A man in a white short-sleeved shirt and khaki pants stands on a narrow, rustic wooden bridge made of planks and logs, spanning a wide, muddy river. The bridge is supported by ropes and cables. In the background, there is a dense forest of green trees. Overlaid on the top half of the image is a brown, stylized world map. The title "Progress Report" is written in large, bold, black letters with a white outline across the map.

Progress Report

As Jon began his search for Mayan preachers to support there were numerous obstacles to overcome. When it came time to cross the raging river below they sent Jon first. As he would later say, "They figured if it would hold me, it would hold all of them."

see story beginning on page 5

A publication of the Final Frontiers Foundation
July / August 2003

Ministry Information

The *Progress Report* is a free, bi-monthly publication of the FINAL FRONTIERS FOUNDATION INC., whose purpose is to effectively take the Gospel to the more than three billion souls, who have never before heard. Currently we are ministering in fifty-eight nations. Many of these countries are closed to foreign missionaries, and in others, work among the various tribal groups is restricted to national preachers only, thus they are open to us because of our unique method of missions.

We believe that the training and subsidizing of national preachers is the most efficient and effective method of global evangelism. Thus we seek to raise prayer and financial support from believers in the West, for God's servants abroad, who are actively involved in church planting and discipleship.

Selection of those we sponsor is dependent upon their doctrinal beliefs, need and reputation. We support only those who are serving by faith, never those who are waiting for a salary in order to serve. Worldwide, the average preacher in a third-world country needs as little as \$35.00 - \$100.00 each month to support his family and ministry.

All those subsidized through this foundation are involved in church planting. Their various outreach ministries include: Bible translation and distribution, radio and television broadcasting, camps, Bible schools, outdoor and film evangelism, educational and health programs, handicap and leper ministries, orphan and children's ministries, etc.

Current ministries available for support are:

- Sponsorship of a national or native preacher (\$35.00 monthly)
- Sponsorship of a *TEAM* of preachers in a given country (\$10.00 minimum per month)
- Sponsorship of an orphan through our *CHILD CARE* subsidiary (\$35.00 monthly)
- Membership in the Final Frontiers Society, Bible distribution program (\$10.00 monthly)

FINAL FRONTIERS, a non-profit, religious corporation, was founded by Jon Nelms in 1987, and is governed by those serving on the Executive Board of Directors: Rev. Jon Nelms (Chairman), Rev. Gene Carpenter (Vice President), and Rev. Ron Charles (Secretary/Treasurer), Mr. Ralph Wills, CPA/CMA, Rev. T.A. Powell and Mr. Charles Turner. Further council is provided by those serving on the Board of Advisors. Contributions and gifts to this ministry are tax deductible and are applied to the ministry's evangelistic outreach. FINAL FRONTIERS is classified as a 509 (a)(1) public foundation, under section 501 (c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

Regional Offices:

- Vietnamese Expansion: Dr. Minh Dang, - Akron, OH (330) 864-2077
- European Expansion: Rev. Dennis Kiser - Livonia, MI (248) 489-0844
- African Expansion: Rev. Gordon Daam - Portage, MI (616) 327-9192
- South American Expansion: Mr. Don Courliss - Jonesborough, TN (423) 753-9212

International Offices:

National offices are maintained in every country of service for accountability purposes, and are staffed by national and regional coordinators who are approved by the Executive Board of Directors.

Information:

For further information concerning this ministry and its various programs, please call or write to the home office:

Final Frontiers Foundation 1200 Peachtree St. Louisville, GA 30434 USA	Telephone: 478-625-9050 FAX: 478-625-9996 Toll Free: 800-522-4324
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Email: webmaster@finalfrontiers.org

Where we serve

The 58 countries where we serve as of June 2003

Africa:

Kenya
Uganda
South Africa
Nigeria
Togo
Ivory Coast
Ghana
Liberia
Burkina
Morocco
Sudan
Tanzania
Rwanda
Congo

Asia:

India
Myanmar
Thailand
Laos
Cambodia
Vietnam
China
Philippines
Nepal*

Caribbean:

St. Vincent
St. Lucia
Grenada
Haiti*
Jamaica

Pacifica:

Fiji

Eurasia:

Georgia
Belarus
Kazakhstan
Kyrgyzstan
Siberia
Ukraine
Russia

Europe:

France
Romania
Albania
Latvia
Lithuania*
Hungary
Switzerland
Poland

Americas:

Mexico
Cuba
Guatemala
El Salvador
Honduras
Nicaragua
Costa Rica
Peru
Chile
Columbia
Ecuador
Venezuela
Brazil
Argentina

* indicates *TEAM* support only

Applications are in process now from:

Syria, Lebanon, Guyana, Azerbaijan,
Georgia and Uzbekistan.

In this issue ...

2	Ministry Information Countries where we serve the national preachers
3	A report from Jon Nelms and family
4	Let's Get Acquainted ... biographies of national preachers in need of sponsorship
5	Cover Story ... Making first contact with the Mayans
10	A TEAM Report from Myanmar Home going ... Dimitri Gromov and family go to be with the Lord
11	Welcome New Sponsors ... a listing of our newest sponsors from across America Schedule ... Church Meetings and International Travel Final Frontiers Society update
12	Hindu paganism leads to Christian persecution ... A letter received from Pastor Kumar
13	From the Mailbag ... reports from around the world
14	Prayer and Praise Reports from around the world
15	Sponsorship Information Now It's Your Turn ... Response voucher
16	Reports ... statistical information about our worldwide ministry results

The Jon Nelms family report

Greetings!

What do you think of our new look? Before you are tempted to think we have wasted money on two color printing, let me assure you that is not the case. We have found a new printing service that can print more quickly and more efficiently than we have been able to do on our own. The cost, when you consider all the factors, is actually less than we have been paying. In addition, you will be able to get your Progress Report more quickly and we have gained some extra space for extended articles. You see, we are being just as frugal as always, we've just put a new coat of paint on the old barn. I hope you like it.



Jon , Juanita, - Daniel and Sara

In this issue I am going back in time a bit. I was recently sharing some of my experiences with a friend who suggested I write an article about my first trip to Guatemala. This worked out well because sometimes people wonder how we find the preachers in the first place. The story, beginning on page 5, will show you not only how we made the contact, but also what was involved in qualifying them for support. Since that time this group of preachers has grown to more than fifty. They are tremendous soul winners and dedicated disciples of Christ. Some endure persecution in the form of beatings and stoning, and all endure poverty. Most have no electricity or plumbing in their homes. They wash their clothes in the river and use candles to illuminate their homes. Many of them still speak their ancient Mayan tongue and wear the old costumes of their ancestors. Their homes are built on the ruins of ancient cities that have been lost to time. I have seen some of them cooking on fires in clay pots that have dated to 1,000 BC. Their lives are incredible, but the story of how we met and what we experienced is equally so. I hope you will enjoy it.

I am pleased to announce that we have received many more checks for our special appeal and are anticipating and praying for even more. I know from your phone calls and letters that some of you have been planning to help and just haven't gotten around to it yet. We are now in the process of doing all the necessary upkeep on our facilities and look forward to being able to knock a chunk out of our mortgage. I want to thank you for all your help with this. You cannot imagine what a boost you have been to us with your generosity but keep in mind, the project is not over yet so we still need your help. And speaking of "boosts", I want to say welcome to our newest board member, Mr. Charles Turner. Charles is a devout Christian man and successful business owner. He and his partner own among other things, the Jet Food Stores with over 50 locations in central Georgia. I appreciate all he has and is doing to help us and value his godly advise on matters concerning our ministry.

Yours for souls,

Let's Get Acquainted ...

For more information on sponsoring a national preacher, see page 15.

Preacher's Name: Beeborog Webereb

Wife's Name: single

No. of Children: none

Country: Republic of Georgia

Sponsorship Needed: 2 @ \$35.00 monthly

Testimony:

When I was a teenager, I was involved with drugs, drinking and a very bad lifestyle. After fighting, I was at home with a broken rib. I was 19 years old.

My friend had been a Christian for 6 months and was praying for me to be saved. He visited me and invited me to church. He explained the Gospel to me and gave a testimony of how God changed his life. I refused his invitation and said I could not go because of my broken rib. After he left, I had a strong feeling I should go with him. I put on my coat and went to church and there I was saved by faith in Jesus.

I was preaching the gospel on the street three days after I was saved. The understanding that I had to give my whole life to serving God and preaching His Word was a part of my salvation. I spent the first six months of my Christian life in the church every day, and felt like a little child. My pastor taught me that all men are called by God to be leaders and take the responsibility of taking the Gospel to the world.

Today I am 25 years old and many of the friends I knew as a teenager have died from drugs and alcohol. I am grateful that God chose to save me from that life.

I have helped to plant four new churches. Most of my ministry is in evangelism, however, I also do a lot of work with young people. I have led over 100 people to the Lord.

Please pray for me and my ministry as I reach out to the many who need to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. Pray for a sponsor soon to share in my ministry here.



Preacher's Name: Angel Francisco Laos Lopez

Wife's Name: Karen

No. of Children: 2

Country: Peru

Sponsorship Needed: 2 @ \$35.00 monthly

Testimony:

I was a drug addict for 15 years and was gone from home many days at a time which led to delinquency and loss of all moral values. I even tried to kill my father one night. I had decided to give myself to drugs and die to prove no one could save me from drugs. I was wrong. For one day in a Christian Rehab Center I was told about Christ. That day I was converted and gave myself wholly to Him. Without understanding much about the Gospel I knew I was called to preach. I was led to the Aguaruna tribe. I have found the most effective way to reach the whole family is helping them with spiritual, moral, emotional and material necessities.

My wife doubted that even if God existed He could change anyone's life. She was told about Jesus and repented of her sins and became a changed person. Her family does not know the Lord, but we are praying for them and hope they soon will make a decision for Jesus.

I have trained four men to preach and have started three new churches. Most of my ministry is in evangelism.

We live in a rented house made of mud bricks and tin roofing sheets. We have no favourite foods, just what we are provided with.

We will be starting a mobile Bible institute to give better preparation to laymen and pastors. Please pray for this endeavour that God will bless it and it will be a help to those still learning how to preach the Gospel to our people. Thank you for your prayers.



First Contact with the Mayans of Guatemala

By Jon Nelms

"I have some friends in Guatemala who are pastors and are extremely poor. They have started a lot of churches. They meet your requirements for support and I am sure they could use your help."

This was the first I had ever heard of national preachers in Guatemala. Sure, I knew they existed but I didn't have any contacts there to serve as a referral. Now I was getting a first hand report from a brother in Florida named Marvin. He told me that he had recently visited with them and was impressed by their dedication and production in the ministry. At the time Marvin was pastoring a Latin congregation in Southern Florida and was concerned that all Latin people be exposed to the truth of the Gospel. Several weeks later, I was at the Miami airport waiting at the gate for Marvin. I had actually held up the plane by not getting on. I knew that Marvin was coming, but his bad back was making it difficult for him to get to the terminal; besides, if I left without him what would I do? I didn't know the people we were going to see or how to talk with them. I needed Marvin. Finally the stewardess was about to close the door of the access leading to the plane when Marvin came limping up.

From Miami to Guatemala City was a two hour flight but by the time we got out of the airport it was getting dark. I had rented a Suzuki Samurai, expecting to be traveling with Marvin and his contact Lazaro Lopez; imagine my surprise when I learned that Lazaro had brought with him his son and three pastors. The seven of us crowded into a car made for four, along with all the luggage and decided that we would stop for supper before beginning the eleven hour drive to our first meeting in the city of Huehuetenango. I wanted to make this a special meal for these men so we asked if there was anything in particular they wanted. They decided they wanted pizza; they had heard of it and were curious.

As we ate our meal, and having always been in-



The shaded area indicates where this story took place

terested in history and archeology, I asked if they knew anything about the ancient Mayan culture that had ruled their region. They all shook their heads positively which amazed me. I thought at the time that the Mayan civilization had been extinct for a thousand years. One of them corrected me by replying that the Maya still existed as a tribe and a culture, just not as an empire. Excitedly I asked, "Do you know any Maya?" to which he replied "yes, all of us are Maya, only our sub group is called 'Mam' (pronounced maam)." Needless to say, Marvin got a big kick out

of the conversation and the revelation of my ignorance..

Along the road to Huehuetenango and close to midnight, we encountered a horrible rain storm. Before long much of the highway was covered in mud and boulders larger than the car, tumbling from the mountain tops above us. At one point I had to actually stop the car to keep from being hit. I couldn't go forward, I couldn't go backwards and I couldn't stay where I was. I wondered which would be better, being crushed or being knocked off the road into the ravine hundreds of feet below us. I decided to go for it, and for a moment I seemed to be transferred into a computer game. I just floored the gas pedal and went swerving right and left dodging the boulders in our way and those falling around us. In a few moments we were in the clear. As we breathed a sigh of relief, the laughter began, first ever so silently, then it built into a roar. We knew what God had just gotten us through and we were amazed.

Originally the pastors didn't want to travel at night because of the danger of highwaymen. Usually they try to block the road, steal all your money and clothes, then shoot you and throw you into a ravine. I had insisted on moving in spite of the rain because there is one thing I knew about such men; thieves are the laziest people in the world. They steal what others labor for. And if there is one thing a lazy thief

won't do, it's work in the rain. For me, the harder it rained, the greater our security. I just hadn't counted on the rockslide.

For several days we visited Mayan ruins and met with numerous pastors. The Central American Church (founded by Schofield) had established a strong seminary in Guatemala City, but the uneducated Mayan preachers could not "keep up" so they had begun a school for them in this town which was literally built on the ruins of an ancient city.

After two days we left to spend time with a group of preachers in Lazaro's village. While there, not knowing it was illegal, the men took me to secret ruins where I was able to pick up artifacts off the ground. Potshards, beads, fishing weights, grinding stones, axe heads and two special items. One was a death mask of the Mayan god of the underworld. It is black in color, having been made literally of human blood and feces. The other was a seal of a priest which showed the image of the Mayan trinity, the only one known to exist. One of our future board members, Dr. Ron Charles, who is an archaeologist, upon seeing it, told me that professionals like him would search a lifetime and never find such an item. I just picked it up off the ground.



This Mayan death mask was one of the thousands of artifacts I saw inside of caves, in corn fields and in the ruins of ancient cities.

That second night Marvin couldn't sleep much. Above his cot he had seen a scorpion and was afraid to sleep. I didn't have any problem though, after all, it was above his cot, not mine. Two months later I would be stung up to 10 times by scorpions in Vietnam. When it happened I can remember laughing to myself at Marvin and him telling me, "whatever you do, don't get stung in Vietnam, the scorpions there are more venomous than these are."

The next day we drove for hours along unnamed and unmapped dirt roads. At the crest of one mountain we were stopped by a band of guerillas who were coming back from Mexico. These were Mayan men fighting for the freedom of their people and for land rights in Chiapas, Mexico, just a few miles away. They immediately surrounded the car pointing their machine guns. Lazaro got out and told them in the Mam language, that we were American preachers who had come to help their people. The guns were lowered and their commander came to the driver's side window to shake my hand and give us his con-

sent to continue. We did so, praising God for his protection and drove on until finally, after another four hours of driving, there was no more road. I locked up the car and we began to walk.

As we walked down the trail I asked where we were going and our guide pointed to the top of a mountain on the other side of a swollen river. I wondered, as we walked down a steep hill, just how we would get across. No doubt, I thought, there is a ferry that will take us over or at least a canoe. As I brushed aside the foliage, there in front of me was the spawn of my nemesis, a swinging bridge made of ropes, sticks and rotten planks.

I have had many experiences in life that brought no fear to me. I have been shot at, stabbed at, surrounded by guerrillas and banditos. I have escaped highway robbers, gangs and hit men. I have swam with sharks and dodged alligators. I once even hunted down a six foot long rattle snake with nothing but a stick. I killed it, skinned it and ate it. My wife even tasted a bit of it. To sleep with snakes, scorpions or rats bring me no concern, but there are two things that terrify me. One is the thought of jumping out of a perfectly good airplane. My dad learned to do this during World War II. When one of his buddies asked the instructor what to do in case his chute

did not open, the reply was, "Bring it back and we'll give you another one." I could never voluntarily jump out of an airplane. The second thing that frightens me beyond comprehension are bridges. Yes, you read it right. Now don't misunderstand me, the typical little highway bridge doesn't do me any harm; but if it is more than say forty yards long or thirty feet high, I become a basket case.

Why bridges? I don't know, I suppose maybe I was harassed by a bridge when I was a child. Who knows? All I know is when I come to one, it is only the determination to conquer my fears that forces me to drive over it. Immediately my speed drops from 70 mph down to 30 mph. I grip the steering wheel at the 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock positions and my tunnel vision kicks in. I don't look to the right or the left. My pulse accelerates, I begin to sweat and barely breath. It's horrible to me and entertaining to those with me.

Recently I flew to New Orleans to tape an interview for a television broadcast. I had booked a hotel room not too far away from the studio, but did not

realize that I had to cross over a bridge to get there. As I drove along I saw it mocking me off in the distance; a bridge. "Lord help me" I prayed. This bridge was enormous and had an arch like a rainbow. I wanted to pull off the interstate but knew that I must go on. Before the two days were over I managed to drive over that monument of evil a total of six times. Unfortunately I never was able to force myself to change lanes while crossing it. That would have required a momentary glance into my side mirrors. I guess that was just too much to hope for. But I digress...

Now you must understand that at this time, the only Spanish words I knew were "adios", "buenos dias" and "taco"; so as they huddled together and conversed, I really had no idea what they were saying. The pastors were not sure if the old, decrepit bridge would still hold up to the weight of a man and with the swollen river below us, it would be almost sure death if the bridge broke and we fell into the torrent below.

Finally the translator informed me that they felt it best to send one man across to test the strength of the bridge. I concurred. Then I was told that they had volunteered me. After all, if it could hold my weight, it could hold any two or three of them at a time. Can you believe this, here I was trying to help them and they were about to sacrifice me to the evil bridge god. Not wanting to show fear, I gripped both ropes that dangled as handrails, and slowly made my way across. The only positive thing to all this was my delight in shaking the "handrails" as each of them ended their journey to the other side. We all enjoyed the adventure and the camaraderie.

At the far side of the bridge there were several donkeys waiting to carry the Americans up the mountain. Now understand that these mountains are over 12,000 feet high. These men are accustomed to the air, or lack of it, but we were not. They knew that if we were going to get to our destination, we would

have to ride. I was thankful for their consideration.

Marvin got strapped into his donkey and it immediately began walking up the mountain trail. Then they



Above: This is the first funding ever given to a Mayan preacher by our ministry. We now support more than 50 preachers in this area.

Below: The map of the villages where this group of preachers had planted 48 churches before ever receiving support.



brought me to mine. What a fine specimen of a donkey it was. I climbed up in my saddle and noticed two things immediately. First, the stirrups were not big enough for my feet to fit inside of them and second, my feet were almost touching the ground. With a burst of effort, I forced my feet into the stirrups. No sooner had I done that then the beat began to buck and run. I had never really wanted to participate in a rodeo but there I was. He took off like lightning ramming me up

against trees and brush. The poor little pastors were running behind us waving their hands, trying to catch up and shouting in Spanish and in their Mayan tongue. I have ridden frequently in my life so I was not afraid until I realized where he was taking me. Just ahead of us was a barbed wire fence. I knew he was going to try to scrape me against it so I did the only thing I

could do. I jumped off the deranged beast and my head hit the trail below, resplendent with rocks and briars and stones the size of a fist. The next thing I felt was the hoof of the donkey kicking me in the head and chest. It continued as he ran, dragging me under and behind him. Unfortunately, though I had freed my left foot and swung it over the donkey while jumping off, my right foot was stuck in the stirrup and I couldn't get free. Closer and closer we came to the barbed wire. More rocks seemed to come from nowhere plummeting my head and more thorns scratching me as I was dragged along; then suddenly, I was free.

It took maybe fifteen seconds for the men to catch up to me. They helped me up and one of them was able to secure the donkey and pry my shoe out of the stirrup. I felt like I had just gone three rounds with George Forman but amazingly, my clothes were not torn, I didn't have a single scratch or bruise or cut. We all just stood there laughing while they found me

a tamer donkey. Sheepishly I climbed on board, grateful for a kinder, gentler beast of burden to whisk me along on my journey.

We rode for several hours. I was beginning to have trouble breathing when my donkey suddenly stopped. The pastors began to swat him, then beat him to move on. He would take a few steps and stop again. Between my legs I could feel his chest heaving for air. I thought for sure this donkey is going to drop dead and he and I will both go tumbling off the side of this mountain trail. I kept trying to get off him but the men would not let me. Finally I won out. It was obvious that we were no more than 100 yards from our destination so, I thought, I'll just walk the rest of the way.

I dismounted and began to walk. After about twenty feet, I collapsed. I thought I was just out of shape. I didn't realize that I was experiencing altitude sickness. In fact, I would make similar trips for the next two years before I even heard the term and was forced to realize how close I had come to death on each of those occasions.

By the time I finally made it the 100 yards (which took about twenty minutes) I was thirsty. Unfortunately there had been no rain in those mountains for days. The swollen river below was obviously fed by some storm many miles away. The water barrels were empty. The only water they had in that little village was in a plastic tub used to wash clothes. It was so thick with mud that when I scooped some into my water purification cup, none of it would filter through. That night, I drank mud and was thankful for it. After the church service the rains reached us and we were washed by heaven's shower and refreshed by pure, clean water.

Before the service we had gathered into an adobe house with a dirt floor. The ladies had all come together to prepare a Mayan feast for us. They had an open fire that they cooked on, and it felt good to warm myself by it in the cool night air. They chopped vegetables and prepared rice. There was no meat.

They showed me how they prepared a certain vegetable that was poisonous if prepared the wrong way. We had a delicious meal and precious fellowship, as they taught me a dozen or more words in their language; then we made our way over to the church building.



Half way up the mountain, Jon is asked to pose for a photo with two of the men whose job was to make sure this donkey didn't get away. To the contrary, he could hardly make it up the mountain himself with such a heavy load!

The pews were simple, hand-carved, wooden benches. There was no choir but there were numerous men with home-made guitars and no one there was timid when it came to singing. On the walls they had poster board paper that had a map of their region, hand-drawn, showing all the villages and all the churches they

had planted. All this without a single dollar of funding from the United States. (*this scene is actually shown in our video*)

Before the service began the rain had turned into a torrent, yet you could see people across the valleys making their way to our mountain top. They looked like ants following a trail of sugar. Torches in hand they had walked for more than three hours to be at the church to meet the white preacher that had come to visit them. Most of these Mayan Indians had never seen a foreigner. They had certainly never seen a white man. The men dressed much as we do, but the ladies and girls all wore their traditional costumes which have not changed in the last three thousand years. In fact, you can tell which branch of the Mayan culture a family is from by the design of the women's clothing. These people were all from a sub-branch of the Mayan called Mam. In fact, it is believed that theirs is one of the oldest roots of the Mayan empire. Several hours later when the service was over, these devoted Believers lit their torches and began their three hour journey home, traversing in darkness the same tiny paths I had traveled in the daylight. Now they were wet and slippery.

As I stood outside and watched them, I could not help but admire them. Slowly their torches would fade or disappear as they arrived home, or circled to the other side of a mountain. After a few moments, Lazaro came outside to walk me and Marvin to a

home nearby where we would sleep. As we entered, we noticed that there were no frills in this house. Like all the others, it gave new meaning to the term Spartan. There was a prevalent aroma of smoke because none of these houses had a kitchen. Their stove was merely what we would call a camp fire in the corner of the entry room. Off of it was the bedroom shared by the entire family. The bathroom, was of course, outside.

Marvin took his bed and I took mine. Now understand that I am six feet tall and the bed they gave me was about four feet in length. The Mayans are not large people, they never have been. I slept that night in a position that resembles

the base of a rocking chair. My calves rested on top of the footboard and my shoulders on top of the headboard. They covered me with a heavy woolen blanket. I would guess it was at least fifty years old and frayed. On top of that, I don't think it had ever been washed. They had no means to wash it.

Laying in bed I could see outside the window above me. I had kept it open to disseminate the smoky smell but during the night I had to shut it because of the cold. The sky was as black as any I have seen anywhere in the world. Stars were shimmering in the sky but the moon was nowhere to be seen and I could not see my hand, even holding it in front of my nose. I admit that it was an uncomfortable night physically, but spiritually I was ecstatic.

The next morning we woke to a breakfast of tortillas and hot chocolate. The Mayans actually invented the cultivation of the coco bean. It plays an important role in the myths and legends of their culture. Thus they were the first to invent hot chocolate. Of course, theirs has no sugar in it.

The journey down the mountain took only about forty minutes. One by one we each crossed back over the bridge as it began to rain. I decide to run ahead of the group to where we had left our car so that I could get it back on firmer ground before the road became impassable. As I drove the car up to them and got out so they could climb in behind the driver's seat, suddenly the ground began to shake. It

was an earthquake, not the rolling type but the rough, shaking type. It lasted for just a few seconds and when we glanced back at the bridge and at the trail we had just descended, the trail was being covered in a landslide that ultimately plunged into the river below

and planks were falling off the bridge. Had we been just five minutes later, we would have been buried in the slide and thrown into the raging river below. God was with us. He always is.

Before leaving Guatemala I had the privilege of meeting a number of hard working preachers, seeing their works, learning bits of their language and culture, and even exploring some of their temples and cities that were lost to

time. Since that time we have had the joy of supporting a number of these men and are always thrilled to get their reports and learn of their progress in the ministry. They are among the most devoted preachers I have ever served. They are tireless in their efforts to reach the Mayans with the gospel. Guatemalans are known to look down on the Mayans as many in our country did upon the black Americans. They consider them quaint, but wild and uneducated. Mayans on the other hand do not trust the Guatemalans. They consider them to be the descendants of the conquistadors who pillaged, raped, murdered and cannibalized their ancestors. Simply put, the best preachers to reach the Mayan people are Mayan preachers.

There is much more to tell. More adventures and discoveries; more stories of churches planted and souls saved; but alas, I have run out of space.

Fifty plus Mayan preachers are in need of a second sponsorship in order to make their ministries even more effective. After all they have accomplished, think what they could do with just a little more help! Other men have been raised up as church planters who will also need funding if they are to do their best. If you are willing to help one or more of these men with support of \$35 monthly or support the *Guatemala TEAM* fund for any amount, contact us. We cannot stop until all the Mayas know Jesus; we cannot do this without your help.



This is a Mayan pastor and his family. He can speak Spanish, his wife and kids speak only their native language called Mam. Notice their colorful clothing (see this issue on our website). This is the same pattern worn by this tribe for more than 3,000 years.

A TEAM Report from ...	Myanmar
For information about <i>TEAM</i> projects, see page 15	

From: Go Za Kham
Location: Yangon (formerly Rangoon)

What was the total amount of the TEAM funds received?

\$100.00

What were these funds used for?

I have come back recently from my trip to the hill tribes. Things begin to change rapidly. Prices are rising up tenfold. The government closed down all banks and deposits are undrawable.

Things get worse from fire to frying pan. On Feb. 27 night my house in the Chin hills got burned down to ashes, all properties, the family members were barely escaped. It started from firewood piles close to the kitchen outside that it was from the hand of the enemy of the Gospel. Now my family can live in a reconstructed shelter. I put all the events in the hands of the Lord. I don't want to know the evildoers. It will be hindrance to my work. I need to visit my family quite often so that I can arrange food, raiment and comfort as they start a new life. Temptations come by wholesale, but I am able to have lion-heart for the Lord. Brother pray for us.

The gospel is preached, the ministry is going forward, churches are added. Our ministry is quite like that of the first century under Paul, Timothy and brother Barnabas because the situation and condition is still firts century (primitive).

Home going ...	Kazakhstan
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On May 14 we received the news that Pastor Dimitri (Dima) Gromov, the pastor of GGWO in Almaty, Kazakhstan, his wife Tanya and their small daughter Liza went to Heaven to be with the Lord. They were in an auto accident outside the city of Almaty. The three of them perished along with their driver. Please pray for the families and the Almaty church.



At the funeral, Pastor Vladik led two of the grave diggers to Christ. Just hours before his death, Dima preached on the resurrection. He proclaimed, "... and because He rose, we too will rise. I don't know for me, maybe it will be soon, maybe it will be in the future, but I will rise...".

Final Frontiers had been supporting Dima since 1998. We are thankful for our small part in his ministry and even more thankful that both his sponsors have agreed to transfer their support to Dima's father, Pastor Vladik Gromov, who pastors in the neighboring country of Kyrgyzstan.

Attention Pastors

Jon Nelms and the Final Frontiers representatives are booking meetings for now thru 2004.

If you would like to schedule a meeting at your church or mission conference, please contact Jon at:

800-522-4324

or online at:

jnelms@finalfrontiers.org

We now have representatives living near you in ...

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| Alabama | Kevin Carden |
| California | Ken Guy |
| Florida | Glen Wilson |
| Georgia | Jon Nelms |
| Michigan | Gordon Daam |
| Michigan | Dennis Kiser |
| Michigan | Craig Holland |
| Minnesota | Matt Hood |
| Missouri | Neil Lewis |
| Nevada | Isaac Moubarak |
| N. Carolina | Wes Hunt |
| S. Dakota | Harley Harms |
| Tennessee | Don Courliss |
| Virginia | Frank Caudle |

If you live elsewhere, we'll be glad to come to you. All we ask for is a love offering to help us defray the cost of travel. This is what we live to do, so give us something to live for.

Welcome New Sponsors

Sponsor:	Preacher - Orphan - TEAM or Final Frontiers Society:	Country:
New Vision Baptist Church Claxton, GA	• Joyce Nyamedzi (child)	• India
Victory Baptist Church Maryville, TN	• Huynh Thien Tu	• Vietnam
Charles Collins, TX	• Santiago Sequeira R.	• Nicaragua
Wilbur Watson, MI	• Wellington Kute	• Kenya
James and Theresa Ferguson, NJ	• Felicia Hadzide (child)	• India
Elizabeth Barnet, TX	• Aruna Thotakura (child)	• India
Paul and Barb Strauss, IA	• Prasanna Pedapati (child)	• India
Chip and Sue Terrett, OH	• Jacob Luvai	• Kenya
John and Andrea Puterbaugh, OH	• Sierhij Prychodko	• Ukraine
Sharon McCarty, OH	• Bonu Kumar	• India
Ginger Albertine, OH	• Srinibas Nayak	• India
Murray and Marcia Stafford, OH	• Basanta Das	• India
Ginger Parsons, OH	• K. M. Joseph	• India
Vernon and Leah Grapes, MD	• A. S. Abraham	• India
Ben Brown, GA	• Mykhaylo Hryshenko	• Ukraine
Ronald and Debbie Drake, TX	• David Rouquette	• Albania
Charles and Dottie Pendley, CA	• Om Pov	• Cambodia
Mike Temple, OH	• David Ramos	• Mexico
John and Julie Solomon, OH	• Brother Liu #22	• China
John Marriott, CA	• TEAM	• Cambodia
Chris and Karen Lutkus, CA	• Ro Lum	• Vietnam
Victory Christian Fellowship Jewell, IA Pastor Ernest Amstalden	• Tin Chun • Sierhij Prychodko • Gandham Samuel	• Cambodia • Ukraine • India
Lori Morrison, OH	• Medyakovskyy Vladislav	• Ukraine
Sarah Morrison, OH	• Huynh Tan Si	• Vietnam
Bob and Marci Kern, CA	• Medyakovskyy Vladislav	• Ukraine
Leslie Meadows, IN	• Raja Rao Puliparthi	• India
James and Penny Gracom, CA	• Samuel Mendez	• Mexico
Allison Jones, OH	• Francisco Martin Farcia	• Guatemala
Brad and Melinda Wright, CA	• Jack Kamundia Tukendei	• Kenya



INTERNATIONAL Visionary Trips

September:

France
Hungary
Switzerland
Belgium
Romania
Italy
Spain
Morocco

October:

India

CHURCH MEETINGS

July:

Sandersville, GA
Claxton, GA
Tuscaloosa, AL

August:

Monroe, NC

SCHEDULES



Final Frontiers SOCIETY

In June we sent \$1000 to provide Bibles for the Kurds of Iraq, Syria and Turkey.

The \$10 monthly gifts of the *Final Frontiers Society* members made this gift possible.

To help, see page 15

Hindu paganism leads to Christian persecution ...

From Pastor K.S. Kumar in Andhra Pradesh, India

Please see the two photographs which were published in our Indian newspapers. One photograph is the marriage of two monkeys in India. One rich man celebrated the marriage by printing 500 invitation cards and invited many people. He arranged a very good special food for the marriage party. Lot of people attended and blessed the married couple of both monkeys male and female. As you know the Indian people (Hindus) will worship monkeys as one of their god's by name HANUMAN. So lot of people participated in this marriage. In the second photograph same type of people celebrated the marriage of donkeys. Both male and female. They did the same function like the above.

After seeing the news item and photographs, the following Sunday I preached in the T.V. about the foolish acts. As you know my T.V. telecast will go to five coastal districts in Andhra Pradesh almost ten towns and about 200 villages covering about ten million people. I criticized about this basing on Bible and requested people to turn away from this type of evil worship to the real living God and Savior Jesus Christ.

The very next day people went to the Siti Cable offices in many towns and requested the management's to stop telecasting my weekly Bible-Hour programmes. Then the management's informed them that they have nothing to do with this because they are receiving the Master cassette from Hyderabad. Then these people went to the Police Superintendents office and gave a petition to arrest me for criticizing the Hindu religion. The S.P. asked them to bring a cassette so that he will verify and if he found anything wrong in the cassette then he will take action. They produced a copy of my preaching. No action has taken against me. Then they went to the newspapers and gave a news item against me. Some papers published and some have not. They have waited for some days and no body has taken any action against me because is God is on my side and at the same time I am maintaining good relation with the government officials and with political leaders. Actually the B.J.P. and V.H.P. are not against for my preaching.

Some groups did all this. So to take rivalry against me, this Sunday evening when I was returning from a village after preaching about 25 people with sticks and other weapons forcibly stopped my car, asked me to come out of the car. Myself and my wife get



male and a female monkey, who got married on Wednesday in Jabalpur, sitting on the lap of their owners. For this marriage invitation cards were distributed for 500 invitees. PTI



Marriage of donkeys being performed to propitiate the Rain God at a temple in Bangalore on Monday PTI

down because there was no other alternative. Then those people pour petrol on the entire car and set fire to it. My car was destroyed. Thank God they have not done any physical harm to me or to my wife. Of course they have taken my hand bag containing Bible, Hymn Book and also my wife hand bag and forcibly took our wrist watches and our wallet. I faced this trouble for the sake of Christ first time in my life. Still my T.V. messages are telecasting regularly through Siti Cable. Many Christians irrespective of denominations met me and informed me that they are planning to make a big demonstration by observing one day total "bundh" for the entire city of Rajahmundry. Bundh means these people will go to all offices, banks, schools, and make them to close in protest. They want to stand still or stop everything, every activities on that day. I refused their request and asked them to keep quiet. Now everything is normal and I lost my car and other belongings of myself and my

From the Mail Bag...

Every trimester, those who support a preacher, TEAM or orphan receive a personal report verifying the receipt of their support and showing how it was used. Here are two samples.

India



Last trimester he reported ...

churches started	professions of faith
1	16
villages evangelized	converts baptized
2	16

From: Gaddam Samuel
Sponsored by: Madison Day, AL
 Sharon Randall, AL

I am informing you the recent incident happened in our church. During last Sunday when I was giving invitation about 10 people came forward to express their decisions and among them there was a young woman aged about 30 years. All of a sudden a young man who is sitting on the back row came forward and forcibly took his wife outside the church and beat her severely for accepting Christ. We never expected this. When some of our church deacons went to pacify this young man, he took a knife and threatened every one with dire consequence. Then people became spectators only. He cut the hair of his wife's head and forcibly dragged her and took her to his home. Please pray for him. He don't like his wife to be a Christian.

After the worship service some of our church women went to her house to see her and were informed that she was admitted in the hospital in emergency ward. They informed me, so again the women including myself went to the hospital and come to know she was dead and her husband escaped. For the sake of Christ she lost here life.

wife. This incident gave me a good encouragement and strength.

I have seen many preachers in your country who are directly criticizing your government and also criticizing your previous President deliberately because you have freedom of speech in your country regarding religion. Well, in India we also have freedom of speech but only on paper. That is not implemented. Anyhow my ambition and desire is - I want to point out or criticize like your American preachers and make our Indians to turn to Lord Jesus Christ. if I start this type of spiritual revolution I am sure some other

India



Last trimester he reported ...

churches started	professions of faith
1	21
villages evangelized	converts baptized
2	21

From: K. Malleswara Rao
Sponsored by: Lester Fluth family, MN

In my previous report form I have informed you that I do not know English and one of the teachers in our village will translate my letter.

Last month one young man came to me to help me to write my report. He is not a Christian. I explained to him about the simple way of salvation through Jesus. He is not interested so he left. But after a week this young man bring almost ten people who are teenage people from his village and who invited me to come and have preaching service. First I was surprised. Because that young boy refused to know about Jesus, but still at the same time he started a way for me to reach his village people with Gospel. See how God is using this young boy even though he is not accepted Christ.

The following Sunday evening I went to their village to preach to them. Because this young people advertised much about my arrival, there are about 400 people in the meetings. Most of them are teenage people. I had a good meeting. At the time of invitation 21 people came forward and accepted Christ.

Christians preachers in India will follow. Please pray for this.

I do not have insurance to my car. Of course not only myself but many Indians will not have insurance or even our government never insist us to pay insurance. Even if we have insurance unless we bribe insurance officials they will not recommend for compensation. So I need vehicle. Please pray. If your good self are having any emergency funds I request you to please help me to my new car for my mission work in India.

designate your gift for: "Pastor Kumar car"

Prayer and Praise Reports from around the world ...

If you desire to help with any of these needs, designate your gifts accordingly

Honduras

From Tim Posey, Associate Missionary
Central America Coordinator



In the past 10 years Bro. Paublo Aranda has started 6 churches. The first four are self-supporting churches,

the fifth he started 15 months ago, and the 6th he started 5 months ago. Bro. Paublo had been working with a Costa Rican missionary but the missionary was only helping with money (less than \$200 per month) Bro. Paublo wanted someone who would help to train his leaders, evangelize the people of the villages and work with him, he was tired of doing it all alone.

We agreed to help him in but told him we did not have money to support him. The missionary told him if he worked with anybody he would cut all his support. Bro. Paublo made his decision and the money was cut off. He felt that the congregation's spiritual growth was more important than his family's financial well-being. He is a great man of God, who is humble, a great church planter and man of very simple means. The people of his congregation live in very poor conditions. Many of them live in houses made of sticks with leaves woven between the sticks to create the walls. At the present time his house also serves as the church.

Ivory Coast

From Pastor Emile Konan
National Director



I received sad new this morning from Pastor Maurice who is looking after the Christian refugees in the west. One brother name Guei, an old

man, one of the first souls we won for Christ in that region in 1981, has been killed a few days ago by the rebels who killed also brother Gboto's son. Our three churches in Abidjan gave \$200 to buy food and clothes for them. Many brothers and sisters from the war areas are come here. I have in my charge Pastor Maurice's family (his wife and six children). It's not easy to live at this moment. Pastor Roger who worked with Pastor Maurice is here with me, Pastor Irie and his wife and their son also. Thank you to pray for us and to help us financially if possible.

Designate gifts to: "Ivory Coast Relief"

Liberia

From Pastor Wesseh Bestman
National Director



We wanted to let everyone know we are fine here. Fighting has been hot around Duala, Logan Town, New Kru Town areas,

many dead, however, we praise God for the many living who, except by His grace, would have been killed in the diverted bloodbath. Things have been quiet now for nearly 24 hours. The few sounds of artillery we have heard have been much farther away and very few. We are believing God to completely end this fighting and deliver us into a process to achieve a forward moving, democratic government. We are grateful for all your prayers and support. None of our people were hurt that we know of and only the exorbitant prices are going to hurt now. Keep those with nothing in prayer. They will suffer during this time severely.

Romania

From Pastor Pavel Badea
National Director



My prayer is that God to open doors to you for helping pastors, as their needs are a lot. Jon I am so sad in my soul. A bad

thing happen last Monday night. We dedicated two building churches in two villages, one of this churches was planted by our church Grace. Monday night that building was totally burnt, probably by a criminal hand, there is not other reason. Do you think what that means for a group of 11 people saved in that location? Satan's attacks come over in many ways. If you want to pray for and challenge people and churches for prayers and help, please do it.

On July, 15-25, our church have planned Camp ministry with about 100 youth and the needs for that are over our possibilities. I have \$400 and I need \$600 more in order to get out goal. Every year camp ministry reached many young people for Christ. Seems to me that to stop this ministry because of lacking money would be a great sin. Please join with us for this goal.

Designate your giving for: "Romania Camp"

Sponsorship Information

- 1

Sponsoring a **national preacher** is a simple process. Simply tell us which country you are most burdened for and we'll provide you with information on preachers living there who are approved for sponsorship. If you don't have a preference, we'll assign you a preacher from our most needy list.

Sponsorship is \$35.00 monthly, however, since we get each preacher two sponsors, you have the opportunity of providing double sponsorship (\$70.00 monthly) if you prefer. This of course is not required. Your \$35 sponsorship also includes \$10 support of our ministry (unless you direct us otherwise). This gives our foundation funds to operate with as well as providing assistance to preachers who do not yet have sponsorship. Typically up to half of this amount is used overseas. If you prefer your total support to go to your preacher, all you need to do is inform us and we will comply to your request.

As a sponsor you should receive correspondence when we send your support to your chosen preacher three times annually.

Each preacher recommended for support has successfully passed through at least three levels of examination and has been proven to be doctrinally sound, morally pure and have a verifiable track record in church planting and discipleship.
- 2

Sponsorship of a **TEAM** can be done for as little as \$10.00 monthly, or for any other amount you wish. **TEAM** stands for *Together Effectively Advancing the Ministry*. Though many preachers are being supported, they often collectively lack ministry tools that can be useful. The purpose of the **TEAM** funding is to provide each country with money to be used for such things as printing literature, buying bicycles for the traveling evangelists, building a church or Bible school, emergency relief, feeding widows and funding preachers who do not yet have a sponsor, etc.

Each trimester as the funds are mailed abroad, the national coordinator for every nation is asked to fill out a **TEAM** Report Form which we will send to you. This will give you a first hand report of how your funds were effectively used to advance the ministry in that land.
- 3

Sponsorship of **Child Care**, gives assistance to an orphaned, abandoned or destitute child. The \$35.00 monthly sponsorship provides for lodging, food, clothing, basic medical care, and educational assistance.

All orphanages and home placement programs assisted by Final Frontiers are administered by pastors who are supported through this foundation, and are operated as a ministry of a local church. Trimesterly correspondence is encouraged between the orphans and their sponsors. Sponsorship distribution for the child is identical to that of the preachers (see #1)
- 4

Membership in the **Final Frontiers Society** is \$10.00 monthly and is used to purchase and distribute Bibles. Many national pastors and Believers do not own a copy of God's Word. FFS membership funds, help to turn the dream of having their own Bible, into a reality.

Now it's your turn ...

Name: _____ Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ Phone: (home) _____ (office) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Please contact me about hosting a missions prayer meeting in my home. I have friends I would like to invite to hear a ministry presentation.
<input type="checkbox"/> Check here if this is a new address or phone number.	

Enclosed is my donation of: \$ _____ **to be applied to:** _____

Please contact me regarding sponsorship of:

___ a national preacher	___ a country's <i>TEAM</i>
___ an orphaned, abandoned or destitute child	___ membership in the Final Frontiers Society
___ other _____	



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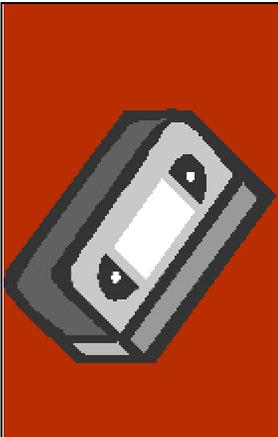
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Final Frontiers
Foundation
1200 Peachtree St.
Louisville, Georgia
30434

Moved lately? Please give us your new address. E-mail: juanita@finalfrontiers.org or call: 1-800-522-4324

Reports received from the final frontiers ...

Reports received since the last Progress Report (two months ago) indicate there were ...	Totals from all reports received since our beginning in December 1986 indicate there have been ...	A current total of all statistics indicate there are currently ...
612 Churches Started	19,286 Churches Started	1,221 Preacher Sponsorships
719 Villages Evangelized	70,690 Villages Evangelized	99 TEAM Sponsorships
4,828 Professions of Faith	560,758 Professions of Faith	82 Orphans Supported
3,134 Believers Baptized	189,603 Believers Baptized	58 Countries involved



Our ministry video is over two years old and is still producing great results

Our fifteen minute video will take you literally around the world visiting preachers and ministries supported by Final Frontiers. You will see their works and catch their vision to reach their own people with the gospel.

Some scenes are graphic however, as we make no attempt to "water down" the reality of the world's mission fields. And though love offerings are welcome, the video is yours FREE for the asking.

Call for a copy and show it at your church, Bible study group, or have a "Missions Awareness Night" in your home. Order your free copy today. Call 1-800-522-4324 or email us at: webmaster@finalfrontiers.org.