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A THRIVING CHURCH FOR EVERY PEOPLE

ETHNOS 360

MAGAZINE



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Is Slow in Coming**
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Cover photo Tagbanwa couple Limbuan & Pided
Photo credit Dale Stroud



FROM OUR
CEO

Dear Friend,

Adoniram Judson, one of the first American foreign missionaries, said
“There is no success without sacrifice. If you succeed without sacrifice,
it is because someone has suffered before you. If you sacrifice without
success, it is because someone will succeed after.” One of Ethnos360’s
core values is “a readiness to sacrifice for Christ and His Church.”

When I ponder sacrifice, I can’t separate it from perseverance. I think
of resolve, persistence, tenacity and grit. The spiritual battle is fierce!
Satan will send his forces in to oppose, discourage and distract us.

Ron Dunn in his book *When Heaven Is Silent* says, “The greatest work
God has done in my life He has done against my pleasure – and against
my will. We wrestle with the very things God sends to bless us.” It
takes perseverance. The Apostle Paul endured much affliction for the
sake of Christ and His Church. Just weeks before Paul was martyred,
he wrote his dear friend saying, “Timothy, you endure affliction. I have
fought the good fight and have finished the race.” Timothy continued to
persevere and invest in the Church for at least 20 more years until he
himself was beaten, standing for truth, and died a few days later.

Wherever I see what we term a successful church plant, I see
perseverance and sacrifice. It takes getting out of our comfort zones;
it takes walking by faith, being confident in the character of God and
His promises. It takes a whole team effort, a team that is willing to
sacrifice and endure in whatever part Christ has for them.

In this Ethnos360 magazine, watch for this value of a readiness to
sacrifice for Christ and His Church. We are blessed to serve together
on a team that is doing just that!

Yours in Christ,

Larry M. Brown, Ethnos360 CEO

NEWS AROUND THE WORLD

NEW TESTAMENT TRANSLATIONS UPDATE

Last year, we rejoiced because of New Testament translations that were finished, sent to the printer and in some cases had dedication celebrations for presentation to the churches. This year began with Doug Lotz diligently working his way through the translation manuscripts on his desk (well, in his computer). Adjustments were made when Mark Cain's cancer diagnosis moved the Guahibo translation formatting project to the top of the list. [Note: please see page 16 for an update on Mark.] And then, in an unforeseeable turn of events to us — but not a surprise at all to God — Doug needed to step aside for a period of time due to medical issues of his own. His heart is still in the work although progress has slowed.

This is the list of translations of Scripture that he will need to format in order to be print-ready

- Dom, Kuman, Lamogai, Malaumanda, Simbari and Tigak—Papua New Guinea
- Guahibo, Guanano and one other—Latin America



- Tugutil—Asia Pacific
- Palaka—Ivory Coast

In other news from the translators, Penny Warner reports that the Jalunga translation (Senegal, West Africa) of the New Testament is 69.5% checked and approved for printing; 9.9% more is drafted and being worked through the process. Genesis,

580 verses of Exodus and Jonah are completely translated and printed. Ruth is ready for a check. The book of I Samuel was just drafted. Praise the Lord for getting this much finished. Pray for Penny as she continues but with limitations put on her because of the COVID-19 pandemic.

CULTURE CORNER

Rice, Anyone?



With our main article being about the Tagbanwa in the Philippines, this little blurb by Jody Crain seemed appropriate.

To simply say that rice is important to the Tagbanwa people of Palawan is a gross understatement. An anthropologist documented that they plant 143 different kinds of rice, giving them nearly 200 words for rice. Before the gospel arrived, a different type of rice had to be offered to the spirits to clear the jungle for a

garden, to plant a garden, to weed a garden, to harvest a garden, to offer a "Thanksgiving" to the spirits to eat the harvest, to settle a dispute, to marry (to be eligible a girl had to be able to identify over 30 kinds of rice), and many more activities. Even their creation story says that Tagbanwas came from a rice kernel. But today, since the Creator is known and worshiped, rice is seen as a gift and provision from Him!



CONSOLIDATION OF ETHNOS360 BIBLE INSTITUTE CAMPUSES

Ethnos360 Bible Institute, formerly *New Tribes Bible Institute*, has been in existence for 65 years, and for the first time since 1973, both campuses will be sharing a single campus.

We will be consolidating in Waukesha, Wisconsin, beginning August 2020!

Please pray for our Michigan staff and students and their many adjustments. Leaving family, friends, churches and community will not be easy.

Please pray for our Wisconsin team as they prepare for double enrollment. Currently they have many construction projects underway that must be completed by August.

Please pray for our students, many who will plant churches among the least reached!

Thank you,
Ron Lindsey
President,
Ethnos360 Bible Institute

e360bible.org !))

[Editor's Note: Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, many of the projects have had to be postponed. Please pray for both campuses as they readjust to the new "normal" as they continue working on consolidation.]



THE MAGAZINE ONLINE

Thanks to our technologically wise team, you are now able to get the entire magazine online in PDF format! We will continue to post the main articles on the website, but from the March magazine on, you will also be able to download the magazine and read it on any of your mobile devices. For each new issue, go to ethnos360.org/magazine to read the main articles or to download. If you want to read an earlier issue, go to ethnos360.org/magazine/archives, and you will be able to download from there as well. !))



THREE HELICOPTERS FOR PAPUA NEW GUINEA

The field of Papua New Guinea has been dependent for some time on the trusty Cessna airplanes. Then it shifted to Kodiaks. Then they were enjoying the one helicopter — that is now over forty years old! They have decided that, in order to reach the planned people groups, the field needs to have three R66 helicopters as soon as possible. Please pray for the finances to purchase these aircraft. Here is the link to be a part of this project:

ethnos360.org/projects/three-helicopters-for-png !))



PASTORS FORUM 2020

Participants arrived from across the country for Ethnos360's Annual Pastors Forum which took place the first week of March. There was a wide cross-section of ages, personalities and backgrounds, but there was unity in their hearts for missions. Sessions covered everything from the training provided to these churches' missionaries to how Ethnos360 missionaries are supported to the how and why behind Ethnos360's church planting methods. But the pastors weren't just listening. Interactive sessions allowed the pastors the opportunity to speak into subject matters and seek clarification when needed. It was a good group with great input.

“Rejoice in the Lord always. Again I will say, rejoice! Let your gentleness be known to all men. The Lord is at hand. Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:4-7 NKJV

When the **WELCOME** Is Slow in Coming

With pirates frequenting
the island waters,
not even seasoned fishermen
dared to be out on the waters
past curfew ...

The ocean waves slapped against the sides of the boat as it beached along the sandy shore of the Palawan island of the Philippines. Missionary Jody Crain scanned the shoreline for a welcome party, but there was none to be found. No men waited to greet him on the beach; only faces peered out from behind the palm trees just beyond the shoreline.

Setting disappointment aside, Jody focused on the task at hand. There were barrels to unload, and time was of the essence. With pirates frequenting the island waters, not even seasoned fishermen dared to be out on the waters past the 3 p.m. dock curfew. There was work to be done.

Sinewy, strong arms of fisherman hoisted the heavy barrels from the boat for Jody to roll up on the sandy shore. This was unknown territory for them, and they had no plans to disembark.

Therefore, the task fell to Jody to begin the back-breaking task of rolling the first of seven barrels to the house that his family would call home for the foreseeable future. But it didn't feel like home, at least not yet.

The house was indistinguishable from any other of the villagers' houses. The structure was raised

above the ground with woven bamboo walls and a bamboo roof. Jody rolled the barrel against the house poles and stood up, stretching to his full height and working out the tension in his back. Turning back toward the ocean, a different type of tension surfaced, along with disappointment and a strange feeling of solitude.

The boat that was to take him back to the main island and to his wife, Barbara, and their young son had left. It was almost out of sight, and Jody could just hear the faint noise of the two-cylinder diesel engine fading in the distance. Obviously, and with reason, the fishermen were more concerned about the risk of facing pirates than they were with getting Jody back to the mainland.

By the time Jody had rolled all seven barrels up to the house, it was apparent that there wasn't going to be a welcoming party. No one came out to greet him. No men. No women. A few children poked their heads from behind doorways and bushes, daring to venture in his direction before quickly retreating again. But that was it. And that was to be expected. Later Jody was to learn that all but two men, one sick and one really old, had gone north about an hour on a two-day fishing trip. And in a culture where wife stealing was rampant, no woman would dare approach Jody. He was still an unknown element, still not to be trusted. That would change, but not on that day.

Night had fallen before Jody headed into the house for the night. A storm was brewing. By the light of a candle, Jody headed to the bedroom, thankful to see a bed with sheets and a pillow on it. A mosquito net hung loosely over the bed. He made his way around the bed, tucking the mosquito net under the mattress, securing his bed for the night. The winds were picking up outside, randomly blowing out the candle. After several attempts to keep it glowing, Jody gave up on it, let it blow out and climbed into bed.

Nothing sounded better than stretching out. He



... it was apparent
that there wasn't going to be
a welcoming party.

lay down, his head nestled in the pillow, his hands behind his head, adjusting the pillow for that perfect night's rest. That's what he needed. A good night's sleep.

And then things began to move. Under his head. Behind his hands. Under his arms. Creepy things. Crawly things. Screeching things. Unknown things that he could not see in the dark.

Jody's haven of rest was transformed into a living, writhing mass of unknowns scurrying over his body with the potential of biting or stinging or whatever ills the unknowns were capable of unleashing on the unsuspecting missionary. Jody had no intention of finding out. He exited the bed and mosquito net in record time, all the while brushing offending critters from his body—and probably a few extra imagined ones just to be sure.

As the critters—which ended up being rats from a rat's nest that had settled in the pillow—vacated the premises, the adrenaline coursing through Jody's veins began to diminish. His heart no longer pounded with the force of a jackhammer. His breaths reverted to something much closer to long and steady. And then he had to determine what to do next.

He looked at the bed—or at least in the direction of where the bed sat. In the dark-

ness, he could see nothing. On an encouraging note, at least there were no more screeching or scurrying noises. Jody would have liked to walk out the front door, jump in the nearest speedboat and head for the mainland where Barbara and his son were, where a bed without rats existed, where normalcy reigned. But that wasn't an option. There was no speedboat. And it was night. And there were pirates. It was conquer the bed or spend the night sitting on the beach where other possible dangers lurked.

Jody reached for the mattress in the dark, tentatively at first. With sweeping motions, he inspected the bed. When he was confident that the bed was his and his alone, he climbed in, made sure the mosquito net was securely tucked in and

stretched out once more. Exhausted physically and drained emotionally, he shut his eyes, ready for some restorative sleep.

But sleep did not come.

Sighing with resignation, Jody opened his eyes, looking up towards the ceiling. As the moon shone through brief breaks in the clouds, there was a muted quality of light that shone through the plexiglass "skylight" in the bamboo roof. Though not enough to shed any real light into the room, there was the comfort of light beyond the house.

And that's when he saw it, the dark silhouette of a creature larger than a rat, larger than

anything that had been in his bed earlier. It moved across the beam, a dark shadow against the muted light. It moved and moved and moved some more. It had to be at least three to four feet long—whatever it was. Jody would guess it had to be some type of iguana or other exotic lizard. And he was okay with it—as long as it stayed up there where it was silhouetted against the night sky, as long as it didn't decide to visit him down where he was at. He'd had enough excitement for one night. He had no desire to share his bed with any viler creatures.

Sleep. He needed sleep. But the wind was picking up yet more. And above the wind he heard noises. More noises. New noises. New unknowns. Would this night never end?

There was a whirling sound. Swishing. Strange. Eerie.

Followed by a strange che-che... che-che... che-che sound. Sharp. Staccato. Disconcerting.

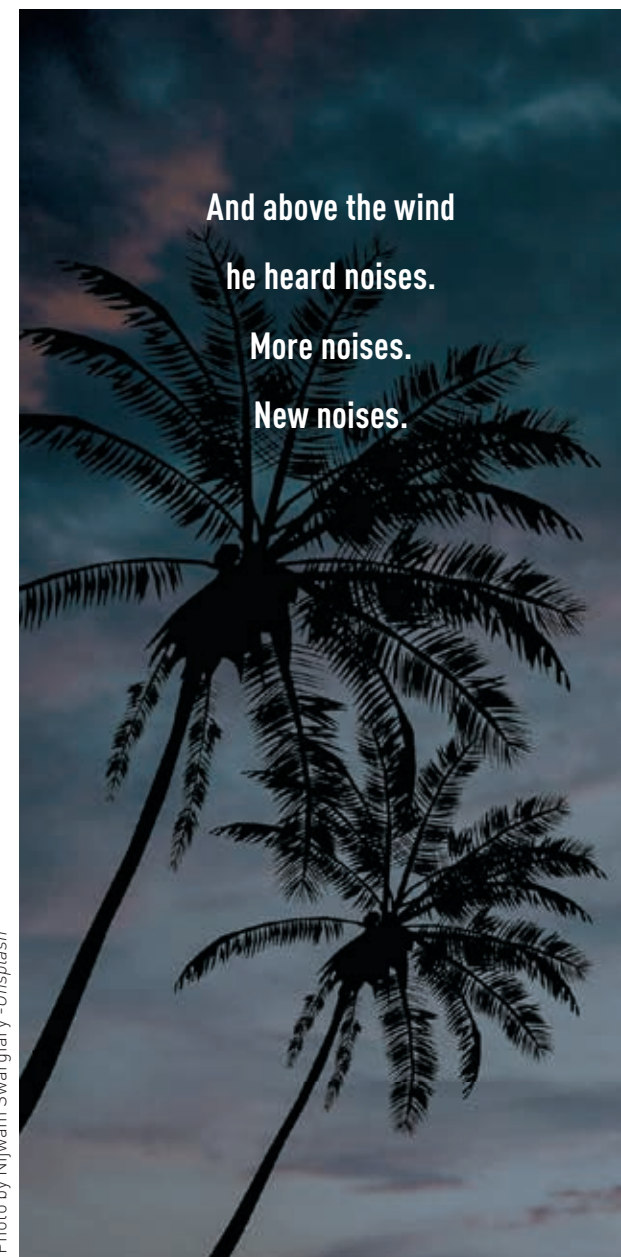
And finally, a booming sound. A loud thud. Pounding. Earth-shaking.

The booming noise at the end of each repetition could be felt through the house poles. And then it would repeat itself over and over again. Noises that Jody couldn't place. Noises that didn't make sense. Noises that had his imagination running—and none of those imaginings were reassuring.

But the house remained where it was. Nothing came crashing through the woven bamboo walls, and surprisingly, sometime in the dark of the night and in the midst of the unknowns, Jody fell asleep. Had he known the source of the strange noises, he might have fallen asleep earlier. He may have even laughed at the fear instilled by something so innocent.

Jody wouldn't know it until morning, but those unknown noises were created by the coconut trees that surrounded the house. As the winds whipped up, old palm branches broke loose from the tops of trees, some forty to fifty feet in the air. As they fell, the winds twirled them around causing the whirling sound. Then, as the end of the branch hit the ground, it snapped off in sections, creating the che-che... che-che... che-che sounds. And, finally, the coconut, no longer supported in place by the palm leaf, fell to the ground with a ku-thud. Normal sounds for the jungle, but far from normal for the new missionary.

Morning came, and Jody was awakened by the sound of a man outside his house clearing his throat and coughing, the Tagbanwa way of "knocking" at the door. A less than well-rested



And above the wind
he heard noises.
More noises.
New noises.

Jody climbed from beneath the mosquito net and headed for the door.

That's when Rebrino welcomed him to the island with a message to share and a letter in hand.

"You are an answer to prayer," Rebrino told him in Filipino, as he showed Jody the response to a letter sent to the mission back in 1968, when they asked them to send missionaries. "And now you are here."

The difficulties from the night before melted away as Jody heard the message and read the letter. Now, this was a welcome worth waiting for. Any residual trauma from the night before was insignificant when measured alongside the purpose for which God had brought him to this tropical island. This was where God had brought him for this specific purpose, to bring the gospel to the Tagbanwa people, to teach the Tagbanwa people the truths from God's Word. All was good.

Fast forward several decades. Jody still tells that story with gusto. That first night in the village was indelibly imprinted on his mind. As a young and inexperienced 24-year-old missionary, he was pushed far outside his comfort zone that first night. But then morning came, and with the light

of day came God's comforting message through Rebrino. God had a purpose for Jody, for his wife and for his family on this isolated island location. He was right where he needed to be.

WHEN TRAGEDY LEADS TO VICTORY

Today there is a thriving church among the Tagbanwa people. And much of this is due to God's taking the son of a Floridian chicken farmer out of his element, plopping him on a tropical island, and shining through him and his family. When one is willing to say as Jesus said in the Garden of Gethsemane, "Not my will, but thine be done," there is no end to what God can do through that life.

Saying "yes" to God has been Jody and Barbara Crain's desire down through the years, even when it meant staying after their house burned down. It happened in 1981. Back from the USA, they were in the village staying with their co-workers while putting the finishing touches on their house. At 3:00 a.m., they were awakened by shouts that their house was on fire. In less than 20 minutes, it was gone, burned to the ground. It wasn't a night that Jody and Barbara were to forget.

"By morning our co-workers' porch and yard were full of people," Jody said. "They were thankful that we were okay, but they were very sad, almost like mourning. They said that they were so sorry that we had to leave, to which we asked 'why?' They said the spirits are upset with us for building on that land, and if we didn't leave, someone in our family would die.

"We and our co-workers discussed the situation and prayed about what our response should be. We decided that we would dig up the burned-off posts. Most of them were burnt almost level with the ground. We put brand new posts back in the same holes as a testimony to God's protection over us.

"The people were so fearful that we could hardly find anyone who would work on that property in the village for fear of getting sick and maybe dying. In fact, before the fire, the Tagbanwa people used to walk right past where our porch was to go to the ocean to fish. They decided to cut a new trail around the clearing where our house was so that they didn't even have to walk on the land where our house had been built."

But no one died, and the villagers kept on watching, taking note of this strange phenomenon.

It wouldn't be until 2020 during an interview with one of the Tagbanwa church elders that Jody and Barbara would fully comprehend the reason and impact that their house burning down had on the villagers. They did not know at the time that when they put those new house poles back in the very holes of their original house, it would become a turning point for the Tagbanwa people.

It was Amay Limbuan that gave testimony to it. He told Jody, "Your house became a monument, a marker, that stood in contrast to everything we Tagbanwas feared."

Jody shook his head in amazement as he heard that testimony, a testimony he had never heard before. He said, "We had no idea that God would use a tragedy and a setback from what we thought slowed down our progress in the work to actually open the hearts of the people to the gospel. Not only in that village, but many other villages!"

Despite a rocky start that first night, despite having their home burn to the ground early on in the work, they carried on. They walked by faith and have seen God do what only He can do. By obedience they went, and they have seen God use them to reach the Tagbanwa people with the gospel message



Jody Crain and Limbuan in 2020



How were they to know that replacing charred poles with new house poles would become a turning point for the Tagbanwa people?



Photos by Dale Stroud

**Ugyo is no longer a witch doctor.
He traded appeasing the spirits
for becoming a son of the one true God.**



and to see the Tagbanwa become not only their brothers and sisters in Christ, but ours also.

WHEN A WITCHDOCTOR'S DAUGHTER CONFRONTS HER FATHER

These church elders, who are now in their late 60s and mid-70s, were saved out of a dark, spirit-filled world where they feared what the spirits would do if they failed to appease them. They offered sacrifices out of obligation and fear. Joy was unheard of. Hope was nonexistent. It was all about survival.

And then the missionaries came. Through foundational, chronological Bible teaching—and the testimony of the missionaries' lives lived before them—the Tagbanwa people came to understand who the one true God is. They came to understand that He is greater than all the spirits combined.

It's like when the lame witchdoctor's daughter went home after she heard what the missionaries were teaching. "Dad," she said, "God doesn't like what you're doing. God has a different view on what you're doing. You're calling on the wrong god."

Thankfully, that lame witch doctor listened to his daughter. Today, Ugyo is no longer a witch doctor. He traded appeasing the spirits for becoming a son of the one true God. He's still lame, and he has plenty of reasons to be a sourpuss. But joy radiates from him. There's no wheelchair or lift to get him up and down the mountainside where he lives, but that doesn't matter. He scoots about using his hands to pull his withered legs along to get from his house up on the mountainside down to the church and back up again. And he's got a smile on his face that you can't miss. He says, "Now I have a joy. I have hope." And it exudes from his pores and shines through his eyes.

WHEN THE BODY OF CHRIST BANDS TOGETHER

Ngu'un and Tilel are but one of the couples that have sacrificed to see their fellow Tagbanwas reached with the gospel. After they had been living and ministering in a village far from their home village for a while, what financial support their sending church was able to supply became insufficient to provide for their basic needs.

This meant they needed to go home, but not to give up. They sold their land and house, using those funds to continue the outreach. Eventually, those funds dried up, but God had a plan that He had been setting in place long in advance.

God had a man in place. Brian Olling was a missionary with Network of International

Christian Schools (NICS) who was teaching at the International Christian School in Uijeongbu, South Korea. He was also the missions director at a Korean church that has supported the Crains for over 30 years. Brian stepped up to the task. The Korean church was already interested and involved with the Crains and the Tagbanwa ministry, but one visit was all it took for Brian to fall in love with the Tagbanwa people. By the time Ngu'un and Tilel were out of money, out of their resources, God had moved Brian into place to provide financially for this missionary couple.

A missionary himself and not wealthy by any stretch, Brian found a way to raise extra funds to help the Tagbanwas in their evangelistic outreaches. At the school where he taught, Brian began what he called "The Breakfast Club," a non-profit business that he created for the sole purpose of supporting the Tagbanwa ministry. Since the students often arrived at school without having eaten breakfast, Brian provided snacks that could be bought by the students. He made it clear upfront that he was charging three times what the snacks were worth—but that all profit would go to the Tagbanwa work.

For over 10 years, these funds were used to support Tagbanwa missionaries. They were used to buy bicycles and eventually motorcycles, providing a means to reach Tagbanwa villages that were

**Ngu'un and Tilel sold their land and house,
using the funds to continue their outreach.**





The Tagbanwa people are seeing God change their world as they open their hearts to reaching their own people. Though they are appreciative of the outside help afforded them, they're not waiting for it.



Dr. Val Hemedes

involve them in the ministry. We disciple them along the way.” And it’s worked.

The vision of seeing the Tagbanwa nation reached with the gospel message stretches beyond the borders of the Palawan island of the Philippines. In the capital of Manila, businessmen and women have found creative ways to aid evangelical outreaches of the Tagbanwa to the Tagbanwa.

Dr. Val Hemedes and his wife, JJ, express what a blessing it is for them to be able to be involved with the Tagbanwa work. They not only provide medicine, but Val also makes periodic trips to provide medical treatment and to train Tagbanwas in how to diagnose and treat their own people.

Val says, “I think of myself and our family as a support for the missionaries and the mission—for the Great Commission. We all have different roles. We all have different skills. ... We prayed about it as a family. We [knew] that we could support and assist by providing assistance with funds and supplies. ... For me as a physician, I was [also] able to volunteer some time and effort to participate in the medical side. ... We do what we can because it’s all part. When you share the gospel, you have to share compassion. You have to show them love.”

Proverbs 29:18 says, “Where there is no vision, the people perish.” As we’ve seen throughout this article, a vision has been cast for seeing a thriving church among the Tagbanwa people that goes far beyond the mother church. It has been God who has moved His people—whether missionaries or lay people—into positions to see this happen. God gave the vision, and God’s people responded and continue to respond.

What about you? What’s your vision? What is God moving or challenging you to be part of? There’s nothing better than being involved with what is on God’s heart.



Born in Wales and raised in Canada, Rosie Cochran and her late husband served for many years in a rustic village among a people group in the jungles of South America—and felt privileged to do so. Now God has given her the privilege to communicate the vision and reality of missions around the world, showing what it means and takes to see a thriving church for every people. Rosie is grateful for her sending church, Second Baptist Church of Auburn, New York, who has stood with her all these years.

even farther away. These funds also helped established Tagbanwa churches to build more permanent church buildings.

It just took one man with a heart for God and a heart for the Tagbanwa to make this happen. Imagine what could take place if more men and women fell in love with God’s work? They could change the world!

Of course, the Tagbanwa people are seeing God change their world as they open their hearts to reaching their own people. Though they are appreciative of the outside help afforded them, they’re not waiting for it. They are moving forward in ministry, trusting God to provide in whatever ways He sees fit. And though the path is not always easy, one Tagbanwa missionary, Ringoy, said it well. He said, “If it’s God’s way for you, how can you reject it?”

Their children aren’t waiting either, and for that, the older Tagbanwas are grateful. The older Tagbanwas know what it means to live in fear. They express often what a blessing it is to see their children not growing up under the tyranny of the spirits whom they served, but instead to see them walking in the light. The older generation watches on as gratefully proud parents as their children and their children’s children carry on the work of taking the gospel beyond their village to villages farther and farther from the mother church. The old men have a vision, but it is also the vision of the children and their children’s children. When asked how they kept the vision going, how they kept the youth engaged in ministry and walking with God, the older men said, “We take them with us. We make them our motorcycle drivers. We



Photo by Dale Stroud

Culture and Language Acquisition (CLA) Made Easier!

The prospect of learning a new culture and language is a daunting and intimidating one. How do you do that? How long will it take me to get it all in my brain? Missionaries with Ethnos360 and our global partners have been using a system that they called CLAware, a software application that aids in that time-consuming but very vital part of becoming fluent in a language.

Recently, the CLA team has been developing another app ready for use. Bill Davis, the International Language and Linguistics Consultant as well as the CLA Development Coordinator, told about it.

“Ethnos360 missionaries are committed to obeying the Great Commission by planting thriving churches among every people group. To accomplish this goal, they need an extremely high level of proficiency in the language of the people among whom they will minister. They need to develop Bible lessons, preach the gospel, teach and counsel new believers,

train church leaders and translate the Bible. Not only that, but before they teach, they need to understand the beliefs, values and worldview of their audience.

“Culture and Language Acquisition (CLA) is the program Ethnos360 consultants and coaches teach missionaries in order to gain that necessary level of fluency and cultural understanding. Because most Ethnos360 missionaries need to learn an unknown language, CLA is a completely do-it-yourself task. To reach that goal in an unknown language takes an average of three years of patient effort, following the four stages of CLA from simple words and phrases to sentences to simple stories to extended discourse with the ability to communicate clearly to an audience and tell stories and preach in a way which has powerful impact. All this takes place while learning the culture and beliefs that are holding the minds of the people group hostage and keeping them blinded to the truth.

“Ethnos360’s most experienced culture and language learning coaches are currently revising and updating the CLA program to make it even more helpful to missionaries. And they are developing a mobile app for cell phones and other devices that will sync with the missionary’s computer which will facilitate the complicated tasks of CLA: taking photos and video, recording audio, and documenting speech patterns and behavior. This will help missionaries plan and schedule their CLA activities, including review, and make it easier to sort through several years’ worth of information to search for insights to the people group’s beliefs and values.

“Another positive aspect of this new CLA program and the software application is the ability to have it translated into many different languages. This will allow Global Partners (such as Vision Intégrale in West Africa or Misión Pro-Indígena in Mexico) to use this very handy and time-saving tool in many places.”

Pray. A SOUTHEAST AFRICAN UPDATE

A while back, we were able to take a trip out to one of the ministries among the Kokola people group. We went to encourage, take supplies and help our co-workers a little. Though it was short, we came away encouraged by the work they are doing there. They have a printed translation of the New Testament with Old Testament portions. They are continuing the translation of some of the missing books in the Old Testament and are helping the Kokolas learn to read and study God’s Word. They were joined by two Mozambican couples from the Lolo people group with whom they had ministered before.

These are exciting times. In addition to the teaching among the Yao people group and the ongoing translation and teaching among the Mwinika people group, our team among the Maindo people group has been given the green light to begin literacy, Bible translation and preparation of the evangelism

lessons in that language. Please be praying for these ministries. We are here to help make sure they are not distracted from the work they are doing in the villages. We want the urgency of God’s Word in the people’s heart language to move forward. [Editor’s Note: In light of the current pandemic, much of these plans have had to be put on hold as we are careful to stay within COVID-19 guidelines.]

—Pete and Charity Rogers

In another part of Southeast Africa, there have been some difficulties in obtaining the proper permits to live and minister there. Please be praying for those affected by those permit changes. Pray that God’s leading will be evident to them as they plan their next ministry location.

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Photo by Annie Spratt-Unsplash

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Praise. THE GUAHIBO TRANSLATION TRAIL

Mark and Joyce Cain have ministered for 46 years in Colombia among the Guahibo people group. As they retired from the field, they came back to the USA with the completed translation of the New Testament and portions of the Old Testament to get to the formatter and then on to the printer. They also left behind a small church in the village of Raya and a dozen Guahibo missionaries to continue the work. Before the Scriptures could be printed, a wrinkle

appeared: cancer in Mark's body. But this is what they wrote: "Today is a day of rejoicing! The Guahibo [Scriptures are] all ready to be formatted then on to the print shop! God graciously used us... in church planting and Bible translation, in spite of [civil unrest], sicknesses and now cancer; we give God the glory for allowing us to finish the translation project! It took a team of expatriate and Guahibo missionaries to accomplish this. Thank you for the part you have had in

praying and giving to see all this come to conclusion!" At the time of this printing, the manuscript had not been completely ready for the printer in Colombia. In the first days of May, Mark was called Home to Heaven, but he left behind a legacy of diligence and faithfulness. Praise God for His faithfulness to Mark and his co-translators. Please continue to pray for the Cain family. Pray too for the final steps to seeing the Guahibo Scriptures printed.



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Ministry in Country: Missionary
Aviation in the Philippines

Sending Churches: Community
Baptist Church, Montoursville,
Pennsylvania, and Dublin
Baptist Church, Dublin, Ohio



Connect with the Miniums at ethnos360.org/missionaries/alex-and-elizabeth-minium

Alex was just a youth when some leaders from his church convinced him to go on a trip to Venezuela to help build a house for a missionary in a remote location. That trip forever changed his future. As he flew in on a little Cessna 185 and watched the pilot care for the missionaries, he knew that was where the Lord wanted him.

Elizabeth was ready to do anything for the Lord ... except be a missionary. But the more she studied the Word, the more prominent this truth became: People are dying with no Savior, and the Lord has given us His Spirit and the command to take His Good News to them. After seeing the need firsthand on a few short-term missionary project trips, she

knew that she couldn't ignore the mandate from Scripture. "God was asking me to go."

They met and married toward the end of their time in college. "As we worked to pay off school loans, God took us on a journey filled with opportunities." Alex climbed the aviation ladder and was soon in charge of an entire corporate aviation program. "But now our student loans were paid for, and we had a decision to make: Enjoy the success and relative ease from our hard work or leave it all behind and follow the path the Lord showed us so many years ago. Being convinced of the truth of God's Word, we knew He was far better than any success the world could offer."

Alex and Elizabeth now serve with Ethnos360 Aviation in the Philippines.

In addition to meeting the critical need of flying in people and supplies to these otherwise unreachable places, missionary pilot families also have the privilege of coming alongside church planters for encouragement. Ultimately, the Miniums say, "We fly to see the gospel go to the unreached and [to see] their souls freed from bondage."

In the Philippines there are many national believers who are part of the church planting process. "We are excited to be able to work alongside other believers, united in our vision."

Through the testimony of his father's family, Hector became a Christian at the age of 15. "I came to understand my separation from God and what Christ had done for me." Shortly after that, he entered New Tribes Bible School in his home country of Mexico. After he graduated and while helping missionaries in their language study, he met Amy.

Amy was raised in a Christian home by parents who became missionaries when she was very young. "I was taught and understood the gospel at a young age. Growing up at the missionary training center where my parents worked, I understood the need for missionaries and decided to be a missionary when I grew up." After

high school, she went through the New Tribes Mission training and went to Mexico where she met Hector.

They ministered together in Chihuahua, Mexico, while Hector began the missions training. Eventually they went to the USA, where Hector completed his training with the mission. Along the way, their three oldest children were born.

Since completing their training, they have returned to Mexico and have been involved in support ministry and orientation there. They are in the process of forming a team with the goal of evangelism and discipleship in the heart language of an unreached people group there.

Ministry in Country: Church Planting, Mexico

Sending Churches: Jerusalem Baptist Church, Chihuahua, Mexico,
and Haines First Baptist Church, Haines, Oregon

Connect with the Flores at ethnos360.org/hector-flores



HECTOR AND AMY FLORES

JUDAH, HECTOR, ELENA, SOFIA

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Photos by Unsplash

Recently Katy and I returned to Colombia in January for the 2020 Field Conference. What a thrill to join the many Latin American families with the same vision and passion to reach unreached people groups for Christ!

Fifty years ago, Katy and I arrived in Bogotá, Colombia, for the first time. We joined a small

group of fellow missionaries. Our vision was big. We were going to evangelize the people groups of Colombia, plant thriving churches and translate the Scripture into their languages. We couldn't wait to get started.

I remember the first time we gathered with this small group of foreign missionaries for our first

field conference and take our first steps into the unknown. There was so much energy and vision. Katy and I were thrilled to be a part of this little group with big goals, goals larger than we understood at the time.

Years later we realized that we would always be shorthanded. That is when we made a monumental change of direction. We decided to develop a missionary training center and challenge Latin Americans to join in our vision for the people groups of Colombia and beyond.

I remember the day I asked our little group of missionaries if they wanted to move towards opening a Colombian Missionary Training Center and recruit Latin Americans to partner with us. "If you are willing, please stand up."

Every missionary stood up.

I told them we would need to sell our four-story mission home and

offices in Bogotá to get the money needed to buy property for the training center. "If you agree to sell our property, please stand up."

Every missionary stood up.

I reminded them it would mean all future field conferences would be in the Spanish language. That would mean every foreign missionary needed to become proficient in the language of our new co-workers. "If you are willing, then please stand up."

Every missionary stood up.

Our missionaries were 100 percent for doing whatever it took to recruit and partner with the Latin American church to get the team we needed.

The training center became a reality. Today, our missionary team in Colombia has grown and is overwhelmingly Latin American.

Katy and I were thrilled to sit in meetings with our many missionary partners who carry the same

vision to see thriving churches in remote areas of the world.

We are still only a handful of expatriate missionaries, but the increase in Latin American missionaries is a vision come true.

A well-defined vision, a great training course and more missionary partners make it possible to reach the people groups in Colombia and around the world.

Are you willing to obey our Savior's command to make disciples of all nations? Are you willing to give gladly of your time and your resources? Are you willing to do whatever is necessary to reach the nations or your neighbor for His glory?

Then please stand up.

—Macon Hare,
Communications Consultant

Standing up to obey the Great Commission is Pablo Gaitán, a very respected Piapoco leader with the heart of a shepherd. He has helped with evangelism, the training of other Piapoco Bible teachers, discipleship and translation.



Photo by Dale Stroud

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