

kTb Ministries

Christ to the
First Nations



kTb Ministries Newsletter



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What in the world is going on...

by Ken Bain

A lot has happened in the past few weeks. We picked up a central AC unit from Country Baptist Church in Surprise, AZ (Northwest Phoenix). It is for the new Missionhouse at Hikiwan. Minutes later, because of a traffic tie-up, I had to back the truck and trailer off the tracks and out from under Railroad crossing arms just before a train came through.

A few days later, we picked up another bigger AC unit from 1st Pima Baptist church in Sacaton, AZ. The next day we delivered it to 1st Papago Baptist church in Sells, AZ. It will cool the new Sanctuary/daycare. I was hit with serious back pain. Thankfully it only lasted a couple of weeks.

A trip to town for supplies and then a rest day before a small mission team arrived from Napa, California. Wow, how God is working to supply needs and components for the projects he's having us build or be involved in! And Satan really doesn't like defeat!

But the real story is what God is doing among the Indians on the reservations. And, our calling was, to "lift the arms of Indian believers" —like Aaron and Hur who lifted and held up the arms of Moses.

I'm not fully certain of all the meaning of that event, but clearly the people were effected and enabled when they saw his raised arms, the same arms under which the Red Sea was parted. When they saw Moses' arms raised, it brought home to them how GOD had spared them from a great enemy. In fact, though they were helpless, in the Red Sea, GOD utterly and totally destroyed the greatest military force on earth. Now, under God's hands they WERE invincible even though inexperienced and unequipped.

When Thurleen and I came to Indian country, we knew that there needed to be a different way of "doing" missions. We followed 500 years of Anglos trying to Christianize Natives by trying to make them like Anglos. Our "new way" has been to find what God is doing and to get in on that. ...To hold their arms up while God makes them like Jesus. After eight years, we're seeing

that happen all over the Sonoran Desert.

Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.
Philippians 1:6

Then, very early on Saturday April 4, came a big BOOM. We were both very tired and had gone to sleep in our recliners. Thurleen awoke about 1 AM and started toward the bedroom. When she said, "I'm a little wobbly," I got up to assist her. But I didn't get to her in time. She fell into a very tight area of the 5th wheel near the outside door. After she assured me that she was not seriously hurt, we struggled but finally were able to get her to bed. After a good nights sleep, Thurleen got up with not too much evidence of her mishap. We wondered if she might be experiencing the sort of almost unexplainable but somewhat similar malady that our son was hit with a couple of years ago. Thurleen rested and I worked that morning to get ready to make a trip back home to Southern Illinois a day or two after Easter.

After lunch we noticed that both her left leg and arm were becoming weak. I picked up my cell phone to call our Christian friend Delma Garcia for hospital recommendations. At that very instant, Delma called me.

We headed to Tucson to University Medical Center (UMC). Several doctors and nurses attended to Thurleen in the emergency center. We were shocked that her blood sugar was extraordinarily high as was her blood pressure. That had caused a stroke. The stroke did not significantly effect her voice, but it left her left leg and arm essentially paralyzed. Working with Native Americans for eight years who have the worlds highest rate of adult onset diabetes had provided knowledge of the symptoms of diabetes, but she did not have those symptoms. And she had practiced excellent eating habits for decades that should have avoided diabetes.

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Felix Juan accepts call as pastor of Christ Fellowship Community Church



President of the Baptist Indian Fellowship, Felix Juan has accepted the call to be the pastor at Hikiwan. A Tohono O'odham tribal member, Felix has led the eight churches of the BIF to become missional. That passion has made him uniquely prepared to lead the still fragile church at Hikiwan.

Felix is eager to "meet the people" of Hikiwan. As he led BIF members a short time ago in an outreach into the village for the first time, an 80 year-old woman trusted Christ as her Savior.

SMALL MIRACLES

by Thurleen Bain (written March 30, 2015, five days before the stroke)

What constitutes a miracle? Do we recognize the *small* gifts of God that come our way every day?

A parking space close to your door in a crowded lot.

A delay causing you to leave later than you planned, and you pass an accident on the road that you might have been involved in.

A rain the day before you need to dig a ditch, loosening the soil from hard to soft enough to dig.

So often there seems to be an attitude of *lets don't bother God with the small stuff*. What constitutes *small stuff*? Is anything we need "*small stuff*" to our Abba Father?

Take a parking space for instance...Sometimes I have asked for one, other times He has just blessed me with one. I try to always remember to thank my Daddy God for these *insignificant* [?] blessings.

Delays in planned leaving, causing tempers to rise, become times of thanksgiving when you pass the accident along the highway. When we recognize that except for our delay in leaving, we might have been in the middle of that accident. We have a different attitude for the remainder of the trip. The rain that delayed the start of the work project that made the work so very much easier. *Small stuff*? Just ask the guys on the shovels the next day!

When we have such a relationship with ABBA God, and we recognize the seemingly *daily* insignificant events of our lives, it produces in us the courage to believe God can and will heal broken bodies! We can ask and believe for the BIG miracles to come our way.

I have often wondered why Jesus turning water into wine at the wedding was so important that it is recorded in the Bible. It doesn't seem so significant to me, but to the people at the wedding, it was BIG STUFF! It got their attention!

Many years ago, as a young mother, I was traveling down a very dark, almost deserted, West Virginia Turnpike with three young children. In the wee hours of the morning it started raining. The car started sliding to the edge of the mountain road, out of control. I threw up my hands and said "God, I'm not driving this car, you are". Immediately, the car returned to the middle of the lane, and I took back the steering wheel. The fears of the journey was laid aside, because I knew who was in control!

The next morning I arrived for breakfast at our friends home in Kentucky *from the wrong direction*, but my 1975 "GPS", the Holy Spirit, got me there in spite of my written directions being wrong, listing the town Cannonsburg instead of Catletsburg, Kentucky. I knew who was in control on that journey! Hubby was following in the big moving truck and missed their home by ten miles!

Was this *small stuff*? Not to me then, and it still isn't when I think about it 40 years later! When we started on that Good Friday journey from a completed mission in Virginia, we were headed back home to Illinois after finishing the job God had called us to do, We were homeless...it took all of our resources to rent the moving van. We were broke, and had no job...But God!!! We arrived back home in Southern Illinois on Saturday. On Easter Sunday we worshipped with dear friends. On Monday, Ken started a job, and we moved into a 4 bedroom home rent free *for as long as we needed it!* Because of experiences of the journey, we were primed to *thankfully* receive God's provision!

In the last 8 years that we have been on our current journey helping American Indian Believers, we have spent many hours on the side of highways, as we traveled to and fro. I don't know how many tire failures caused us to be sitting beside high speed traffic. Last spring, an equipment failure caused us to spend a whole night 3 ft from 80+ mph truck traffic on I-20 in West Texas. We even got to experience a Texas dust storm that night that almost blew us away. So why do we keep coming back to Arizona?

When God calls, He will provide. How long are we going to be coming back? When God puts you, you are PUT, until He UNPUTS you!

Small stuff...NOT!!

What in the World...?

...CONTINUED

The most able staff at UMC treated her quickly to bring the BP and blood sugar down. In fact we learned that Thurleen had been placed in the very same rooms where America watched Representative Gabby Giffords hang on to life after being shot through the head by a deranged man a couple of years ago.

Thurleen was moved to Oro Valley Rehab for intensive therapy. She is responding well. Already she can stand, transfer to and from a wheel chair, and walk 30 feet by holding the railing with her capable arm, then back up all the way and sit down in her chair with minimal help. The arm is being a bit more stubborn. ...but she's still smiling!

I have been saying for some time that there is a great deal more that we need to know about the stripes on Jesus' back as related to our healing. Thurleen and I are beginning to see...

We will be flying her home to Southern Illinois on the 25th. Our son Josh and daughter Kerry drove out to Arizona to help me get tools together and the 5th wheel ready to travel. Another son Jon David is flying out Thursday so he can drive the rig back across the country. Very Early Saturday, the boys will take Thurleen and I to Phoenix to fly to St Louis while Kerry ready's the 5th wheel for the long trip. I think we may beat them back to Illinois. Our Daughter Kendee and son Donnie will then drive us home from St Louis. What a family we have!

We cannot begin to comprehend the generosity and love of those who have provided money for travel and for our needs. We thank God for you! And thank you for your prayers. We're not done yet...

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