

In support of:
Missionary Aviation
Tribal Missions
The Persecuted Church
Muslim Ministries

The Martin & Gracia Burnham Foundation

December 2015



During this season of gift giving, I wanted to share with you the story of a very special gift...

Jubilee,

I hope you remember me. I am Gracia Burnham. I met you when we did the Bible League event in Pella, Iowa last month. It was great to meet you. I loved your family's music!

I have a really awesome story to tell you. Are you ready? Well, when we met, remember that you gave me some money, along with a sweet note? Your request was that the money go to some persecuted Christians. Somehow, I felt that your gift (and the one your Mom gave me as well) was special. I didn't just want to put it in the "Foundation Fund" ... I wanted to do something specific with it. I have been carrying it around in my travel bag ever since all the while praying, "Lord, Who needs this money?"

Well, this last weekend, I was at an airport in New York waiting for my luggage to come down the carousel, when my cell phone rang. It was my friend who had planned The Voice of the Martyrs Conference where I was going to speak. He said, "Gracia, There is a pastor from Syria at the airport and he has had a problem with his rental car. If you two can find each other, would you mind giving him a ride?"

Well, I was happy to do that. But my mind began working really fast! A pastor from Syria! I bet this is who I was supposed to give the money to!

My heart has been broken for Syria. You probably know that there is a Civil War there. Their president is very cruel and is harming the Syrian people. Because of this many are rebelling and fighting against the government. This problem has weakened their country and terrorists have moved in and are hurting people - especially Christians. It is a very sad situation. Some cities are totally bombed and many people have been killed. Many have had to flee their homes because of the fighting and war.

Well, I found "Brother John" in the airport. As we got to my car, I told him about you and about the gift you gave me for the persecuted believers. I handed him the \$40.00 along with your note. He held it ... and tears came to his eyes. He said, "Wow! This is special! I feel a great responsibility for this gift." I said, "That is exactly how I felt!"

He said, "Next Friday, I am flying to Syria. I'm going to be visiting some refugee camps where people are living because they had to flee their homes. We have been able to get a big tent for one of the camps. The children are going to have school in that big tent. I'm taking pencils and crayons and school supplies for them."

I said, "Will you buy school supplies with that money?" He said, "No. I don't think so. That is taken care of. But there are pastors ministering in those refugee camps. Those pastors are very, very poor. I think I will give the money to the pastors so they can do something special for their children!" What a wonderful idea, I thought.

I was so touched with YOUR gift, Jubilee, that I decided to put a special basket on the table at the VOM Conference for donations for Brother John to take to the refugee camps. The donations at the end of the day were almost 10 times what you gave. It's like God took the money you gave and He multiplied it! A lot of pastors' kids in Syria are going to be blessed.

Isn't that the neatest story ever? I wanted to share it with you. It all started with your gift. I think sometimes we do our "little thing" for God - and we wonder if it even makes a difference. But when we give something to God, He can multiply it and do something very big with it.

Well, my friend. Keep being a blessing to others as you travel - like you were to me. I loved being with you and your family that day in Iowa. Thank you for listening to my story.

Your Sister in Christ,

Gracia



A thought for the New Year inspired by Martin's log book...

Somehow, not
only for
Christmas,

But all the long
year through,

The joy that you
give to others,

Is the joy that
comes back to
you.

And the more
you spend in
blessing,

The poor and
lonely and sad,

The more of your
heart's
possessing,

Returns to you
glad.

- John Greenleaf Whittier

For Donations
The Martin & Gracia
Burnham Foundation
706 N. Lindenwood Dr.
Olathe KS 66062

Or donate online
www.graciaburnham.org

Visit us on the web
www.graciaburnham.org

I know it's crazy, but sometimes I get Martin's log books out just to see what he was doing on this day "way back when". Today's entry from 1992 was: "*Ulanguan – Malaybalay. Ron's last flight out.*"



Ron Lashuay is our friend who ministered in a remote village. He and his family had worked there for years when his wife, Sandy, started having crazy health issues. She came out to town and lived next door to us for some time while Ron continued in the village. It turns out that she had cancer and died shortly thereafter.

Memories came flooding back. Ron and Sandy. How we loved them! How we loved our work in the Philippines. Looking back on those days of long ago doesn't make me sad any longer. They used to. But now they make me smile. Reminders that we used to be involved in the best ministry ever!



I had to think of Martin's memo that day. "Ron's last flight out." We don't know when our last flight is going to be, do we? We have been given today. Today is all we have. And we can do whatever we want to with today. I want to make today count. I might not have tomorrow.

You non-pilots - this might be boring to you - but just had to add a few more "what Martin was doing today".

In 1989 – Tiwog – Nasuli. Flat tire landing.

In 1990 – Kauyunan - Cagayan. Medical emergency / child sick. Landing at sunset.

In 1994 – Nasuli - Nasuli. Dr. Melichor flights. Low clouds and rain.

In 1995 - Took Ostmans home. "Best landing in Bandahan ever" is his little note. He loved making good landings. :0)