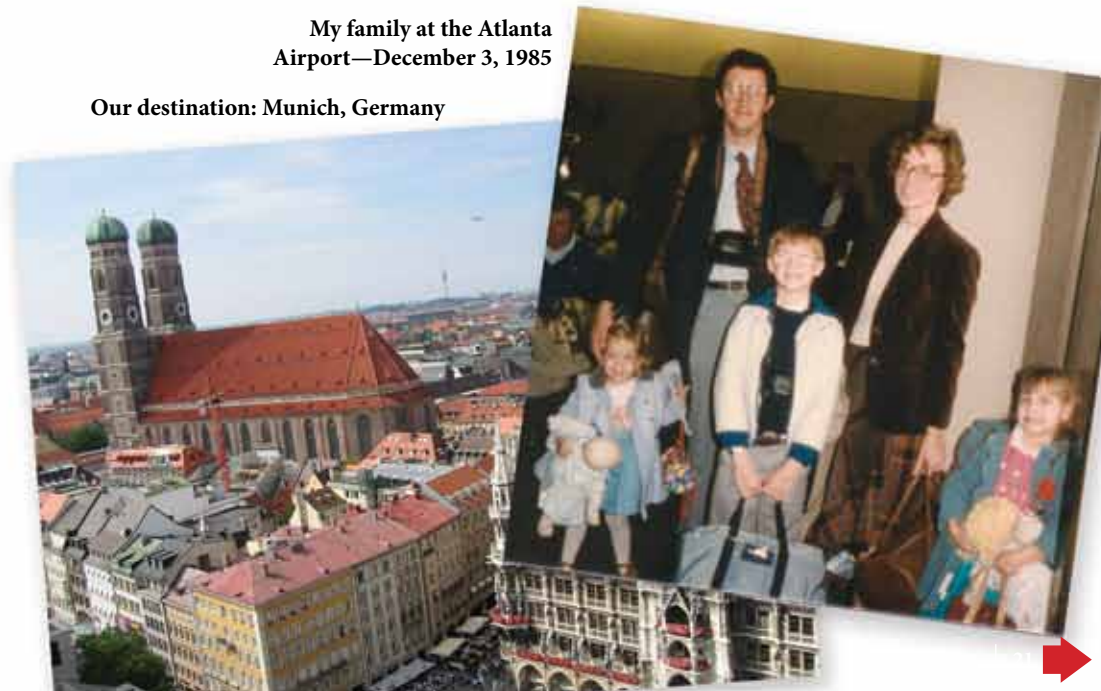
Most teenagers struggle to find their identity, and living within two cultures does not make it easier. I grew to really love both cultures and this taught me to love diversity. I think MKs might be better equipped to face the challenges of a world that is getting smaller because they aren't afraid of differences in culture. They understand that there is beauty in diversity.

These are just a few things that come to mind when I think about what a unique opportunity it is to grow up as an MK. Although there are some tough things about being an MK, the good things definitely outweigh them. Now in my thirties, I can see how God is still using my experience of having grown up in two cultures. God has allowed me to work at the BIMI World Missions Center where I serve missionaries. I can understand and help them a little better because I know what they are going through. Also God has sent many Germans to Chattanooga with the opening of a Volkswagen plant. This gives me opportunities to use my knowledge of the German language and culture to connect with them. I would not trade my MK experiences for anything. 

Jonathan Bergen serves as BIMI's graphic designer and is responsible for most of what you see in BIMI World and www.bimi.org. He also designs many of the prayer cards and other printed products used by BIMI missionaries.

My family at the Atlanta Airport—December 3, 1985

Our destination: Munich, Germany



Power in the Book

by Robert and Tim Meyer

The [Oceanic Bible Project](#) supplied Bibles to the high school students on the island of Malaita in the Solomon Islands. The text of the 15,500 Bibles was printed in the United States by Bearing Precious Seed. The plan of salvation was added and the Bibles were covered and bound by Lighthouse Press in Australia. The Bibles were shipped from Brisbane to Honiara.

Alan Brooks, Assistant Southeast Asia Director, and Missionary Tim Meyer worked and planned for months to make the Oceanic Bible Project a reality. Alan was responsible for raising most of the money to fund the project and Tim set up the ground work from Australia. The distribution took almost five weeks. Twenty-nine team members participated—six from the United States, nineteen from Australia, and four national Bible college students.

The population of the Solomon Islands is 570,000 and Malaita is the most populous of the nine major provinces. There were four separate zones on the island and each had particular ways of accessing the schools. A total of 46 schools were visited. Most of the schools were accessed by road in trucks and 4WD, but some were only accessible by boat and three schools had to be hiked to. There were at least 300 salvation decisions in the schools. Both students and teachers made professions of faith.

After Bibles were handed out to the students and faculty members at one of the schools, the headmaster stood before us to express his thanks. He said words to the effect of “America is a great super power and they used that power to give us our freedom.” Then holding up the Bible, he said: “But today, these have come to give us the *real super power* that brings life.” Another teacher mentioned that he had gone to his headmaster to see if they could buy Bibles for the students. He was told there were no funds, but the headmaster said they could pray for the need to be met. They had been praying every day for one full year when we came with the answer.


We were also told in one school that they had not seen a Bible there since 1976. Several times we heard that a Bible purchased in the Solomons would cost \$200 in their money. Someone figured that would be about \$1,000 in US dollars.



Tim Meyer



Robert Meyer

There is a need to finish printing 12,000 Bibles for distribution next year for the island of Guadalcanal and other provinces. The cost for the actual printing of these has been paid. There will be other expenses for shipping and transportation. Donations can be mailed to BIMI and marked [Oceanic Bible Project](#). 



Alan Brooks

Memorial Gifts have been received in memory of:

Donald Henderson Sr.	by Hazel Pablo by Maxime Prien by Shery Barbarisi by Pam Small by Donna Bullock by Jerry Smith by Mary Porter by Suzanne Harmon by Calvary Baptist Church	Clifford Lawson Shirley Kautz Louise Garrison Flossie O'Bryant Joe Scarborough Geraldine McGuire Waltraud (Trudy) Frick Virginia Day Sam Chastain	by Patricia Henderson by Blessed Hope Baptist Church by Blessed Hope Baptist Church by Blessed Hope Baptist Church by Faith Baptist Church by Tabernacle Baptist Church by Mr Gene Frick by Irene Dreistadt by Pastor Steve Cape & Hillside Baptist Church
Norma Stamfli Felix Harris Sheilah Schouten Clarence Carpenter	by Patricia Henderson by Mr. & Mrs. Bobby Brown by Mr. & Mrs. Elgin Norman by Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Clemons by Craig Ferrier by Mrs. Walter Shook by John & Lois Franklin Jr. by Sonlight Baptist Church	Clyde Voss Howard Payne	by Chambers Furniture Inc. by Greg Salyers by Mr. & Mrs. Sam Walker by Ms. Betty Hawkins by Mr. & Mrs. Rick Spruill
Walter Shook Alice Stachewicz Nita Webb		Sharon (Cheri) Livingood Coleman Padgett	by Ardell Versaw by Temple Baptist Church

Divine Appointments

By David Harris

As the Lord directs our lives, we learn that unexpected occasions can become Divine appointments. In July of 2011, I boarded a flight for a meeting. A 70-year-old Japanese lady sat next to me. After greeting her, I began a conversation with her.

She asked, "Have you been in Japan long?"

"Twenty-three years," I replied.

"What do you do?"

"I am a missionary."

"Are you a pastor?"

"Yes!"

Her response was unusual. She bowed and several times said, "I have been seated next to a very nice person!" She seemed to contemplate something. She continued, "This trip is not for pleasure." There was a pause. "I am going to talk with my grandson." After another pause, she lowered her voice and said, "He has started taking drugs!" She began to relate her fears for her grandson as well as for the family. She leaned closer and said, "I am going to talk to him, but I do not know what to say!"

The Lord directed. I reached into my bag and pulled out a Gospel tract. "Here is what your grandson needs to hear," I replied.

For the next while I told her of a God in heaven who loves her, sent His only Son to die for her and made it possible for her to be saved. She seemed to understand and knew enough Bible stories to understand the concepts of the One True God, sin and salvation.

She replied, "But I am a Buddhist!" She talked about praying at the *butsudan* (Buddhist altar) in her home. I asked, "Did this help?" She shook her head and said, "No!"

She said in hushed tones, "I have even been to Osore (o-so-de) san to pray." Mt. Osore is well known in Japan as a place people go to talk to the spirits of the dead. It is located in Aomori prefecture. I said, "I know of Mt. Osore. I worked in Aomori for 15 years." The Lord impressed me again to ask, "Did this help?" She shook her head again and said, "No!"

"What your grandson needs is to receive God's salvation. That is the only way he will receive the help he needs!" I explained.

"Maybe I can just believe both Buddhism and Christianity!" she said. It is at this point many people in Japan turn away from the truth and choose the gods of ancestors or shrines. God gave boldness to continue. "No!" I said, "The True and Living God says in His Word that we cannot worship any other god. We must worship Him and Him alone."

"Would you allow me to pray for your grandson?" I asked. She agreed, but began to try to figure out what to do with her hands. The Japanese way is to place open hands together. I could see her trying to figure out how to pray. She asked, "What do I do with my hands?" "That is not so important." I replied.

So, I prayed. She listened. God worked. At the end of my prayer for her grandson, I stopped and asked her if she would like to trust Christ as her Savior. There was a pause. Then she said, "Yes!" She opened her heart, confessed her sin and trusted Christ as her Savior. When we opened our eyes, without hesitation, her first comment was, "I am not going back to those other places to pray anymore!" She then said, "I want to visit your church when I return to Osaka."

Those statements reminded me again that there is power in the Gospel. Paul said, *For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek (Romans 1:16).* [W](#)



DENNIS PYLES

October 11, 1945—August 9, 2011

Dennis joined the BIMI family in 1979 as a single missionary. He married Rose, and she joined BIMI in 1984. Together, they had a fruitful ministry as church planters in the Philippines. Dennis and Rose, along with establishing churches, organized a Bible institute to train young men and women for the ministry.

They also ministered to the deaf and provided an elementary school for them and had their first graduation in 2007. Because of their love for deaf people, they began an Advanced Training Institute for the Deaf. The program was designed to teach life-training courses to help deaf students with their future. Courses included sewing, banking, and cooking. Before going to the deaf school, many of the students did not even know their given names.

On August 9, 2011, Dennis drowned while rescuing his daughter and another young woman from drowning. He was a faithful missionary who not only lived his life for others but also died for others.