

...Persistent calling finally gets the bravest flier back within talking range...and finally all is revealed: the hospital rescue team had been mistaken for the police river squad, who were out hunting a gang of burglars that had robbed the big shop (the police squad is famous for its policy of *hit first, question later—if they can still talk*).

Regarding the Outreach team, yes, they had seen them earlier, heading for Baimuru. And there they were found, having enjoyed a great weekend at Bavi. The videos were a powerful tool, again combined with drama, testimony, and song.

There was one man, a backslidden Christian, who got angry with his wife every week for attending church and who mocked her, asking, 'Anything new at church, or just the same old same old?'

He unwisely attended the first night...and then the second, and got something much more than the same old: he couldn't sleep for thinking of his life and where he was heading. He saw 'the end of the road', which is a very wise thing to see. He publicly confessed his wrong. Glory!!  
Hell plundered, Heaven populated.

But why had the Outreach team not made it home? Heading home, their motor had up and died, so they had paddled to the nearest village. They were welcomed with open arms because everyone in the village wanted to see the videos they had heard about from others. So a deal was made: bed & breakfast for video, and what had been a breakdown became a breakthrough!



—Stay, or Run?

Before they got a clear answer, at breakfast one morning, *Bang! Bang!* on their door—the gang was back, this was it!

*Here is a PNG-style 'Chicken Soup For the Christian Soul' story of God's protection:*

**Boison, a CRC pastor** in the highlands, was driving home from a remote village with his wife, Elizabeth, and some others when an armed gang forced him to stop. One man climbed in and put a gun to Boison's head, while the rest of the gang climbed onto the back of the pickup truck. They directed him to drive to a nearby village.

There, the gang had a short, fierce gunfight with another gang, and then raced back, forcing Boison to drive them away again.

Some days later the other gang came to Boison's house and demanded compensation for those killed in the fight. They had taken note of the vehicle and had come to Goroka and tracked him down.

He explained he had been forced to drive at gun point, which they already knew, but still they demanded compensation...or death. They came back a number of times, each time with guns and more threats.

Boison and Elizabeth prayed fervently what to do—

Two at the door and others (all armed) in the yard and around the fence. Elizabeth begged Boison not to confront them, but he told her 'what ever happens, it happens.'

As he opened the front door, the two guys freaked out, dropping their guns and taking off. The rest of the gang also ran for their lives, never to return.

Boison and Elizabeth, who had been saying their last prayers, were utterly amazed.

Some months later though, when Boison was ministering in a prison, some inmates wanted to give their lives to Jesus.

One said, 'Pastor, do you remember me?'

'No. Should I?'

'I was one of the men who came to your house to kill you.'

'Oh!' said Boison. 'Tell me,' he finally continued, 'why did you all run when I opened the door?'

'We were terrified,' said the prisoner, 'terrified by the tough guys with you. Their guns were big and powerful. We weren't going to fight them!'

*A great testimony to our Lord, made more special by knowing Boison and Elizabeth personally.*

# DELTA DIARIES

## 100 Village Vision –Update

### Kopi Village [Sept 03]

A good Outreach by a team from Kikori, but unfortunately clashed with payout day for the landowners. As a consequence, just about every man in the village was wasted drunk. Women and children (the sensible ones), however, were greatly encouraged and asked that the team return again when the men were broke and sober again—tragic.

### Kinipo [Sept 03]

There were 500+ crammed around the 20" TV! In spite of this, the message got through, but for fear of the crowd, only one brave teenage boy walked forward to give his life...[contd. below right]

**D E C** Family Invasion D-Day is fast approaching. Lavara, Janai, Stephanie and Jadon are all coming home for Christmas, and bringing with them Destinee (cousin and medical student), and Jeremy (Lavara's boyfriend).

**2 0 0 3** Their first step at Kapuna may well be a muddy one as our 190m jetty is now 10m too short, thanks to the movement of the river. So it's back to the painted legs for all low-tide arrivals.

Their requests so far are varied:

*Jeremy* : catch a crocodile with bare hands. We'll start him on crowing roosters first.

*Jadon* : guavas, guavas, and more guavas. He'll have stiff competition.

*Destinee*: help Grandma in the hospital. The more 'orrible the sickness, the more these doctors love it—they can have it!



**Medically, the best** news of the year has been Dr Scott working at Kikori for the last few months, the answer to many prayers. He has the Christian life and commitment that is so badly needed and so hard to find.

At Kikori, all manner of accidents happen at the logging camps, in the township, and in the many isolated villages, so he has had to cope with a heavy load, "a thriving practice of pioneer medicine".

Another highlight was Barbara introducing Scott to the world of PNG medical symposiums. Last year I went with Barbara, presenting two medical papers. This year I wrote short papers on seven rural topics, which they presented for me—on computer for the first time, Scott being a wizard at such things.

On their way to catch their plane, they treated a man with a severe foot infection—using condy's crystals [potassium permanganate], one of my 7 topics! Scott took a photo and used it in his display, while Barbara taught the doctors how to concoct pink, dark pink, or purple mixtures for use as soaks, paints, or mouthwash. They had a great time and met lots of helpful people.



## 100 Village Vision –Update Continued...

### Bavi Village [Oct 03]

9...10...11pm...still no sign of the Outreach team's return home. As two of the team were small children, a rescue craft, Thunderbird, roars off into the night, a high-powered spotlight playing on the dark waters. 20km...no sign of them...at last, at 2am...what is that feeble light on the river? The spotlight picks up a village paddle canoe.

Approaching them, Joe, our skipper, yells, ' We are looking for...!'

Suddenly, no one to talk to. No one still in the paddle canoe, all in the water, swimming for their lives, fearing Thunderbird more than the crocodiles!

Joe calls, 'Come back! Come back!' But to no avail: they're up the muddy bank and into the jungle.

The Thunderbirds look at each other and scratch their heads, and then look at the abandoned canoe with its lantern still burning, its fishing nets intact, its gear still stowed...and scratch their heads some more...turn the page to solve the mystery...

