

**Miracles that follow the plow :: China Mission Trip****China Mission Trip - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/1/17 17:25**

I will be taking a team to northwestern China for three weeks from March 22 - April 14. We are still building the team so if you have a burden for the unreached and would like more information about coming along, contact me.

This will be my 7th trip and my 4th working in Tibetan Buddhist and Hui Muslim towns and villages.

Please keep us and those who will hear the Gospel in prayer.

Also remember my son Caleb in your prayers. He is leaving in two weeks for China and will be there for three months working in the same areas.

For China and the Savior who spilled His blood for her,

Denny

Re: China Mission Trip - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/1/21 8:56

Please keep my son, Caleb in your prayers. He is leaving for China in a couple weeks for a three month stay. He will be working in the north western provinces, sharing the Gospel with Tibetan Buddhists and Hui Muslims.

He is facing a challenge and needs a healing at this time. He was just released from the hospital after a two and a half day visit. He has a staff infection in his leg that has been found to be MRSA. He is on antibiotics but these infections are sometimes hard to get over.

Pray for his quick healing and protection as he heads off to China and that the seeds sown will bring forth much fruit.

Pastor Denny, on: 2010/1/21 11:23

Quote:
-----He is facing a challenge and needs a healing at this time. He was just released from the hospital after a two and a half day visit. He has a staff infection in his leg that has been found to be MRSA. He is on antibiotics but these infections are sometimes hard to get over.

Pastor, in my limited knowledge and wisdom, i do have some experience with this...."thorn". out of nowhere, in July 08, in ten minutes, my fever went to 105 and i couldnt breathe. Praise God we have the Comforter, God the Holy Ghost who told me in no uncertain terms, "Go to the hospital NOW!"...i thought it was a bug that could be dealt with by prayer and antibiotics i keep for emergencies...Praise the Name, i had enough sense to listen to God, because in the emergency room, the doctors told me A. i had streptococcal septicemia...and B. i had a 50/50 chance of surviving, and that was after only an hour and half after this fever came on me, so they hit me with three new antibiotics, and put me in ICU isolation, and i was there for two weeks, but Praise God! i had the sense to grab my Bible on my way out the door, and when they had killed my pain, i called my home Church pastor (who was going to fly from LA to Chicago) and i asked him to gather the prayer warriors for intercession, and Jesus just gave me great comfort, so much so that when the chaplain who i called for, came, i think i scared him, he must have been, the dear man, from one of those lukewarm denominations, because i'm grinning with joy, clutching a worn Bible, he starts praying, and i interrupt to talk to the Lord myself, and said, "Lord, if you want me, i'm yours, if you want me to stay here some more, i'm yours, Your will, not mine"....and then started withnessing to this chaplain about the Heavenly Jerusalem as outlined in Hebrews, and the Joy of It All!.....never saw him again, even though i called for him again.

forgive me for blithering, you're wise Pastor, so i'm assuming that your dear son did NOT go "septic"? Staph, Strep and MRSA all bear the potential to go into septicemia, septic. God forbid it does, this literal blood poison, once it hits vital organs, starts to shut them down, thats the danger, so 2 and a half days, i'm assuming the MRSA did not go septic...but another danger, and i dont know if its just confined to strep septicemia, is that muscle and tissue can turn "necrotic", which in common terms is "flesh eating"...i know this, because at the onset of my affliction, an MRI on my ankle showed a mass

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s, the doctors, thought had the potential to be necrotic, which meant, if it was, they would either have to remove muscle tissue, or possibly my foot and ankle, to halt the spread of necrosis. So within 3 hours of my being there, they asked me if I would be okay with them cutting into for exploratory surgery...no problem! and there was no necrosis, Glory to God, but to this day, the scar hasn't healed completely, and I bear the mark of cellulitis, which is where the strep ravaged my blood vessels.

I said all that to say this: I'm a father too, and searching my own heart (while not knowing your boy's details) I would put off my son's mission trip for 6 months to a year, UNLESS the Holy Ghost clearly spoke otherwise, these three "bugs" are very dangerous, nasty, and biologically cunning, meaning they learn to develop resistance to anti-biotics.....

I am and will pray for the boy's health, your wisdom and comfort for you and his mother, In Jesus Name, Neil

Re: Pastor Denny - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/1/23 11:16

Thanks for your insight. I appreciate it.

Tickets purchased - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/2/8 18:29

I just bought tickets for my flight to China! My son Gabriel and I will be leaving for Shanghai in late March. Please pray for us and those who will hear the Gospel during our 21 day trip to northwestern China. There is still room for more on the team. Interested?

Visit the following web page to read about our target groups!

<http://www.lifeandlibertyministries.com/archives/000410.php>

For China and the Savior who spilled His blood for her,

Denny

Re: Tickets purchased - posted by ccchhrrriiiss (), on: 2010/2/8 18:35

Praying! Please keep us updated on your endeavor (before, during and after, if possible)!

Caleb is in China - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/2/8 18:37

Here is an update on my son Caleb who was scheduled to go to China. He did leave as he planned and the infection in his leg has cleared up well. He took along an extra prescription of antibiotics in the event that the MRSA showed up again.

He is in Xining at this time and will possibly start teaching English on weekends in about a month. Gospel literature distribution during the weekdays.

Please keep him in your prayers.

Denny

Re: Caleb is in China - posted by Joyful_Heart, on: 2010/2/9 11:27

I will continue to hold up your son and your mission and the wonderful people of China as well. God is with you.

Re: Caleb is in China - posted by ccchhrrriiiss (), on: 2010/2/9 18:51

Hi Brother Denny...

Quote:

Here is an update on my son Caleb who was scheduled to go to China. He did leave as he planned and the infection in his leg has cleared up well. He took along an extra prescription of antibiotics in the event that the MRSA showed up again.

He is in Xining at this time and will possibly start teaching English on weekends in about a month. Gospel literature distribution during the weekdays.

Please keep him in your prayers.

My wife and I are praying for your son. Be encouraged, brother!

Isaiah 52:7

China - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/2/9 19:52

To all,

I take teams to China twice a year (Spring and Fall). If anyone out there has a burden for the unreached of China and would like to be a part of an outreach trip to China, send me a note.

Denny

Re: China - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/2/14 20:16

Here is an update from my son Caleb who is spending three months in northwestern China. Please remember to lift him up!

This is the Email update I sent out about my arrival into China. Has a few more details than those I have already given.

Hello and God bless!!

I have finally made it to China! I arrived here in Xining (the capitol of Qinghai province in western china) on sunday the 7th after taking a 42 hour train ride across the country. That was an interesting experience. On the train there was a little fellow named Li who kept on coming over and climbing all over me and wanted to play with my camera. We had an awesome time goofing off, drawing pictures and trying to talk to each other.

Getting back over here for the first time in about three years has really been an refreshing and confusing experience. Refreshing to once again smell the smells i remember and to be working for the King in advancing His kingdom. Confusing to be trying to assimilate a bazillion new things I need to know. But God is faithful and has guided me thus far and will guide me on.

The past week has been mostly spent figuring out how things will work over here. I will be working with two brothers for most of the time; David and Eugene and his family. Eugene has been working on and off over here for seven years. A new development that I did not mention in the previous mailings is that for a portion of the time I will be teaching English at a school in the area. Eugene and his family will be going overseas on a short trip so I will be stepping in to fill his place at the school he teaches at.

The Chinese new year celebrations are right around the corner and during this time everyone gets a long holiday and everything shuts down. During this time we will all be scrambling to get a lot of stuff done. We need to move Eugene from one apartment to another and also go to another province to get another load of stuff.

To stay in the country long-term David and Eugene need to have an excuse with the government and so both of them will teach english and in addition to this Eugene runs a little restaurant. This place does not provide any monetary help for the ministry but does make a good excuse.

So my next few weeks until Eugene leaves will consist of doing a lot of work for him, moving and a little upkeep on the restaurant all the while scattering crumbs (tracts) all over. After he leaves I will take over the teaching. As that is only on the weekends I will be taking trips out into the surrounding areas each week to do crumbing at night and hit a few outlying towns he wants to do. This is our tentative plan this far as best I understand it.

I wish to thank all of you for your prayers. I have been overwhelmed by the support you have given me in assuring me of your bearing me up before the King. May God richly bless you for this.

All for the one who gave His all for us!!!

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For China,
Caleb

Re: - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/2/22 19:51

Two recent notes my son Caleb sent from China. Keep lifting him up.

"Leaving on a three day trip doing tracts in three different towns. May the King be glorified!!"

"Tract-bombed four Tibetan monasteries last night. Had a blast and listened to a Piper sermon while at it!!"

Tract Bombing! - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/2/27 0:42

Here is the latest update from my son Caleb in China...

Recent Tract-bombing trip

February 21, 2010 by Caleb Green

I will here give an account of the trip I just took to various parts of Gansu and Qinghai province in western China. Had a blast and was able to distribute many tracts in the cities I hit.

First off for those who are unfamiliar with the term tract-bombing we use it when referring to distributing gospel tracts whether out of a bus window while flying down the road or on foot in the dark of night going door to door.

Started out with Eugene and David and another brother and his fam on a trip down to do some work on the restaurant that Eugene runs in Gansu. That went well. He was able to think some things thru about how to run things and we did some moving of all his junk while at it.

Then they went off to Xining again and left me all alone with a map and several X's on the map indicating where I was to go. Actually I received detailed advice on how and where to go. So off I went to city X which was coincidentally the first X on my map!! Fancy that!!

Arriving in city X I got a hotel room, dumped off my junk and scouted out the town to see where I would be tract-bombing that night. The area of town was almost entirely dominated by muslims. In view of this I was quite surprised at the smut they were selling on the streets. Not just at one place at the end of a road somewhere but in broad daylight on the main thoroughfares. I did not realize that the muslim population in China was so apathetic as to tolerate that but worse yet that the areas of town in which they lived would be the areas that sellers picked to peddle their wares. Islam seems to be as apathetic as mainline 'Christianity' with regards to this issue.

I dropped in at this one Hui (muslim) restaurant to get something to eat. I asked for noodles (which is a staple among the muslims) expecting to get the usual bowl of broth filled with noodles and spices. Instead I received a plate of weird looking thick noodles topped with sponges. Yes, sponges. They looked like sponges and tasted like sponges (unfortunately I do know what sponges taste like). The only difference was that they did not chew like sponges. I have no idea what it was but it wasn't that great. After forcing down most of it so that I would not offend the cook I asked for a bag to bring the rest with me and left. It is an interesting experience going out to eat in a land where you don't know what they are saying or how to order what you want. Try it sometime. Broadens your perspectives greatly.

Going back to my hotel I settled down for the night. Getting up again at 1:30 I snuck outside laden with hundreds of Chinese tracts. The particular area I was working in that night was densely populated and lower class so there were few people up and about so I was free to get them out there without delay. All my tracts for the night (460) were out in an hour and a half and I headed back to the hotel.

Up before the crack of dawn the next morning I headed down to the bus station to get outta there. It is not a wise thing to stay for awhile in a city you are putting out a lot of tracts in. Things tend to heat up a bit. And the kind of heat associated with confiscation and/or deportation is a heat I can live without.

They did not have a bus to the city I wanted to go to so after a bit of haggling I got a ticket to a city halfway there from whence I caught a bus to where I really wanted to go. This last leg of the trip was quite interesting as there were twice as

many people on the bus as there were seats and I was not one of the priveleged few. This is fine on a short ride in the c
ity but after three hours it gets pretty intense. We were squashed in like sardines. I was halfway perched on the doghou
se covering the engine up front along with I think seven or eight other newly met intimate acquaintances. Intimate in the
sense of proximity and not of friendship.

Arriving in the town in which I was to work I kept my eyes pealed for Tibetan monasteries which were to be my focus in t
his town. There were a total of four that I located and two of them were about three miles outside of town. I usually walk
a great deal each night but tacking on those extra six miles was not something I was looking forward to. In addition to th
at the hotel I stayed was way across the river from the town and on top of that the other two monasteries were at the far
opposite ends of the town from each other. My feet hurt now just thinking of it.

Before it got dark I decided to climb a mountain above town and take some pics of a little shrine thing that the Tibetans h
ad put up. They put these up everywhere and on the cloths are printed prayers which they believe are repeated and sen
t on whenever the wind blows. Pictures are available on my facebook page as explaining it is hard to do.

Anyway descending the mountain I lost the trail and ended up at the foot of the mountain and somehow stuck with the o
nly way into town being thru this dump area. I had to climb all over piles of rubbish to get out and that was an experienc
e. I won't tell you what it was like though as it was so gross this blog may earn a rating of pg 13 or higher if I do so. As
I was leaving the dump a dog leaped out of hiding and ran at me but just before reaching me was stopped by his chain.
I could feel his teeth in my throat but after I saw that he had stopped realized that was just my heart.

Free at last I went back to my hotel. Sleeping until 11:00 I arose and began the trek to the monasteries that were way o
ut of town. Got out my Ipod (a gospel minister never should be without his ipod) and put on a Piper sermon and settled
into a fast walking pace. During this trek I was passed by many taxis who tried to give me a ride and also I passed man
y groups of people going home. I think I prayed harder during this time than in a while and I believe my prayers were an
swered as I was not at any time forced to speak and reveal I was not Chinese. To do so would have raised many suspic
ions. What was a dumb american doing in the middle on the night on a road way out of town. On these nights curious c
hinese people are the sounding of the bell of doom. Not quite but it is a big problem.

Arriving at the monasteries I found them all locked up so I went around the outer wall tossing over tracts. Then I was off
again for the town and the other two monasteries. It was quite late at this point so I was happy to find a cab and get him
to drop me off in the city. It was ok to do this as I was headed back into town and if he was curious it is easy to lose som
eone in a town. I checked out these two but they were also locked and I threw tracts over the walls here as well. Walkin
g back to the hotel on one particular street I was surprised to be walking alongside a donkey. A random donkey walking
alone (except for me) in the downtown area. Only in China...

Anyway I made it back safely and was up bright and early the next morning and headed for Xining, where I live. Interesti
ngly enough my friend David was invited to a dinner back in Xining at which the mayor of the city I was tract-bombing in t
hat very night was also present. Coincidence of all coincidences!

So here I am a day later sitting in my room. Tomorrow I will leave to go on another trip. On this one I will be tract-bombi
ng in three cities.

May the King be glorified in all that we do!!!

All Alone! - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/3/12 21:31

Here is a recent post from my son Caleb who is serving in China.

Well I suppose it is high time for me to update my blog with how things are going over here. I have not in a little bit beca
use of some internet issues. Access has been very limited so I am jumping at this chance.

I have been pretty busy since ilsat sent out an update on the work over here. Very shortly after the last post on china i w
ent on a three day trip that was very successful. Returning from that I spent a few days helping bro. Eugene move to an
other flat. That was quite an experience. Moved stuff around a million and one times in my life but everything you do in C
hina is unique and incomparable to anything back in the States. Spent half a day in the markets haggling over furniture a
nd refrigerators. But it all was done in plenty of time for Eugene's trip back to the States and Peru. He is over there no
w along with his whole fam. On top of this David also is taking a trip over to South Africa so that leaves me over here in
China all alone for almost a month before any reinforcements arrive. Some friends they are. Ditching a poor unadjusted

y-guo-ren (foreigner) to his fate in the wilds of China

But anyway inspite of this travesty things are going pretty well. As soon as they were off I moved in to Eugene's apartment to 'watch' it while he is gone. A day later a young man from Canada also moved in there. His name is Matt and I am quite sure he is not a believer. So pray that the father will use me to be a witness to him. His being there will help but won't solve the loneliness problem because I am off gallivanting around Qinghai and Gansu 3 out of 4 days.

Right now I am sitting in an internet cafe in a big city in western Qinghai. Last night I crumbed this town with 600 pieces. Got up this morning and found to my horror that there were no buses leaving to where I want to go till seven in the evening. So I am killing time and hiding out here and there till that time rolls around. That is a big no-no for crumbing work. The goal is to get out of town as soon as you can after crumbing. This to avoid a howling mob of Chinese police officers beating down your door and then do you know what they do to you??? Yep you guessed it!! Chinese water torture! No not really. But it is about as good to stay long in a city you have crumbed in as it is to rob a bank and then sit down and read a book in the lobby.

This is the first town of a two week stint of running and crumbing all over the province. If it goes as planned I will not have a single night of normal sleep the whole time. They will all be spent out on the street or in long bus rides. Too many towns to hit before the English teaching starts on the 19th and then my earthly father arrives in town on the 24th or so. So yesterday began a month and a half long period to which I hope rest and ease will be entirely foreign concepts.

Well I do believe I must get off soon so I bid thee farewell. Keep seeking the face of the King of kings and may no other love take your eyes off of Him!!

Death to sin and self by God's power brings life in Christ!!

All for the King!!

The lessons of a little old man and woman on Life goals and contentment - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/3/12 21:32

The lessons of a little old man and woman on Life goals and contentment

March 11, 2010 by Caleb Green

Well, I have always thought of myself as a blessed person. Granted I have not always been as grateful as I should have been but I always have when looking around at the poverty in this world thanked God for giving me all that I have. His grace in my life is obvious in even a cursory scan of my day to day life.

I am right now sitting on a bus bound for Dulan hailing from Ge'ermu. We are currently sitting on the side of the road. Most of the passengers have gotten out and are grabbing a bite to eat.

Do you know how the Father occasionally throws a thought in amidst the contorted mess of our minds? Everything seems to stand still as you digest the thought and ponder what God meant by it. Just had one of those moments. The world stopped and I was slammed with my own doubt of God's work in my life.

I stepped out of the bus briefly to stretch out and enjoy the chilly night air. There was a little shop open so I stepped in to grab a drink.

I have been reading a book on the providence of God. From page one it has been revolutionizing the way I see God in His work in our lives. Previously I knew that God was using things in this life to 'grow' us up. Of course! Romans 8:28! Who doesn't know that? But it was not a real living thought to me. I guess you could've thrown it on the shelf of thoughts that you know but don't really KNOW if you know what I mean.

Inside the shop were this little old man and his little old wife. I looked around at the wares (there wasn't much to see) and chose a peach drink and a roll of cracker/cookies. They were courteous and friendly. I couldn't understand a lick of what they said to me and they couldn't understand a lick of what I said but we were smiling and we connected in an odd sort of way. I paid them and gave them a tract to read and walked back over to my bus.

The author wove a convincing case of scripture and personal examples to evidence God's work in everything we do to draw us to Himself. To be honest I was blown away and began to 'test' it over the next few days. It proved sound and true as time and again the things that I did not like and the things that I did I could see purging me and cleaning out those old impulses. It was like every little event was whispering in my ear, "Follow the King Caleb!" "Leave this junk behind and go on for God!"

I stopped on the side of the road to think a little before boarding the bus. Seeing the old man and woman had reawakened desires and confusion in my heart which seems always to be lurking just below the surface. I long to have a life goal

and to pursue it with all my heart. The complicated world of the west with all the hoops you have to jump thru and the image it forces on you that to really matter you must be doing big and important things has always frustrated me. Even more so since I have not found that life goal or at least don't know it yet. I sometimes beat myself over the head with this fact. "What are you doing Caleb?" "Get going on something!"

As I said seeing the old man and woman had stirred the pot again and as I stood on the side of the road my heart was murmuring at my state in life. Something about the simplicity of their lives and how they didn't have all this junk like a chain and ball attached to their foot like we do here in the west. Luxury and if I might add just things in general are enemies of our souls. Amassing these miniature fortunes we are mentally chained to them. And on top of that we build detailed and intricate arguments why we can't throw it away and live like this little old man and woman. All they owned was in those two rooms. And they were happier than most of the folk I see in the states. Not that I want to go live in Timbuktu and run a little shop but the simplicity of life and dedication appealed to me.

So there I was standing on the side of the road my heart crying out to God. My own personal empire back in the states still has such control over my heart and that pain was searing me as well. There is a song by Caedmon's Call that was running thru my mind and is a beautiful representation of my thoughts. The title is 'Roses'.

Verse 1

High above the valley of Quito/an old man and his bride grow roses

Red and yellow white and golden/to him they are precious as children

Their daughter she moved to America/One more brick on the tower of Babel

She has a son that they've never seen at all/Praying that they raised her well

The Chorus:

And on the mountain high/they will live and die/as time just slips away

And the children grow/In the God they know/as time just slips away

Skipping to Verse 3

Now I'm back at home all alone/and I'm trying to find my thoughts

That old man's so inspiring/but the TV's always on

And the phone it won't stop ringing/and these bills they keep on screaming

To pay for all these things/that we never really need

I wonder what he's doing right now/He may be walking thru his simple field

And thinking about how/God has blessed him so...

A longing for a beautiful harmony of simplicity and purpose is what I seek. As I stood there thinking a thought suddenly flew into my mind with such force that I must chalk it up to providence. That same question I had been asking myself but with a very different point. "Caleb, what are you doing here?"

My answer was obvious, "Father, I'm here to serve you." Two thoughts flashed thru my mind. One was that I had just given the tract to that old man and woman and the other that I have spent the past few years doing what I know best till God gives me final direction. Instantly I realized I was in the center of God's will. To live my life in His service in any way I can until final direction is given is the call on a young person's life. In doing this we are in the center of the divine will and need not heed the accusations of our own minds.

So for all my fellow young people who have not received clear direction yet, our lives are not useless or secondhand. B

ut if we sit on our butts waiting for God to give us each our own personal road to Damascus experience we can be sure we are going to sit there a long time. The Father wants to use vessels that are ready and anxious. Vessels that have been preparing themselves for their lifelong work and have been in service to Him in other ways while waiting. This world needs steady and competent workers for the fields. The fields are ready. Let us work until we receive that clear direction. Let not a day be wasted that could be used in advancing the Kingdom. Only in loving God with all your heart and living a life of service for Him can we ever find our identities in this confused world.

All for the King!!!

Re: The lessons of a little old man and woman on Life goals and contentment - posted by cchhhrrriiss (), on: 2010/3/15 22:22

Thank you for including this, brother Denny.

Update on China Ge'ermu to Tianjun - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/3/15 22:22

Update on China Ge'ermu to Tianjun

Caleb Green | March 16, 2010 at 1:48 am
Ge'ermu to Tianjun

This is the first of a three part update on my travels in the orient. So much has happened that it would be far too long to recount in one post so I am going to split it up over three days and three posts. So this one will be covering from my last update in Ge'ermu up to my adventures in Tianjun.

So I think I left off last post telling about how I had just tract-bombed Ge'ermu and then was stuck there for another day because there were no buses to the next town when I needed them. So thus I sat all day in various places around town trying to use my time wisely but not entirely succeeding at it. Time crawls when one is staring at a watch. But 7:00 came around and I boarded the bus for Dulan.

Here's the overall picture. I had two weeks to get a certain quota of towns done that we had mapped out. A delay of one day could throw everything off because time was very tight. So on the road to Dulan I am worrying that we would not arrive in town in time for me to crumb. If I got there at 6:00 or later then we have a problem. Too many people up and about. If earlier I might have time to get'er done but would have the problem of three heavy bags to deposit somewhere and that is not easy in the middle of the night.

But all my fears were nullified when we made it to Dulan in record time at 12:30 AM. They dumped me off in front of a little hotel and rolled on towards Xining. Now usually when you check into a hotel over here they record everything about you and at times even make copies of your passport and visa. I suppose this town was not very acquainted with handling foreigners because the clerk just glanced at my passport and ushered me up to my room. 50 quai and I was set for the night. Within 30 minutes of being dumped off I was on the streets tract-bombing with a very thankful heart to God for permitting this night to be a success. Got it done in a couple hours and was back in the hotel for a couple hours of shut-eye before rolling out again in the morning.

Took a bus out to the town of Wulan early the next morning. Was upon arrival immediately befriended by a overly helpful taxi driver who was all too willing to help me do everything in exchange for a few quai. He gave me his phone number and instructed me to call him whenever I needed a ride. After this all day long whenever he would see me around town he would holler at me and motion for me to get in his taxi. No thanks. Your town is less than a mile long. I can walk. Nonetheless it is good to have someone you see and can recognize and yell at for a day or so. Gets a little lonely over here. At the time of my writing this it was been well over a week since I have seen a white face.

Ate lunch and dinner in a little noodle shop and got my picture taken with two cops who were eating there as well. That night I crumbed the town as usual but had to wake everyone up to get back in which is not fun to do when it is run by tired little Chinese women. Luckily I was not yelled at as my Dad has been. Once again I was out of there early and off to the next town. Tianjun.

15 minutes after arrival in Tianjun I was sure something was amiss. The hotel lady was trying to tell me that she had to wait on something and my fears were confirmed when Larry, Moe and Curly came in the door (the names I have christen

ed these three officers as their behavior vaguely resembled the three American goofs). They took their time in talking to the lady and then to each other and then on their phones and then to the lady and then to each other and then on their phones and then?Etc. Etc. Etc. About an hour after arrival two more cops showed up with a Chinese man in tow who it turned out could speak English. He informed me that Tianjun was closed to foreigners but they would let me stay the night provided I left right away in the morning. He gave me his cell phone number and instructed me to call him when I wanted to go eat as he would escort me there and back. Apparently the cops had him on a pretty tight leash so he would keep me on an even tighter one. So I checked in and read for a while.

When eating time rolled around I opted not to call him and just go out on my own. I'm a big boy and can order food by myself. I don't even need a bib as of last year. But as I was walking out the hotel clerks went into a tizzy and stopped me and called the English speaker whose name by the way was James. He gave me permission to eat. We then began to text back and forth a little thru which I found he was a believer. It was decided that I would spend the evening at his place.

Thru this visit to his house I met his wife Anna and learned a little about the life of some Chinese believers under the bamboo curtain. There were six believers in the town. Two were James and his wife. The other believers did not know James was a Christian as he was afraid to come out with it for fear of losing his job. I talked enough with them that evening to be sure of his salvation but it was scary to think of the lifestyle they were living. Without any Christian contact other than perhaps twice a year they lived cut off from any edifying fellowship. Yet in spite of this they were going strong and he told me of how he had been able to come across some bibles and Christian books and was reading them. The visit was an extremely encouraging one for me having never been in such a situation before and able to speak to an underground Christian about the God we both are dedicated to serving. The one side of me longs to see him step out of his bubble of fear and announce his belief in God but the other side understands the pressure he must be under and knows how hard that would be. May the King of kings guide them both in the path He has for them.

As I was under surveillance and carefully guarded I was unable to go out to crumb that night. I do not regard it at all as a wasted day though. I trust the King used me to encourage two of His dear children. Of course I was unable to share with them the true nature of my travels as that would have endangered both them and I. One day in glory all secrets will be revealed and we can all rejoice in the workings of our God thru each and every one of us to accomplish His final purposes. Till then let us be faithful in our duties however humdrum or dangerous they may be.

All for the King!!!

Gangcha to Xining - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/3/17 10:14

March 17, 2010 by Caleb Green

Well now begins part two in the three part installment. I hope I am not boring you with details. I guessed that some would like them and whoever doesn't could just skim thru.

So off to Gangcha I went. In the small town of Gangcha they gave me the run-from hotel to hotel till finally I found one that could serve foreigners and had vacancy. The courtyard was replete with everything you could ask for. Trash scattered all around, tons of assorted building material including some very big piles of bricks and a huge pile of organic waste that I made sure to stay clear of. This town was the most Tibetan town I had been in up to that time (I have been in others more so by now) and so it was quite enjoyable to stroll around and look at everything.

I am getting very used to being stared at by now. Most of the folk in these areas have seen foreigners but it doesn't happen very often so they still look at you like they would a dog born with wheels instead of legs. As you are passing them often they will say any English words they know which is usually just hello but every now and then you are greeted with, "Thank you." or better, "I love you." The funny thing is so far only guys have said that to me thus far. Actually I don't know if that is funny.

But anyway I strolled around town for awhile scaring children and wowing their parents. Ate at a little Baozi shop. Baozi is steamed buns stuffed with meat and veggies. They are pretty good especially after one has been eating nu-rou-mian (beef noodles) for the past week almost without let-up. Then I retired to my hotel to await the time of night when the tract-bombers reign supreme.

Got them all out within reasonable time. The cops had a traffic stop on the main drag thru town and I had to walk past th

at twice but was not spoken to. Back to the hotel and sleep and up and on to Haiyan the next morning.

I arrived in Haiyan pretty early in the morning and hailed a taxi right away to take me to a hotel. We stopped at one and they did not accept foreigners. At the next one as soon as I walked in the door I was greeted by five cops who for all I could tell may have been waiting my arrival. They tried to communicate to me something but when we did not understand each other ordered me to sit down on a bed and wait. More cops were drifting in and out as we sat there for the next thirty minutes waiting for the head honcho to show up. Show up she did and promptly took me downtown to the police station. We spent some time running up and down the stairs to several different offices all the while they (the 483 policemen who were assigned to my case) were trying to tell me something. I was playing dumb whitey and was not exactly exerting much effort to understanding them as it is usually best to be seen as dumb and thus not a threat to the illustrious Chinese nation.

They then took me to her office and it turned out from the writing above the door that she was the head of exit and entry. I assume she took care of registering all the incoming and outgoing flows of people of which unhappily I was now caught up in the middle of. She told me to sit down and began to look at her computer and from peering over her soldier I could see she was running my passport number thru the system. This worried me and the thought that perhaps the gig was up crossed my mind. It was strengthened when she received a phone call and they began to chatter back and forth about me and tianjun which was the town that I was denied access to two days previously. They were digging up my trail and this was not a pleasant thought. Some things are best left in the dark.

Another English speaker was called in and I was informed that, "Haiyan is taboo town for foreigners." He asked me anxiously why I came there and what I was doing in china. I answered them as any dumb whitey would that I just wanted to travel and see China. This was apparently enough for them and very shortly they packed me and my bags back down the stairs and into their police van. They drove me out to another traffic block on the outside of town and deposited me there under the safekeeping of the soldiers to be placed on the next bus to Xining. Thru these interesting means I was unable to tract-bomb that town either but trust that in future we will get someone out there to do what I was unable to do.

There is only one more detail to record here before moving on to the next post. Upon arrival in Xining I headed home to resupply and head out down to Yushu (Yushu will wait till the next post though). Shortly after I got home I got a knock on the door and it was a chinese girl who lived a few floors above us and had been helpful when we were moving into the place. Though she could not speak english she could read it and we managed to communicate that she wanted to learn to speak better english. So starting tonight we are going to be doing lessons. She learning english and I learning chinese. Should be an adventure.

Will be posting on my trip to Yushu tomorrow.

All for the King!!!

Caleb

Lift us up! - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/3/30 5:20

Hi Brothers and Sisters,

My son Gabriel, Thory S. and I arrived in China several days back and are currently distributing Gospel literature in three Provinces. We met with my son Caleb when we arrived in Xining and are going to do some nighttime work with him also. Thus far Gabriel and I have distributed tracts in Wudu and Wenxian. Tomorrow night we will be hitting Minxian. Please pray for us and those who receive the literature and Bibles.

For the King,

Denny

Gospel Literature Distribution - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/3/31 3:39

We are in Minxian now for a night of door-to-door Gospel literature distribution. Lift us up to the Father. This is a mid-sized town of Chinese and Tibetans. We are surrounded by mountains and it's cold and lightly snowing. Tomorrow night we will be working the streets in Lintao. Thanks for your prayers. All Glory and Honor to the Father!

For China and the Savior who spilled His blood for her,

Denny

Please Pray for Thory! - posted by Denny (), on: 2010/4/2 5:47

Please Pray for Thory!

Yesterday my son Caleb received a call from Thory, a fellow who came over here with Gabriel and I on a tract-bombing trip. It seems that the authorities have caught him and he is under hotel arrest. His tracts were confiscated. The Greenies, who seem to be a terror to good works right now, have taken his passport and revoked his visa. So everything is kind of up in the air right now as we are listening for more word from him.

We think they will give him a new visa with a few days to leave the country but are not quite sure. If things go as normal then this is what will probably happen. But I ask you to pray that they will give him a two week visa or something like that and release him. If this happens he can be resupplied with tracts and he can hit the road again.

Whatever happens may the King of Kings be glorified!!!