



SOVEREIGN GRACE BAPTIST MISSION

International – Papua New Guinea / Malawi Africa

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Dear Pastor, Church and All Supporters;

Luke 12:34 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Luke 6:38 Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

I have just returned from a three-day bush patrol (as we call it here in PNG), hiking to an area in the bush (remote places within the jungles of PNG). This report has a certain tenor that I would like for you the reader to let ‘sink’ into the very bottom of your soul. I have been the recipient of GOD’S wonderful grace and often times am humbled by HIS working in the lives of HIS people no matter where they may live, have or not, but I believe surely this has to be one of the ‘marks’ of GOD’S children.

I laboured for twenty years in South East Africa, mainly Malawi and Mozambique teaching ‘GOD’S financial program for HIS churches and people, namely ‘Tithes & Offerings’.

Most of the Africans struggle with this doctrine as all they have seen from the ‘white missionaries’ originating with Dr. David Livingston who went to Africa and provided what they didn’t have according to ‘the Western mind set’. In the latter part of my ministry there in Africa, GOD began to work in the lives of HIS people there and this great and important doctrine was seen practiced, praise GOD!

Here in PNG, these people at least the Tribes I minister amongst, have ‘culturally’ always been a giving people, therefore when the LORD opened their eyes to the idolatry and sacrificial worship they were engaged in, the giving to the true and ONE living GOD, came with little difficulty.

All this said, to share what I have seen and experienced in the past days and weeks. Our last Bible Conference was hosted in the Duna area at the Tabiya Bap church, I have written a mission report on this, and taken pictures of the services, and a baptism. I also shared some pictures of my personal accommodations. The Tabiya church is small in number and mostly made up of faithful women, one charter member who is in his eighties now, a handful of younger men, and a young interim pastor. A few days ago, I received two young maidens (church members of Tabiya Bap church) who hiked for seven hours one way, and for one reason. They came to see me regarding a burden they had and shared with me their concern.

Here is their story.... 'We have brought an offering (400.00 PGK = \$130.00) to give to you and since we are unable to go to Tari because of fighting and trouble along the road, we are bringing this 'free-will' offering to you, so you can purchase some iron sheets (corrugated roofing sheets) and bring to our place so we can build you a small (Prophet's chambers).'

I was stunned into silence as I listened to them tell their burden to me, I debated whether I should take the small, but yet great amount that they had saved up. They do not hold any public work, they are not married and have no way of income except to raise their pigs and sell them, which is a very hard life here. However I know what the Scriptures teach about the giver and the gift so instead of robbing them from a blessing, which GOD has laid up for them, I accepted.

I could not help but think of so many of GOD'S people who have 'so much' materialistically and yet it becomes a burden to them to give. These two young maidens have no shoes, live in a bush house, and raise their pigs from the sweet-potato gardens they dig, plant and harvest. The unselfish, and willing spirit to give all they had in order that I might have a dry and comfortable dwelling when I come to their area to preach the Word of God.

I do not understand how so many whom GOD has blessed with so much 'material things' and seemingly the more we have, the less we want to part with these 'things'. I have lived a life with Tribal people for now thirty years of my life, and I have seen, witnessed, and experienced that the less one has it seems the more they are willing to share, and give of their means, why is this? Perhaps you the reader you might help me to understand.

Ask yourself the question, how many pair of shoes do you own, have owned will own, shirts, dresses, outfits, jackets, sport wear, closets full of clothes, much is stowed away, only put on for a 'season of time' and put away. Most in developed countries are prepared to give away what they no longer 'want', the LORD doesn't want your throwaways.

I have completed a three-day mission patrol, and though humanly speaking it was a hard trip for me, it was rewarding spiritually on both sides. The LORD preaches many sermons to me as I hike, work, and live on the mission field. I continue to learn in GOD's spiritual academy as I labour in HIS vineyard.

On Monday this week I set off from the mission station, with light packing knowing it would be a challenge for me physically because it has been some time since I have hiked. The elevation in the mountains and the ruggedness is a challenge itself, without carrying a pack.

There were only three of us, the other two men, also were carrying packs, my sleeping quarters, enough food to sustain me for several days, medicine, spare clothing etc....

Daybreak we set off, which is around 06:30 hrs. Temps are cool in the morning but will soon give way to a strong sun. The first three hours we hiked it was a steady climb and we were averaging two thousand feet an hour, taking short breaks along. Dehydration is a real concern here in the tropics and rainforest; I carry salt and have a hydraform reservoir pack, which carries up to, three litres of water. In the mountains there is good clean water, filtered through the crevices of the rocks without any human alterations.

My mind was turned to the wild, rugged, and hostile environment that we were hiking within, and the LORD preached to me in pictures and parables, the picture of each of us who was conceived in sin, came forth speaking lies, each twisted, wild, and all of us going each our own way. As I carefully placed my steps on a network of tree roots, broken sticks, felled trees, pit holes of mud, debris, splintered bamboo I heard the message of 'total depravity' with each step, and each minute that passed. How rough we all are, taken out of the mud pits, marred and of no value, except how the LORD 'fashioned' me again to become a useful vessel according to HIS love and mercy.

(Psalms 40:2) "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

(Psalms 119:73) "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments."

Many times, I lost balance, slipped, fell, and was reminded how the LORD said *(Proverbs 24:16) "For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief."*

These rainforests have been here since the beginning of time; it is GOD who created them, and ordained them to stand. At 7500 ft. we took our first break, deep in the jungles I mused at GOD'S handiwork, from the smallest insects to the giant trees, all living in perfect harmony, yet man whom GOD created in HIS own image cannot live together except there be strife and division. We all could learn a lifetime of lessons from HIS simple but yet complex creation.

We topped out at 9280 ft. and then started our decent, at 9000 ft. we came to a clearing overlooking the Levini Valley and this is where one could view where GOD *(Hebrews 12:26) "Whose voice then shook the earth: but now he hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven."*

(Psalms 29:8) "The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness; the LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh."

The mountains round about the Levini valley has been shaken by the LORD, and great sections of the mountains fled down into the valley, great destruction, and a sign that never before has now appeared. The pathway we were to navigate would normally require rappelling gear, equipped with faith and prayer we descended into the valley some 2500 ft. below. It was slow going but after two hours we were safe in the valley.

The next two miles was through a swamp, which has been a part of this valley floor since the birth of the New Guinea Island. Streams run off the mountains into the valley floor flooding and with nowhere to go...thus a swamp, in some places waist deep the going is very slow and laborious.

Pastor Arawi and several of the church members (men) of Aryabe Baptist church, had prepared a meal for us, we rested, ate and carried on further to the Nanabi Baptist church. At 17:00 hrs. We arrived at our destination, ten hours of hiking, fifteen miles later I was ready to rest, bath, eat and call it a day. These people who have lived in the mountains all their lives and hiked thousands of miles throughout their lives simply take it in stride, however, with me it's a bit of a struggle. Through the evening as we sat in the men's house and discussed the plans for the upcoming Bible conference, which will be held in very valley, there is much work to be done yet. The hosting church and her pastor just buried the one and only deacon the church had. The customary practice of funerals here is quite different then what you (the reader) would be used to. The burial grounds are prepared, meaning clearing of land, (bush, trees etc.) then a garden is planted (sweet-potatoes) for the wife and children, and according to Huli tradition a large trench is dug around the burial/garden area, which can be as deep as twelve feet. Hogs are offered for traditional cooking (mumu) and people are fed. This goes on for several days.

I will be going back to the valley a week early from the date of the conference with some thirty people, men and women to assist the hosting church in preparing housing for men, women, and a outside shelter to house the congregation for church services as the church building is too small.

The Bible conference is scheduled for the 23rd to 26th of August, I will pitch my tent in the valley on the 20th and remain until the following Monday, (eight days). I ask that you remember me, us in your prayers as we prepare for the upcoming service.

Early the next morning I was heating my water on the fire for coffee and soon we be engaged in the work of the day. As we laboured in the early morning there were blankets of clouds that covered the entire valley, by air it would be some three miles across the valley, mountain to mountain, however across the floor would span about five miles wide and some ten miles long. These mountains surrounding the valley offer a spectacular view, each mountain shaped a little different, all knit together, forming an arena where GOD had an elect people, tucked away from the world, in due time appointed unto salvation, heard the Gospel of our LORD, were saved, baptized, and three churches Sovereign Grace, Landmark in doctrine, worshipping our LORD. The LORD'S name is echoed across this valley floor on Sunday mornings and the mountains, trees, rocks above witness a great testimony to the Creator.

Preliminary plans had been made, some work had been carried out, trees felled, split and firewood prepared, the materials for three temporary houses have started coming together, and my time to return to the mission station was at hand. On Wed early I was packed up and in the way. Our hike back took a different route, no matter, which way you go you have to go up, before you can go down and out of the Levini valley. Hiking across the valley floor through the marsh and swampy ground is about as difficult as hiking up the mountains.

At 8000 ft. we took a water break, there is a mountain stream running out of the side of a rock face, I was reminded of *(Deut. 8:15) "Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness,*

wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;”

(John 4:14) “But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

At 9000 ft. elevation we topped out, and began our decent, it is like travelling through generations of time, leaving a valley that is frozen in time, where life has changed little through the generations that have passed. The Natives still cut their firewood from the jungles, build their homes with bamboo, trees and thatch the roofs with grass, their water is fetched in bamboo containers, their blankets are the fires burning and their food comes from the gardens planted by hand cultivation. They raise their pigs and fish the streams, the sun rises and sets, the rains come at the appointed times, clouds hang low and every evening GOD puts to sleep the valley and so it was, and is now life in the Levini Valley.

Five hours later, we arrived home at the Tanggi mission station, I was ready for a hot bucket bath, and even a hardwood chair was nice to sit in. A house with no smoke, a two burner gas stove, a table to sit and eat and a bed to sleep in was more then words can describe in terms of blessings. Thank the LORD for HIS mercy for it endureth forever.

Until our next report, may our LORD bless each of you and keep you in the centre of HIS will. I want to thank each of you for your prayers and sacrificial giving to this work and my labours. I could not do what I do without your assistance. To GOD be the glory Amen!

In His Name,
Missionary Peter A. Halliman