

International Teaching Ministry of Douglas Jacoby



International Bible Teaching Ministry December 2012 ASIAN TOUR

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January 2012

Happy New Year! We hope you're thriving spiritually. This report covers my recent Asian tour, the last of 2011—which turned out to be a stellar year. (The annual report will go out soon.)

Planes, Trains, Automobiles, & Rickshaws

Last month I flew around the globe, from Atlanta to Japan, then through Asia, returning via Europe. The tour included 8 cities in 7 nations. The route—for interested fellow frequent flyers: Atlanta-Tokyo-Osaka-Seoul-Vladivostok-Seoul-Hanoi-Singapore-Guangzhou-Dhaka-Delhi-Paris-Atlanta. Not all travel was by plane, however. Apart from time in traffic—and many hours on foot—I experienced the bullet train within Japan, and even a rickshaw ride in Bangladesh.

After each country I have listed its primary languages and worldviews—to remind us of the critical need for the gospel to permeate the world, especially the planet's largest and most populous continent, Asia.

1. JAPAN



Language: Japanese
Worldview: Atheism, Shinto, Buddhism

Osaka

Naturally I was eager to be in Japan in the year of their worst natural disaster in ages. (If you would appreciate a refresher on the events following 3/11, please scroll down to Appendix A.) My translator, Yudai, met me in Tokyo, then together we flew down to Osaka—my third visit to this enormous metropolis of 20 million. My friend Tadashi initially suggested I come, and then the tour grew to include more and more nations. But I couldn't miss Osaka. The church is

small, but has a big heart, longing to grow and learning to reach out. My translator was profoundly affected by 3/11, and he shares freely (first bullet below). With permission, I relay his comments (first bullet), as well as the thoughts of others who want the world to remember:

- “The city of Natori, where my relatives lived, ceased to exist as a result of the tsunami. My cousins and I couldn’t even locate my relatives’ house. Words cannot describe the sights that passed before our eyes: debris, rescue workers, and dead bodies, wrapped in plastic, lining the streets. Countless people were still buried beneath the rubble. Later we were able to confirm my missing relative got swept away by the tsunami—but managed to survive!... In a flash, everything was washed away, shattered, destroyed. It was unbelievable.”
- “I was so shocked I couldn’t speak... I was really scared about the radiation, and I seriously considered getting out of the country by myself. It was a rough time for me emotionally.”
- “Workers on the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant sacrificed their lives... The president of a company helped Chinese trainees to be freed from the waters before trying to rescue his own family. Eventually, his family members were saved, but he died in the tsunami. He became a hero [not only in Japan, but also] in China. We feel proud to be Japanese.”
- “Because of the situation, it’s easy to cry, but I’m also moved by all those around the world who are trying to help us. It’s amazing—the unconditional love. No one expected or can explain this—it’s God’s work. This tragedy has made people’s lives a mess, but it’s also brought a lot of love.”
- “Our time will come, and for most of us it will be a surprise and unfair and too soon.”
- “I still cannot comprehend why God allowed such a devastating natural disaster to occur... People realize the importance of being connected to each other—this was promoted in the newspapers and on television. Now it is easier for the people of Japan to realize that life is short, and we can die anytime. I believe this is especially meaningful in today’s electronically-based society where people aren’t connected emotionally. It makes me want to be used by God as a disciple—to see his will done here in Japan.”

Tokyo

After a few days in Osaka, it was time to go to the capital. Yudai and Tadashi put me on the bullet train—so sleek—and in no time I was in central Tokyo. Ever since my first visit in 1988, Tokyo has always made me feel small—a whopping 35 million in the metro area, the enormity of the skyscrapers, the rumbling of trucks and transport, and the relentless bustle of the city—even in its now sobered state. My friend Takeshi (supported by his wife Manami) preaches and leads in Tokyo. Another source of joy was seeing Ichiro, who works in the church office. He’d been in the campus ministry we led in Philadelphia back in 1992. Under his black hair, now distinguished by the silver of mature years, Ichiro still has the same smile, the same patience—he is a model of Japanese industry and good humor.

The church building is an architectural wonder (designed by Fumihiko Maki and built in 1995), and is still inspected by admiring students. What a pleasing venue to teach in! When I preached about Jesus there were many visitors, some invited to church as long as 14 years ago and only now ready to get serious about seeking, others newly invited and just learning about God. In Atlanta, everyone knows Jesus existed; in secular Japan, many even among the educated struggle to believe he was a real person! The gospel message could not be presented at a better time. In the afternoon I presented a new PowerPoint on how the members of the Trinity relate to each other (Tokyo’s request). It was good for all of us to think afresh about this vital Christian doctrine.

But let us return to the calamity of the March earthquake, tsunami, and nuclear meltdown. An entire nation has suffered: tens of thousands dead, entire communities dislocated, power still rationed even in Tokyo, uncertainty about the radiation, a spike in suicides. Yet all these negatives are accompanied by one positive: many are seeing their need for something more than this life provides.

Korea is close to Japan, and after Osaka and Tokyo, I boarded my 90-minute flight to Seoul, inspired by how the Lord is moving in the great nation of Japan.

2. KOREA



Language: Korean
Worldview: Buddhism, Confucianism, Shamanism, Christianity

The third city on the tour was Seoul (10 million), capital of South Korea. Like the Japanese, the Koreans enjoy wholesome, savory (and even more piquant) cuisine, like *bibimbap*, *bindaettok*, and *bulgogi*—though sometime it's challenging to manage with Korean metal chopsticks. (For me bamboo is easier.) The savor has also returned to the Seoul congregation. The preacher, Inho, is a dynamo of leadership, insight, and hard work—and a superb translator. After receiving training from our sister church in Singapore, he returned to Seoul, and has brought with him confidence and direction. The difference in the staff meetings and the church, since my last time in Korea, is palpable. I sensed joy, focus, progress.



There was a great turn-out (in the church's new building), including many seekers. In the fellowship after my evening lesson I met two women from *Mongolia*. One was a disciple (I believe the first Mongolian Christian I'd met), the other her friend. Small world... In teaching the staff, I'd been asked to explain the major denominations in the United States and what their "issues" were, as these often affect other parts of the world. While I was in Seoul, I received an encouraging email from Vietnam—three persons had been studying the Bible and were close to being baptized. (Hold that thought...) Furthermore, a satellite church (led by previous Seoul leader Young Jin) was celebrating its anniversary. It's exciting to see things expanding.

Please keep *both* Koreas in your prayers—not only South Korea, but also the North: repressive, reclusive, and starving. May they one day be reunited politically. Infinitely more important, may they be united in serving the true God.

3. RUSSIAN FEDERATION



Language: Russian
Worldview: Atheism, Russian Orthodoxy

From Korea I flew to chilly Vladivostok (12 degrees below zero). The city (population 1 million) lies across the border from North Korea and is also close to Japan and China. In the Cold War, Vladivostok served as a Soviet submarine base, its harbor accessible even in winter—strategic to the Pacific Fleet. The town was founded and named in 1860, and the name means “lord of the east.” The significance is that mighty Russia (today spanning 10 time zones) ruled from the Baltic in the west all the way to the Sea of Japan in the east. Though the USSR formally disintegrated in 1991, Russia, the largest republic by far, remains intact.

How did I select this remote city? Vladivostok does not draw many foreign visitors, and hardly anyone just “passes through.” To be fair, some foreigners regularly make the trek to the city: leaders from Kansas City, where an American congregation is paired with this outpost in Far Eastern Russia. (Isn’t that cool?) My custom is to minister not only in the larger cities (and churches), but also those in those in less accessible places. My passion is to be a source of inspiration for brothers and sisters globally, not just in the *Chicagos* and *Berlins* and *Hong Kongs* of the world, but also in the *Bujumburas* and *Asuncións* and *Vladivostoks*.

The event was especially meaningful for the church because Sergey, my translator, used to serve as evangelist in Vladivostok. We’d bumped into each other a few years ago. It was nearly midnight, and we were both checking in to a conference hotel somewhere in the US. The sincerity of Sergey’s warm hello was matched by the strength of his Russian bear hug. “Come to Vladivostok,” he urged me. I told him I’d try to find funding (provided he let me go). Yet by the time the trip materialized, Sergey had relocated to Moscow. That did not deter him. He caught the red-eye from Moscow (7 time zones away), and did not miss a beat as he translated my lessons on biblical archaeology (colorful PowerPoints that drew hundreds of believers and seekers).

Thanks and respect are due to Sergey, to Ruslan and his family for their leadership and hospitality, and to many others, some of whom journeyed from as far away as Kharabovsk (12 hours away by overnight train). Interestingly, the second day the brothers took me to a Singaporean restaurant. (Were they thinking, “Douglas will be in Singapore this weekend?”). In extreme eastern of Russia, I was definitely in Asia. Which brings us to Hanoi.

4. VIETNAM



Language: Vietnamese
Worldview: Atheism, Buddhism

A few years ago I had the pleasure of teaching in Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon), and loved it. Not just the cuisine—that, too!—but the attitude of a people eager to get on with life. (HCM reminds you of Paris.) The church leader at that time, Hung (with his wife Hong—both of whom, as former actors, are movie stars in their country!)—was born in Hanoi. In 2008 he told me he dreamed of returning to the north to plant a church in the 6.5 million-strong metropolis of Hanoi. Hung is also a capable translator—good thing for me, since Vietnamese is one of 6000 languages I can’t speak. (How about you? We’re all pretty provincial, aren’t we?)

When I landed at the airport, Hung was beaming. (He usually is.) He also bore good news: the three who were close to a decision for Christ had just been baptized, and I would meet them the following night. In fact, in every city it seemed I was meeting new Christians—three days old in the Lord, one week, one month, one year—and these brothers and sisters infused fresh

heart into me. The church of Christ is not just a family, it is a *growing* family.

Recalling the war days of the '60s and '70s (the nightly news, the protests, the school projects), I longed for insight—to connect with something from that era. Hung took me to the infamous “Hanoi Hilton,” the prison of countless POWs. (One was American John McCain, his jumpsuit in a special display case.) The cells were diminutive, nineteenth century leg-irons still in place, and a tall guillotine adorned the dimly lit main chamber. The war is over—the communists won, defeating the Americans and their allies—but the wounds linger. Hundreds of thousands of tons of unexploded bombs still litter the country. As a result, 1000 unsuspecting citizens are killed and 1500 wounded every year. (If you'd like to know more about this serious problem [which plagues several other nations in Indochina], refer to Appendix B.) The country cannot, and will not, forget.

By this point in the trip, I realized that the first four countries all had something in common. Japan, Korea, Russia, and Vietnam *used* to be enemies of the nation where I was born. While to younger Christians, World War II, the Korean War, the Cold War, and the Vietnam War may seem to lie in the distant past, to others of us the memories are fresher. Yet in Christ there are no “enemies.” Dividing walls are torn down and enemies become friends, for followers of Christ reject the ways of the world.

I spoke to the Hanoi church on the problem of human suffering. Given the Vietnamese experience and the challenges of evangelizing in a communist nation, this was a very practical lesson. It helped those baptized since the Hanoi planting (including the three brand-new disciples) as well as the team members from Ho Chi Minh—but especially the older Christians. There were many tears. We could have gone all night.

But Hung and Hong wanted to take me out for a late dinner. Vietnamese cuisine is out of this world—as my fellow Pho lovers must certainly agree. I was sent on my way with 24 bowls of Pho noodles (dry, of course)! These easily fit into my luggage, replacing the 200 pounds of books I'd been lugging but which were now nearly all in the hands of Asian disciples.

Next stop: Singapore. Interestingly, several couples I expected to see in Singapore were out of town—they were en route for Hanoi! Again, small world. Or maybe the Lord just wants to give extra encouragement to a small church in an atheistic nation where religion is discouraged (or punished).

5. SINGAPORE



Language: English, Mandarin, Malay, Tamil
Worldview: Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity

From the pleasant climes of northern Vietnam, I proceeded to equatorial Singapore. Like ancient Athens and Sparta, this Southeast Asian powerhouse is a city-state. The 5 million Singaporeans are much respected and emulated throughout the region; the island of Singapore stands in stark contrast to its neighbors, in terms of government, technology, infrastructure, and standard of living. In 1983, four years before our friends John and Karen planted a church in Singapore, I drove there across the 1-kilometer causeway from Malaysia. Vicki and I spoke there when the church was small, and several times when it was a medium-size congregation. Now when I come I preach to 1000! We usually stay in the Louis home. This time, however, John was at a conference in Hungary, and Karen was in her home state of Texas, yet even so they opened their home to me.

I taught the younger members the first day (evidences), and their parents on the second (family). No translation was needed—here nearly everyone has a solid command of English. That evening John returned from Budapest—he'd missed his usual Indian food terribly, so we together sat down to a real (strong) curry. The third day I preached from Luke—and then

speedily made for the airport for the flight to Bangladesh (via China).

It's always a joy to speak here. Like the nation, the Singapore Central Christian Church is a beacon in its region, an upward call to disciples in Indonesia, Malaysia, and throughout Asia.

6. BANGLADESH



Language: Bengali + 37 other tongues
Worldview: Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, Sikhism

The sixth nation on the tour was one of the world's largest Muslim nations, Bangladesh (pop. 140 million and growing, explosively). Greater Dhaka has about 20 million residents—projected to reach 40 million by mid-century! Bangladesh is also one of the poorest nations. The area around the mouth of the Ganges is subject to severe flooding; many years this eventuates in the drowning of tens of thousands, and sometimes 50,000 perish in a single flood season. Add to this the curses of official corruption (Bangladesh once topped the list of the world's most corruption nations), severe air and water pollution, and child trafficking (for which the Bangladeshi Parliament has been proposing the death penalty)—to say nothing of the complications of a nation with multiple languages. At 100,000 people per square mile (!), the Bangladeshi capital is the most densely populated metropolis on the planet (more than Hong Kong). I have been to few places in which to live is so challenging.

This was my second trip to Bangladesh. In 2009 immigration gave me a 5-year multiple-entry visa (!), so it seemed I was destined to return. I delivered a number of talks, for the church as well as for two universities. My friend Theo (also my translator) is a university professor (senior lecturer), and he was able to secure official invitations from two prestigious institutions, both in Dhaka: Eastern University and Dhaka University.

First Theo and I had lunch. Bangladeshi cuisine is similar to Indian (rice, lentils, curry, fish...), though as the nation is Muslim, spicy *beef* is common. Theo suggested we take a rickshaw to the university, as time was short and it was otherwise a one-mile walk. I was staggered by the strength and determination of the wiry man who peddled the rickshaw. I alone was nearly twice his weight, and Theo too is a tall man. Yet our human engine did not give out, despite the strain. Theo paid him, as we walked into Eastern University. I was curious about the rickshaw fare. "15 cents, replied Theo. But don't worry, Douglas, it's a reasonable fare and what he is used to."

It seemed as though we'd stepped from one world into another, from the weary universe of our rickshaw driver to the halls of academia. First, tea with the dignitaries. I was on a program with eminent Muslim professors: the dean of students, the vice chancellor, and a department head. A huge banner had been produced promoting the event. Flowers and a special plaque were presented to me—this was a big deal! First I gave a lesson on Jesus, and then joined in a panel discussion. As you might expect, since nearly the entire crowd was Muslim, most of the questions were directed to me, and many centered on the problematic relationship of Christianity to Islam, though some posed questions about how Allah could have a Son, why the Christians ignore the teachings of Jesus, and so on. After the program we had tea *again*—it's obligatory, and as it was served with small cakes and samosas, the tea took the edge off our appetite. The dialog continued as the professors and I discussed religion, culture, current events, history, philosophy.... They were respectful towards me, and demonstrably appreciative that I had come to their country *twice*. The experience was invigorating. Theo was pleased. (So was I.)

In the evening I addressed the church. But really that's not quite true. Though it was a Christian meeting, over 80% of the crowd were guests. (Just like when I preached in 2009, except this time there were even more visitors.) 56 members saw an attendance of 320—they were completely outnumbered by friends, neighbors, family members, and work associates.

Many had traveled two hours through the dense Dhaka traffic (by rickshaw, bus, or car) to hear the tall American speak about Jesus. The brothers assure me that, had this presentation taken place on a weekend, 500-1000 would have come. I believe them. Either way, they have a multitude of people to follow up on!

The next morning we headed to Dhaka University. They were paying for our transport out of their budget for guest speakers. We arrived on the early side, and after walking around the campus for a while, we noticed a Sikh Temple. [Sikhism](#) was founded in the fourteenth century by Guru Nanak, who had in fact taught in the very temple where a willing adherent was pleased to give us a tour. This religion is often considered an offshoot of Islam. Our turbaned guide proudly uncovered a beautiful old Punjabi manuscript, obviously a treasure to him and the Sikh community. (My pictures will soon appear in my photo gallery.) It was my first time in a Sikh temple. With respect to all the great religions—the Sikhs number only about 25 million, but they are prominent and well known—I make an effort to (1) read their scriptures, (2) study their religions, (3) visit their shrines, and (4) get to know their followers.

Leaving the temple (and the temporary head coverings some of the younger Sikhs had loaned to us), we entered the lecture hall of Dhaka University. Again, all the speakers except for me were respected professors and other dignitaries—all Muslim. Yet they made me feel like an honored guest. The two-hour dialog was more intense than the previous day's event at Eastern University. Many of the students tried to defend Islam against the teachings of the Bible. Yet all things were civil. The event was preceded and followed by tea, and the officials extended an open invitation to return and continue the dialog.

Many of us encounter Muslims (especially now that they are 22% of the world's population), but how often do we engage Muslim intellectuals? Of course in one way I felt completely inadequate, even though I've written a book, [Jesus and Islam](#), and often spoken with Muslims, entered mosques, and even studied the Bible with Muslims. And yet there was a deeper confidence that supported me. To me it is clear that Islam is yet another man-made religion. To be fair, in my opinion many varieties of Christianity are not all that different. While our history has discredited us, our scriptures and our Savior are nothing like the writings and leaders of the world's religions. I hope that none of us will be led astray by modern, relativistic thinking that pretends all religions are essentially the same, or that Jesus was no more enlightened than the Buddha or Muhammad. It simply isn't true; please look into this for yourself.

After lunch with the brothers, I was scheduled to lead a 4-hour workshop for the church, including a lesson and practical instruction about mission teams. (Dhaka aims to plant a church in Chittagong (pop. 4 million). I shared a lot about London (1982) and the other church plants with which I have been involved. The time of fellowship was capped with a meal. Everyone was eating with his hands! Now I was fatigued, ready for a rest. Back at the hotel, I checked email and created the final versions for the next day's lessons in India.

Bangladesh was amazing. Special thanks to Simon and Sujit (an evangelist and a businessman, respectively, and both AIM students), as well as to Theo, whose connections in the academic world enabled me to present the truth of Christianity to many who may have never met a biblical Christian.

Apart from the leader in West Bengal (Calcutta), no outside speaker has spoken in the Bangladeshi church for many years. The International Bible Teaching Ministry would like to fly the former leader (Raghu) to Bangladesh sometime this year. Interested in helping? Please take a look at Appendix C.

7. INDIA

Languages: Hindi, English, and several hundred other tongues
Worldview: Hinduism, Islam, Sikhism, Christianity, Jainism, Zoroastrianism,



Judaism, Bahá'í

After Bangladesh, I was on the way home. This would take three flights: Dhaka to Delhi, Delhi to Paris, Paris to Atlanta. Yet as my layover in the Indian capital (pop. 13 million) was 15 hours, there was time to meet friends and to teach.

My old comrade Raghu Katragadda met me at the airport. "How long did your journey take you, brother?" I asked, knowing that he lives far away, in the southern Indian city of Hyderabad. (Delhi is in the north.)

"The train took 24 hours," replied Raghu.

"You must be exhausted," I said.

"I'm fine. It has been many years since we were last together, and it's so good to see you. Don't worry about me. I have plenty of energy!"

Raghu and I caught up on life and enjoyed lunch at a popular restaurant where it seemed we were at twice the age of the other patrons! Then our friend (and evangelist) Albert Shane picked us up, and I taught the Delhi Staff (in English), bringing missions news and then a biblical lesson. In the evening (with Hindi translation), I presented a PowerPoint on "What Happens After We Die?", a topic much in demand around the world. It was a great choice for seekers, younger members, and older Christians alike. After the fellowship, Mark and Nadine Templer took *me* out to dinner—even though it was *her* fiftieth birthday! The Templers are a very special couple, and we are connected through their baptisms, wedding, leadership training back in London days, and many subsequent visits to India.

India is a large, dynamic nation of 1.2 billion. Mean daily income is around US\$2. One day India will be home to more people than China. We deeply appreciate the work of both Indians and foreigners with a heart to help, and can only conclude this section by emphasizing that the needs are gargantuan: poverty relief, education, infrastructure, and so on, but most importantly, the spiritual need for the Indians (most of whom are Hindus and Muslims) to know Jesus Christ. Men like Raghu teach the Indians; foreigners like [Rocky Braat](#) choose to live among the Indians, sharing faith and possessions in a truly "incarnational" way. (As Jesus came down to earth, to our level, many in the wealthy West choose to live in the developing world—and to fully enter it.) Wherever we opt to reside, and whether we support the mission directly or indirectly, all of us ought to remember the vast and spiritually needy nation of India.

My flight departed at 1:30 am. 24 hours later, I was home in Atlanta, enervated yet energized.

Conclusion: Who was teaching whom?

This last trip of 2011 was good for me. I shared my Christian faith with Japanese university students, Muslim university professors, a South African farmer, a Nigerian military attaché, even a sincere seeker from Mongolia. I was there to feed them, but as it often turns out, I was the one who was fed.

During my travels I'm brought face-to-face with the truth that as Christians we are part of one large (and very spread-out) family. Sure, there are differences. People may speak Japanese, Vietnamese, or Hindi; they may eat with chopsticks, forks, or hands; and they may have been born into Islam, Hinduism, or Buddhism. Yet these differences are superficial. Once we have come to know Christ, grateful to have found God, we are family.

In the last book of the Bible, the Lord puts before us a vision, a goal, a beautiful scene: *After this I looked, and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and before the Lamb.— Revelation 7:9.*

Thank you for being part of the realization of this vision.
—Douglas

Special thanks to my sponsor in Osaka, and also to an anonymous friend who helped me get to Far Eastern Russia. Thanks to all who donated so that I could distribute teaching materials in the developing world. And as always, I deeply appreciate our home congregation, the North River Church of Christ, who provided funding for Vietnam, India, and Bangladesh.

Appendix A: The Natural Disaster(s) of March 11, 2011 (a Japanese perspective)

On March 11, 2011 at around 3 pm an earthquake with a magnitude of 9.0 hit eastern Japan. This strong quake also jolted Tokyo, as our train lines immediately stopped, and there was a great deal of panic and confusion. Many were forced to walk for hours just to get home, the phone lines were not working, and many had to spend the night either at work or in public facilities. The streets were crowded with hundreds and thousands of people desperately trying to get home—and it was a cold night.

Many disciples were at the church building when the earthquake hit, preparing for an evangelistic event that was supposed to take place the next day. Instead, we opened up the doors of the church building to allow people to use it as a rest stop. Many came to rest, use our toilets, and warm up before going back outside. Visitors spent the night at the church building, waiting for the trains to become operational. Staying up all night, the brothers and sisters served drinks and food to those who stopped by, and cared for those who slept in the building. The disciples were truly a “light” during a difficult time, and quite a few of our guests expressed their gratitude with tears.

With many shops closed, there were long lines to get food, drugs and gasoline. The city ceased to be functional and the people were in a state of panic. The most devastated areas were the towns and cities along the eastern seaboard of Japan. As a result of the strong quake, a massive tsunami hit the coast, swallowing up cities and towns and causing total destruction. The damage is extensive; without a doubt this is the strongest, most tragic and most devastating natural disaster this country has ever experienced. Americans had their 9/11, the Britons their 7.7. We had our 3/11.

Appendix B: The legacy of war: Unexploded Ordnance (adapted from wrrreporter.com/Vietnam)

The Vietnam War dragged on from 1955 to 1975, and was one of the bloodiest military conflicts of the second half of the twentieth century. 58,000 U.S. soldiers were killed during the conflict, with nearly 2000 more still missing. Yet Vietnam lost 1 million soldiers and 4 million civilians.

Over 42,000 people have been killed in Vietnam by ammunition still active since the end of the United States' involvement in the conflict in 1973, according to Vietnamese Prime Minister Nguyen Tan Dung. Furthermore, over 62,000 people have been injured in the explosions. The PM also said that the U.S. military had used 15 million tons of bombs against Vietnam during the conflict. The country remains littered with 800,000 tons of unexploded ordnance. It will take a hundred years to dismantle the legacy of the war.



Raghu Katragadda & family

Appendix C: Raghu Katragadda—funding for return visit to Dhaka, Bangladesh

Raghu, an engineer by training, became a Christian in 1988. When we served together in the British Commonwealth, he ran the MTP program in the Indian Region. (MTP was the precursor to AIM, the biblical training institute which I lead today.) I had the honor of appointing Raghu as a teacher in India in 1998. He also led the church in Dhaka. Today Raghu teaches the Bible all over India, and is highly competent and respected. And yet Raghu and Anne have never been back to Bangladesh—although the church misses them and would benefit greatly. Toward that end I purpose to raise sufficient funds so that they can both visit Dhaka for a week. Train and airfare total about \$1200. Already one generous brother has donated \$500. Perhaps you are in a position to help? If so, please send an email.