

FISH HEADS AND OCEAN FREIGHT

When we were getting ready to return to the States after seven years in Indonesia, one Sunday morning my wife, Margaret, and I felt overwhelmed with the packing and shipping we had to do. Corruption is endemic in Indonesia and we knew we faced endless delays with red-tape while minor officials hassled us for bribes. We didn't even know where to begin. That morning we prayed, "Lord help us to figure out how to take care of our shipping problem."

That evening a Chinese couple we had ministered to stopped by our house with an American lady friend. This was unusual because they had never been to our house before. They knew we were leaving and the conversation turned to what household goods we had for sale. They were interested in buying some of our things. Then they asked us what we planned to ship. They said, "We are in the shipping business. Maybe we can help out with the paperwork. We can arrange to pick up your goods and take them to the port. In fact, we will pay for the shipping to Los Angeles." Their lady friend was a Christian shipping agent from Los Angeles. She said, "I'll take care of clearing customs and all the paper work in LA for you and get it shipped to Chicago." What an answer to prayer.

A few days later, a Javanese friend, we had led to Christ, stopped by. He had just started an automobile repair shop and was struggling financially. We began to discuss our plans to leave and he said, "If you buy the lumber, I'll build the crates for you." When the time came he brought his workers over and for three days they labored to build two heavy wooden crates.

On our way back to the States we stopped in Singapore and Malaysia to see old friends. In each city someone gave us money. In Kuala Lumpur, after church service, several friends treated us to dinner. We had at least three kinds of fish head curry and other delicacies.

When we returned, another Malaysian friend, then living in the States, contributed a significant amount of money toward my tuition at Wheaton College for graduate school. We were deeply moved to see our Asian friends give to us, because we knew their hearts were with us.

"...where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." (Lk. 12:34)

—Paul Hensley

