



DANIEL AND HEATHER KOKUBUN



September/October 2016

Dear Praying Friends,

It was one of those days, “a grief day,” as I sometimes call them. A year and a half after losing my husband, these days come less frequently; yet, nevertheless, each one hits hard. I wiped away the tears once again and set my mind on what I needed to do next: go to the bank. But something inside me just knew it was not quite time to go yet. I prayed and waited a few moments. Once I did feel like I could leave, I walked out the door with a stack of tracts, as I often do when about to walk through my neighborhood and market. Although I was not planning on soul winning, I always try to have tracts on me so I can at least invite people to church and get the Gospel in their hands. As I neared the corner of my street, a couple girls dressed in sky blue and navy school uniforms were walking home from school. Something from deep inside of me nudged me as if to say, “Them, tell them.” Me, being the good missionary I am, tried to brush the thought away, “Not today; it’s not my day. I look terrible, and I need to go to the bank. I just want to be home.” The excuses poured in as I faked a cheery hello and handed them a tract, inviting them to church. “There,” I said to myself and the Holy Spirit, as if I’d done my duty. But then I noticed three more teen girls in the same sky blue and navy uniforms sitting on a nearby porch. “Them,” the nudge urged me again. I walked over and handed each of them a tract as well. I walked a good 20 feet away from them, but the nudge just wouldn’t go away, “Go back, and talk to them!” Feeling a little ridiculous, I turned back around, and while walking toward them, whispered to God, “Okay, I’ll talk, but would You please work in their hearts?”

As I got closer, I realized all five school girls were now together, hanging out on the porch. A couple of them had opened my tracts and were scanning through them, slightly interested in whatever the propaganda was I had just offered. Once I was close, I began chatting with them. After a couple minutes, I asked if I could share with them about what the tract had to say; and, of course, they answered, “Yes.” The next 15-20 minutes, I took the liberty of sharing with them the greatest story ever told, and surprisingly, they were so interested that I was able to go into depth about the plan of salvation and God’s restoring, never-ending love for us. By the time I was about to pray with all five of them, I was kicking myself, “Heather, why do you hesitate and doubt God’s timing in your life? This was perfect!” It was so obvious that God had planned our encounter and every detail down to the exact moment He knew I needed to leave my house. Joy filled my heart as I practically leaped off the porch and headed to the bank.

My mind immediately went to the thousands of other teens who attend school around my house every single day. How can I possibly reach all of them? One at a time. There’s so much need. Hearts are so open; lives are ready and waiting for answers. Desires are growing destitute as hope is not found; and instead people turn to things like drugs, alcohol, and sex for fulfillment. Who will go and tell them that there’s hope in Jesus? Who will tell them there’s a God above, a Saviour Who desperately wants to save them and draw them into His warm embrace? Many, many times now, I struggle with bitter tears as I look at God and tell Him, “I’m just one girl in this world. What can I offer You? What can I possibly do for You, the God of the whole universe?” And each time He brings me back to the same conclusion: “Give Me everything you are, everything you have. Love Me with all your heart.” Each day I give Him all of me. I surrender once again to His perfect story for my life and look for the purpose He has for just that day. Getting closer to Him has opened many doors, doors of opportunity to reach others, like the school girls, like families in my church, like individuals who need just a little more encouragement and love to make it on their own journeys of faith. As II Corinthians 1:24 says, “. . . for by faith ye stand.”

I started a class for young ladies on Wednesday nights just a few weeks ago. I kicked off with a get-together in my home, and the results have been very encouraging. I’m teaching on relationships with God, with our church, with our family, etc. All of the ladies have already told me numerous times how much of a blessing it is in their lives. One thing I may never get over is the hunger here. When someone receives Christ and He sets their heart on fire, there’s a hunger and thirst for God unlike anything I’ve experienced elsewhere. I look forward to the fruit that will come from God’s working in many hearts through the class.

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Speaking of my new class, the other night I spoke a little bit about the importance of winning other people's hearts, something Dan and I often talked about—the importance of building relationships, winning people's hearts in order to lead them closer to Christ. I was driving one of my teens home that night as she spoke up. "You know," she told me, "I'm not very good with words, but I've got to tell you something." "Sure," I responded. "What's up?" "You know how you were talking tonight about winning people's hearts?" she began. "Yes," I answered. "Well, just so you know, you've won mine, completely and totally. I would do anything for you." I smiled, and tears came to my eyes. I don't know if there's anything more rewarding than hearing words like these. God is so kind to me.

Prayer Requests? Absolutely.

- Please pray for God's best for our church. Pray for our people's faithfulness and that they will truly grasp and want to love God with all their hearts.
- Please keep my preacher, Dan Hubbard, and his family in your prayers. He is back in Peru but needs continued prayer for his health. He will take more tests in three months to check on the effectiveness of the treatments of his cancer.
- Please pray for Youth Conference at Liberty Baptist Church in Durham, North Carolina, November 3-4. They've been kind enough to ask me to share our story, and I'm begging God to allow our story to set some teenagers' hearts on fire.
- Please pray for a special personal request. I'm almost finished writing a book honoring Daniel's life and His walk with God. I would really like to publish it and am currently seeking the best route to get this done.

Thank you for walking this road with me. Thank you for praying faithfully for me as I've walked a "not so normal journey" this past year. The Lord is good. My cup overflows as He gives me many joyful moments as I seek to serve Him and live life grasping His precious hand. I wouldn't choose any other journey for my life than this one. He truly satisfies every desire of my heart.

Gratefully serving Him,

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