

BETHANY CHRISTIAN CAMPUS CHURCH

FORWARD

MISSIONS MINISTRY SPRING 2016

INTRODUCTION

We are Missions Ministry and our vision is to begin building a long-term ministry that the church can continue to build upon and shape our brothers' and sisters' testimonies from their mission trips. Forward newsletter is a compilation of stories and experiences of our brothers and sisters who have gone to recent mission trips.

This issue is our 2016 Fall/Spring edition and includes the experience of brothers and sisters that have gone abroad this past winter break as well as this past

summer 2015. It also includes an update from our sister Kate, currently serving in Japan. We hope that as you read their testimonies, you will be encouraged by what God is doing and that you too would be emboldened to declare His glory everywhere you go. Whether God calls us to "go" or to "send", please continue to keep these nations in your prayers as well as all the other nations in the world.

We've included a brief list of prayer topics that Missions Ministry usually prays

for every Saturday morning if you don't know where to start.

There is also a list of possible missions opportunities this upcoming summer if you are interested in going and if God putting that on your heart.

Thank You and God Bless,
Missions Ministry

WHAT MISSIONS MINISTRY DOES!

- *Pray for the nations every Saturday morning*
- *Organize events to support missionaries and short term trips from our Church (Service Auction, SERVE)*
- *Sharing missions experiences and testimonies with the rest of the Church (Storytime Café, Forward Newsletter)*
- *Missions!*

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Sing to the LORD, bless his name;
tell of his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the nations,
his marvelous works among all the peoples!
Psalm 96:2-3

JAPAN, KATE LEE

Hello from Nagoya, Japan!

Wow, what an honor to be a part of this newsletter! ^^v

My name is Kate Lee and I graduated from Cornell University's Hotel School in 2014, stayed as an oldie, and then came straight to [Nagoya, Japan](#) to be an English teacher at a Christian International Preschool/Elementary School.

Long story short, God led me to not pursue a corporate hospitality career but teach the Word and work with kids.

I've been here for over **6 months** and plan to stay another year. There is so much that I've been learning here...



Monday-Friday: Teach at **Trinity International School**. Here's a sample day:

7:00AM – *Wake up*

Try to not hit the snooze button. Shower, breakfast (usually my roommate cooks for me >.< she's so kind <3)

8:10AM – *Out the door*

Bike to work in 10-15 minutes, or walk in 20 if rain/snow =P

8:30AM – *Get into work*

Prepare for the day (gather craft supplies, review lesson plans, etc.)

9:00AM – *Bible Class* with my 7 kindergarteners

Read a bible story, go over memory verse (we do one memory verse a week!), sing/dance to worship songs

9:30AM – *Science/Phonics* with my 4 new elementary students

Hammer phonics into them, spelling tests, or do science experiments

10:30AM – *Math* with my kindergarteners

Drill even/odd numbers, carrying over double digit additions, etc ^^;;....

11:30AM – *Lunch* with 4 year olds

This can be stressful. Sometimes forcing disliked food into kids mouths make them gag or watching kids not use chopsticks properly and use their hands gross me out. Yum.

12:30PM – *Gym time, Geography, etc.*

I make them dance to worship songs for gym warm up ;D

You can totally exercise to "Get Down", "Walk in the Light", riiiiight?

1:30PM – *Reading Class* with my kindergarteners

My kids fight over who gets to read the story first. But they can't sit still or focus on the story or answer my reading comprehension questions... Often I have to kick kids out of class if they behave poorly -_-;

2:30PM – *Bible Class* with my 8 elementary students

I try to have them do a few inductive bible study questions ^^;;

4-6PM – *After School classes* (Tuesday, Thursday, Fridays)

This is the most draining part of my day. I get so tired but I have to teach non-school kids English. They often don't understand me.

But on Tuesdays I teach 2 missionary daughters how to read! They're awesome.

6:00PM – I'm OUT. Some days I don't get to see the sun T.T... I go home or run errands.

Rest in bed for like 2 hours and then QT, sleep.

Wednesday 7PM – Small Group with Sarah Chang & Sara Cha <3 <3

We do a devotional together, pray for each other and for Japan... Looks exhausting, ey?

Fridays

After work – hit up Heart & Soul Café for monthly events

1st Friday of the month – English café night

2nd – Game night

3rd – Cafeoke aka Karaoke

4th – Open Mic (a concert type-ish event, many Christian groups perform!)

Sundays

2-3:30PM – *Japanese Class*

I've been learning how to read and write the main alphabet (There's 3 kinds: hiragana, katakana, and kanji. I have the first 2 down, learning some vocabulary now!)

4-5:30PM – *Church at All Nations Fellowship*

God truly does meet me here. PTL.

Here's some stuff I've been learning through all this...

LESSON #1

Being a foreigner is hard. Being a foreigner in a very homogeneous, strict culture has its own difficulties.

Often I feel isolated and lonely. I don't know how to speak the language. I constantly need a translator.

Chinese characters (kanji) all over the streets intimidate me. I am as good as a 3 year old here! It can be humiliating.

I don't know the Japanese rules... Like how to communicate in a passive 눈치빨른 manner. (I've been improving though!)

Sometimes it's even worse because people mistake me for Japanese, so they're confused when I can't speak to them properly.
>.<

Simple things like going grocery shopping, going to the doctor, getting a haircut can be daunting.

There have been moments where I felt like living in a foreign country seems impossible and I wanted to get out, go back home to my comfortable community of well to do Korean Americans, but many times I God reminded me that that's not the goal.

My goal at the end of my life is to meet God in heaven, and my identity is that I am a child of God.

My citizenship is not in Japan, Korea, or America, but my eternal citizenship is *secure* in heaven. One day I can join God and be fully "home". Until then, I am an elected exile whether in Japan or even in America, and I need to hold onto the future grace that Jesus will return soon and very soon.

When there are days I am so tired from work or feel a loss of identity, I have Christ to hold onto. My God is my true father and he will take me home someday. It's okay to feel out of place now. It's only for a little while until I have all of eternity.

This discomfort is a constant reminder of what I really need to hope in. It's like a blessing in disguise.

LESSON #2 WANNA GET SANCTIFIED? WORK WITH KIDS. (JOKING. SORT OF)

I'm pretty sure I said after my first Philly missions trip that I never want to work with kids. Now I work with them for sometimes 9 hours a day. God is funny like that, ey?

However, God miraculously gives me love for my kids. Unfortunately it isn't every day nor every hour. They come in spurts, sometimes when I really need it.

There are times when I'm so tired and I yell at my kids for not knowing how to read some words. Or sometimes the same brat pisses me off and gets into fights with the same person so I kick her out of class. [but sometimes they're really cute so even if they mess around I think it's really funny... x)]

After days like that I am left in repentance. I'm far from being a kind patient loving teacher, but I try...

I learn a lot about God's fatherly role in my life as I teach my children, mainly about [disciplining out of love](#).

Many times I scold the kids about what they did wrong, but as I scold them, I feel love for them – a deep desire in my heart for them to learn what is right and wrong, rather than punish them out of anger/frustration. After I scold them I always try to tell them that I'm not angry at them but it's because I love them and they need to know what's right. I don't think they fully understand but I know that they feel my love for them.

There is so much more I could say but I think I've said enough =P. May God continue to bless Bethany and please keep praying for me and Japan – we need it.

Kate Lee

HAITI, MICHAEL KO



After a brief outline of our week, I will cover the three main components of the trip that I frequently look back upon.

Logistical Overview

The trip was from December 18 to December 24, and we served with the Love and Hope Center led by Missionary Simon Kim. Upon our delayed arrival in Cite Soleil, we toured a small part of the city. In some areas we could not see the ground we were walking on because of the trash, and the poor conditions attracted filthy pigs and goats. Children ran around with little to no clothing.

On Saturday the 19th, we visited our first orphanage. We delivered snacks and water, and performed our skits. We then attended an outdoor song festival, which started much later than expected. I believe it was organized by a Korean missionary group, and hundreds of Haitians gathered to worship in praise. On Sunday we attended the church in Love and Hope Center, and performed a skit and sang a song for the congregation. Next we went back to the song festival for a second day, and similar performances were held.

On Monday and Tuesday we went out to evangelize in a small town that had been worn down by the earthquake. Afterwards, we visited our second orphanage where we performed skits and engaged in activities we had prepared (games, crafts, English lessons). On Wednesday we had a break and visited the beach.

REEVALUATION ON THE GOSPEL

It is one thing to know the gospel. But a whole other to understand it. Evangelizing in the rundown neighborhood there taught me that I do not truly understand the story of God's redemption and salvation. When we visited the homes of the local residents to share our faith, I would often run out of things to say. My mind would freeze thinking, "what do I say next?" "What else is there to say?" As much as I believe it was a problem with the fear of man, I believe I hold onto a misunderstanding of the gospel.

The gospel is incredible. Amazing, awe-inspiring, indescribably humbling, wholehearted joy-inducing. God has welcomed despicable rebels to his kingdom through the death of His son so that they can be fellow heirs, and He loves us as much as He loves His son. If I truly understood the magnitude of mercy involved in this picture, I would not have stopped sharing in ten minutes. In one house, after I shared my "gospel" we asked the children if they would like to accept Christ as their savior. They responded with hesitancy and doubt; there was a reason to reject Christ and God's salvation. We then proposed a situation where we offer them \$1,000 the next day, and asked if they would take it. Immediately they said they'd accept it. That day I learned that my "gospel" was worth less than \$1,000.

I have listened to sermons for as early in my life I can remember, and I have been reading the Bible for almost just as long. So why is my view of the gospel so narrow and limited? The problem is with my values. I have heard and read that treasures on heaven are infinitely better than those on earth. Do I believe that? Sure! Do I believe that God's love for His people is infinite? Of course! Or at least that's what I say to myself. But it is completely possible to deceive yourself. And more and more, I see from my actions that these affirmations are not real. If this belief was real, then certain works and fruits should be produced naturally.

I have been reading, hearing, absorbing information quickly and feigning acceptance, but in reality my values have not changed. But how encouraging it is to know that it does not stop here: there is a God who can help me. And from His works in my life, I can have confidence in at least that. I pray for God to soften this heart so that transformation from His truth is possible.



RADICAL IN AN ORDINARY LIFE



We performed our skits almost every day we were there. One involves a girl and her heart. She goes and gives her heart to various things – her friends, physical strength, material wealth, her significant other – but all of them damage her heart until it eventually breaks. And then comes Jesus Christ who takes the fragments of her shattered heart and gives her a perfect, golden one. Missionary Simon urged us to not forget how the orphans viewed our skit: their hearts were already broken before considering any of these luxuries. He explained that this is a result of how this world works: for every person who invests in himself and gains something, there is an opposite, detrimental effect on someone elsewhere. It is easy to simply perform the skit and move on, but Missionary Simon encouraged us to meditate on taking on Christ's role in this skit: to attend to the broken-hearted, as that is what we are called to do. We must realize that what we have is not ours; that is the essence of love.

To live like Christ in this way sounded like a challenge. But in my mind it sounded doable. Perhaps because I have a heart for children, I found it relatively easy to love them and pray for them. Loving people seemed achievable by my own strength. But when I returned home, I saw how incapable I was in loving those around me, especially my parents. And I learned that it is sometimes more difficult to live as a Christian in everyday ordinary life, than to live like one during “special” or “extraordinary” events, like overseas missions trips. It was more difficult to obey my parents, talk to them, love them than it was to care for the orphans I met in Haiti. And this is normal. But God does not call us to live like Christians for 1-week sessions and then turn back to the world until the next one comes around. Our lives should be rich in the truth and should constantly be directed toward righteousness. And this is not simple: it will appear strange to the world. “Living like Christ should appear as strange as it is to see snow in the summer.” Missionary Simon said that there should be a huge difference displayed in our actions.

I have learned that I cannot live this radical life in an everyday setting: by my own strength and will, I do not have the energy nor concern for others that is needed. This calling to live like Christ effectively makes me turn to God in humble dependence.

UNIFICATION DESPITE SEPARATION



My favorite part of the trip was the praise night, when we attended the song festival, hosted by a Korean association, with hundreds of Haitians. And although the team was physically drained in having to wait for hours for the performances to begin (due to the delay in equipment setup), God gave us strength and allowed us to witness His grace at work. There was singing, dancing, clapping, shouting, jumping and we were able to partake in it. Both Haitian and Korean groups performed on stage, in song and dance. Children around us took our hands and we danced with them for hours.

Recently I learned in Bible study how God thwarted the plans of humankind in their attempt at self-glory at the Tower of Babel. He confused their language so that they would not be unified in their rebellion against Him, so that in His mercy He would not wipe out all of mankind like He promised. But I found it beautiful that although

the differences in language were designed to separate so that people could not cooperate in an uprising against God, it did not stop us from worshipping Him and lifting Him up together as one body. Language barriers had no effect on our praise to Him, and I believe God allowed me to experience a glimpse of heaven – where people of all nations glorify the one and same God.

CONCLUSION

I thank God for this learning experience. I learned about my faith, my calling to follow Christ, and His presence in Haiti. I thank God for the support I received through prayer and financial support. This trip would not have been possible without these provisions. I thank God for the team (Pastor Steve, Harold Shin, Yerae Seo, Kyle Choi, Haesu Shin, Rachael Oh): as brothers and sisters we were able to share our burdens, edify one another as one body, and witness the works of the Lord together.

In thanks and in faith,

Michael Ko

INDONESIA, EDWARD KANG

THE IMMERSION EXPERIENCE



So, after all the paperwork, visas, fundraising, here we are. Thousands of miles away from home, in a place where I don't know the language or the people. The long-termers really wanted us to become Indonesians so that we could win Indonesians (1 Cor. 9:22). So what does that entail? That means eating, sleeping, speaking, getting around the city, having fun, doing laundry, and even going to the bathroom like Indonesians. Needless of say, this culture was hard to adjust to.

Our schedule was extremely freeform and open. Monday through Friday, my team and I would meet up for Bible study and Indonesian lessons. And every Wednesday, we would meet up with the long-termers and have worship and a time of sharing. Once a

week, we met up with our respective long-term mentors. Other than that, we didn't have any plans.

Thank God this language is relatively easy, and by the end of my time there, I could hold very topic-specific conversations for a while. Secret hint: If you ever visit, for the most part, you could basically hold a decent conversation by just repeating the very first word you hear of their question. You wouldn't understand anything and probably say something untrue about yourself, but at least people think you're good at Indonesian. But not being able to speak the language fluently is frustrating and scary. The first time I had to take the angkot (the public bus, more a cheap taxi) was pretty daunting. I didn't know the city and didn't know if the driver even understood what I asked of him. You really take for granted being able to freely communicate any desire, any ideas in your own tongue at home. When that's stripped away from you, you do feel helpless in a sense.

I guess I'm saying all this because culture shock is so real. So pray. Pray for those who are in a different culture, whether for missions or not. It can be extremely difficult, distracting, and draining in their spiritual walks. Pray for confidence to overflow and trust that God would lead their steps in a foreign place. *Just pray.*

MY EXPOSURE TO ISLAM

During the eight weeks I've been in Indonesia, the basic and overarching method of missions was to develop deep relationships. We needed to make friends and try to introduce them to who Jesus is. This is due to the fact that E'ving in public is illegal. Of course, I went into this trip, knowing there wasn't much I could do in eight weeks. If I remember correctly, the average Muslim comes to faith over the course of multiple YEARS. But I wanted to experience what it would be like to engage in some sort of ministry.

In the city, you were never five minutes away walking distance from a mosque. For the first two weeks, every night, I would wake up to the screaming mosque, telling everyone to get up and pray. To be Indonesian is basically to be Muslim. Satan's grip on this nation is suffocating, and many of my friends there have never met a Christian in real life. In such an honor-based culture, rejecting Islam brings dishonor to your family and friends. Very good chance your family will disown you, and finding jobs will become impossible if you state your religion as Christian. Spiritual warfare is so real in this place, as Satan is doing all that he can to slow down (not prevent!) the Kingdom rushing in.

In Indonesia, there is a small population of Christians, but even in his small church, nominalism is rampant, as it's rare to find brothers and sisters to take Jesus' commandments (namely the Great Commission) seriously. Rarely do pastors encourage their church members to share the Good News to Muslims. Instead, these Christians feel attacked, and they feel no love, no desire for their kin to find joy in Christ. I realized that if this nation is to change, the church needs to change first. *Pray that the Indonesian church will know His unfailing love is better than life, and that their joy becomes contagious.* This goes for America too. Please continue to pray for the global church, so more will desire to know His name!

By God's grace, I was able to befriend some English-speaking college students through my homestay's mom's nephew. They were all part of an English-speaking club called the Bloody Dreamers (I still don't know why their name is so dark...), but most of them were devout Muslims. As I was there during Ramadan, they wouldn't eat or drink anything until they heard the call to break fast. If we were hanging out or playing soccer, during the middle of it, they would leave and go to the local mosque and pray.

As part of the "becoming Indonesian" process, we all lived with a homestay family as well. They showered me with so much grace, love and hospitality. While I felt loved by my Muslim friends and family and was awed by their kindness, I was confused by it all as well. I felt like many of them expressed more fruits of the Spirit like joy, kindness, and patience than my believing brothers and sisters back at home. But reading this passage from "The Reason for God" by Tim Keller, I think I understand a little more:

Christians, then, should expect to find nonbelievers who are much nicer, kinder, wiser, and better than they are. Why? Christian believers are not accepted by God because of their moral performance, wisdom, or virtue, but because of Christ's work on their behalf. Most religions and philosophies of life assume that one's spiritual status depends on your religious attainments.

In this life of mine, I want more people to understand this grace. I don't want His mercies to stop at me, but for His love to flow through me. I longed for my homestay family and friends to choose life, to understand that this greatest gift is free. I tried to share many times, but they lacked interest (for now). Maybe it'll take time, but I was frustrated because despite my and the long-termers efforts, little fruit seemed to be growing in this nation.

Satan is so crafty. I've struggled with God's sovereignty when it came to my own family's salvation. "*Does He care? Does He love them? Did He give up on them?*" These are raw questions that I'm still frankly working through. But still the magnitude of nonbelievers in this nation overwhelmed me. Satan again picked at these doubts of His ultimate goodness and sovereign love. Especially hearing stories from the long-termers on how slow their ministries were going, I really wondered if He cared. I wanted to hope that He did, but I grew more and more afraid of hope. I was afraid of being vulnerable and hoping in things I don't have control over. Hope deferred makes the heart sick (Prov. 13:12). I wondered if I would get disappointed in putting my hope in these things.

As I was wrestling with these thoughts, I think two things helped me to fight for hope. First, all the long-termers I talked to struggled with the same thing, and they really guided me through Scripture. They taught me to walk by faith, not by sight and to rejoice in my sufferings, for these sufferings produce endurance, proven character, and a hope that does not disappoint. Secondly, there was a day when I went on a little trip to a local waterfall. On the way there, on the beat of a motorbike, I observed the natural beauty of this nation. Witnessing this beauty, I couldn't help but conclude His presence, His watching eye,

THE LONG-TERM TEAM

Seriously, praise God for this long-term team...!! Without them, the five of us on the short-term team would be a mess. I just wanted to share some of the main things I learned from them.

I thought that their ministry was shrewd as snakes and innocent as doves, as Jesus commands in Matt. 10:16. Just to be safe, I don't want to disclose all the details of what they're doing in this email, but if you want, I could talk about it in person, or other means. Ask if you're curious!

I still remember during the orientation before heading overseas, I talked to a guy who went the previous year on the same trip. He said that this very trip that I was about to embark on helped him decide to become a missionary. After hearing that, I got so incredibly terrified that God would do the same to me. I remember praying, "God, you can have these next months, but my whole life? That's mine. Don't touch that."

Out of pride, I went and met these long-termers and basically pitied them. They lived such difficult lives and had to sacrifice so much. Yet, I found it strange that they lived with such deep joy and contentment. However, one long-termer took me aside and explained, “Don’t pity us. Because we enjoy what we do.” Simple, but shocking. She had been there for 10 years, yet she guided only one person to faith. She can still say that she loves her work. A bucket of ice-cold water thrown onto a disillusioned Korean-American boy who was taught to work hard to achieve, earn, and hoard for selfish gain. I thank God for them because they didn’t live missions like it was a burden. They lived each and every day excited to open this new gift and experience His new mercies. They lived this quote out:

“If a commission by an earthly king is considered a honor, how can a commission by a Heavenly King be considered a sacrifice?” — David Livingstone

And missions is freaking tough!!!! It is so tough... Thank God that through this trip, my romanticized image of mission was shattered!! I saw many tender scars from ministry, (often still healing), pain and bitterness in families and in the team, and Satan doing all He can to tighten his grip in this dark nation. I underestimated how painful, tough, depressing, and lonely missions can be. But even though the hardships, these long-termers clung onto hope and joy, and I saw them overflowing with His joy, peace, and love.

MY TEAM!!

My beloved team. I learned so much from these four girls. They taught me the value of encouraging words and how they can really go a longgggg way. I realized it’s not natural for me to express in words how grateful or thankful I am for others, and they taught me, not by rebuke, but by example. They also taught me the importance of sharing what I am feeling or thinking, so we can truly share one mind, one heart, and one goal. My pain and my doubts really became their pain and their doubts, and vice versa. They didn’t let my personal struggles and doubts become *personal*.

And from their desire to share my burdens, I learned the necessity of unity, not only just on missions, but in the global church! Missions isn’t easy. And often what sends missionaries back home isn’t the ministry part, but the people on your team. We faced a lot of conflict and arguments in our team. These things just sprung up from our individual senses of ego, pride, and selfishness. But I learned so deeply how important it is to talk it through and not to just walk away. Letting bitterness or anger fester never resolves anything, so we fought for unity through uncomfortable conversations and honesty.

ROMANTICIZED IMAGES DESTROYED

The first night when I got to the city, I stayed at my mentor’s house. We bought take out nasi uduk and spent the night watching Brooklyn Nine-Nine. Wait, what? I thought we were going to spend the whole night praying or prepping for the rest of the trip. But we just sat there, learning about each other, sharing laughs, and eating Oreos. I was shocked on how slow-paced a missional life was because I was so used to the crazy schedule of one-week short-term trips. But I learned you simply can’t sustain that busyness over a year, two years. On a sidetrack, I seriously recommend all of you guys to go on a “long-short-term trip”. I only went for a summer, but the nature of the trip is just so different from going for one or two weeks. Any romanticized images of missions deteriorate, and you get a real understanding of frontiers missions. Even if you’re not thinking about long-term missions, you’ll be able to pray for missionaries more effectively, as you understand more of their needs.

And while I learned so much from the long-termers love, affection, and joy in the Lord, I think I honestly learned more from their humility. They would confess that sometimes they would just go EVing just because they felt like they just needed to do more and more. They would say that they didn’t feel like they deserved to be on the field. Wait, what?? “You’re missionaries... shouldn’t you be the closest thing to holy?” But they are sinners, as am I. And I saw His name glorified in using and changing these lowly and meek servants. Seeing the Lord use sinners such as they also scared me too. No longer was “I’m too sinful” a legitimate excuse to do His kingdom work (not that it was ever, I just see it clearer now).

RETURNING

As I returned to the States, it was bittersweet. I was excited to come back and eat the food and laugh with family and friends that I so dearly missed. At the same time, I had developed such deep bonds with the long-termers, my team, my homestay family, and my friends. But goodbyes were said, and suddenly I'm back in Jersey with my mom at a Korean restaurant. And ya know, the amount of hope I put into these things like food or people to satisfy was foolish. I was disappointed, as I will be every time I put hope in anything but our heavenly Father. Food is just food, and people are just people. But wherever I go, the living Creator, Alpha and Omega, is dancing over me, all because of the atoning blood of His son. That should always be enough for me.

During the debrief session at PI headquarters, they warned us against reverse culture shock, which happens when you get so accustomed to a different culture and you come back to your homeland. And man, it's real. For the first month of being back, I just wanted to be back in Indonesia. Back with my family and eating mega-hot food that kills me. Back with the whole team. I really treasured anyone that would listen to my experiences because I just longed to share. Again, I say this to encourage you guys to listen to actual long-termers, when they get back on home assignment, as most missions organizations require them to do so. To just offer a listening ear is a powerful way to express love. Yes, you can't understand the depth of their experiences, but to show them that you care is deep and empathetic. Sometimes, listening is the most sufficient way to love.

THE FUTURE

Where do I go from here? What's the next step? The only plan I have for sure is to graduate school, but from there, I'm a little lost. It's really easy to panic and grow anxious about what the future has in store for me. But the biggest comfort I found during this trip was when I was mediating on Romans 8:32. "He who did not spare his own Son but gave him up for us all, how will he not also with him graciously give us all things?" What a grand promise. He promises us that He will 1. Graciously (so it's not by merit or anything I do to earn), 2. Give all things. Paul even writes four verses before, "Those who love God, all things work together for good." These promises are amazing and assuring. We don't need to worry what the future holds. If I turn out to be a chemical engineer, living in the States, being a sender, then that's what is good for me. That's what is best for me. And if it turns out that I go to the frontlines, that is the best for me as well. Right now, I'm just trying to figure out that part I guess.

At the end of this trip, God showed me very, very clearly that living a life of a missionary is one that makes sense according to the Bible. And I've come to understand just slightly the joys and the hardships of life overseas. Yes, there are sacrifices that would have to be made, but I'm beginning to see the benefits far outweigh the petty things lost. Ultimately, I think I wouldn't be sacrificing anything in light of eternity. I've come to understand this quote more all because the long-termers lived this out:

"Never pity missionaries; envy them. They are where the real action is — where life and death, sin and grace, Heaven and Hell converge." — Robert C. Shannon

However, after a semester of the trip, I'm beginning to see this decision to go isn't as simple as I thought it once was. First, as most missionaries face family problems, my family is no exception. The Lord must work not only in my heart, but also in the hearts of my family members. I lack patience for God to work and produce fruit in my family. In order to love my parents and not just drop the bomb on them after I graduate if I decide to go overseas, I've been slowly and steadily talking about my potential desire to serve as a missionary. Those conversations have been trying and tough. With my limited Korean ability, it's really frustrating to be unable to express my thoughts in the way I want to. But, again, I need to grow in patience and trust...

Frankly put, it also feels like I'm not going to be ready to go for a while as I struggle and wrestle with habitual sins, overwhelming pride, trust issues, and lack of genuine love for God and the church. My heart is fickle, capricious, as I love approval from man. I love and crave respect. Even as I write this, I desperately need to combat this deep desire to write words to produce respect and admiration. As my pastor has been teaching the church about missions in various seminars, missions cannot and will never be sustained by the respect or approval from man. I completely concur, so I can't help but conclude that the Lord needs to continue His surgery in my heart. If you remember, I would always appreciate prayer in any way you see fit!

A great temptation of mine is to try to hurry up my sanctification. If I am "mature", I would be able to go overseas. So I try to control my growth, as if I have any say in it anyway. This past semester has been humbling to show that I literally have NO control over anything significant.

I'm not perfect. Actually, I'm pretty far from it. But...I think...*that's okay*. He's been showing me that I live behind a mask. A mask that I've spent countless hours decorating and fussing over to make sure that it's just right. I wear it when I go to church. I wear it when I go to bed. I've been wearing it so long that I forget what I actually look like underneath in the mirror. When God tries to take my mask off lovingly, I quickly place it back on with more glue, more tape, my identity drowning in fake deeds, fake holiness, fake fruit. But...I see now that He doesn't love my mask, but that He loves the person underneath. Yes, this is the love that surpasses knowledge, that He loves the ugliness underneath. So I'm a sinner, a whore, and an idolater. But that's not my identity. I am a child of the living God, and nothing can change that. Like duh, that's the very essence of the gospel, right? You would expect that a Christian would know this by now...well, I'm trying to not have expectations of myself anymore.

FINAL THANK YOU AND ENCOURAGEMENTS

Often, being overseas, you feel as if you're not part of the church anymore. One of the long-termers confessed that she found it hard to relate to her sisters back home as their problems weren't the same as the ones she faced in Indonesia. But the truth is, although the tip of the sword may be further from the base or the hilt, it is still part of the weapon. I really give thanks to all your support, prayers, and love for me, as you guys reminded me that even if I'm distant, I'm still part of the sword, still part of the body. Just remembering that you guys were praying for me allowed me to just take a deep breath and center myself in truth in the midst of fear or panic.

Church, we press on to the hope that won't disappoint. This hope of that day when a great multitude that no one can number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and languages, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands, screaming and shouting His holy name and proclaiming His loving goodness with every fiber of our beings. I want that. Often this desire gets clouded by the small things, but Church, let's fight for this day more and more. If we really desire this, the directions of our lives will fall in place.

Dang, this was long. I'm sorry if you made it this far. You deserve a reward.

PHILLY, JANE HWANG

THOSE WHO WORK FOR GOD'S KINGDOM WILL BE BLESSED

Matthew 25:21 *His master said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your master.'*

Shortly before graduating, I had made the decision to stay in Ithaca for another year, and just weeks before leaving for Philly, I found myself in certain financial binds that made me question how responsible it was to serve as an unpaid intern. However, God continued to press upon my heart the parable of the talents. My time in Philly may have been short, and my responsibilities may have been few and trivial, but even just in my obedience even to GO and TRUST God, I felt God really rewarding me right then and there with his presence, communion with the body of Christ, and deep joy! In comparison to what I put in, God gifted me with incomparably more!

A second and much greater living example of God rewarding his faithful children is Queen Carmen. Carmen is Pastor Frank's wife, recently widowed. As the wife of an evangelist, bishop, and missionary, Carmen really did submit her entire life to loving the Lord and giving her life as a "blank check" for God's kingdom work. Even shortly after her husband's death, she committed to serve the Lord by continuing inner city missions. Living with Carmen and seeing her genuine love for God and her incomprehensible joy in Him was a great encouragement to me of God's promise that to everyone who has will more be given, and he will have an abundance.



GOD REMEMBERS AND ESPECIALLY LOVES THE POOR AND REJECTED PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD!

Luke 6:20-23 *20 And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said: "Blessed are you who are poor, for yours is the kingdom of God. 21 "Blessed are you who are hungry now, for you shall be satisfied. "Blessed are you who weep now, for you shall laugh. 22 "Blessed are you when people hate you and when they exclude you and revile you and spurn your name as evil, on account of the Son of Man! 23 Rejoice in that day, and leap for joy, for behold, your reward is great in heaven; for so their fathers did to the prophets.*

St. Francis Soup Kitchen: Many of the people that I met here were extremely poor, jobless, or homeless. Yet surprisingly, it was mostly on the streets of Kensington and in the subway stations of Philly that I met people willing to hear the gospel, receive prayer, and genuine Christians. I met Duncan at St. Francis, and at first I thought he was crazy because he kept rambling on about something. After sitting with him for about 20 minutes, I realized he was telling me about how God had met him personally and intimately; without the instrument of man, a church, or a bible. His story was so colorful and real, about God coming down and speaking to him with real words, and lifting him off his porch to look to the heavens and behold God's face. He proceeded to tell me over again that nobody believes that God did this for him, and he can hardly believe it himself. But I knew he was a genuine Christian because he kept telling me that even if someone gave him a hundred dollars, his God is worth much more than that, so much more; he could no longer go back to living like eh didn't know God because God had shown him his great worth!

Kensington and Somerset: This L Train subway station is infamous for drug trade. Although buying and selling drugs seems to have disappeared from this street corner, drug trafficking has merely dispersed to neighboring streets, and the area is still highly dangerous. This was the area where I met the most people who were desperate for their lives, to be clean from their addictions, and to be freed from their abusers. Under the "L" I met a young woman who suffered from depression and suicidal thoughts/self-harm. She had a history of abuse and was homeless. She was so distraught and asked why God was making her go through all of this, wondering if she had done something wrong. She told me of the countless times she had wanted to and even tried to take her life, but God kept her alive. Every time I heard that God kept her life, I felt assurance that God was saving her for a greater salvation, and I think she felt that too. Although she suffered greatly, and was even persecuted, she still expressed that she was waiting for God to use this for something, hopefully to love others.

God loves the humble: Carmen and Miss Jean are two of my mentors. From a worldly perspective, they started from humble beginnings: neither was wealthy, both lived in the inner city for the majority of their lives, both struggled with differing levels of addiction, and both had health issues that limited their mobility. The world would probably label these women as pitiable. But God has used both women as instruments of his kingdom, and continues to meet both very intimately. They share about God downloading his word into them, and ministering through them very directly to other brothers and sisters.

GOD IS THE SOVEREIGN KING OF THIS UNIVERSE

Ezekiel 37:3 *And he said to me, "Son of man, can these bones live?" And I answered, "O Lord God, you know."*

Three weeks into my summer, I felt so overwhelmed by the brokenness that surrounded me. I thought about the inevitable future of the children we ministered to, and how many of them would be fed into the drug trade at a young age. I thought about the drug addicts that I met who didn't want help yet expressed loneliness in their struggles, and ultimately left without receiving any referrals, the gospel, or even prayer. My question to God was WHY? I doubted God's goodness because my heart was so blinded by worldly sorrow over these people who I felt like had no hope. Reading Ezekiel, I felt like they were the dead skeletons who proclaimed, 'our bones are dried up, and our hope is lost; we are indeed cut off.'

God quickly displayed his faithfulness through the Word, leading me to Psalm 6: O Lord, Deliver My Life. God really affirmed for me that my small concerns for the people of Kensington are nothing in comparison to God's great love for his children. He reminded me that in the same way that He listens and responds when I lift this prayer up to him, God also invites broken sinners who may feel weary, dejected, and hopeless to pray to the living God. I had to see every VBS as God's grace and faithfulness to the children on the streets and every encounter we had as God's invitation to them into His love. I had to know that God is ultimately sovereign, ever present and persistent in his efforts to win the hearts of his people. Through all of this, I also realized that the best thing I can do for any of these people is to PRAY to God.

I WANT JESUS TO RETURN, AND FOR GOD'S KINGDOM TO BE ESTABLISHED HERE ON EARTH!

Psalm 9:5-7 *The enemy came to an end in everlasting ruins; their cities you rooted out; the very memory of them has perished. But the Lord sits enthroned forever; he has established his throne for justice, and he judges the world with righteousness;*

Isaiah 61; Revelation 5:11-14

Through seeing the brokenness of this world, I was convinced that the only hope we have is Jesus Christ. For every drug addict and prostitute, and every poor and brokenhearted person that I met, I desired Jesus to come and free them from the oppression of sin and death. But more than that, I wanted to see Jesus, the king of justice and mercy, the one true king to be enthroned and worshipped. I don't think there was a defining moment, but so many moments when God made my heart yearn for Jesus' return.

ABIDE IN CHRIST'S LOVE

John 15:12-13 *Love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this, that someone lay down his life for his friends.*

Throughout my weeks in Philly, I was BLOWN AWAY that Jesus, the Savior and eternal, omnipotent Creator of this universe, calls me friend! This personal and intimate relationship is extended as a privilege to obedient believers. The purpose of Christ choosing to save me and meet with me is not solely that my sins be forgiven and I partake in eternal life, but also that my life be fruitful and productive in fulfilling God's will to love my brothers and sisters. I really began to see through building relationships with certain people in St. Francis, children and parents on Franklin Street, and the Vega family, that my salvation and God's work in my life is not just for me, but for the body of Christ around me (2 Samuel 5:12, 1 Corinthians 3:21-22, Philippians 2:1-4).

GOD IS POWERFULLY WORKING SALVATION IN THE WORLD!

Mark 4:26-29 *26 And he said, "The kingdom of God is as if a man should scatter seed on the ground. 27 He sleeps and rises night and day, and the seed sprouts and grows; he knows not how. 28 The earth produces by itself, first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. 29 But when the grain is ripe, at once he puts in the sickle, because the harvest has come."*

One of the greatest encouragements that God has given me is through a woman that I met at St. Francis. Her name is Becky, and twice a week we would sit and just chat. God really enlarged my heart to love Becky and to listen to her share about her life. She rarely talked about God, except for when she mentioned that she didn't go to church for personal reasons, and because she felt uncomfortable. Still, every time we met, we would pray together. My final day at St. Francis, we exchanged phone numbers, and said our tearful goodbyes. Throughout the past few months, Becky and I have been texting. They are often short texts about how we are doing, and Becky's often read: I'm doing fine – Becky. For the first few weeks I would receive the same text, and to be honest I didn't expect to hear anything much different than that. Then on September 20th, Becky sent me this text: How are you - I went to church today. A few weeks later: I am feeling good. I am happy. I go to church every Sunday. And this past Monday: Me and Jason are happy together. We go to church every Sunday.

I know it may not sound like much, but God is really making clear that the seeds that we sow are not sown in vain, and that the author of salvation is sprouting, growing and ripening them for the harvest.

Jane Hwang

PRAYER TOPICS

Haiti:

- Missionary Simon Kim (Loneliness, safety, energy), the Love and Hope Center. Continual faithfulness and dependence as he hosts new teams throughout the year.

Philly/ICM:

- Carmen Vega and Vega family: transitioning after P Frank's passing
- Carmen's health: since she is also leading more of the teams actively
- Franklin Street and the neighborhoods
- Safety and protection in lives and to grow to know Jesus
- Workers for ICM (ministry to continue - missions teams continue to come), ICM Interns
- Cornell Team! (next spring team)

Japan:

- Small groups at church - growing community at church; deeper communion within the body
- Teachers → need more teachers at the school...
- Depression (as a means to glorify God) / CBI counseling initiative; a lot of people are open to people who are not close to them... but struggle to share with close friends
- Continual growth of Heart and Soul ministry - for outreach
- Kate -- faithful obedience and energy to commit and devote to Kingdom work
- For Missionary Sarah Chang and Sarah Cha

North Korea/China:

- Christians who are going through persecution, the government

ISIS:

- God's sovereignty and justice. Protection for those who are going through persecution.

Syrian Refugees:

- Provision of homes, Global acceptances of Syrian Refugees, Syrian Refugees to be surrounded by Christians and the gospel

Ithaca:

- Community -- townies and students
- Fellowships (CRU, CBS, AAIV, etc)
- Islam groups

India:

- Forefront ministry direction as well (Matt Oh, Chanwook, Jen Kim)
- Many gods that they worship (Idolatry) - for God to give them salvation and the Gospel
- Safety and protection - violence against women and children

SUMMER MISSION OPPORUTNITIES

-We highly encourage you to consider going on a short missions trip this upcoming summer if God wills! Here is a list of some organizations you can contact if you feel like if God is really calling you to go!

-Bethany Campus Christian Church is also trying to send out a short term team this summer to Wilmington, Delaware through **Urban Promise**. This will be a 2-3 week trip with activities and ministries ranging from VBS to labor work and assisting staff there. If you are interested, please contact Harold Shin at hds55@cornell.edu!!!

Pioneers: The Edge: <https://edge.pioneers.org/>

OMF: Serve Asia: <https://omf.org/us/go/short-term/about-short-term/>

Africa Inland Mission: <http://us.aimint.org/>

Missions Ministry Interest

Please feel free to join our ministry as we pray for the nations every Saturday mornings in Eddy-gate 6E at 10:30am. If you have any questions, once again, contact Harold Shin (hds55@cornell.edu)

We'd love to see you join us in prayer!

Purpose

The vision for Bethany missions ministry is to begin building a long-term ministry that the church can continue to build upon and shape even after all of us graduate- a ministry in which having a heart for missions and actively participating in God's work of missions is the norm. The joyful work of missions is not for the extraordinary Christian, but it is for everyone everyday and should be an essential part of these four areas: (1) prayer life (2) awareness and education (3) finances and (4) time and vacation breaks.

"After this I looked and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and in front of the Lamb. They were wearing white robes and were holding palm branches in their hands. And they cried out in a loud voice: 'Salvation belongs to our God, who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb. All the angels were standing around the throne and around the elders and the four living creatures. They fell down on their faces before the throne and worshiped God, saying: 'Amen! Praise and glory and wisdom and thanks and honor and power and strength be to our God for ever and ever. Amen!'" Our ever-present hope is to see the worship of nations before the throne of God and His glory made known in all the world.

Revelation 7:9-12