

THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES OF ELDER HOBBS' RECENT TRIP TO NEW GUINEA

MISSIONARY

PREMILLENNIAL

BIBLICAL

BAPTISTIC

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"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them"—Isaiah 8:20.

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WHOLE NUMBER 2340



Elder James Hobbs, pastor of the King's Addition Baptist Church, South Shore, Kentucky presenting a check for purchase of new tractor

and related equipment to Elder Fred T. Halliman, missionary to Papua, New Guinea.

by James Hobbs,
Pastor King's Addition
Baptist Church,
South Shore, Kentucky

EDITOR'S NOTE: Elder James Hobbs, pastor of the Kings Addition Baptist Church, of South Shore, Kentucky kept a day by day diary of his trip to visit Elder Fred Halliman, missionary from Calvary Baptist Church to Papua, New Guinea and the article below is a compilation of his notes during his trip from June 18, 1981 to July 6, 1981. During this time he was able to visit 35 of the 43 total churches that Bro. Halliman has established in the 21 years of his missionary service to that country.

I left my family at approximately 8:30 a.m. knowing that when I see them again I will have traveled halfway around the world. As I think how different it is to leave them, I know that in a little less than three weeks, the Lord willing, I will see them again. Brother Halliman, the missionary I plan to visit, leaves his family with no return ticket and no assurance that he might return, other than trust in the Lord to bring him back.

My thoughts turn to Brother Halliman, a missionary that I have often termed the modern-day Apostle Paul. Brother Halliman has served the Lord in New Guinea for 21 years. I remember when he first left, the trials and hardships that he suffered, and yet the joy and faith that he showed. I think of those unjust criticisms, the misrepresentations, and the outright lies that have been made about him and I still get upset. It disturbs me that people who call themselves Christians could deliberately attempt to destroy a man's integrity and ministry.

I wonder what experiences I will meet as I travel to and enter, a new country. I am looking forward to these experiences with anticipation and yet with a little apprehension. To preach with an interpreter will be an ex-

perience that I wonder if I can do.

Well, I will be arriving in Chicago soon, as the first leg of my journey nears an end.

After arriving at Chicago where I remained for one hour, just enough time to check my baggage and get ready to board my next flight.

This jet was one of the larger ones — 51 rows with most of them seating 10 people per row. I was amazed when I saw one of the stewards go into a little room and it moved. Here, believe it or not, was an elevator going to a lower level. Imagine, 30 to 40 thousand feet in the air, traveling around 600 miles per hour and an elevator going. They have earphones for you to hear music and a movie screen where they showed a movie during the flight. We were served soft drinks or juice and nuts for refreshments and then a very good meal. The meal consisted of a salad plate with tuna salad, fresh pineapple slices, corn salad and tomato (with a small orchid on the plate). I had slices of chicken thigh and leg cooked in mushrooms and onions and a sauce, and a piece of cake. The trip took 9 hours.

When I arrived in Honolulu I went directly to the motel and didn't leave it till the next morning. I wasn't all that tired, but I knew it would cost so much to go anywhere and I didn't know just where to go. Instead, I called Brother Laurin White who came with his wife to the motel about 10:30 and stayed for an hour. We renewed acquaintance and talked about our school days in Lexington. When I return, they are going to take me on a tour of the island and I will preach for them on that Sunday.

I am now on the flight to Port

Moresby where I will again spend the night before going on to Mt. Hagen and Brother Halliman. I am sitting here listening to Japanese music with my earphones. We just had lunch consisting of roast beef sandwich, guava juice, fresh coconut cake and coffee.

We were served a very good meal of breast of chicken, potatoes and zucchini, salad and cake. The flight took a total of 8½ hours.

When I arrived in Port Moresby, I discovered that AAA travel services had not taken into consideration that we gained a day, or rather lost a day, during flight. I was to have left for Mt. Hagen at 9:05 that morning and didn't arrive at Port Moresby until 3:00 in the afternoon. My motel reservation was for the night before and I had to take a room at another hotel which cost 62 Kina (or approximately \$78.00). The room and view was beautiful, but it ought to be inlaid with gold.

I went to bed about 10:00 p.m. and just woke up (2:45 a.m.). My alarm is set for 6:00 a.m. I don't think I will be able to go back to sleep. I have absolutely no idea what time it is at home (I, know its 12:45 but whether it's a.m. or p.m. of the 20th or 21st, I don't know).

On the flight I met an engineer who will be checking the land in a remote area to lay out roads, housing and information to develop a gold mine and a dam; a missionary connected with a world wide Baptist evangelism association and a young lady is going to work with the Church of Christ mission in Papua.) She is a cousin of Jim Grace of Dayton). I don't know what I'm going to do with myself until 1:30 p.m. when the

restaurant opens.

I finally napped for a few minutes and the next thing I knew I was called for wake-up time. I had a quick breakfast and took a cab to the airport. I had two landings before I landed at Mt. Hagen. (This is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. The landscape is pretty. They have many different varieties of orchids as well as other exotic flowers). Finally, I arrived at Mt. Hagen and was met by Brother Halliman and two natives (students at the high school). We had a joyful reunion and I presented him with a check to buy a tractor, which he was very happy to receive. He has to wait until next week to order it though, as we had a long drive ahead of us. (Little did we know how long and how hard). The drive is usually a 10 hour drive. We started out on a paved two lane road, but it wasn't long till we left that paved road for crushed gravel road. We drove several hours on this type of road, which wasn't bad at all. When we arrived in Mendi, we found that a culvert was out and they had had much rain which was damaging to the road ahead. It wasn't long until we were stuck in a ditch (even with 4-wheel drive). After much digging and pushing a car finally came by and pulled us out. This was after dark when we got stuck. After traveling a few minutes going thru mud like you would never believe, we hit the bad bridges. The bridges consist of logs laid across the creek or ditch, sometimes with planks nailed crossways to one with three small trees placed for one wheel and three more placed for the other wheel. This wouldn't be too bad in good weather and day light, but it was rainy and dark and the bridge was on a curve. I directed the front wheels while Brother Halliman drove onto the logs, however, neither one of us could see the

would never believe, road made of rocks which caused the car to jar all the time, and ruts that were difficult to get out of. Finally, 15½ hours later at 4:30 a.m. we arrived at the mission station.

A native lady who stays at the mission station and her two daughters (Agarabi, Angedi and Janet) have been ready to make my stay comfortable. She keeps the house clean and cooks some of the meals. Agarabi presented me with a gift. A carry-all bag that she spent a couple months making for me. (It's called a "billum").

After breakfast Bro. Halliman and I went to the Bible school where I spoke to the students there. They then proceeded to ask me five questions that they wanted to hear from someone besides Bro. Halliman. The other denominations had said that nobody in America believes like Bro. Halliman (especially after Milburn Cockrell wrote the various missions about him) and they wanted to hear my beliefs. The first question was about December 25th, the second about Easter, the third was about women preachers or speaking in church, the fourth was about good Friday, and the last, was asking if anybody in America supported and believed like Fred Halliman. (The other missions tried to tell them that nobody sent Halliman, that Halliman's church is not Baptist, etc.). The students presented me with a very valuable stone axe as a gift (worth 500k).

Later this afternoon we had church. Bro. Halliman preached so I could see how to do with an interpreter. Afterwards, they were allowed to ask me three questions. One preacher asked me if we in America believe in election. The second question came from two preachers about



Bro. James Hobbs in center of picture carrying a bag upon arrival at Mt. Hagen.

rear wheels and they slipped off. There we were with one wheel hanging down and the axle of the other wheel caught on the other logs. We had three native high school students with us (two girls and a boy) who started digging and working. Finally, another car came with three native men who helped and after a long time we drove out. After that, we crossed several bridges which we had to repair before we could cross them. The three natives in the other car stayed with us and we helped each other cross them. Then we hit flood water which caused us to have to take a detour, and what a detour! Mud holes that caused the truck to bounce like you

the Holy Spirit, in respect to speaking in tongues. Most of the Protestants practice this and they don't believe in it but wanted to hear me say it. The third question was again about Bro. Halliman. The Protestants always say that Bro. Halliman has no boss, when he dies who will take over the work? I told them that we are Independent when they are organized into local churches they do not have a boss, etc. This pleased them.

It appears that the Lutherans and others were told that Bro. Halliman owned coffee plantations, shopping centers, etc. All

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To be a Christian and have no one suspect it is an impossibility.

THOUGHTS

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other mission stations own trade stores, but Bro. Halliman doesn't own any. His "ranch" consists of three cows and some chickens. He doesn't even have a garden. As for being rich, his house cost \$3,000.00 to build, most of the furniture is homemade, he doesn't use the power plant that one man gave him so he could have electricity because it costs too much to operate. I am writing by lantern light right now. He eats breakfast and an evening meal and leaves off lunch for two reasons, one - he is so busy preaching, he doesn't have time to eat, and two - it conserves costs.

The natives are something else. As soon as I stop somewhere I am surrounded by them wanting to shake my hand or pat me. They range from being fully clothed to naked, and from old to babes in arms. They are very friendly.

Tomorrow we go into the bush country for a three day patrol.

WEDNESDAY — (DUNA COUNTRY)

We started out this morning on our first patrol. We were able to drive on this trip. When Bro. Halliman first started in this section he had to walk because there were no roads. The only way a person could drive over these roads is with a high four-wheel car. We bounced all the way, speeding along at 5-15 miles per hour. We passed about four churches, each one with most of the people waiting to meet me and ask questions. At one church a lady gave me four bananas which was kin to the widow's mite. It was her food. At one place two churches that were close together and pastored by one man met me along the road. There were at least 100 people there, all wanting to shake hands. Then we drove on to our first stop. At the time of this writing I am in a thatch hut, made of platted cane strips with a grass roof, an open fire is in the middle of the hut. They built me a bed out of slabs, although I may not be able to use it, as after a while there will be several here to talk and ask questions.

When we arrived we quickly got ready and had church. There were between four to five hundred people there all sitting close together on the floors. I did something today I have never done before. I spoke in tongues. Yes, I spoke in a foreign language (it was English, but it was foreign to them.). However, I did as the Bible says and had an interpreter, his name is Tengo. I preach a while and he interprets. He is a Bible teacher at the Mission Bible School, who by the way, thanks us very much for the pens that we (King's Addition Baptist Church) sent them some time ago.

After I preached, they asked questions, all the same questions asked everywhere, i.e., is Halliman the only one who believes like this? They want assurance because the Lutherans and other Protestants say these things to them. (Halliman is the only one—look at our missions, we have hundreds of missionaries, nurses, doctors, agriculture men, etc., he has no one). The pastor of this church was getting ready to preach when a white missionary came in and interrupted him, saying such things as mentioned above. He told them that he didn't need those things, he had seen Jesus, and that's all he needed.

After services we had a "Mu Mu" (hogs and sweet potatoes

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This is a picture of a typical bridge in that country. Generally, they have to be repaired before crossing as they are always in poor condition.



Bro. Hobbs taking a needed break from jolting rides on the rough roads in New Guinea.



Pictured above are students presently enrolled in the Bible School. The two men standing left rear are teachers and the one on the extreme left was Bro. James Hobbs interpreter, Tengo.



Pictured above are two buildings. The one on the left is a general storage building and the one on the right is the Bible School located on the mission station. Note the deteriorating condition of the building. Please pray that the Lord will provide the necessary means for a new permanent type structure for the school.



The three men in the foreground standing to the left of Bro. Hobbs are cannibals. Wonder why they didn't eat Bro. Hobbs? The two on left were formerly with the group of 12 who tried to kill and eat Bro. Halliman when he first went to New Guinea.



Above are two teachers of the Bible school in foreground and in back is the building that was originally built for Fred Roberts and family, but is now being used as a dormitory for guests and resident preachers at the mission station.



Everywhere Bro. James went the natives had heard of his coming and were anxious to meet him. These people gathered along the roads and hillsides to get acquainted with him before preaching at many native churches.

Separation is the law of the earth, but there are no distances in Heaven.



In the foreground is Bro. Fred loading the truck for our mission patrol. We had stopped in Koroba to check the mail.



This is a view of people going to one of the native churches located near the mission station where Bro. Hobbs spoke.



This is a general view of an area showing the rough range where Bro. Fred Halliman has to walk to do his work.



A picture of Bro. James Hobbs preaching out on patrol in the bush.

THOUGHTS

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cooked in a pit). I ate pig, sweet potatoes, two or three other things related to squash, fern leaves, and things I don't know what they are, and probably don't want to know. Later here in the hut some people came by to give me gifts. I was given a live chicken, an arrow, and a total of 3 kina and 10 toia (which is a lot for them to give). Tomorrow, we go into the Lutheran country where they threatened Fred that if he came back they would kill him. We go back tomorrow.

THURSDAY

Today we drove a long way over worse roads than yesterday, if that is possible. We stopped at several churches and met the members, although I preached at each stop in answering questions. We went into Lake Kapiago Country. This is also a part of the Lutheran Territory. We passed Felde's (The Lutheran) house. I expected him to meet us with a cup of coffee but, alas, he didn't. We went to several churches in this area and they all asked the same questions. They did ask one question that was different—do we in America use unleavened bread and wine, or do we use bananas and water (or coca-cola) as the Protestants around here. We took a picture at the spot where the preachers were stoned. After we left Kapiago we went into the very heart of the Lutheran country. There are six churches and several mission points in this area. A man by the name of Ali was used of the Lord to get this work started. He was with Brother Halliman for awhile and he had a burden for his people. Inasmuch as he was not a preacher, he asked Fred what could be done. Fred asked him if he could lead song service and pray and he said yes, so he taught him to use a tape recorder. For two years he held a service seven days a week using taped messages by Brother Halliman, then the Lord called him and another man and now they preach. He was as humble a man as you will find. A Lutheran pastor came up and asked us what we were doing there, but there was no trouble.

We then came to the place where we are staying tonight. We will have a church service in the morning here and go on to another church where there will be a church dedication. I will preach at both services. After the dedication there will be another "Mu Mu."

We are sitting in a thatch hut. Bro. Halliman is down on the floor blowing on the embers to get a fire going to heat water. I see that and get very angry when I think of the things being said about him. We cooked rice and opened a can of beef to put over it for supper this evening.

Today we were given two hens, several cucumbers, sweet potatoes, bananas, five eggs. The two men who gave the hens to us didn't have any, so they bought them from a young boy who raised them. Because the boy wanted to do something for us, he only charged half price them.

Later this evening several men, preachers and members, came to talk. One man who was a councilman was wondering if he was serving the Lord right by serving as a councilman. Then they wondered about the mission work if it would continue after Halliman dies. (I pointed out to them that when a Baptist church was organized it became Independent). They knew this and were encouraged by it. They asked questions about when America had missionaries sent to them and how that work-

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Out on patrol showing the path and walking terrain.



Bro. Hobbs had just finished preaching and he and some of the natives standing around after the services talking and fellowshiping together.



This is a typical New Guinea road and bridge that constantly needs repair.



A native pastor and several members along with some visitors at a New Guinea Baptist Church.

Where is Hell? At the end of an ungodly life.

THOUGHTS

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ed. They then said that they were glad that American churches sent a missionary over here, because humanly speaking, if we had not, they would not have had strong churches today. They said there would be many rewards in heaven for us because we sent him to them. They thanked me profusely for coming and telling them these things. I told them that all we asked was that they continue with the commission as given to the church.

FRIDAY

We got up early this morning to prepare for church. We were to have a church service at 8:30 then move on to another church. The people were ready before we were. There were about 200 natives there for this service. I preached about the Second Coming of the Lord. You don't need to know the language to see the joy and peace on their faces, or to see their eyes light up over a passage or thought. After the message they asked questions - all the same questions that they all ask everywhere. Then they presented me with a string bag ("a billum") and an arrow. While waiting to load up the car a young man, who apparently was a warrior was standing there with his bow and arrows. I noticed him looking at me and then his arrows and I knew he was thinking about giving me one. Finally, he took out one that was different from the kind I had and gave it to me. I took his picture which was a reward for him. (I hope it is good).

By the way, Ali the preacher in the Lutheran territory, came up. He had walked over one mountain and two valleys in time for services at 8:30 a.m. We can't get people to drive 10 miles, let alone walk.

When we left there, we went to another church where they had a church dedication. We parked the car and walked to the top of a mountain where the church house was. The building was decorated up with flowers and leaves. (They had outgrown one building and had to build one twice as big). There were people inside and out (the sides are open and they can hear outside) for a total of 1200 people. You should have seen the people bringing their meager offerings (all they had) to the box on the pulpit. There were so many that three men took hats and went around collecting it for them. Visitors and other churches gave to help with the expense of the new building.

After I preached and again answered similar questions, they presented me with gifts. A rooster, war axe, and money. I don't know how much they gave me at first, because people pressed money in my hand for an hour afterwards. Old men and women and little kids. One old man took out a bamboo leaf, untied it, took out some smaller leaves and then a 20 toia (about 30 cents) to give me, probably all he had. You may ask why I accepted it, knowing how much they need it, but I couldn't offend them and rob them of the blessing of giving. I ended up with 36 kina and 30 toi (or approximately \$50.40). We then had a "Mu Mu." After we ate we left to return to the mission station. We arrived just before dark, tired, but filled with blessings. I commented to Bro. Halliman about seeing some tears at the church dedication, and he said he had seen some cry at the other services that he had never seen cry before. The expense of this trip is nothing compared to the blessing and

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Bro. Hobbs interpreter, Tengo, listening to what Hobbs says so he can speak to the native people.



This is a New Guinea "Mu Mu", what we here in America call a picnic, they are roasting pigs, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables for their meal and below are a group of women waiting for their portion of food at the "Mu Mu."



Natives who came to meet Bro. Fred Halliman and Bro. James Hobbs when they arrived at the Huli mission station.



A native-built bed made especially for Bro. Hobbs while on patrol in the Huli area.



Two pictures taken along the way in the Lake Kapiago area where Bro. James Hobbs visited, answered questions and fellowshipped with the native preachers.



Cooking rice in the middle of our thatched hut while on patrol in the Huli area.

About the only satisfactory substitute for wisdom is silence.

THOUGHTS

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help to Bro. Halliman and the natives. Horabi, a young man who is a preacher and interprets for Bro. Halliman, grabbed me today and said they were going to keep me here.

At several churches and mission points, the natives have built a thatch hut for Bro. Halliman. They call it Halliman's house. I was thinking today that if some people heard that, they would be sending out letters telling everyone that Bro. Halliman owned a lot of real estate and was getting wealthy in that business. Before the roads were built, Bro. Halliman walked over the mountains to these places. Since he has been here, he has walked over 50,000 miles and preached over 10,000 times. He averages 10 sermons a week.

SATURDAY

Well, I was sick all night. I had diarrhea. This morning is to be a big day. I'm not sure how I will make it. I am feeling a little better.

About 6:00 a.m. a car load of "big shots" came up. They were supposed to arrive last night but they had a lot of trouble with the bridges and roads. The Premier (same as Governor) came in and took a couple hours nap and then a shower. There is a huge "Mu Mu" dedication of the aid post. Bro. Halliman hasn't run the aid post for some time now since the Government has taken it over. (He is still the only dentist for miles around). They cooked 10 cows and at least 200 pigs for this "Mu Mu". There were at least 5,000 people there. They honored me as a special guest and had me to climb on the platform for the people to see. They gave me a bigger cheer than they did for the Premier or National Parliamentarian (like our congressman).

During the ceremony I began to get light headed and sick so I had to come back to the house. I went to bed and tried to sweat it out. I now have a bad headache and am a little sick in my stomach.

When I awoke, Bro. Halliman was cutting up a piece of beef. Someone had given him the section that has T-bone steak. We will eat steak for supper. After supper I plan to take some medicine and go to bed as I preach two times tomorrow.

SUNDAY

I got up this morning feeling a little better. I elected to eat lightly, biscuits and coffee and a slice of fresh pineapple. We took a stroll around the mission station and I took a few pictures. Some of the flowers and trees that Bro. Halliman planted here and others of some of the buildings. I took a picture of the trade store (Bro. Halliman's supermarket) that he used to run just to provide the natives with things they need. It hasn't been used for years, because many natives opened up a store and there was no longer a need for one. It was just used as a convenience for the natives.

Agarapi gave me a grass skirt that was made for her youngest daughter Yenesi. I took a picture of Yenesi with it on.

We then went to church a little ways from the mission station where approximately 1,100 people were waiting for services. I preached on "being sought by Jesus." After my message the pastor, gave me a necklace of shells, (value of necklace - 500 kina) which he explained was the money that they used when they worshipped idols. After Jesus saved them, they were introduced to other money which he gave me 12 kina (about \$18.00). Then he gave me a

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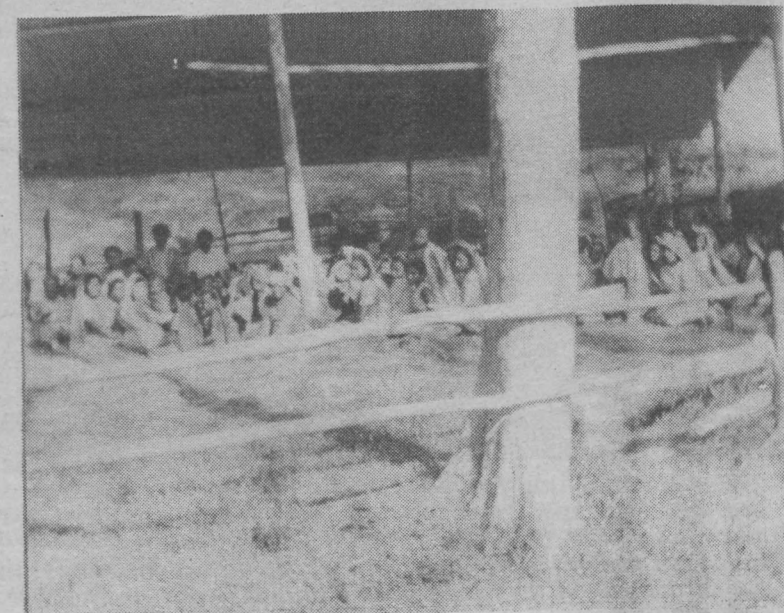
Standing on the platform with the microphone in his hand is the Premier of the Central Highlands of New Guinea (the equivalent of a governor in the U.S.), speaking at a dedication service of the government-owned and operated medical aid post located near the mission station.



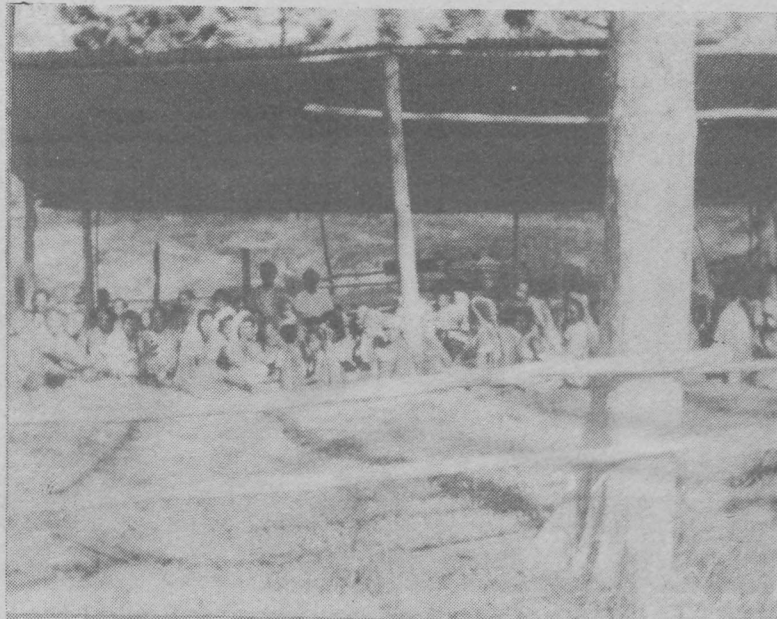
This is a general overall view of the crowd present at the government medical aid station dedication program.



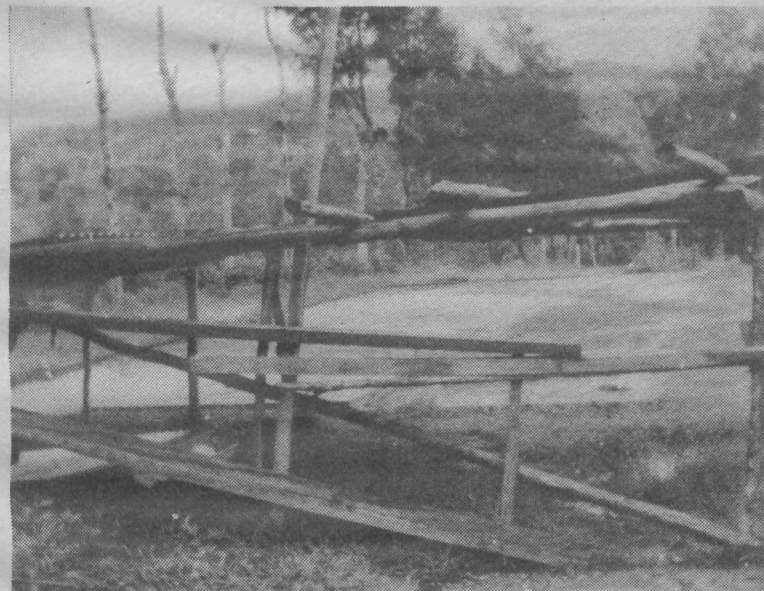
Three local officials present at the dedication ceremonies at the government mission aid station.



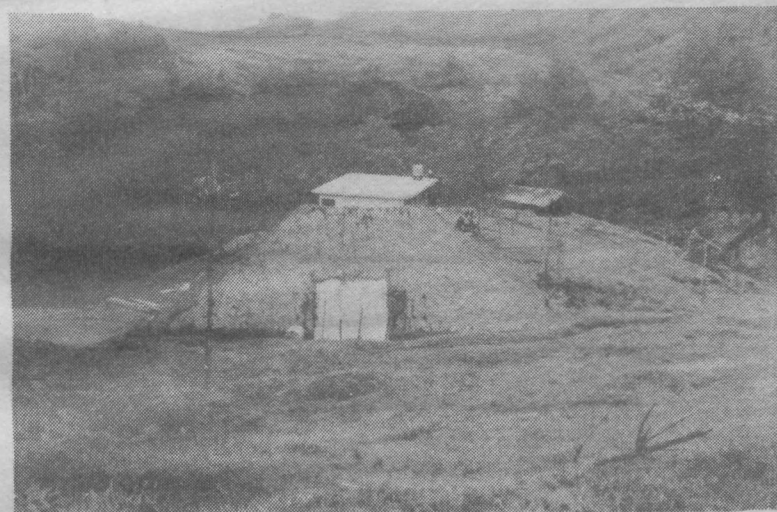
The Tanggi Baptist Church meeting in an open building that they are presently using because the permanent structure hasn't been completed.



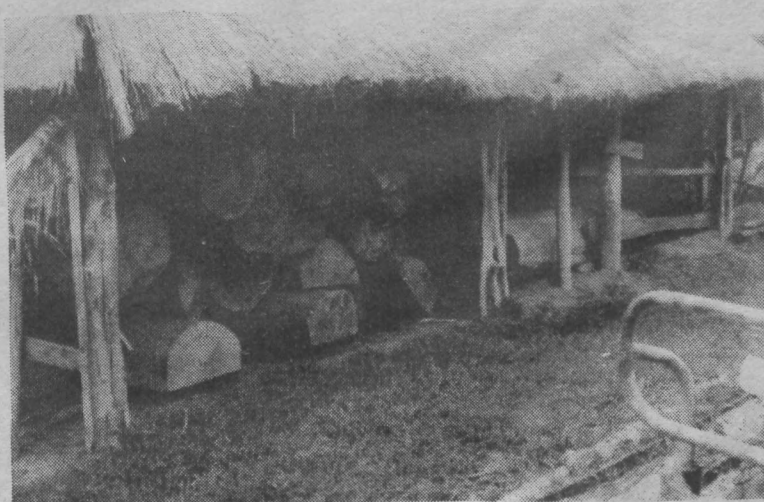
Another view of the Tanggi Baptist Church.



Behind the construction framework can be seen the concrete slab which has been poured for the permanent construction of the Tanggi Baptist Church located at the mission station.



This is a picture of the storage building on the mission station that houses the sawmill equipment, which will be used to saw the timbers for the new permanent type construction Tanggi Church building.



Pictured above are a portion of the large logs that have been gathered and stored to be sawn into lumber to be used in the building of the new church building at the mission station.

Hell is God's very best for those who reject His Son.

THOUGHTS

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In saddle of mountain in background is the first Baptist Church established in the Huli area country. This is a new area which Bro. Halliman has just recently opened up and although the building cannot be seen, it is there.



Native preacher Mununger, the preacher who was stoned by the Lutherans, holding a rock similar to the one that they hit him with.

stone ax which they used before Bro. Halliman introduced the steel ax to them. It would take them three days to chop down a tree before he brought steel axes in.

They then presented Bro. Halliman a gift and also Tengo. They thanked me for coming from America and for helping Bro. Halliman. I told them I was just a sinner saved by grace and was glad to be a representative of American churches. I put my arm around pastor Petawi and said though our skins were different we were brothers in the Lord. (We had trouble holding back the tears).

This afternoon we had church at the mission church. I preached on God's grace to a slave. We had about 250 people here. The pastor, Kendo, gave a little talk. He said before Bro. Halliman came they worshipped idols. Bro. Halliman came not to do things for the people but to preach the good news. He told them about Jesus and they were saved from idols. Then a letter from America comes saying Halliman builds business instead of preaching good news, and they do not understand. They think all in America think like this letter. Then they see my face and they are happy because they know some do not believe that. I told them that I did not send letter, but came so they could see my face and know that not all in America believe that letter, but that we sent Bro. Halliman to preach the good news to them. Someone then asked me if Jesus died for everyone because that's what the Protestants believed. I answered and told them that Jesus died for His sheep whom God had chosen before the world began. Someone else said what church did Jesus start — Protestant, Catholic or Baptist? I told them that the Catholic started several years after that Jesus started the Baptist church while He was on earth. (The pastor, an older man, was sitting shivering during the services and Bro. Halliman took his sweater off and gave it to him).

MONDAY

This morning we got up preparing to go to the new mission station with the Huli people. I am very excited, as this has been a special prayer of mine. These people asked Bro. Halliman to come and he was the first white man to be given land for a mission station there. This station was established in spite of the attempts to destroy Fred's ministry here.

As we were getting ready, I was called to the door. Bro. Mununger, the preacher who was stoned by the Lutherans, wanted to talk to me. He was in need of some encouragement. As a result of the blow on the head he is not able to make a garden and provide for his family. When he tries to preach, he gets dizzy and his mind begins to wander after awhile. He has to go into the hospital every so often because of the pain. He said the Lutherans did this, but it was because of letters that Milburn Cockrell had written about Halliman that caused the trouble. Halliman had always opposed the Protestant teachings but they didn't do anything physically until they thought nobody in America was behind him. He told me of all his trouble and then asked me to pray for him, the Lutherans and Mr. Cockrell. He asked me to tell Mr. Cockrell about him if I ever saw him.

We finally got started and drove a long way over some of the most beautiful country I

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Pictured above is Bro. Halliman with three native preachers standing in front of a thatched hut at the new mission station in the Huli country. The preacher on the right is Yote, who was severely burned several years ago.



Pictured above is Bro. Hobbs walking down a new road being built approximately 22 miles from the mission station.



This is the front of the missionary's hotel in Mt. Hagen where Bro. Fred Halliman stays when in that city, because they have much lower rates and home cooked food. Bro. James Hobbs and Bro. Fred Halliman were there on Bro. Halliman's birthday (July 2) and the lady of the house made a birthday cake for Bro. Fred with 21 candles on top — one for each year of service that he has been in New Guinea. Incidentally, the records will show that Bro. Fred has been on the field 76 2/3% of that time.



Bro. Fred Halliman treating the cut finger of a native child. His finger had been cut so badly that he had to amputate it.

Let your home face toward the Father's House.



This is a view of the hospital in Mt. Hagen where Bro. Fred had his surgery several years ago for repair of hernia.



Bro. Hobbs at Mt. Hagen airport ready to depart for home and America.

THOUGHTS

(Continued from Page 6)

have ever seen. I took a picture of a mountain view where a Baptist Church is located. Bro. Halliman took a polaroid of me pointing toward the church. After driving a long way from there we arrived at the Mission station. He just has a thatch hut here, but has planted a beautiful garden of flowers, tropical trees, and vegetables. (Later we stood in a sweet potato patch chewing sugar cane, it was delicious). We were met by two preachers and a missionary. One preacher was the one who was severely burned in a fire many years ago. His picture was in TBE at the time that it happened. He felt led of the Lord to move in this area and preach to the people here. His name is Yote. The missionary was one that had worked with Fred for several years in the Duna Country but is now working in the Huli country. His name is Kerela. There were several people here but not as many as they thought there would be. The reason is because a company was in another section of the area opening up a gold and copper mine and most of the people were there looking for work. Yote gave a little speech. He said they were glad I had come. They knew we in America were providing money for Bro. Halliman, but for us not to worry, they would take care of Bro. Halliman's needs. They would take care of him. He said for us to pray that some of his family would come to be with him. He said he was glad our church sacrificed to provide money for me to come.

Later we were sitting in the house and Kerela came in and said that they hoped that someday I could return and maybe by then the Baptist churches here could help pay my way. He said that he knew that some day we might die, but we would see each other in Heaven. He might be sent to the gold mine to work as a missionary from this church here, if so, he may never see Bro. Halliman again but he knew he would in heaven. They all said they knew that Bro. Halliman was lonely at times but they would be his family and even if nobody came to be with him that he would probably die here. They know Bro. Halliman has applied for citizenship in Papua, New Guinea.

The pastor, Yote who is not

in real good shape due to his burns came to the door and said he needed to go to bed, but he hated to leave because I was here.

It is now almost bed time and I am writing this by lantern and it is time for me to quit.

(Many times when the natives get to thinking about and talking about Bro. Halliman dying, they can't hold back the tears).

While in the garden eating sugar cane Bro. Halliman told me to get my family and his and move over here. I am tempted.

This evening we were sitting in the thatch hut in the Huli area and Bro. Halliman candidly remarked how he had spent many lonely hours in this hut. I couldn't help but wonder if the hours will be longer and lonelier after I leave.

TUESDAY

I awoke this morning hearing Yote singing outside his hut. Physically speaking he has nothing to sing about. When he was burned, he was a young, fairly good-looking man, now his face is scarred terribly, one hand badly burned and turned upward and useless. But he has something that gladdens anyone's heart — Jesus. He believes as strong as anyone I know about the predetermination of a Sovereign God.

We got up, breakfasted, picked some pumpkin, and dry sweet potatoes and got ready to return to Tanggi (the mission station).

After we got home a native lady brought her baby to Bro. Halliman, he had cut the end of his finger so bad Bro. Halliman had to remove it. The government has an orderly working the aid station here, but if he isn't in, they still come to Fred.

I just finished packing most of my things. I am going to leave a lot of it here, but tomorrow we have a long drive to visit one other section and then Thursday we have to leave at 4:30 p.m. in order to be sure to arrive in Mt. Hagen for me to catch the plane Friday.

I will preach again this afternoon for the last time in New Guinea.

After the sermon this afternoon Tengo and another fellow came up to the house. They stayed all evening and talked. Tengo began to weep when it dawned on him that I would be leaving in a couple of days. He and a couple of others are talking about driving to Hagen to

see me off. It is a long hard expensive journey, but they are thinking about it.

Tengo asked me to explain some terms in his class on sermonizing. He teaches it and there were a few terms he had forgotten. He asked me many questions about America and our customs and explained a lot of theirs.

WEDNESDAY

This morning we got up and got ready to go on another short patrol. We are driving in another direction to visit some churches or mission points in that direction. We passed the church that sent Ali out as a missionary to the Lutheran Country. (It is the church on the side of a mountain).

We finally reached the last church before starting back. There were about 100 people there and so we decided to have a short service. I preached on loving the Word. They then presented me with a shell necklace and K13.60 T. Again they asked about baptizing Protestants when they come into the Baptist Church and if the Church would continue when Halliman dies (there were Protestants there).

This afternoon we go take pictures at the Bible school and then to bed. We get up to leave about 4:30 a.m. in the morning for Mt. Hagen.

We just finished taking pictures and talking to the Bible school students. As I was leaving one young lad said "see you in heaven."

THURSDAY

We left at 4:30 a.m. this morning to drive to Mt. Hagen on my first leg of the journey home. It is necessary to leave in plenty of time because you never know how many bridges have to be rebuilt before you can cross them or how many mud holes you have difficulty getting through. We made good time today and arrived at missionary hotel at 4:00 a.m. (a place for missionaries to stay that's cheaper and provides meals). The man running the place had told his wife Fred would be here on his birthday and so she baked him a cake, put 21 candles on it for the number of years he has served in New Guinea and sang Happy Birthday to him.

I passed some beautiful scenery but was out of film so I couldn't take any pictures. I may get a roll tomorrow morning.

FRIDAY

I flew from Mt. Hagen to Pt. Moresby, had a few hours, so took a tour of the city. Am now on the plane for Honolulu. I have a feeling that AAA made a mistake about my arrival there as well as they did on the way over. I may be a day earlier than my reservation. If so, I hope they have a room for me. I guess I will have to wait and see. I am sitting across the aisle from a GARB preacher - missionary who had seen TBE and recognized me.

I arrived on Friday at noon. (11 hours before I started). Sure enough AAA made a mistake. I did not have reservations for two days but they had a room for me. I rested this afternoon after taking a bus ride into town. Bro. White is going to pick me up in the morning. Called home and talked to Wilma and Sandra. When I hung up Connie called. It was good to hear their voices. (How good it would be if Bro. Halliman could hear his family).

SATURDAY

Bro. White picked me up this morning and we had breakfast together, then went shopping for souvenirs. He then took me on a tour around the island. For supper we went to his son's house where several members of the church met to watch fireworks. His house is on a hill that overlooks the stadium and Pearl Harbor. We had a good time in the Lord.

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AUGUST 29, 1981
PAGE SEVEN

SUNDAY

I preached at Bro. White's church and then we went to the ocean where they baptized a young man. From there we went to another member's house for pot luck dinner. After we ate it was time to go catch the plane for home. It is now about an hour before we land in Chicago, then a couple hours and I fly to Columbus and home.

IS GOD ANGRY AT AMERICA?

On May 18, 1980 at 8:32 a.m., Mt. St. Helens exploded with a fury 500 times greater than the atomic bomb that fell on Hiroshima. Was this just an accident of nature? Or, did it carry an even more ominous message that God is angry at America?

The voices of modern day prophets, or should we say modern day preachers, have been strangely silent on the subject. Perhaps they fear the accusations that such a suggestion echoes the naive superstitions which haunted our ancestors.

But some of America's leading insurance executives aren't so sure. God is angry with America and they have the statistics to prove it.

Until recently, relatively few natural calamities have befallen the United States in the short span of a year. In 1979, that fact began to change. America began experiencing a series of "natural" catastrophes that a New York Times reporter has described as "almost biblical in size and scope."

Insurance companies define a catastrophe as an event that causes over \$1 million in insured losses. The 1979 insurance losses total \$1.68 billion — the highest amount ever claimed in America.

The figures soared even higher, hitting a whopping \$3.5 billion in losses. Hundreds of tornadoes in the Midwest, floods in California and the Southwest, the Mount St. Helens eruption are all pushing insurance claims skyward. A spokesman for the Insurance Information Institute lamented, "It's like living in a disaster movie."

The Mount St. Helens blast demonstrates his point. After lying dormant for 122 years the mountain began to rumble. But few people were overly concerned. Volcanoes were something that only happened in faraway places or on the late, late show.

However, on March 28, 1980, a warning. David Johnson, a 30-year-old expert from the federal government's Geological Survey spoke to a group of reporters in the shadow of the mountain. Just the day before it had belched steam and ash Johnston told the group, "It is extremely dangerous where we are standing. If the mountain exploded, we would die. It's like standing next to a dynamite keg with the fuse lit. Only we don't know how long the fuse is." They nervously listened, but none left.

Fifty-one days later David Johnston would shout into his radio, "Vancouver! Vancouver! This is it!" He was never heard from again.

The shock of the blast sent 200-mile-an-hour winds across the quiet forest, tearing out giant trees and tossing them over 1,500-foot high ridges. Millions of 200-year-old fir trees fell like match sticks in a 150 mile radius, enough to build 200,000 single family homes.

Newsweek magazine reported, "The eruption's im-

pact was so staggering that witnesses spoke in terms of biblical wrath or nuclear Armageddon." Linda Belmore, who watched the explosion from twelve miles away, agreed. She said, "It was like one of those biblical epics. You felt overwhelmed. You felt like falling on your knees and covering your face."

Yes, God is angry at America. But not all of His anger has been voiced so loudly. Last summer's heat wave and drought proved to be quiet killers. More than 1,200 people died in twenty states in the Midwest, South, and the Southwest as temperatures soared above 100 degrees for more than a month. Nearly \$4 million worth of breeder hens, chickens, and turkeys were lost in the heat in Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. One national news magazine reported, "In Texas, birds fell dead out of the sky and sizzling automobile windows shattered spontaneously. Cars stalled and roads buckled everywhere; in Oklahoma, a portion of Interstate 40 literally exploded from the heat."

The Dakotas, Montana, and Minnesota escaped the heat wave, but suffered from a drought so severe that farmers compared it to the Dust Bowl days of the later 1930's. In the Dakotas alone, agriculture losses were estimated at \$280 million.

Nearly twelve years ago a journalist reported Billy Graham as saying, "If God doesn't judge America soon He will have to apologize to Sodom and Gomorrah." He didn't actually originate this now famous quote. But he could have because it's true. Things have steadily grown worse since then.

An almost uncontrollable wave of homosexuality, abortion, pornography, divorce, and violence has filled our land. These sins and many others have become so commonplace that most Americans now accept them as being normal. But God doesn't.

The Scriptures teach two absolute principles: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord" and "Righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people" (cf. Ps. 33:12, Prov. 14:34). Although these truths were given to Israel, they were not meant for that nation alone. History is filled with the testimony that God judges the nations of the world for their sins. The history of Egypt, Canaan, and Babylon bear this out.

Several years ago, the eminent American psychiatrist, Dr. Karl Mennenger, wrote a book titled, *Whatever Became of Sin*. In it he presented a sobering thesis. He wrote, "If a group of people can be made to share the responsibility for what would be a sin if an individual did it, the load of guilt rapidly lifts from the shoulders of all concerned." In other words, if enough people begin doing it — it will no longer be a sin.

This is exactly what America has done. Abortion is no longer murder. It is simply a woman exercising her right or privacy to her own body. Homosexuality is merely a difference in sexual preference. Pornography is an expression of free speech. Divorce is an honest admission that things didn't work out the way the couple had hoped. Adultery is "living together" and illegitimate babies are "love" children.

In the words of the prophet Isaiah, our nation must confess, (Continued on Page 8)

IS GOD ANGRY AT AMERICA?

(Continued from Page 7)

"We have made a lie our refuge and falsehood our hiding place" (Isa. 28:15). But God says, "Woe to those who call evil good and good evil" (Isa. 5:20). Now we are beginning to pay the price... and not just in natural catastrophes.

America, once the greatest military power in the world, was humiliated by the Iran Hostage issue. We were humiliated by the disastrous rescue attempt that left eight bodies in the desert. The culprit? A blinding sandstorm. Was it just an unfortunate stroke of bad luck? An act of nature? Or the wrath of God?

Economically, our nation is in trouble, too. The American dollar, once a world-wide symbol of strength and stability, has fallen from its lofty throne. Reflected against what a dollar was worth in 1967, today's dollar is worth only thirty-eight cents. Inflation is steadily eating away at the ranks of middle-class Americans, plunging many into near poverty. Monitoring the trend, Newsweek Magazine noted, "About 355,000 Americans will flock into bankruptcy courts this year — 120,000 more than the period record set in 1975." By year's end, bankruptcies increased 82% over 1979. This upward trend has continued unabated into 1981.

The auto industry, once called the backbone of our economy, is floundering. Chrysler is on the brink of bankruptcy. Ford Motor Company is desperately fighting for its life. Even the giant, General

Motors, is in a precarious position. One auto industry executive warned that we may be left with one auto manufacturer in the next ten years.

Americans are distraught. Most can no longer afford to buy a home. Inflation is eating away the American dream. Unemployment is high. And, it is not only our financial security that is threatened. Our very lives are in jeopardy as the rate of violent crime is rising.

Our nation's leaders offer a variety of solutions, but none seem to work. Ironically, not one has suggested that sin may be the problem. When some spiritual leaders have suggested sin as the problem, a response is elicited, echoing the words spoken to Micah by another sinning nation: "Do not prophesy about these things; disgrace will not overtake us" (Mic. 2:6). History proved otherwise.

Now America is beginning to live in the reality of Haggai's judgment upon Israel: "Give careful thought to your ways. You have planted much, but the harvest is little. You eat, but never have enough. You drink, but never have your fill. You earn wages, only to put them in a purse with holes in it" (Hag. 1:5, 6).

Is it too late to turn back? The answer to that question rests largely upon Christians. God promised, "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (2 Chr. 7:14). The phrase, "If my people,..." by application, is speaking of us. And we have much of

If we mix our seed-sowing with doubt, the harvest is apt to be weeds.

which to confess and repent.

Too many have turned their backs on social injustices. Too many have allowed latent anti-Semitism to smoulder in their hearts. Too many have enjoyed the very things God has called abominable.

Many Christians who would never think of committing adultery find entertainment in watching adulterous relationships acted out on the screen. Others who condemn godless values in the world accept such values in their own church.

If the world is to repent, God's people must repent first. We must turn from our wicked ways, then God will keep His promise. He will hear our prayers, He will forgive our sins, and He will heal our land.

Will God's judgment continue to fall on America? The answer to that question depends largely on you and on me. Let's pray that we or our children will never hear the words spoken by Jeremiah addressed to us, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jer. 8:20).

*U.S. insurance companies suffered \$4.2 billion dollars in losses in 1975.

Note: It is too early to determine the amount of insurance losses for 1981. But an insurance industry executive recently noted, "The trend is not particularly good. It looks like things will get worse."

—Reprinted from the Chosen People Magazine, published by the American Board of Missions to the Jews.

BRIEF NOTE

Grace Missionary Baptist Church, Ontario, California has given Timothy W. Works authority to begin a mission work in Riverside, California. The church request prayers and financial support from sister churches. Any offerings may be sent to Grace Missionary Baptist Church, 861 East "J" Street, Ontario, California 91764. Anyone desiring more information may write Bro. Works in care of Robert V. Works, 111 Desha Road, Lexington, Kentucky 40502 or call him at 606/266-3040.

The Baptist Examiner Financial Report July, 1981

Beginning Balance	
July 30, 1981	\$1,792.03
Receipts	4,361.13
	\$6,153.16
Expenses:	
Labor	\$ 887.92
Printing	2,346.75
Postage	703.61
Supplies (checks)	17.28
Taxes (FICA Labor)	273.54
Misc. (petty cash, P.O. box rent, bookstore)	78.95
Total Expenses	4,308.05
Ending Balance	
July 31, 1981	1,845.11

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AUGUST 29, 1981
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