

HEART-TO-HEART

We are reminded that Christ is in our hearts and we are in His and that love connects us all in unity.

“So the people rested on the seventh day.”

Exodus 16:30



Take a Breather

In September we celebrate the “working man’s holiday,” also known as “Labor Day”. Most of us have a good work ethic and spend many hours working - at a job, cleaning or repairing homes, caregiving. With all of that work going on, we may forget to care for ourselves.

God made the Sabbath for man. It’s a day set aside for rest and worship. He knew that we need balance - hard work and rest. When we work hard, we often

forget to pay attention to and treasure the little things that actually are big things: relationships with our family and friends, enjoying the home that we live in, thinking about all of the things that we can be grateful for, and most importantly, spending time with God.

God wants us to remember to rest so that we can be renewed and restored and can dwell in His presence without distractions. He created us and knows that we need to pay attention to our health and well-being. So, take a breather, and don’t feel guilty about it.

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But For The Grace Of God!

My Neon

But For The Grace Of God!

by Joan Doi

Who would have anticipated that a thin length of wire attached to a headphone would blow out the electrical system of an entire building in downtown Honolulu. Well, it did; and it was only by God's grace that Ken's brain was not fried in the process.

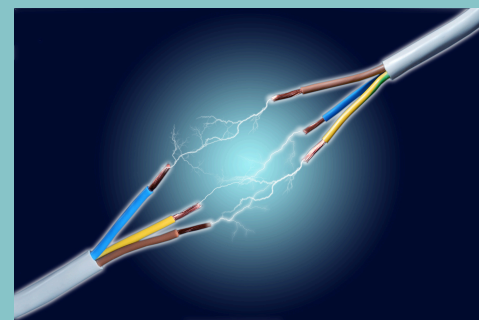
The mishap occurred in the early 1990s, before the expedient use of cellphones was the norm. Ken and his co-worker, Adriano, were tasked with the job of installing equipment that would enable Bishop Estate Trustees to communicate with Kamehameha School's personnel via video conferencing. Installations at the school's library had gone well, but the Bishop Estate building in town, where the Trustees met, was more of a challenge. On that fateful day, Ken and Adriano had gone over their job description and typically went about their tasks. From the parking lot of the Bishop Estate building, Adriano fed the cable that would enable the transmission of sight and sound. Ken was stationed in the building's main electrical room ready to receive the cable for installation. To expedite their task, they communicated via a headset with an antenna and mike attached. Adriano would call out "Pull!" and Ken would do just that, except for that fateful last pull. As Ken bent down to pull the cable, the antenna on his headset went into a circuit breaker box and instantly there was a flash of light and a loud BOOM! Trying to make sense of what had happened, the smell from the explosion and burnt antenna made Ken realize how close he had come to being electrocuted. The antenna from his headset had melted within inches from his head, preventing the flow of electricity from entering his brain. What do you say in a near crisis situation except, "THANK YOU LORD!"

Needless to say, that thin length of wire caused a major power outage darkening the entire building and sent workers out of their offices wondering what had just happened. Ken can't remember if everyone got an unexpected time-off that day.

Apparently, the head of Kamehameha's technology department was pleased with the newly installed system; since he, Adriano and their supervisor were feted at a luncheon to thank them. Ken couldn't remember if he and Adriano were toasted as well as roasted while enjoying their feast. He was just thankful that, if not for the grace of God, he would have been literally roasted.

One never knows what each new day brings; but it's comforting to know that ALL THINGS, while seemingly good or bad, offers opportunities to ponder, reflect and search for meaning and purpose according to God's will and plan for our lives.

(Romans 8:28)



"True love is an electric shock with someone else in control of the switch."

Author: Kelly Moran

My Neon

by Alli Oshiro

Looks aren't everything, it's what's on the inside that counts. And age doesn't matter, it's just a number. I'll be honest, it did look a little funny, but I didn't care what people thought—my family, my friends, random people who passed by me on the street. I didn't care if they laughed or teased or talked about me behind my back. We were perfect for each other and our time together was wonderful. No, I'm not talking about Jason. I'm talking about my sun-burnt, three-different shades of green, 2000 Dodge Neon.

To share the story about my Neon, we have to go back to 2010. I was working full-time as a bank teller and it was getting difficult for my mom and I to share a car. I didn't have enough money to buy a car of my own yet so I did the only thing I knew to do, pray. Over the course of three years, God answered my prayers in ways I never expected.

First, I was given a Chevy Cavalier. It ended up being too unsafe to drive so I passed it on to my Bible college classmate who needed a car and who could also fix it up. Disappointed that I had to give away God's gift, I thought there is no way I'd be given another car but I decided to keep praying anyway.

A few months later, I was given a Volvo Sedan. While it drove smoothly at first, it wasn't totally reliable either, so my parents encouraged me to sell it. At this point, I was frustrated. God had given me TWO cars, both of which I couldn't keep. Reluctantly, I prayed for yet another miracle even though deep down I thought, 'there's no way God would drop a third car into my lap.'

He would soon prove me wrong. During the first week of July 2012, I was gifted my 2000 Dodge Neon. Its roof was sunburnt, its hood was a darker shade of green than the rest of its body, it shook at stop lights, it had manual windows, no alarm system, manual locking doors and drove like a tank. But I didn't see any of that, I saw an answered prayer, a gift from God.

Over the course of the next year, I drove my Neon everywhere—work, Bible College, church, to hang out with friends. One of the first groups of people who rode with me, were the teenage girls in my youth group. I was a youth leader at the time and because I had a car, I could drive them to our events. During one of our summer retreats I was responsible for getting all the girls from church to the house where we'd be spending the weekend. I'm not sure how but five of us and all our bags managed to fit but we may have scraped the curb as I exited the church parking lot. This was just the first of many times I would pile the youth into my Neon. My season of being a youth leader came to an end in December of 2012 but my car was always a reminder of the joys of working with the youth.

After I had owned my Neon for about five months, Jason offered to help me wash and paint it (with car spray paint). Looking back, I always laugh when I think of this memory. We drove down to O'Reilly Auto Parts at Stadium Mall and picked up a \$10 can of green spray paint for cars. We excitedly painted the hood first, which also added a 4th shade of green. It took \$20 and two cans of paint to cover the sunburn patches on the hood and sides. I'm sure you can only imagine what

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“A car is not just a mode of transportation; it's a vessel for creating memories and experiencing life's greatest adventures.”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

My Neon (continued)

the car looked like at this point, but like I said, looks aren't everything.

My car was my sanctuary. Every day, I would turn on the radio and blast my worship music as I drove into work. I'd talk or complain, or argue, or cry to God. It was my place to be alone with my Father.

Fast forward to July 2013, it was time to say goodbye to my most prized possession and it broke my heart. I had never expected to get so attached to that car, but I did. It was a daily reminder of God's overabundant provision. He sees and knows me more intimately than any human ever will. It reminded me of His goodness, His love, His mercy, His grace. It reminded me to have faith in what He has in store for the future.

Jason and I got married in 2015 and during our first year of marriage, we were gifted TWO cars! At this point, God was just showing off while also teaching us a very important lesson about trusting Him, no matter how uncertain the situation.

This lesson would prove extremely valuable when we suddenly found ourselves expecting our first baby, I was without a job, and also without health insurance. It was so scary. But in those times of uncertainty, we were reminded of my Neon and the now 5 cars God had provided seemingly out of thin air. He taught us that He is the ultimate provider.

Recently, Facebook brought back an 11-year-old memory of my Neon. It was such a sweet reminder of a simpler time, before I had a husband or children when I had learned what it meant to trust the Lord with the impossible.

The boys are REALLY into cars and when they ask me what my favorite car is, I always say a Dodge Neon. They ask if it was fast, nope. They ask if it was shiny, not at all. They ask if it was fancy, quite the opposite. So they wonder what could possibly make an old, sunburnt, spray-painted, manual windows Neon my favorite car. I tell them, it was evidence of God's goodness. A reminder of a time when I had no money, was still a student, and in desperate need of a car, He gave me my Neon. That it's not about what is shiniest, newest, or most expensive: it's about looking for God's goodness because His fingerprints are everywhere.



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*“What shall I return to the LORD
for all his goodness to me?”*

PSALM 116:12

*Please feel free to contact:
Alli Oshiro or Julie Morita
about this newsletter or to
submit an article.*