



SOVEREIGN GRACE

BAPTIST MISSION

International -

Papua New Guinea / Malawi Africa

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Date:

Dear Pastor, Church and All Supporters;

Ecclesiastes 9:10 Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

Ecclesiastes 9:11 I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

The year of 2017 is all but gone; it has come, stayed a little while and now is about to turn into history. In fact even before I get this report sent out, it will be history. I will bring in the new year of 2018 here at the Tanggi mission station. I am a long way from the developed world and life here on the mission field within Papua New Guinea takes a different twist for me.

The following report will be a summation of 2017, I will not 're-write' past reports but simply highlight what the LORD has done in our lives and the work of which, I am involved.

January to April, I was still in the US preparing for my departure and trip back to the mission field.

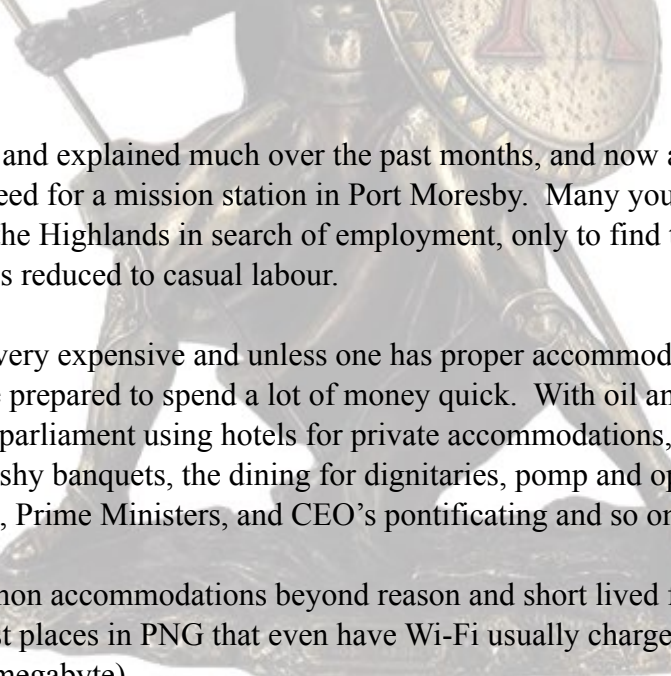
First week of May, my wife and I flew into Port Moresby, I spent the biggest part of May in the capitol city pursuing business in terms of seeking out a plot of land whereby I could secure a block, and construct a building for the mission work within the capitol city

S.G.B.M. of Papua New Guinea

To Every Tribe

Preach The Word

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of PNG. I have written, and explained much over the past months, and now a few years regarding the growing need for a mission station in Port Moresby. Many young people have moved there from the Highlands in search of employment, only to find that without proper education, work is reduced to casual labour.

Life in Port Moresby is very expensive and unless one has proper accommodations and vehicle transport then be prepared to spend a lot of money quick. With oil and gas companies, ministers of parliament using hotels for private accommodations, billed to the national government, flashy banquets, the dining for dignitaries, pomp and opulence, conference deliberations, Prime Ministers, and CEO's pontificating and so on and so on.

Thus making even common accommodations beyond reason and short lived for one on a missionary budget. Most places in PNG that even have Wi-Fi usually charge an extra fee or limit data usage per (megabyte).

Our time in Port Moresby was short lived and at the end of May we flew out to Mt. Hagen where I would start to get involved in the mission work within the Highlands. There is a mission home in Mt. Hagen that we stay at when accommodations are available.

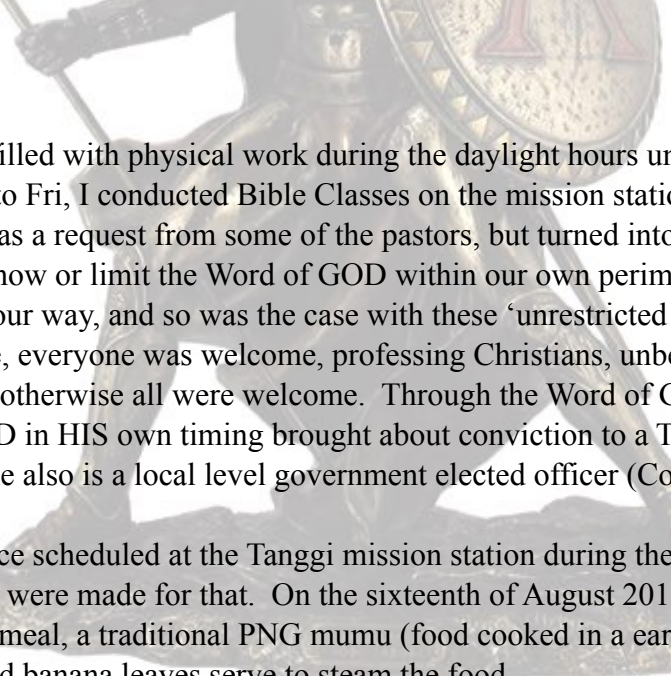
We spent over eight days in Mt. Hagen due to the vehicle needing some mechanical repairs. I worked with a mechanic at the local Land Rover dealer, and for one week I did most of the work (with my own tools), and to add insult to injury, he the (mechanic) broke one of the fuel lines, as we had to remove the fuel tank. These lines are made out of PVC and are moulded at the factory, which means you don't just fabricate one. They have special fittings that cannot be duplicated.

At the end of the week, I made my own plan to fix the fuel line, fitted all the parts back and was charged one thousand dollars for the bill. That was the sting I was not prepared for.

Mid June we arrived at the mission station and my work began here. I immediately started work in preparations for a new house; in as much as I will need a place to live whilst I repair the old family house that dad built back in the early sixties. There is much timber decay on the outside and posts, and will take some careful carpentry work to make the necessary repairs without further damage.

Towards the end of June, my wife had received a message from the States that her mum had been involved in a bad vehicle wreck and had sustained a broken back and was in critical condition. We prayed over the matter and felt it was imperative that she fly back to the US and spend time with her mum in whatever capacity she was needed.

I escorted my wife to Port Moresby and seen her off and then returned to the Highlands to carry on the work.



The month of July was filled with physical work during the daylight hours until four p.m. and then each day Mon to Fri, I conducted Bible Classes on the mission station. These bible classes started out as a request from some of the pastors, but turned into something far bigger. We cannot know or limit the Word of GOD within our own perimeters, GOD has a way, which is not our way, and so was the case with these ‘unrestricted bible classes’ meaning anyone, everyone was welcome, professing Christians, unbelievers, sheep, goats, Baptist, or otherwise all were welcome. Through the Word of GOD, and the working of the H.S. GOD in HIS own timing brought about conviction to a Tribal leader named Stephen Undia, he also is a local level government elected officer (Counsellor).

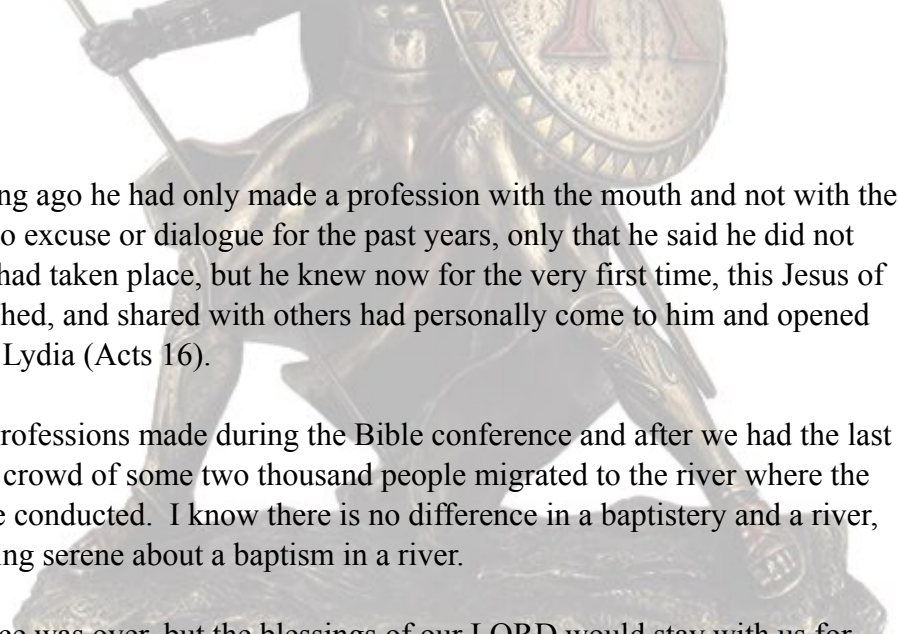
We had a bible conference scheduled at the Tanggi mission station during the month of August and preparations were made for that. On the sixteenth of August 2017 (Wed) we had the official opening meal, a traditional PNG mumu (food cooked in a earth pressure-cooker) heated rocks, and banana leaves serve to steam the food.

It had been several years since there was a table spread of this size and it was evident that GOD’S blessings had poured out upon the people. The fatted calf was sacrificially offered without hesitation.

The conference was opened, as per a request from the people I preached for three days, all day with small breaks between the singings. If you’re a preacher and reading this, and if you have done any open air preaching you understand the strain it puts on your voice. Whilst in Malawi back in 1996 I had sustained a paralysed vocal cord, for thirteen weeks I had no voice and had to write everything I wanted to say. A throat specialist from South Africa examined my condition and said there was no medicine to cure this it was like having a stroke, sometimes it would improve and sometimes not. Long story short, an air-borne virus took its toll and though my voice came back, the left vocal cord never recovered; therefore I make sure I have drinking water for public speaking. The LORD performs HIS part in this handicap of mine.

On Sunday morning, I received a visitor at my house and it was Stephen, in his word, “The LORD has taken me to court” ... and I am in trouble”, what can I do? My answer to Stephen, ‘Repent and be baptized’. Sunday afternoon when we were ready to close the Conference, I called Stephen before the church and he confessed that the LORD had saved him from being a sinner on the road to hell! The Tanggi Baptist church voted to receive him as member upon his statement and baptism, which would follow the preaching service.

There is another miracle I would like to share, his name is Goya, he would be in his sixties and many years ago he had made a profession, was baptized and later publically said the LORD had called him to preach. For some forty years he has served as a local pastor. During the bible studies, and then at the bible conference, I noticed Bro. Goya being troubled, one day led to the next, it was on Sun a.m. before Bro. Stephen was called to give his testimony, Bro. Goya stood up unable to contain any longer and publically stated the LORD had come to visit him and for the very first time he had heard the Gospel and its saving power.



He was sure that long ago he had only made a profession with the mouth and not with the heart. He offered no excuse or dialogue for the past years, only that he said he did not understand all that had taken place, but he knew now for the very first time, this Jesus of whom he had preached, and shared with others had personally come to him and opened his heart as HE did Lydia (Acts 16).

There were seven professions made during the Bible conference and after we had the last message, the entire crowd of some two thousand people migrated to the river where the baptisms were to be conducted. I know there is no difference in a baptistery and a river, but there is something serene about a baptism in a river.

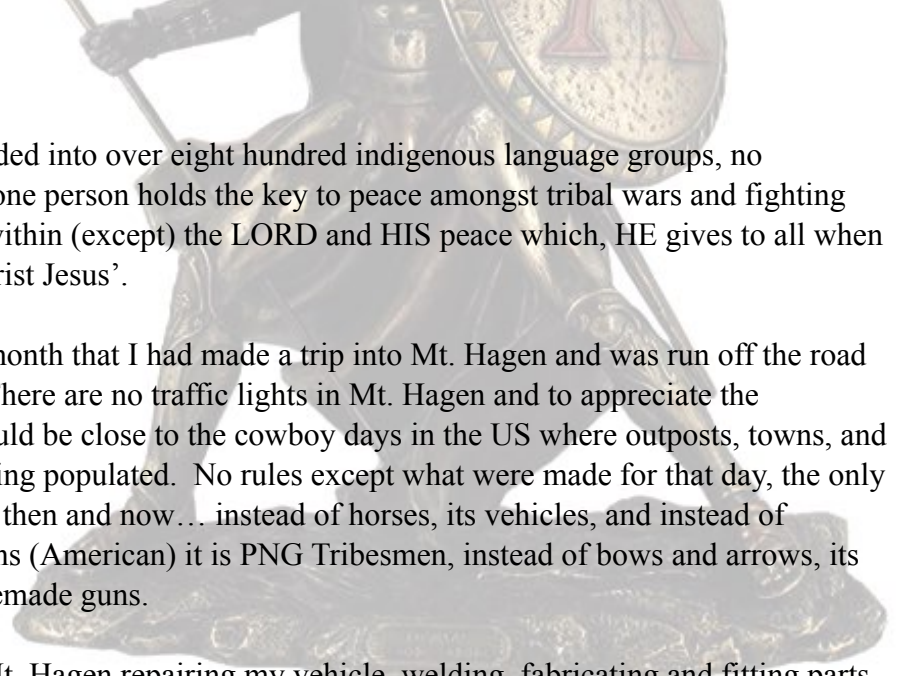
The Bible conference was over, but the blessings of our LORD would stay with us for years to come. The evidence of salvation, the conversion of a soul, the picture of baptism and authority of a local church receiving members, all this done in accordance with Mt. 28:18-20, I could just about hear the singing and rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

Will the LORD loose any of HIS elect? If not, then why do we (Landmark, Sovereign Grace Bap) toil and sacrifice to see the elect saved? Because the LORD has also ordained the 'means' whereby one must be saved. I am of the persuasion that it takes the preaching of the Gospel, therefore a messenger must be sent. The message is not our own, but what others need to hear. GOD has been pleased to use human instruments to communicate the Gospel message in human language so that HIS people will hear HIS voice and come unto HIM.

September – was filled with workdays on the new house, and the afternoon hours were spent in bible classes. It is hard to work out an eight-hour day here at the mission station, I have a rain gauge and since the first of June I have kept a record of the rainfall. On an average it has rained two inches of rain per day. It is now the last day of 2017 as I write, and just yesterday it rained two and a half inches. Since the first of June to now, I have recorded Four hundred twenty inches of rain, no matter where you live in the world, that is a lot of water. It doesn't break daylight until six a.m. and gets dark at six-thirty p.m. New Guinea is situated just three degrees south of the equator, so the daylight and night-time hours are almost exact. With a midday rain anywhere from one to two hours it does not leave much working time.

As it was in Malawi with me, so too here in PNG, meaning all the work we do is manual and laborious, but none the less it's the only way we have.

The Tanggi mission station is located exactly Two-hundred eight miles from Mt. Hagen where I do most of my monthly shopping, however this trip takes me on a average of twelve hours, sometimes less, sometimes more depending on many variables. The road conditions are severe, and the abuse on the vehicle is translated to one's person. This country is rough, the people are hard, and life is unforgiving here.



The country is divided into over eight hundred indigenous language groups, no uniformity and no one person holds the key to peace amongst tribal wars and fighting from without and within (except) the LORD and HIS peace which, HE gives to all when 'created new in Christ Jesus'.

It was during this month that I had made a trip into Mt. Hagen and was run off the road by a transporter. There are no traffic lights in Mt. Hagen and to appreciate the environment, it would be close to the cowboy days in the US where outposts, towns, and crossroads were being populated. No rules except what were made for that day, the only difference between then and now... instead of horses, its vehicles, and instead of cowboys and Indians (American) it is PNG Tribesmen, instead of bows and arrows, its machetes and homemade guns.

I spent a week in Mt. Hagen repairing my vehicle, welding, fabricating and fitting parts from a Toyota Land cruiser to make things work. The Land Rover dealer did not have the parts I needed and simple windscreen wiper blades were not found in their stock supply of parts. I was forced to place an order out of the UK where Land Rover is from, I have a contact over the years that I have used and so an order was placed.

After much communications and time was spent in-between, the order was finally dispatched and in three days arrived in Port Moresby. It was shipped via DHL and had my email, and mobile number on the packages. It was requested that customs notify me via cell phone when the packages arrived in Port Moresby, did they? No! Does it matter to anyone here? No! The packages were kept in Customs custody for over a week, what is the point of a courier service? Its like locks on a house, (to keep out honest people) so the courier service is for the developed world and those who care!

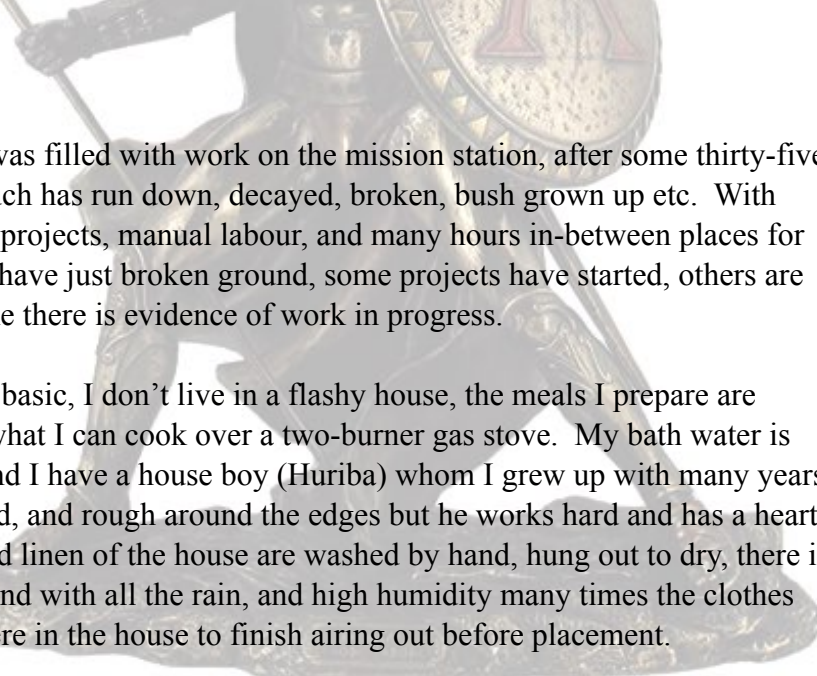
To be continued...

Missionary Peter A Halliman

Part Two -2017 Annual Mission Report:

I had made a trip from Mt. Hagen to Tanggi mission station before the new suspension parts had arrived and just four hours in the way I heard a 'new' sound of metal, which caused me to stop and inspect. I found the main cross-member on the front part of the chassis broken on one side. This is the main support that holds the front part of the chassis together. No remedy, no workshop, no repair service, so the travel speed of ten to fifteen miles per hour slowed to five and ten miles per hour. You pray, trust, and get on with what you have to do.

With each trip on these roads it subtracts miles of life from the vehicle, but there are only two ways to travel here, either by air, or road. The latter is the cheaper, but in the long run actually will cost more in terms of vehicle costs, repairs, wear and tear on ones body etc. When the LORD supplies the helicopter that we have been budgeting for and praying about then some of this wear and tear can be eliminated.



The month of October, was filled with work on the mission station, after some thirty-five years of lying vacant much has run down, decayed, broken, bush grown up etc. With limited resources, many projects, manual labour, and many hours in-between places for hardware some projects have just broken ground, some projects have started, others are under way and with some there is evidence of work in progress.

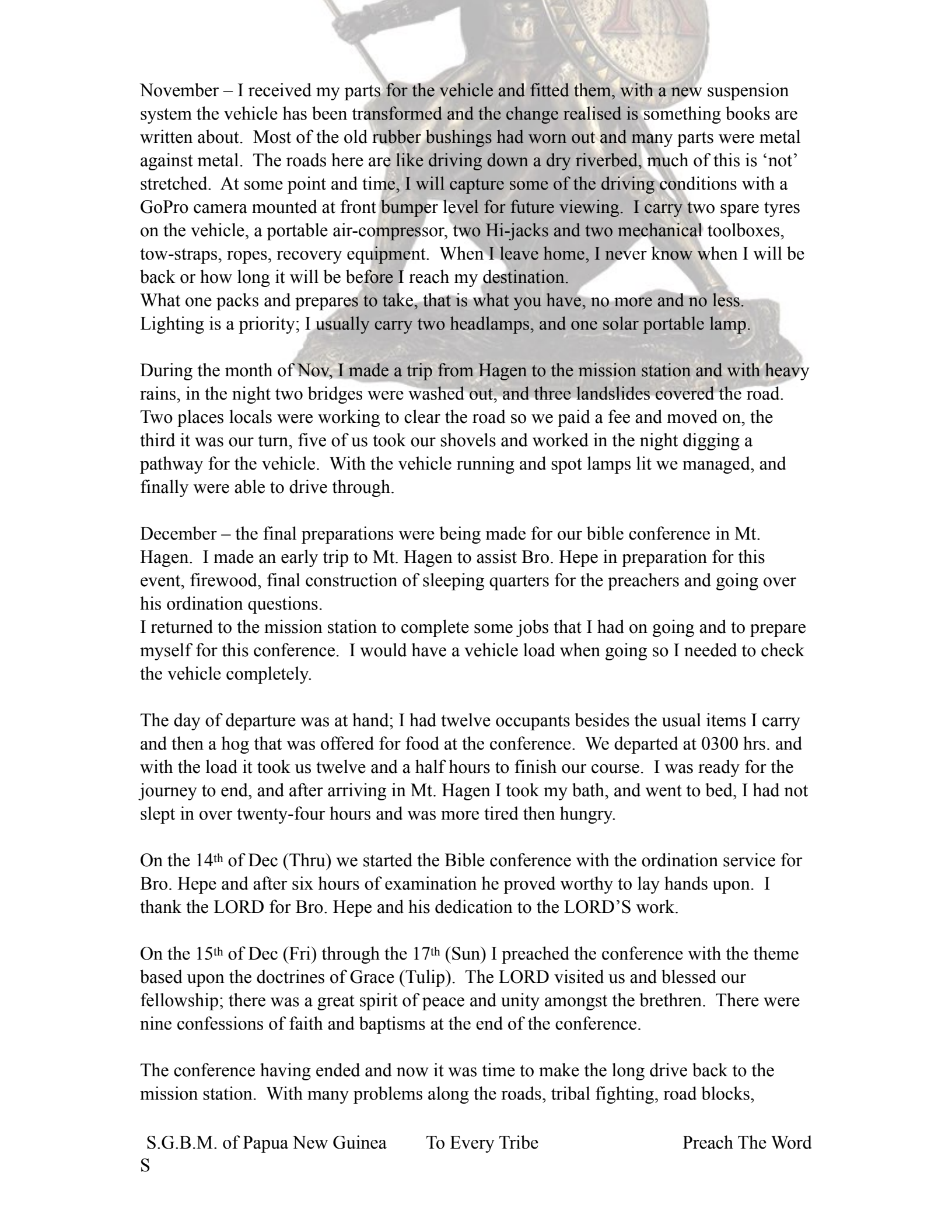
My standard of living is basic, I don't live in a flashy house, the meals I prepare are simple, and reduced to what I can cook over a two-burner gas stove. My bath water is heated by natural fire, and I have a house boy (Huriba) whom I grew up with many years ago. He is not fine-tuned, and rough around the edges but he works hard and has a heart to serve. The clothes and linen of the house are washed by hand, hung out to dry, there is no ironing at this point and with all the rain, and high humidity many times the clothes are hung up here and there in the house to finish airing out before placement.

I have managed to replace the water tank for the house, a (5000 litre / 1322 gal) PVC tank. This water is not safe for drinking water as the roof of the old family house has much rust, and at this point the roof has not been replaced. Therefore the water collected in the tank is used for various other duties, drinking water is collected manually at a natural stream that runs out of a mountain at the peak of the mission station. This water (though I have not tested) runs through the mountain and I believe is safe enough for drinking as it is untouched by human traffic. I have been drinking from this stream since June and have not had any issues yet (that I know of).

The road that comes into the mission station has had to be redone due to many years of no service; all this is accomplished by human labour and shovels. I don't have a carport or garage, or workshop as of yet so any mechanical work or service I have to time it during the daylight and sunny hours. I am in the process of getting a workshop built, but again where and when I am able, I devote my time and energy.

Due to the old house having many post rotted out, I directed my attention to replacing posts simply to hold the house from further structural damage. The proper method will require digging of the ground deep enough to reach a solid base and from there lay a foundation of concrete and pour concrete posts up to the house level. This will take time, materials and manpower. All this said, jobs are listed in priority and tended to in that manner.

There are many Native workers willing to work and help where they can, however without any skilled workers, much technical work falls back on what I know to do and can do. I am not saying that I am talented, but I can do a few things, all the years in Malawi teaching in many different aspects, I felt like I stayed in standard one, and wished if I could some day graduate. The LORD sends me here and again I am back in standard one. It would appear that the LORD wants me to continue teaching standard one, maybe one day I will graduate.



November – I received my parts for the vehicle and fitted them, with a new suspension system the vehicle has been transformed and the change realised is something books are written about. Most of the old rubber bushings had worn out and many parts were metal against metal. The roads here are like driving down a dry riverbed, much of this is ‘not’ stretched. At some point and time, I will capture some of the driving conditions with a GoPro camera mounted at front bumper level for future viewing. I carry two spare tyres on the vehicle, a portable air-compressor, two Hi-jacks and two mechanical toolboxes, tow-straps, ropes, recovery equipment. When I leave home, I never know when I will be back or how long it will be before I reach my destination.

What one packs and prepares to take, that is what you have, no more and no less. Lighting is a priority; I usually carry two headlamps, and one solar portable lamp.

During the month of Nov, I made a trip from Hagen to the mission station and with heavy rains, in the night two bridges were washed out, and three landslides covered the road. Two places locals were working to clear the road so we paid a fee and moved on, the third it was our turn, five of us took our shovels and worked in the night digging a pathway for the vehicle. With the vehicle running and spot lamps lit we managed, and finally were able to drive through.

December – the final preparations were being made for our bible conference in Mt. Hagen. I made an early trip to Mt. Hagen to assist Bro. Hepe in preparation for this event, firewood, final construction of sleeping quarters for the preachers and going over his ordination questions.

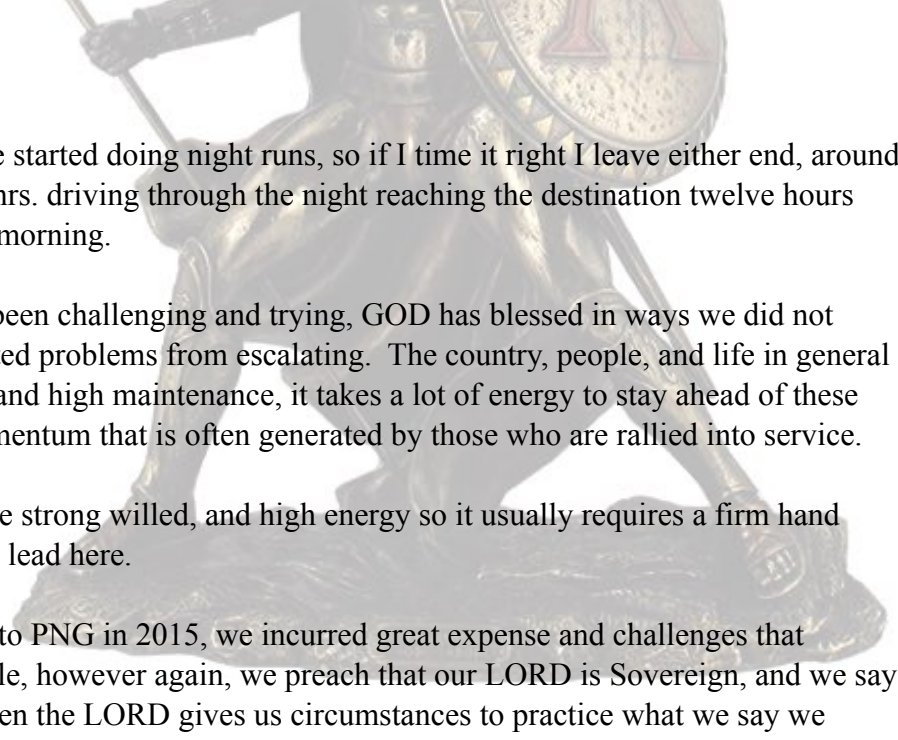
I returned to the mission station to complete some jobs that I had on going and to prepare myself for this conference. I would have a vehicle load when going so I needed to check the vehicle completely.

The day of departure was at hand; I had twelve occupants besides the usual items I carry and then a hog that was offered for food at the conference. We departed at 0300 hrs. and with the load it took us twelve and a half hours to finish our course. I was ready for the journey to end, and after arriving in Mt. Hagen I took my bath, and went to bed, I had not slept in over twenty-four hours and was more tired than hungry.

On the 14th of Dec (Thru) we started the Bible conference with the ordination service for Bro. Hepe and after six hours of examination he proved worthy to lay hands upon. I thank the LORD for Bro. Hepe and his dedication to the LORD’S work.

On the 15th of Dec (Fri) through the 17th (Sun) I preached the conference with the theme based upon the doctrines of Grace (Tulip). The LORD visited us and blessed our fellowship; there was a great spirit of peace and unity amongst the brethren. There were nine confessions of faith and baptisms at the end of the conference.

The conference having ended and now it was time to make the long drive back to the mission station. With many problems along the roads, tribal fighting, road blocks,



vehicle theft, I have started doing night runs, so if I time it right I leave either end, around 1800 hrs. Or 1900 hrs. driving through the night reaching the destination twelve hours later the following morning.

This past year has been challenging and trying, GOD has blessed in ways we did not expect, and prevented problems from escalating. The country, people, and life in general are rugged, rough, and high maintenance, it takes a lot of energy to stay ahead of these people and the momentum that is often generated by those who are rallied into service.

The PNG people are strong willed, and high energy so it usually requires a firm hand with compassion to lead here.

When I came back to PNG in 2015, we incurred great expense and challenges that seemed unobtainable, however again, we preach that our LORD is Sovereign, and we say we believe it so when the LORD gives us circumstances to practice what we say we believe, it is often answered with excuses, stories, and even debatable arguments.

As in the days of Nehemiah, the walls were broken down, pastors and church leaders were found here and there, in the fields, and in the towns. The people were scattered and a 'mixed multitude' had set up residence within our mission work. I believe as it was in the days of Nehemiah that if GOD'S people are not 'set in order' then there will be 'no order'! *(1 Peter 4:17) "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?"*

There is more to GOD'S people just worshiping HIM, and living a 'holy life', for when there is a 'godly influence' in the communities we see, *(Proverbs 29:2) "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."*

I don't presume to know GOD'S will, or mind, and I don't know what HE has in store for the mission work here in PNG, or Malawi, or Greece, or America or all over the world, but this one thing I do know, *(Matthew 24:14) "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."*

(1 Corinthians 15:24) "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power."

I want to thank each of you for your sacrificial support and prayers, as I could not do what I do without your support and assistance in furthering the Gospel. It becomes a cooperative effort and GOD uses the means to save HIS people from every Nation, city, town, village, and corner of the world.

In His Name,
Missionary Peter A Halliman

