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Dear Co-worker:

The Lord blesses this ministry for reasons. The fruits of righteousness manifest in the commitment, faithfulness, devotion and dedication of our missionaries, nationals, and supporters. As He works in grace to perfect His saints He protects them in the challenges, risks, and distresses they undertake. I quote excerpts from Doug's recent email about his trip from Wewak to Ambunti, PIM's headquarters on the Sepik, plus his flight. His tale reminds us of his need for our prayers

*On Friday [Feb 10] the mission had a truck load of goods to take on the Sepik highway and then up the river to Ambunti. It took five and a half hours to maneuver the 94 miles of curves, pot holes, and one lane bridges. That averages less than 18 miles an hour and around 1000 gear-changes. Fortunately, we did not hit any rooster or dog that might have caused trouble that demanded compensation.*



The streets of the city are crowded and hectic.

*The Ambunti people who arranged the hiring of the canoe for the river leg did not know that the one they did hire recently almost capsized. The 42-foot long canoe, shaped from a single log, did not have a flattened bottom like other dugouts. When it was loaded it became top-heavy. The three passengers and I were in the bow seated with our weight to the left side and straining to counter balance the canoe and keep it from tipping over to the right. The driver and his cohort at the rear (not mission employees) seemed oblivious to the problem or did not realize what to do to correct the imbalance by moving one of the 55 gallon fuel drums to the left. My #16 non-buoyant sandals would assure quick descent to the bottom in the silt clouded Sepik, so I loosened them in preparation for what I anticipated to be the certain outcome of this voyage.*

*I wondered how long my backpack with computer, passport, and important documents would float and what I should grab first to save before the rest started to sink. My life did not pass before my eyes. I did realize, however, that the 27 cartons of books, the paint tin, some hardware, boxes of groceries, plus other stuff would sink, or float away, and be gone forever. The four drums of fuel would float, and someone would likely grab them up. After the grueling two and a half hours we did arrive safely at Ambunti but soaked from the bow spray. Never have I welcomed stepping on shore more. When the canoe was half unloaded it started tipping and the men were just able to keep what was still in it from spilling into the Sepik. I don't need to*

mention the conclusions thereby drawn and the words later spoken.

*Meditating later with reddened nose and hands and a good night's sleep, having awakened to a cool morning in the low 80s, I felt it was good to be back. What may have kept the canoe upright was the 5000 rpm spinning flywheel on the outboard motor with its gyroscopic effect. The canoe was more stable when we were running at the canoe's top speed.*



Banks and other businesses often have long lines which go hand in hand with a long wait to use their services. This is the line at the bank.

Doug's flying from LA to Wewak was of a different order.

*My stop-over in Honolulu to see son Sam and wife Christine provided the opportunity to leave one of my teeth with a dentist. For my long legs, I had an exit row on each flight and a couple didn't require extra payment. The PNG airline provided the most extensive briefing and provided special service which I appreciated.*

Shopping in Wewak requires patience.

*The coastal town is packed with shoppers, vehicles, and a long line of customers waiting hours outside of the bank. Most of the groceries are now sourced from Asia and the labels are mostly in Chinese characters. Some have a foreign English, and the directions come through garbled. Here's a sample:*

*"Grow the wild the laver, and choose the best laver through done with meticulous care but, have no the sand need not wash. Can the oil or sauce namely eat, if place in every kind of work well in the broth, its. The taste is more beautiful and the nourishment is more abundant, welcome the taste..."*

Such are the adventures of a committed modern missionary.

In His grace,

Orneal Kooyers

Photos also by Doug  
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