

Remote Island Ministries

March/April
2025

MISSION: INDO-PACIFIC!

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"...I can't help but see it as an astral phenomenon that points the way to salvation."



Ship's Log: Why cross it?

—Glen Knight

DAY AFTER DAY, we watch the ocean that surrounds us. On every side and as far as one can see, the water lays long and wide, caressing the shores of distant continents and far-flung islands, nurturing the world's climate cycles and providing the means of life for all the earth, including mankind. This is home to us. Sometimes it's an uncomfortable and frightening home. Sometimes, it's peaceful and always, its beauty defies description. The ocean is fickle and dangerous. There are secrets it keeps and with courses made, she teases of their realities, seldom ever giving up the truth. Due respect is given on every hand as we voyage, knowing that we are not the masters of the wind and waves. We merely borrow the watery highway for a time and leave no lasting marks in our wake, taking what the wind will give on a random tack, praying all along and being thankful at the ends of the journeys. The innermost thoughts of living such a life, sometimes weigh heavy. But then the purpose of such living, lightens the heart in consideration of those who may hear the Good News.

I WATCHED the Southern Cross through the porthole of our cabin last night as we lay down to sleep. At anchor in a calm bay with the starlit sky overhead, that beautiful constellation seemed to have been peaking through the tiny window. I thought of mariners who have used it to find their way and how often even now, we do the same. And it is truly a cross. I can't help but see it as an astral phenomenon that points the Way to salvation. God has put His sign in the heavens and His Word in our hearts. And so, here we are with a task that compels us to brave the ocean environment that others may know the Way of Life.

WHY CROSS IT? There's just no other way to get to the other side. And what we find all along the sea lanes is an incredible adventure in God's grace!

—Glen & Summer Knight, Remote Island Ministries

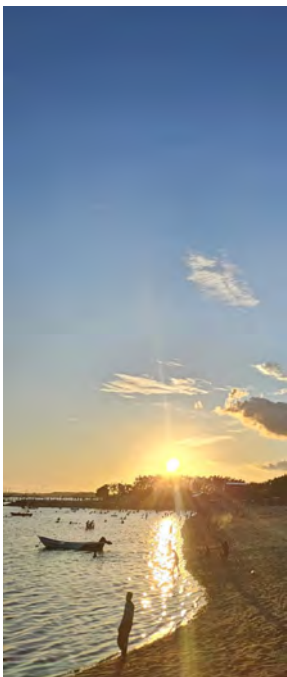


Local Scenes...



The boat here belongs to sweet friends of ours who are also sailing in Indonesia. They hail from Los Angeles, USA and like us, are very far from home!

"True faith transcends all cultural tradition."



The cacophony of cultural religion on this island is nearly overwhelming. We awakened just yesterday to the smell of incense burning over a mile away in the city on an island of over 20,000 temples. Aside from every new moon, and every full moon, there are hundreds of other holy days that are observed by the faithful followers of this traditional sect. The Nyepi celebration was just completed two weeks ago with its customary, "Day of Silence", the purpose of which is to trick the evil spirits into thinking that everyone on the island has moved away. Thus thinking, it is believed that the new year will be devoid of evil influences. There is One Who can so command the evil spirits. HE is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.



Another part of the mix is observed in the photo to the right. It is not proper for me to post photos of people, but the architecture speaks volumes. Here is one of the thousands of beautiful structures, most of which are extremely old, where people gather to pray, incessantly, day after day, invoking a blessing and guidance.

We desire that you pray for us that we might be a source of blessing and guidance, pointing people who will hear, to The Almighty. True faith transcends all cultural tradition.

Fishing. It's possibly the most enjoyable pastime of any nation of people. Young and old, big and small, men and women, boys and girls, can be seen everywhere we go, nets in hand or hooks and lines prepared—fishing. This is not a place where sport fishing is common. And the notion of catch and release, is absurd! What is gathered from the sea here, is taken home to feed a family. The boy at the right is doing just that. He must do his part, as he is one of five in his family and is the eldest. Indonesia is a family-oriented nation. One must admire their commitment to each other. This is a nation that God loves.



"The sun rises and sets each day over these 17,000 islands. There is possibly not a more beautiful place on earth than here, but at the same time, there is absolutely no other nation in the world that is racked by earthquakes, volcanoes and other natural disasters, like Indonesia. The time for us to travel among these islands is now. We don't know when it may end."

Around the ship...ANCHOR CHAIN!

THE BIG PROJECT for the past month has been to finally supply the ship with replacement chain and an anchor. Since we lost our starboard ground tackle in Ambon several months ago, we've been handicapped in our anchoring. Most anchorages here are deep, like in Ternate where we anchored in 150 feet of water. The portside anchor has only 300 feet of chain and that is insufficient. Finding the correct anchor chain for our windlass is a challenge, but we did find it through a dealer in Surabaya who had to order it for us. The new chain is actually a little more robust than the former at 16mm and is rated "G80" which has a working load of 8 tons. We were able to purchase 188 meters of this chain which gives us the ability to anchor in very deep water. The photo to the right shows the chain at delivery, being laid out on our deck by the crew. I am so thankful for this new chain!



The anchor that we lost in Ambon has been replaced with the one you can see at the left. This is a stockless ship anchor, like the one on our portside. These are the type that are best for a heavy vessel like NATIVA. The anchor, the swivel and connecting links weigh a total of 300 pounds. Opinions differ as to the effectiveness of this type anchor by comparison to other more modern types. I still prefer this heavy anchor and have learned how to deploy and set it from our ship. Call me "old school!"

Many thanks go to those of you who contributed to buy this new chain and anchor. We had exactly the amount of funding needed for the purchase. Praise The Lord!

The crewmen in the photo here are painting depth markings on the chain. Each white link represents 100 feet of depth. The red just makes it more beautiful! By counting the links when working the rode, we can see the anchor's depth to determine our scope.



"There is another sea to cross. There are other people to meet and cultures to study. There are still histories to understand. And there are smiles to drink in, and laughter to share; there are tears to dry, and most of all, hearts to touch with hope. There are names to learn which we have not known, but The Lord knows them, each and every one. So, we will go." —gk

It was our pleasure to have Brent, Tammi and the kids visit us from Australia in March! This was the first time we'd been together since they left the ship in Palau three years ago. The photo above includes Juli, taken here on the ship. It's amazing how the children have grown!



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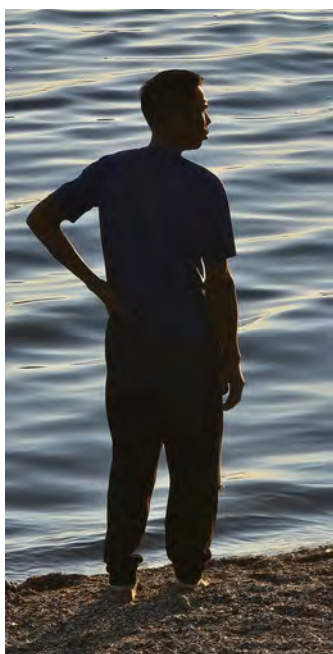
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...Reaching people on the edge!



"NATIVA at anchor, Banda Sea, Indonesia"

Many relics of history are found on the islands of the Banda Sea. At one time this was the most sought after location in the world. It was the area that Columbus had hoped to find when he landed in the Americas. It was also the place the navigator, Ferdinand Magellan was seeking. The Spice Wars were fought here. The Dutch conquered and ruled these islands. And they remain today, one of the least evangelized areas of the world. It is not that there is no religion. What is needed is the gospel message.

Closing thoughts: A Faithful Crewman

—Glen Knight

We are remembering our friend and fellow seaman, Antonio Cierva who passed away two years ago at this time. Tony was a good man, a husband and father, and a faithful crewman aboard NATIVA. From the time of his passing, due to stroke in the Port of Koror, Palau, until now, we have not had as good a fellow helper aboard the ship. The photo at the right is a collage depicting Tony aboard the ship while at anchor on a voyage, doing what he loved best—fishing. We miss Tony's gentleness, his humor and his skill on the job and pray for his sweet wife, Onie, and her children in the Philippines. God bless the many memories we have of our dear friend.



"He said he stood, waiting day after day, looking out to sea and wondering when, or even if anyone would ever come to their island. He'd lived there all of his life. Before, there were many people but in time, some had died while others had ventured to sea in their small boats, hoping to make landfall on the larger island, north. But now, only he and his family remained..." —Memoirs, gk