



Reminiscing Happy Times

Today, when Alaska descends into cold and dark, I am looking through my photo archives and remembering some of the happy times of the past. Times when we could hold Vacation Bible Schools (VBS), day camps, and church building projects in the villages. We are praying that the pandemic will ease, and we can pursue our ministry efforts safely once again.

The above picture shows a group of Shungnak children who are enjoying a craft class at Vacation Bible School. This event was likely one of the high points of their summer. Vacation Bible School is one of the few opportunities for these kids to learn about Jesus in an increasingly secular culture that is rapidly becoming post-Christian.

Prayer Request

Please help us by continuing to support the efforts to pursue the gospel commission. In Matthew 24:14 it states, “And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.”

Thank You!

We wish to thank the donors who steadfastly give of their means to continue the support of the ongoing effort to seek out the honest hearted seekers of God in all the cultures of Alaska.

Scripture of the Month

In Acts 5:42 it tells us, “And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.”

God bless you all,

Jim and Linda Kincaid



Jim Kincaid, and his wife, Linda, are your AWA Missionaries stationed at AWA's Alaska Mission Base

Tell Me the Story of Jesus

*Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word.
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.
Tell how the angels in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed His birth.
“Glory to God in the highest!
Peace and good tidings to earth.”*

Refrain: *Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word.
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.*

*Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that are past.
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrow He bore.
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.
(Refrain)*

*Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell how He liveth again.
Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.
(Refrain)*

—Fanny Crosby