



Holliday Adventures!

A LIFE WELL LIVED!

"The Lord rewards everyone for their righteousness and faithfulness."

1 Samuel 26:23



On May 24th, my father, Bob Holliday, went home to be with the Lord. He was 81. Shortly after I returned from my trip to Pakistan and India, he went into the hospital. After a few days in the hospital, with his health declining and his strength waning, the doctors told us that they could only release him to go home if he was going on hospice care. When he heard that, knowing that the end was near, my dad became super alert.

For the next three days, though he was in pain, dad was fully engaged. He wanted to be fully present with whoever was with him in his hospital room. Jennifer had a couple hours alone with him. Their conversation that night was precious. He told her he loved her and thanked her for loving his son. The night I spent with dad in the hospital was a gift. Neither of us could sleep, so we talked from 2:30-5:30am. It's a night I will forever cherish.

On Monday, May 21st, dad came home on hospice care. He went faster than we thought. My mom and us kids were able to be with him and sing songs to him as he slipped into eternity. Family were coming into town over Memorial Day weekend to see him one last time, so we ended up having his memorial service on Memorial Day.

Dad's one request for his memorial service was that Jennifer and Jaclyn would sing "I Can Only Imagine." The night he died, we played that song and sang it to him as he laid in his bed at home. It was then that his breathing slowed. He was ready to see his Savior.

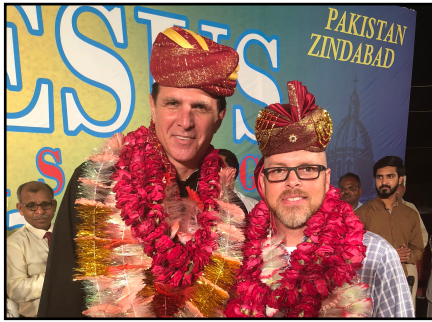
When thinking about what I would say at the memorial service, I remembered a message I had given more than twenty years ago about experiencing the Father's tenderness in our lives...

MY FATHER'S HANDS

Those hands... his hands are firm but gentle. As a child, when I was restless in church, that firm, gentle hand would rest on my shoulder, and I would settle right down. Walking through an amusement park, in the midst of a crowd, that firm, gentle hand would hold mine, and I knew I was safe. There was one firm hand on my back and the other gently guiding the handle bars when I learned how to ride a bike. Those firm, gentle hands held mine and taught me how to hold a fishing pole, how to play catch, how to shoot a basketball. On many occasions, my sorry behind was introduced to those firm, gentle hands when I needed guidance. On many other occasions, when I had finished running a race, that firm, gentle hand rested on my shoulder in approval, or wrapped around my side when I felt like collapsing. When I was dropped off at college, those hands hugged my neck... and when I had graduated, those same hands gripped mine with a proud grip. On my wedding day, it was those firm, gentle hands again... in their touch, I felt the approval, the pride, the love. My father's hands- they are a reflection of my father's heart. They have guided me, supported me and protected me. My father's firm, gentle hands have formed a wonderful picture for me of the Father heart of God... a heavenly Father who at His core feels deep levels of tenderness toward His children!



PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL AND TRAINING MINISTRY LEADERS IN PAKISTAN & INDIA



My dad had spent much of his business career logging miles while he traveled the world. Around the time he stopped traveling, I began. His last trip was in 2012, long after he'd stopped traveling for business or leisure. He joined me on the trip to Haiti where we dedicated Open Door Haiti's Orphanage. On that trip, he got to witness firsthand the many miracles that God had done in Haiti, and he also got to meet his future granddaughters, Analise and Maggie.



Whenever I would return home from one of my many trips throughout the years, dad was always excited to hear the stories of what God was doing around the world. My trip to Pakistan and India at the end of April was no different. The week I returned from Asia, I stopped by to share my latest stories. Dad perked up, asked questions, and was so proud of his missionary son.



The pastors we ministered with in Pakistan have a large ministry. They have a christian TV station that is broadcast by satellite, so we got to preach on Pakistani TV.



I was deeply humbled by the 150 faithful servants who had come from as far as three hours away for the 4 Chair Discipling Seminar I did for the network of Pakistani pastors.



The pastor we ministered with regularly does large evangelistic festivals where he rents buses and brings people to the event location. What an amazing sight in a country that is 97% muslim to have a crowd of over 10,000 gathered to hear the message of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Several thousand

responded, standing to indicate that they had placed their faith in Christ that night!

Our contact in Kolkata, India was my friend Benjamin Francis. Benjamin has been with me on GYI trips to Israel, Turkey and the Czech Republic. He is India's country leader for the Baptist Mission Society, which was started over 200 years ago by the father of modern missions, William Carey.

Over the past 15 years, Benjamin has been a part of planting over 25,000 churches across India. They place a main focus on rural Hindu villages. One of their strategies has been to buy a boat and travel up a river that borders India and Bangladesh, stopping at small villages where there are no believers. While we were there, we joined Benjamin's team on the boat and helped them plant a church! While a doctor did a medical clinic for this small Hindu village of no more than 400 people, others played games with the women and children to gather a crowd. Then we shared Bible stories, including the message of the gospel, and saw five villagers put their faith in Christ. The team identified a person of peace who would open their house for a Bible study the following week. This would be the home where the new church would begin. Amazing!!!

We serve a big, big God who is working to draw people to himself all around the world!

Serving Christ. Doug & Jennifer

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Doug Holliday Ministries
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