

CAPITAL CONNECTIONS

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*And Jesus came and said to them,
"All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go..."*
(Matt. 28:18-19a NRSV)

One of the great blessings in my life is to have known Elaine's uncle, Carl Hunker. I'm not the only one with that testimony. At his Memorial Service in 2016 there were nearly a thousand people gathered, each with the same kind of experience having known such a godly man.

Elaine's Uncle Carl and Aunt Jeanette served as missionaries of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention beginning in 1948. They went to China, serving there for about one year before being driven out by the Communists along with every other missionary then serving there.

For the next year and a half, they worked in the Philippines while learning a completely different Chinese dialect. They were redeployed to Taiwan, where Jeanette died in 1985. Carl completed his missionary service in 1986, retiring from the Presidency of the Taiwan Baptist Theological Seminary.

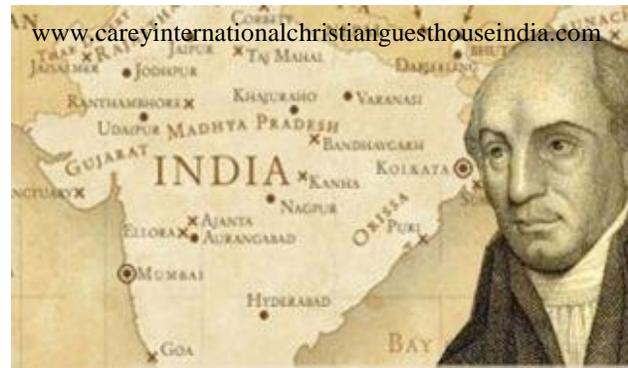
After retirement from the FMB, he was reassigned for two more years, the second of which he spent in India serving among the poorest people on earth. That year was particularly rewarding to him, highlighted by the opportunity he'd had to preach from the same pulpit used by his missionary hero, William Carey.

Carey was born in 1761. From his native England, nearly singlehandedly, he launched what has become known as the Modern Missionary Movement.

The religious climate of his day was austere. The Calvinistic view of the world was fixed and intractable. After his impassioned plea that the world should be evangelized, he was told by an audience of Church Officials, "Young man, sit down; when God is pleased to convert the heathen world, He will do it without your help or mine."

Such a statement can only be made because of complete theological calcification. It was about to be proven wrong. The fact is this: God not only needs our help, he has authorized us to help him "convert the heathen world." That is why Jesus said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me, Go..."

Throughout the history of the Church, we Christians have been challenged because of our wrongheaded views. Carey's zeal for missions is a case in point. He asked for subsidy in order to leave his English Shoe Shop and go to India. He'd finally succeeded, being appointed as a "missionary" in 1793. He died there in 1834.



When Carl and Jeanette Hunker undertook their missionary service more than one hundred years after Carey's Missions Revolution, they were appointed under the same system of missionary funding. They were deputized by our denomination and its great fundraising machine, the Cooperative Program.

It's because of cooperation that thousands of missionary personnel have been deployed in North America and Internationally. Cooperation is an important concept that gets us quite far down the road. It's an indispensable tool for our work evangelizing the world.

However, in the last decade we've been confronted with the harsh reality that, no matter how many missionaries are appointed by us or anyone else, the world is quickly becoming un-Christian. The funding/sending math doesn't work. In fact, the impossibility is becoming so apparent, it's time for another ideological revolution.



Daniel Akin and Bruce Ashford have provided a manifesto for that new ideology. Along with a cast of other missionary characters like David Platt and current SBC President, J. D. Greear, Akin and Ashford are trumpeting the call: every church must become an "every-member-empowered-for-missions-service church."

I became a believer in March 1981 at the age of twenty-two. I'd had no preparation for the changes that were about to occur. Initially, all I knew was that at one moment I was not a believer and the next, having been convinced of the truth by my friends' testimonies and by the Bible, I asked the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive me for not believing him for all those years and to come into my life. He did.

A year and a half later, when I was baptized at the First Southern Baptist Church of Colorado Springs, CO, Bold Mission Thrust was well underway. That was the denomination-wide effort to renew the Modern Missionary Movement. As far as I knew, that was "normal" Christianity, and I signed up. Elaine and I were married in December 1984, moved to Ft. Worth, TX for Seminary in January 1985 and committed to "Go."

The long and short of the story is this, I am serving in Oregon because "I went" where the Lord Jesus directed. I'm glad I did.

Have you gone where the Lord Jesus directed you? Many of us can say we have. We'll affirm that commitment in the weeks ahead. Others may be wondering, "Where?" or "How?" We'll answer those questions in the weeks ahead as well. Pick up your copy of [I Am Going](#) at the Welcome Center.

Going with you, Pastor John

Hey there Capital!

I wanted to take a moment and share with you a few updates about our up and coming college ministry!

On Feb. 14th we had our last College Cruise for this school year, setting anchor at Willamette University where our little group spent time praying for the Students, Faculty and Staff there to know Jesus can be the anchor for life!

A few days before we cruised, I was able to sit down with the Intervarsity director for WU (Intervarsity is a nationwide ministry similar to Campus Crusades for Christ or Northwest Collegiate Ministries) and

learned about his group of twenty or so believers on campus working to tell their friends and classmates about Jesus. I look forward to building a friendship with him as Capital seeks to help advance the Gospel at Willamette!

As always feel free to send me a message to learn more about how you can help out at Chemeketa, Corban, or Willamette- we need you!

-Pastor Thomas

You Never Know

During a recent small group study, we were asked who had influenced us in our Christian walk. The obvious answer for most was family, but as the group discussed the question, I was reminded of a unique way I was influenced.

In the early-90's there was an abrupt end to a Northwest construction boom. The company Lonnie worked for started by reducing hours, then as work continued to decline, periodic and lengthening layoffs. Unemployment helped but didn't completely fill the gap.

I was a stay-at-home mom doing in-home daycare, but it was insufficient to meet our needs, so I took a part-time job that sort of fell in my lap (that's another story). A regular paycheck helped, but every time there was another layoff, my stress level would go through the roof.

In the months that followed, God confirmed in several way that He had given me the job and that I was where He wanted me. I learned soon after being employed that a co-worker, Laurie, was also a Christian, and in a matter of months moved from part-time to full-time, to a supervisor position. I could see that God was at work in all this, but still lacked the faith to trust Him completely, as evidenced by my skyrocketing stress level with each new layoff.

Arriving early one morning to prep for the day, I flicked on lights in the area where Laurie had her work station and noticed she had put a small plaque above her desk with Jeremiah 29:11 on it. In that moment, it was God's balm for my stressed-out heart, and a much-needed reminder that He *was* in control. Standing there I felt a burden lift that I hadn't even realized I was carrying.

A couple days later, I walked into the breakroom to get a cup of coffee. Laurie was sitting alone in the rarely empty breakroom. With no one else to steer the conversation, she started telling me about a great craft show she had attended. Eventually I asked if she had purchased anything.

"Well, I hadn't planned to," she said, "but a plaque caught my eye. I told myself I didn't need it. We moved on, but I couldn't forget about it." She went on to describe an argument with herself: "I should go back and get that plaque. No, I don't need it. Oh, just get it. No, I don't have any place for it and it's on the other side of the building now."

She explained that right before leaving, they went back to that area of the building to use the restroom, and she gave in. "I bought it but didn't have a place to hang it at home, so I brought it to work and put in above my desk."

"Thanks, I told her. "I'm fairly certain God prompted you to buy it because He had something to say to me."

Small thing, right time! Proves you might not even know who you're influencing.

--Diane Fowler



More Odds and Ends

When we lived in North Queensland, Australia, our youth attended a camp on Magnetic Island, some miles off the coast. The first couple of years, I attended as a counselor, but the third year was not what I had expected...

by Ellen Kersey

When our group arrived on the island, I was told that I was to be the cook. No warning! No time to learn *how* to be a cook for a group of Australian youth. Just... "You're the cook!"

Australians are taught from babyhood to drink hot tea ... morning, noon and night, along with "morning tea" and "afternoon tea." And they drink it properly: cup *and* saucer.

Besides dealing with a multitude of bowls, plates, cups and saucers, I found that someone had bought groceries, including a hunk of meat I could not identify. Fortunately, I knew a Baptist lady on the island, so I carted the hunk of meat to her house and asked, "What is this?"

The answer: "Corned beef."

My response: "How do I cook it?" And she explained.

In addition to having to cook food I couldn't identify ... and cooking American style that was strange to the Aussie young'uns, I knew I could eliminate some of the dishes, thereby cutting the time these kids had to do the "washing up." So... I got rid of the saucers. It wasn't easy, but the kids complied.

Breakfast consisted of cereal, served in a bowl, and a sausage, served on a plate. I tried to encourage them thusly: "Why not put the sausage in the bowl after you eat the cereal?"

"No way!" was their response. "You don't eat these items on the same dishes!"

Somehow, we all survived my cooking, and attendees all lived long enough to get home and use "proper" cups *and* saucers!

Back in the "old days," Training Union was a function of Southern Baptist churches, held every Sunday evening. For a time, I was the youth leader at our church in Southern California.

Having studied something about the Jewish culture, I arranged a trip for our group to the Jewish temple in Ventura. We attended a service I don't remember much about. But I do remember this part...

One of the men in a proper kipper in this reformed Jewish temple knew we were visitors and thought he would educate us on some of their traditions. He took our group to the front of building and showed us the Torah. He even explained how they used it in their services and its importance.

It was when he felt the need to explain to us about Moses leading the children of Israel across the Red Sea that I knew he was unaware that Christians *do* study the Old Testament. But his version was a bit different...

"What happened," he said, "is that a great wind came up and caused the water of the sea to billow up, so the Israelites could cross over. It was a phenomenon of nature."

Because I didn't want to be rude, I didn't question his explanation, but if I could experience that again, I would question his explanation and ask things like "How was it that they crossed over on dry land? How about the pillar of fire and the cloud? How about Moses following God's command to stretch out his hand and the water was a wall on both sides? How about Pharaoh's army being buried in the sea when the Israelites were safe on the other side?" Coincidence?"

Brother Andrew wrote a book called "God's Smuggler," published in 1967. In 1974, he spoke at a large Baptist church in Brisbane, and I got to hear him tell some of the tales he shared in his book. (I have a copy I'll share.) The book is old, admittedly, but the story is still amazing and inspiring.

His story tells of his travels into Communist countries, including Red China, where he and his group smuggled Bibles into the country and how God worked with customs inspectors in those countries to let them through without inspecting their luggage.

But one of my favorite parts of his story is this:

As he and his friends prepared for their journeys, they adopted the Lord's instructions in Luke 9:3: "Take nothing for your journey. Don't take a walking stick, a traveler's bag, food, money, or even a change of clothes." (NLV) And they were also instructed to ask for nothing.

And so they trusted the Lord for everything! On one occasion they were expecting a group of young people to join them; they had promised refreshments, but they had nothing to offer, and, because of their pledge, they couldn't ask for anything.

Sure enough, before the youth arrived, they heard a knock at the door. They answered it, and a woman stood there, holding a large chocolate cake.

"The Lord told me to bring you this," she said.

Brother Andrew says at this point, "There, in perfect condition, to be admired by five sets of wondering eyes, was an enormous, glistening, moist, chocolate cake."

This story raises a question in my own mind: Why don't I trust God for the little things, like chocolate cake? If all the hairs on our heads are numbered, He *does* care about the little things. Sad thing is, if we're not watching, not paying attention, we miss those little things God does for us and, often we don't realize it was Him.