

CAPLINGER FAMILY

*Missionaries to
the Philippines*



August 2010

Would You?

Would you walk to church? Would you walk more than a mile?
Would you walk down one mountain and up another? Would
you do it with your children?

The family to the right is
one of the many that we
serve in the mountains.

They walk over a mile
each Tuesday and
Saturday to come to the
church.

What an encouragement
to us when we arrive at
the church and see their smiling faces.



If you look about halfway up the
tree then look at the mountain at
that point, you will see where
they walk from each week.

Anything New?

I always pack my camera when we go to the mountain church.

This morning I thought “why?”.

We always see people that walk miles to get there. We always see the smiling faces as we provide 150-200 servings of food; the scenery is always breathtaking ...

What could possibly be new that would tempt me to take my camera out of its bag?

Then I saw Carlo and I quickly grabbed my camera!

Carlo made this “Chello” out of a water container and some old wood ... it sounds good!

The wonderful thing is the ownership it shows the people in the church are taking and how they are stepping forward to be involved.



(Carlo with his new “Chello”)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. – Psalms 100:1 (KJV)

One Yard from Hell ...

“Some people want to live within the sound of chapel bells, but I want to run a mission a yard from the gates of hell ... (C. T. Studd)

We took a plunge into hell on earth ...

It is called the Provincial Hospital, but for those of you that have been there, you know the **stench of death literally lingers in the air.**

We went to visit a 58-year-old woman from Don Salvador who was admitted to the hospital yesterday. **They had no more beds, so they were going to put her in the hallway on the floor.**

Catherine said “no way”, and came to our house and brought our folding bed to the hospital so she would not have to be on the floor. She has triple pneumonia and is an empty shell of the woman I know that walks up the side of a mountain to get to church.

We inquired into her needed medications and went to the pharmacy to purchase them.

I had the gall to ask Catherine why we had to do this ... she told me the family had already sold their goat to bring her to Bacolod to be seen. Kind of puts things in perspective.

The Provincial Hospital is really the last stop for most people that come there. Often times there are two people to a bed. Beds do not have mattresses. People are lying on the floor with cardboard as a buffer between them and the floor.

One Yard from Hell ... (cont.)

Catherine noticed one woman in the corner bed. She had a hollow body. Her big eyes screamed out. She moaned and withered in the bed. Catherine said she wanted to pray for this lady.

Catherine and Nemia went to the bed. They discovered that the lady is 30 years old and is dying of stage four-lung cancer.

Catherine shared the Gospel Message with her and asked if she would like to cry out to Christ. I am sure she had cried out to Him a thousand times as she lays in that bed in the grips of death.

This young lady has no hope. She has no money. She has no pain medication. She is simply lying in bed dying. No one was there to hold her hand. No one was there to assure her it would be all right. No one was there to say “good-bye”.

Catherine tugged on my arm and said she wanted to help ease this women’s pain so she could die in peace

We asked the doctor for the prescription and went to the pharmacy. The pharmacist called back to the doctor and then spoke to me. She said if the entire painkiller is not used you can get a refund ... apparently they do not think she will live long enough to consume the six vials.

Two days later I was at the hospital to visit our church member. I glanced over at the corner bed and it was empty.

I was told she died that morning ... but she had two pain free days before she went to be with the Lord.

FROM THE PASTOR

Sometimes the extraordinary becomes the ordinary and we need a fresh wake up to remind us of the blessings around.

Carlo and his homemade chello reminded me of the simple things that make it all worth while.

Death, the desperately ill, and poverty at every turn can take it's toll on your sensibilities and you can lose focus of the mission that is at hand.

Then Carlo arrives at church with his new worship equipment.

The members of the church in the mountains are really taking ownership of the church and making it their own. This is such an encouragement to Catherine and I.

Make sure you look at the next page to see the offering table this morning ... it will encourage you.



Missionary to the Philippines
www.caplingerfamily.org

Would you like to contribute to the work being done in the Philippines?

Missionary Sustainment - (Account M423)

Contributions enabling the sustainment of **the missionary and family should be marked with "M423"**. These contributions allow the family to maintain a household on the mission field and include sustainment items such as housing, utilities, food, schooling for our children, medical care, etc.

Project Needs - Ministry (Account T784)

<u>Item</u>	<u>Purpose</u>	<u>Cost</u>
Mountain Parsonage for Ministry Team	Team sleeping area for our over night mountain outreaches.	\$600.00

Tax Deductible Contributions can be sent to:

**Christians in Action
P.O. Box 728
Woodlake, California 93286**

Please annotate "account #M423" to ensure proper credit.

We are members of **Christians in Action Missions International** in Woodlake, California. Christians in Action receipts for donations made to this ministry and issues the contributor a receipt for tax preparation purposes. Christians in Action in turn releases the contribution to us on the first day of the following month.

Christians in Action is registered as a 501(c)3 organization with the Internal Revenue Service of the United States. The House of Worship Ministries is also recognized by the Philippine Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) as a not for profit, non-stock organization.

The Parting Shot



The members of the mountain church are farmers. This is their offering ... first fruits of the land.

