

*aloha from*



# HONOLULU, HAWAII

**JUST A REMINDER  
THAT MANY OF OUR  
STUDENTS ARE STILL  
RAISING SUPPORT  
WHILE ON PROJ.ET. IF  
YOU ARE SUPPORTING  
A STUDENT PLEASE  
MAKE SURE TO GET  
THAT SUPPORT  
MAILED IN AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE. AND IF  
YOU ARE INTERESTED  
IN SUPPORTING YOUR  
STUDNET GIVE THEM  
A CALL! THANKS!**

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## FEAR VERSUS FAITH



**BY CHRIS BANDY**

past are acceptable but as for everyday fears the answer is nothing. This requirement the world put upon manhood, being fearless, is quite opposite of what reality entails. I was afraid. Afraid of how people perceive me, afraid of being hurt, afraid of the unknown, and even afraid of bigfoot. This unspoken fear that was a part of everyday life often just got covered up by me trying to be "manly". I didn't understand how we were supposed to be fearless.

Throughout Project I have been challenged with the idea that Christians should be fearless of all things except for God. This goal of not being afraid of things seemed so unreachable in both worldly manhood and the Christian life. Luckily as a Christian we have the remedy to fear to help us become fearless, Faith. I have never before considered faith being the opposite of fear but as I thought about it how true that is.

In my own life I saw areas that if I had faith I wasn't afraid. I had faith in the plane and pilots to fly me out to Hawaii, thus I wasn't afraid of the flight. I had faith in the project directors and all of their guidance and training, thus I wasn't afraid of becoming the student project director. Similarly, I saw areas in my life where I was afraid because I had no faith. I was afraid of jumping off a waterfall because I didn't

What are you afraid of? As a teenage guy the answer that the world expects is nothing. Maybe something here or there that has ties to experiences in the

have faith that I would land correctly and avoid physical harm. I was afraid of saying no to someone because I had no faith that they would understand. And even in my last relationship I was afraid of being emotionally connected because I had no faith that it would work out.

Once this connection was made I believe it has lead to healing and truth in my life. Coming on to project I wanted to learn how to live in faith, and I understand it better now. To live in faith is to live without fear. This doesn't mean to be stupid and disregard all common knowledge but it does mean to live in a way that everything is the beginning of a blessing. A good example of this is found in Acts 28. Here we find Paul collecting firewood after a shipwreck and being bitten by a viper. At this time you expect one to be full of fear for their life but Paul shakes it off like nothing happens and continues in his work. From this a relationship was built with the locals of the island where their viewed Paul as supernatural.

This lesson and challenge of living in a manner that even if I was bitten by a venomous snake I would still serve the Lord with all my heart was presented to me this summer from the church I have been attending, Bluewater Mission. Overall I have thoroughly enjoyed this congregation that is located in a school gymnasium. The settings are simple but the message is powerful as Pastor Jordan has just wrapped up a series called Practical Practicalities in Practice which was all about the stepping out in faith in the power of the Holy Spirit. This topic has been very new, challenging, and necessary for my Faith. I have felt stretched, molded, and better equipped now to be more in touch with the Holy Spirit in my life.

# SERVING AT KCC



by Chris  
Leminger

Walking onto the Kapi'oloni Community College campus for the first time several weeks ago, our team of 13 was fairly discouraged. The lively courtyard we were hoping to enter into was all but vacant with only a few students strolling to and from class. After several days of this same experience we were uncertain and discouraged. We wanted to meet people and start friendships but had little to work with.

One of our first major attempts to engage people with our epic group began with a game of ultimate Frisbee. We were certain that we could find several eager students to join in on our game who would then, after a thrill of an afternoon, attend a second event we would host off campus and from there participate in a Bible study with our team. Not only would no one even toss a Frisbee with us, we might actually have scared students as we begged them to come play and even threw a Frisbee into a crowd of people on a new student tour to gain attention! It was 100% ineffective for reaching the campus yet it brought our team together and gave us a fond memory to look back upon and laugh about.

As a team we re-evaluated our strategy. We decided that our best bet at meeting people and really hearing their hearts was just simply walking up to people, introducing ourselves and humbly asking for a few moments of their time. Yet after the failed attempt at "campus Frisbee" and personal frustration for the fear I was feeling toward sharing my faith and asking others about theirs, I realized that I needed to come before God and tell him everything I was feeling. I asked for courage, spiritual direction, that God would lead us to prospective leaders and lastly for the ability to wait expectantly. It was this day that the Lord led Melody, Cassie and I to two freshman girls sitting outside at a table because they missed orientation. We asked if we could do the Quest survey with them but never actually got to it. We discovered they were believers who were hoping to find a spiritual movement on KCC's campus when classes began in the fall. We were so excited! We enthusiastically explained our mission and they quickly told us to count them in! This was an answer to our prayers. Our relationship with these girls and their friends has continued to blossom and we are currently in the process of launching a movement on this campus. The Spirit has truly been working in powerful ways. This experience was such a wonderful reminder of the importance and might of prayer and faith.

# DISCIPLESHIP WITH PEROCHO

Coming to Epic Hawaii Summer Project I had no idea what to expect. I had never been on a mission trip before. Raising support was intimidating and completely outside of my comfort zone. The first person to contact me after I was accepted to EHSP was Mary Perocho. Mary is the operations director for EHSP and she was also assigned to be my discipler. She emailed the entire project information and updates, forms and support deadlines, and prepared us for project.

Being on project there has been a lot to process: team bonding and dynamics, being part of a group of 46 people, adjusting to a new culture and place, training, committee leadership, serving at a new church, doing outreach on campus, etc. Some of the time I didn't know how I was handling these experiences or what I was feeling. As my discipler Mary talked me through the whirlwind and helped me sort things out. It was awesome having her support and being able to be completely honest about what I was going through.

by Bethany Narita

I never had a discipler before. My impression was of someone who checked in on you every once in a while and asked questions. When Mary asked questions she was not trying to get an idea of who I was from what I like to do or what happened in my past, but to see me and who I am. It was the first time I felt someone really wanted to know me. In addition to talking during the week we would meet on



Monday for breakfast and discuss our lives with each other. Mary shared with me her story and her struggles and how God was continuing to work in her. Her genuineness and openness gained my trust and I respect her immensely for her humility, diligence, patience, thoughtfulness and kindness as a discipler and as OPD. As I shared my story she listened without judgment, gave insight, made me think from new perspectives, and constantly pointed me to truth and what God said about the matter. Mary taught me what it is like to be known. To tell someone your deepest darkest secrets and fears, struggles past and present, to

stand naked in the light and still be loved and accepted. With Mary I experienced the relief of confession, comfort in hurt, healing, understanding, encouragement and the joy of fellowship. I am so grateful to be disciplined by her and I consider her one of my dearest friends.



# photos from the week. . .



we have weekly meetings every tuesday



## BEING A LIGHT ON CAMPUS



sister's appreciation night



Staff Good-bye Banquet



USS Arizona Memorial, Pearl Harbor



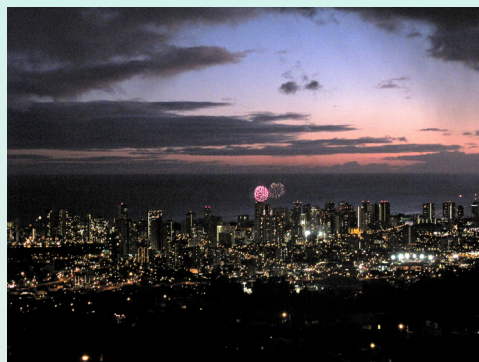


# APPRECIATING OHANA: WOMEN'S APPRECIATION NIGHT BY BRENDAN WONG

One of the biggest blessings for me since being on project has been having teammates who inspire and encourage. Obviously, project would not be possible without teammates, but it was only five weeks ago when we weren't sure that everyone would come on project, and after these last five weeks, it is clear that project would be dramatically different if one of our teammates had not come.

Personally, every person on project has affected me in some way, either by being a comforting friend and confidant during times of hardship, or simply by making me laugh in those early morning meetings. If for no other reason, I would say that God brought everyone here purely to support one another and bless me with a huge array of entertaining personalities. But obviously, this is not true, and this team has been more than just a unique, rich, and loving community. It has been fully functioning arm of God, filled with believers who are on fire and willing to serve. There is so much that God has been doing through and with our team, it would be difficult to do justice to all His glory over these past five weeks. But I can share a small portion of what I have experienced.

Women's appreciation exemplified the culmination of the hard work of men with many different gifts and personalities to appreciate the girls with equally diverse personalities. Every man worked hard, arranging rides, making leis, practicing songs, decorating, writing encouragements, feeding each other, and everything in between. No doubt, as with any event,



there were many difficulties and frustrations faced that day. However, God's hand saw the night through. He blessed us with the location that overlooked Ala Moana beach, a perfect view to see the fireworks that would be displayed that night. Even though there were many ways the night could have not turned out, the hard work of the men and God's love for the girls would not let it. I think one of the best

parts of the night was when every guy went up and spoke upon each individual girl on project. As much as it blessed the girls, it blessed me also in that I got to see the men and women of my team connected that night.

One would think that it would be difficult for a team to be unified and bond together when it is as large as 40 people. Although I cannot say that I've gotten to know everyone on project equally, I can say that I love everyone on my team equally. I am grateful for every one of my teammates. In our committees, our campus teams, and as a team as a whole, every person has been an essential brick to our team with Christ as our cornerstone. When I think about how we've been able to bond together in such a short span of time, one reason that comes to mind is the fact that all these brothers and sisters in Christ are laboring so much, sweating and working together in more ways on this project than I can give credit for. The only way in which so much work can be accomplished is if we relied deeply upon each other. I know that we have really bonded together as a team because of the vulnerability and honesty I have seen between one another. And when I think about this project ending in two weeks I'm struck with the pain of not being able to go down the elevator, into the lobby, and seeing all these faces in the morning.



# MALAMA `AINA

## RESPECT THE LAND

## NURTURE IT

## CARE FOR IT

## LOVE IT



*by Sarah Lam*

Today was a very cultural day for me. I had a lengthy conversation with a man who works as a security guard for HPU. His name is Brandon, and he has a 2 year old daughter named Alice. He is originally from Vietnam, but moved here when he was 10. He recounted how beautiful the island was when he first came; how pristine the water looked and clean the beaches were. He said that there was not much concrete and hardly any crime. He grieves the island's current condition.

Tonight, we went to a special reenactment of Hawaiian history. It was amazing; most of us knew that Hawaii had been annexed by the United States, but we got to hear the background of it tonight. Queen Lili`uokalani was a very smart woman concerning international law. She had the vast majority of Hawaiians sign a petition saying they didn't want to be annexed. They wanted to keep their land, their aina. But President McKinley didn't care about the petition. The United States annexed Hawai'i against the citizens' will, and there's still a deep bitterness in the Native Hawaiians and locals here. We learned that most everyone here who had relatives here have signed the petition; grandparents, uncles, aunties alike. This is a very recent thing and emotions still run high. There was so much passion in the room; it was electric!

One of our local friends, Matt Darby came with us. He knew the Hawaiian anthem and a lot of the Hawaiian songs. He said that he identified himself as Hawaiian, not American. Because he's white, he's

often mistaken for a tourist, and he hates it because, as he says, haoles do not respect the aina.

Another one of our local friends was there, helping out with the night. His name is Jason, and he explained how dry the English translation of Hawaiian words is. It is so tragic, I think. Hearing the Hawaiian language spoken with zeal and heart by natives who seemed like they were going to cry felt almost spiritual. Like every word carried a portion of themselves; a part of their soul. Jason explained how "aloha" translated means hello, but it carries so much more significance than just a greeting. The "alo" part is the hello, but the "ha" part is the breath. When Hawaiians greet each other, it's forehead to forehead, nose to nose, and then a breath that is shared between them. It is much more than "hello." It is incredibly deeper, and it carries much more weight than "hi."

My friend Kaiser told me that since Hawaii is not a very rich island, they make most of their money from tourism. The locals that work at these luau's and tourist-y things are forced to "prostitute our culture," as he puts it, to make money. Even though a lot of locals dislike the haoles, they know that they need them to survive. He explained the origin of "haole," as he calls me sometimes when I am mispronouncing "karaoke" or calling my sandals "flip flops" instead of "slippers." Haole is the term used for foreigners. It means "no breath" because when Hawaiians greet each other, it's with a kiss. They breathe on each other, and that breath is a sign of love and a deep bond. When foreigners meet the Hawaiians, they shake hands and there is no breath, no life.

There is such a richness and vitality here on this island that I'm quickly falling in love with. But it is also tinged with sorrow. Malama `aina. Respect, serve, nurture the land.