

A man wearing a yellow t-shirt, a blue beanie, and a backpack is standing on a mountain ridge. He is smiling and waving his right hand. The background shows a vast, green mountain range under a cloudy sky.

# Stepping Up

Why  
*Living To Love*  
Is The Coolest Thing  
In The World

**Bob Mulloy**  
with Cito Casquite

***Stepping Up***  
Why *Living To Love*  
Is The Coolest Thing In The World

A brief biography  
of  
Roldan Regasajo  
(January 12, 1981- August 13, 2005)  
a  
Super Son  
of  
Davao City, Mindanao  
in  
Beautiful  
Beautiful  
Beautiful  
Philippines

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**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:**

Roldan's gracious family: dad Romulo, mom Corazon,  
sisters Ritz and Kathy, and brother Roy Mark; and

Cito's (nickname for Mansueto) dad, Nestor, needing  
prayer to **see and hear** again; and

Scott and Janet Willis, whose six children went Home  
so early. We love you; and

Bob's southern Belle wife, Mary; goldilocks sweet  
daughter, Amy; and the fastest running and talking  
young man around, Greg; and

Each and every Filipino, including those one million  
serving abroad to support your dear families at home.  
You are *the best* that God has given to the world.

The authors of Stepping Up are happy if any portion of this book would be  
used or reproduced for the any good purpose, anywhere. Your questions,  
comments, and complaints are welcome, and may be sent to  
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“Jesus said,

‘I am the one who raises the dead to life!

Everyone who has faith in me will live,

even if they die.

*And everyone who lives because of faith in me*

*will*

*never*

*really*

*die.’ ”*

(John 11:25,26)

## FOREWORD

In his junior year in biology at USEP, Roldan told his mom this story about an old fisherman.

When the man had caught enough fish for his daily food, he'd stop fishing and walk home. Once somebody chastised him, saying, "Heah, fool, you should fish more, sell the extra at the market, and get rich! Then you'd be happy."

The old man's response was simple "Why should I do that? I'm already happy."

At age 18, Roldan was already happy. (Matthew 6:25-34).

As the world's richest man, Bill Gates is supposedly worth billions of shekels. Not Roldan. He's worth infinitely MORE THAN that.

Roldan wasn't anywhere near perfect, but he inspires us. Maybe something in this small book will do the same for you, our new friend.

Life  
Is  
Not  
A  
Problem  
To  
Be  
Solved,  
But  
A  
Gift  
To  
Be  
Enjoyed !

"I came so that everyone would have life,  
and have it fully."

JESUS (John 10:10)

## Hello, Beautiful !!!

How would you describe Mother Theresa to your five-year old nephew? You could say, “She was like Jesus”, but that’s no good if your nephew hasn’t met Him.

Roldan was like Jesus. None of us could have known that August 12, 2005 would be Roldan’s last. NO problem...he lived that day the same way that he lived every day: full of grace and guts, smiles and songs, reverence and romanticism.

He was up at 7 a.m. It was a cool Friday, including basketball in the afternoon, followed by praise-dancing at a youth rally, then hanging out with his dad until midnight when he fainted, hit his head, and went Home. He was only 24 years old.

A thousand people (almost) said: “He was my best friend”. He chose wisely, treasuring people more than prosperity, truth more than tradition, and mercy more than merit.

He never bought into religion. He was just “big” on God, making him big on people. His candle isn’t famous or brilliant, but it is lit, and will never burn out. Maybe something in this book could inspire you.

If Roldan could text, phone, or email you from Heaven, he’d say: HI! You know, YOU’RE SO BEAUTIFUL, because you’re made in God’s image, and YOU’RE SO BELOVED and infinitely valuable to the scarred One of Heaven and earth. Don’t ever forget the old, new, and good news: **God loves you so much !!!**

**“God**  
did  
not  
keep  
back  
his  
own  
son,

but he **gave** him for us.

If God did this,  
won’t he **freely give** us everything else?

If God says his chosen ones are acceptable to him,  
can anyone bring charges against them?

Or can anyone condemn them?

**No indeed!...”**

Romans 8:32-34a

## Clueless And Cluey

Roldan was very *cool* . Sometimes he was “clueless” about time. That’s lovely in life, but not *before* birth! He was overdue.

Mom Regasajo needed oxygen to survive. When he was finally ready, Roldan dropped in with long fingernails, weighing 6 pounds and 15 ounces. It was a banner day for Davao City (well, for his family): January 12, 1981.



He was baptized on February 15, 1981, by Father Amado Picardal at the Mother of Perpetual Help Church in Bajada, Davao City.

At age three, Roldan put newspaper in his nose, no doubt protesting snooty politicians.

Later, he tuned in to a radio program of a healing preacher who advised all sick listeners to “put your right hand on the radio and your left hand on the pain”. Roldan followed those instructions, unaware that his mother had just walked into the room. She said: “It was 5 a.m. and I saw him doing those hand motions, so we headed to the nearest clinic. The doctor found the headlines in his nose and did the extract. No problem.”

Roldan did his Elementary grades 1-4 at Davao Christian High School, and grades 5-6 at Hizon Elementary School in Pampanga, Lanang. Writing left-handed was just one of many ways that he was atypical. But he was a typical boy, loving lunch and recess as his favorite subjects.



Age 6, at UCCP Paaralang Pag-asa Hizon Elementary graduation



He was inspired by the truth of his First Communion and Confirmation, both at St. Joseph The Worker Parish in Sasa. The Master Carpenter and King of Kings was already at work in young Roldan’s spirit, soul, and body.

Roldan was a tall guy. At sixteen, he was already six feet (with his shoes on). He was also a smart guy. On his high school entrance exam in 1993, Roldan was “second from top” of all applicants at the University of South-Eastern Philippines (USEP) in Obrero, Davao City.

## **That Fabulous Family**

Roldan was too cool because of his fun family. Feel free to visit them anytime, not just on All Saints, Christmas and Easter, as long as you take along ten sacks of durian.

His dad: Romulo Restauro Regasajo was born on June 19, 1947 in Talisay, Cebu.

His mom: Corazon Santillan was born on June 9, 1952 in Bantayan Island, Cebu.

They fell MADLY IN LOVE and were married on Sept. 24, 1977 at San Antonio Parish church in Agdao, Davao City. Having turned 30 a few months before, Romulo had had enough Chippys and was ready for fresh adobo!

Romulo is “understanding” according to his wife. He earned his BS in commerce, works in marketing, and hopes to retire someday. If you buy a million copies of this book he would retire today.

Corazon lives up to her name (“heart” in Spanish). She earned a BS in commerce and was a trusted bank employee until 1998 when she retired early. She is “smart and conservative” according to her husband. Her heart shows up in that sunny smile, sweeter than all the sugar in Negros.

God saw the goodness of their marriage and honored them with four precocious protege who’ve become beloved friends. They are Ritz, Roldan, Roy Mark, and Kathrina.



Roy, Ritz, Roldan, and Kathy (front)

Ritz is the oldest, wisest and richest! (Sorry, I can’t give you her cell.) She was born in Davao City at “a young age”. And she’s still so young; (she bribed me to say that).

Roldan is the firstborn son and first to go nuts for Davao durian.

Roy Mark was born in Davao. He gets his good looks from his dad and conservatism from his mom; (his mom still has her good looks). As a computer engineering grad, he’s doing great with DC Tech.

Kathrina “Kathy” was also born in Davao. Her dad says she’s “caring and brave”, which shows everyday as she handles the family sari-sari. Roldan was really sweet to her. Maybe that’s how she became an animal lover... passing the love along.

## God's Lottery Winner

Roldan was forever blessed to be born a Filipino. Lucky guy!

His sweet Catholic family showered him with love, and guaranteed sacramental birthrights of baptism, confession, communion, and confirmation. Such was his rich heritage. That was his solid rock foundation, his springboard, his platform. And God built on it. (Romans 6:23 and 8:1)

Roldan was addicted to life. He couldn't get enough of it. He was upbeat. He was joy incarnate, a romantic, an idealist and a truth seeker. So, when USEP classmate John Japos invited him to attend Bible study, he thought he'd just won God's lottery!

Through group and personal Bible study, Roldan came to the Lord. He fell in love with Jesus all over again, at age sixteen. When his peers headed off for noisy cockfights, Roldan headed for quiet time in the Word. As God's adopted child, he felt like the richest man in the world, with Heaven's winning ticket!

The Scriptures began to fortify Roldan's life. Though still plagued with physical and financial challenges, Roldan had a new kind of happiness that he had never experienced before. "The joy of the Lord" was often overwhelming. You could see him dancing during worship, including the worship service four hours before he died, above Shakey's on Duterte Street. Song and dance became his modus operandi and ad infinitum answer to life's challenges, encapsulated in the chorus he sung that last night at Shakey's: "I'm trading my sorrows for the joy of the Lord."

"Anyone

who

belongs

to

Christ

is

a

new

person."

(2 Cor. 5:17a)

## The Collegial Collegian

Roldan was everybody's best friend.

Top of the list: Dominick John Japos and Aaron Atanoza, going back to those four years (1997-2001) at USEP, majoring in biology. As the threesome traversed campus, they were hailed as "small, medium and extra large".

John was the smartest: he came to Christ first. He was also the shortest on campus, but longest on accomplishing Herculean tasks that most people only imagine. Discipling Roldan is his lasting legacy. THANKS, JOHN. Your labor in the Lord is not in vain; 1 Cor. 15:58.



Aaron has the quickest smile. He's melted the heart of hundreds of women in the twinkling of an eye. He's also a New Testament version of David the psalmist, and is an anointed worship leader. Don't be surprised if he starts leading intergalactic music tours 100 years from now.

Like all growing friendships, these three had conflicts; but they were committed to each other. Roldan typically took the lead in reconciling.

On one occasion, when John was the student Governor in the College of Arts and Sciences (and Roldan was his vice), John was distracted so Roldan had to move fast. The 'college' was responsible to join a chorale competition. Their class WON the competition but Roldan felt that John hadn't represented the college well and said, "Next time, please let me know." John accepted the constructive criticism, knowing that "Iron sharpens iron, so a man the countenance of his friend." (Proverbs 27:17)

Aaron was impressed by Roldan's generosity. Once Aaron said, "Roldan couldn't hide his money. Whenever someone needed cash, Roldan gave it to him."

Another USEP friend was Hamir Achacoso, who is also six feet tall with shoes on and no haircut! They were the campus "Twin Towers". On one occasion, they were planning a dinner for all student leaders of campus fellowships. Hamir suggested eating at McDonald's or Victoria Plaza to royally celebrate the uniqueness of the event. Roldan agreed in principle, but suggested "cheap restaurants" instead because the lower price might attract more students who typically had empty pockets. Hamir consented. Their camaraderie brought more students to that dinner than had ever attended a USEP fellowship.

People respected Roldan because he "spoke the truth in love" (Ephesians 4:15). He seemed to achieve this balance where most fail.

Roldan knew that the truth hurts sometimes, so he was careful to patiently communicate in love, according to the reminder of the apostle Paul, that even if we give our bodies to be burned, or if we have faith to move mountains, but lack love, all our so-called “service” is a big, fat cipher; (1 Corinthians 13).

At the same time, Roldan was a truth-teller. He called a spade a spade. While at USEP, there were occasions when Hamir noticed that Roldan became impatient with verbosity and political haggling. “So much has been said about this” was his articulatory response. In some circles, Roldan then became known as “Mr. So Much”.

John 3:16 is the most famous Scripture in the world.

We know that one.

We like that one.

1 John 3:16 isn't famous.

We don't know it.

Maybe we don't like it.

Roldan seemed to like it.

**“We know what love is  
because Jesus gave His life for us.  
That's why we must give our lives for each other.”**

## Living To Love

Nestled in the grandiose Marco Polo Hotel was All Nations Christian Fellowship. The “All Nations” family loved Roldan. That was easy.

He loved us too. Everybody was somebody. Our romance started over a Bible study one Wednesday evening in 1999.

Since then, he danced his way into our souls, forever smiling, singing, coaching the outreach basketball team, feeding street kids at Magsaysay Park, feeding humble pie to the pastors (by whipping them in ping-pong), buying supplies, mailing letters, decorating, painting, cleaning day to day, inspiring the Young Adults every Friday night with his big brother kindness, passing out vitamins on Saturdays to the church neighbors, then on Sunday...arranging chairs, greeting folks at the door, preparing communion elements, ushering, operating the projector and LCD, giving offering thoughts, collecting offerings, money-counting, etc.

Roldan’s love covered the multitude of sinners. He knew we were not a museum of pretty people, but a rescue mission for needy ones. No problem.

Roldan served with me (Bob) as a part-time missionary associate, many times doing a better job of loving my 7-year old son (Greg) than I did. On one occasion, the world’s finest wife (Mary) bought him a two-meter rocket launcher. Greg, our gregarious African-American son, asked me several times that afternoon to show him how to launch it. I never heard him; I was too busy. As I was leaving for work the next day, he walked me to the gate, asking if I had time to launch it then. I said “No”. Just as his face was falling to ground zero, Roldan appeared out of nowhere. (Yup, that’s a Godsend.)



Roldan was ecstatic with the rocket. As I mistily walked away, I heard those two VERY young men launching the rocket and whooping it up as if it were New Year’s Eve! The dam burst.

I cursed my workaholicism that stole every second of free time, but I blessed my Creator for sending an awesome Filipino angel to fly with my son. In the mix of 'prison and praise' tears, the latter won out!

What's he up to in Heaven?

I wouldn't be surprised to find out that Roldan is leading a parade of children, players, singers, and dancers AT THIS VERY MOMENT.

And I'd bet that zillions of angels are standing on their wingtips, looking to see if there are any other Roldans in the area.

“Jesus said,  
‘I promise you this:  
  
If  
you  
don't  
change  
  
and  
become  
like  
a  
child,  
  
you will never get  
into the kingdom of heaven.’ ”  
  
(Matthew 18:3)

## Serving Living Stones

Roldan treasured street urchins. In 2001, he began serving as a part-time volunteer with missionaries Peter and Gwen Bollant in reaching out to the 3000+ street children of Davao City.

Since 1984, Bollants had been serving in Mindanao in evangelism and Bible teaching, but had limited contact with drug addicts, many of whom lived under bridges and began glue-sniffing at age five. That changed after two desperate teens broke into their Davao home in 1999 and stabbed Peter. Bollants subsequently founded the Living Stones Network of Hope Foundation, claiming 1 Peter 2:5 as a vision and mission statement.

Roldan served as a LS volunteer, teaching computer literacy to walk-in street kids, reading bedtime stories to children who were abandoned at the orphanage, as well as handling twelve-hour shifts when LS staffers were sick or had other emergencies.

He was an ace rat-hunter. The first orphanage was strategically located on Bonifacio Street, but in a short time a Burger Machine parked in front. That was fine for a fast lunch, but vivacious vermin had annual conferences there every night! This made the ministry 'extra' challenging for our house mom, Mila, as well as Roldan and other volunteers. When they bagged 21 rats IN ONE DAY, Mila said: "Enough!" Sure enough, within a few days the Lord provided a huge home and yard in a beautiful, pastoral neighborhood in Matina, minus the Machines!

For Roldan, that Champaca house was like 'Daddy-Day-and-Night Care'. During the mornings, he made market runs, held babies, changed diapers, serenaded Nehemiah (our cerebral palsy child), did carpentry repairs, and gardening. When the seven school boys arrived home around 4pm, he played nintendo while they chilled, or shot some hoops with the older boys, and then tutored those having a hard time with homework.

The LS president, Dante Montenegro, esteemed Roldan as an intractable asset to the orphanage, adding laughter on those 'bad-hair' days. On one occasion, Dante noticed that Roldan was wearing his red, blue, and yellow Superman shirt and asked, "Why is Superman wearing that shirt today?" Roldan said, "As you can see, it's two sizes too small. I'm wearing it because it accentuates my muscles!"



Breaking bread with the children.

## **Winning Big !**

Roldan was cool, but he wasn't a couch potato.

He loved playing soccer at USEP, despite the hot sun. Some people wondered if he was a camel in disguise, able to stay hydrated for so long. (That myth disappeared after he fainted during a ROTC activity.)

He loved to play sports with kids, including marbles, Nintendo, cards, chess, wall-climbing, and especially soccer on Telstar street in Doña Vicenta with his African-American fan, Greg Mulloy.

In the ANCF family, "busy-bee-and-PBA-could-be-but-don't-wannabe" Peter Bollant ruled the roost until Roldan arrived, producing some holy sweat in basketball while John Japos readily surrendered the table-tennis throne.

He loved to coach basketball for the ANCF team playing at Matina GSIS, as well as referee at Faith Academy in Marfori, the Deaf Ministries Int'l in Bangkal, and the Maa DSWD GHG games at Woodridge.

Roldan played to play. THAT made him a winner. He won friends, life, love, everything that really matters.

He didn't need more points than the opponent in order to be happy. THINK about it! Who would remember "the score" 100 years from now? Nobody. Who would remember, 100 years from now, that Roldan loved people more than points? Everybody.

Roldan enjoyed billiards with his father, which was his last earthly joy. Not many humans are given the honor of chilling with dad as the final event in our world tour.

Bittersweet though it was for Romulo Regasajo, it was nonetheless a divine gift. Cherish that treasure, dad! You can be so proud of your son.

## Booze, Butts, And Babes

Roldan was a *normal* guy. His blood was red, just like yours!

In 1999, Roldan's family built an attic extension to their house. That became Roldan's hangout, oasis, and prayer closet all in one! It also served as an occasional watering hole for caballeros.

After graduating with a B.S. in biology from USEP, his father thought he was too thin, so he advised Roldan to fill up on high carbohydrate drinks to add some weight and muscle. Cool command! Roldan was delighted with dad on this one, especially if dad paid. Roldan tried *San Miguel* but switched to *Red Horse*. (He loved animals).

It never became a habit. It was just something to do on occasion, atop the Regasajo house but still under the starry canopy. Roldan enjoyed some gulps with close friends, including neighbor Tom Abenis. They loved talking the night away, putting a *Red Horse* away, and kicking some butts away (the tobacco kind).

Roldan believed the ad: "*Cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health*". He rarely smoked, since he had enough health challenges, and liked to stay in shape for basketball. Besides, cigarette was pretty pricey, and he could think of lots of other fun things to do with his limited cash.

"Roldan and women" makes an intriguing review. He never had a steady girlfriend. (They love restaurants so much!) As a Christian brother to more than a dozen young women at All Nations, he was a sterling example of integrity. He modeled the biblical injunction to "treat the younger women as sisters in all purity"; (1 Tim. 5:2).

Girls would run to him as a big brother. He consoled them when broken-hearted, listened to their problems, respected them, and laughed with them at dumb jokes. Cathy Emmons recalls that her birthday fell on a Sunday a few years ago. She casually but hopefully mentioned it to Roldan as she and her friends Jojo and Dammy were leaving church. Nobody had any money, so Roldan said, "Let's just eat at my house", which they happily did. Thankfully, his mom is a fast and gracious cook, living up to her name, Corazon. Otherwise, cardiac arrest could have occurred anytime!

He had crushes now and then. On one occasion, he was lined up with the Christmas choir, preparing to enter the sanctuary. Suddenly his new crush showed up and he went nuts. He told Ellen that he had to "go say Hi to my new crush". He broke formation, made his way to the young woman, and spoke briefly with her. In the meantime, the choir had already filed into the position at the front of the sanctuary. Roldan tried to join them a minute later, bending his six-foot frame halfway to the floor, trying to look inconspicuous. No Way! He would have succeeded if any the choir members were amazons or goliaths. The moment he got to his position and stood straight up, he was like a flagpole. All he could do was grin.

After spending March to May '05 in Manila, Roldan returned to Davao and promptly took several young women to dinner. Those were fun dates to say, "Hi. I'm here. How are you?" Those lucky princesses included Tonette Tato, Diane Suelto, Ellen Domag, G-belle Huelar, and Mae Anne Lu, the latter being his classmate back in grade 2 elementary school.



Hutch, Tonette, Roldan, and Farrah

There are just three types of people in the world:  
People who make things happen.  
People who watch things happen.  
And people who wonder, "What happened?"

Roldan made things happen, including interesting photo ops.

"Always be glad because of the Lord!  
I will say it again:  
Be glad."

(Written by the imprisoned apostle Paul; Philippians 4:4)

## The Servant Leader

Growing up in a devout home, Roldan knew that a man is only as good as his word.

He learned that God is really good.

So, he readily accepted Jesus' guarantee that "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words will never pass away." As a child, it sounded so good, so he believed it. As a university student, he reasoned, "God said it. That settles it, whether I believe it or not. So, I believe. Life is more fun this way anyhow." Roldan maintained that childlike faith and spiritual metamorphosis continued.

He accepted the Bible at face value, the living word of God, "alive and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword" (Hebrews 4:12).

He wasn't seminary-trained, but embraced every opportunity to study and share God's word. He earnestly prayed, read scripture, then waited for a word from the Lord. His teaching was organized, soft-spoken, enthusiastic, and encouraging. Thankfully, he never delivered a 'sermon', just messages from the Lord.

When he was a boy, his folks called him Dan-dan. Many of his close friends called him Dan. It's no surprise that ROLDAN loved the book of DANiel. He often unearthed buried treasures there that he'd pass on to us.

According to Old Testament history, Daniel (the Hebrew name meaning "God is my judge") was a high-ranking government official who never allowed his position to corrupt him. He served in the administration of four different kings and often had to STAND ALONE as God's sole light in the darkness.

"Dan" Regasajo learned to do the same, whether living for the Lord in Davao City or beyond. He didn't major in math, but knew that God and one person is a majority. He walked with the Lord and was prepared to stand alone when necessary.

Yet, by DNA, he was a groupie. God used him many times in bringing the message of hope to teens at the DSWD shelter in Maa. Roldan was a viable part of our ministry team there for three years that saw over 100 young people to Christ.

After the Davao River flooded on January 4, 2002, Roldan assisted in distributing food and blankets to forty-four squatter families in San Rafael. Many of them had nothing even BEFORE the flood! Now some had lost their will to live. A week later Roldan helped to start the first Sunday School for them, down by the Davao riverside. He taught them of God's love. A few weeks later he taught them that the sweetest Valentine was Jesus who loved them enough to die in their place. Despair disappeared when Roldan introduced Jesus.

## **YWAM Escapades**

In November 2002, YWAM (Youth With A Mission) received Roldan in its six-month Discipleship Training School (DTS). Davao City is so fortunate to have this cutting edge magnanimous ministry! On the first day, everybody was naturally nervous. Not Roldan. He started conversations with all the new arrivals. He was very thoughtful and accommodating.

During the first three months of DTS, led by Patrick and Ineke Elashuk, Roldan showed himself to be exciting and trustworthy company. He was a good student in Bible, cross-cultural skills, and most of all, PEOPLE. He was an excellent communicator and could instantly spot anyone who was having a hard time.

In January 2003, YWAM needed to send a team to serve for two months in Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand and Laos. All fifty students wanted to go but funds were limited. About that time, Roldan had a dream of a pomelo that was cut in half. He related that to Elashuks who then divided the students into groups to bond together and seek God's counsel. Within a few days, Roldan and eight other students had the finances they needed and the conviction that the Lord wanted them to go.

Headed by Lydia Noblejas (R.N.), they served three weeks at the Orphelinat Phum government orphanage in Vietnam, then three weeks in Cambodia, three weeks at the Mercy International home in Thailand, and a final week in Laos.

Lydia said, "Roldan was so much fun. Laughter seemed to come out of his pores. He loved to play with children everywhere, especially a young Thai girl named Sanya, who was dying of AIDS." Sanya's caregiver was Naomi Woolhouse, an Australian missionary at Mercy. Hour after hour, Roldan and Naomi sang lullabies to the children. Nobody got tired singing or listening!

In Vientiane, Laos, the team went on a 'prayer ride' driving around the city on five Honda motorbikes, two people per bike. As Joshua and the Israelites walked around Jericho daily for seven days, so this courageous team determined to drive around this huge city daily for seven days. Praying, and of course enjoying the sights. One day Roldan drove through a Buddhist monastery three times. He was on a roll!

There were a few challenges. Once Roldan entered a one-way street (the wrong way) which may not have mattered, except that it had a police post. A police officer stopped them and required immediate payment of the fine. The next day Engimar's bike got a flat tire, then Lydia's bike. Each time brought the police to survey the situation. While one flat was being fixed, Roldan's bike ended up with three people on it which was also a traffic violation that caught somebody's attention! All in all, these hearty YWAMers did a lot of praying.

Stand by to hear the results after we get to Heaven! In the meantime, they also met a lot of people, especially police.

Amazingly, all nine made it back safely to Davao City. When the session ended in April 2003, Roldan encouraged everyone in the batch to keep in touch with one another no matter how far away they lived. He was that kind of guy.

A few months after Roldan's death, I asked Lydia what she thought Roldan was doing in Heaven. She said : " I'm sure he's having fun, because he's a fun guy."

“Jesus said to his disciples,  
‘Don’t  
be  
worried!  
Have  
Faith  
In  
God,  
And  
Have  
Faith  
In  
Me.’

There are many rooms in my Father's house.

I wouldn't tell you this, unless it was true.  
I'm going there to prepare a place for each of you.”

JESUS (John 14:1-2)

## **Surviving Mt. Apo** (by ANCFer, Joseph Rom)

Roldan and I (Joseph) were enchanted by Mt. Apo, Mindanao's highest peak; climbing it brought us back to reality.

At my November '03 invite, he agreed to climb with me, bringing along fellow ANCFer Farrah Estrella and two of her friends. She wanted to prove to her boyfriend and brothers that she could reach the peak! We were all excited! It's not Mt. Everest, but it's still big!

Upon reaching Makilala highway we got motorcycle rides, with several riders on the back of the two-wheeler. We soon reached the first village at the foot of Mt. Makalangit to spend the night. The next day we walked to 'Mt. Zion', rested a few hours, then continued on before making camp the second night.

We cheered each other up, joking about Roldan being superman and flying to the top. But Farrah said he was a skinny superman. At one point, he was ahead and offered her a hand, but she said: "Not you. Not you. I need a strong superman. You might drop me!"

The Boy Scouts say, "be prepared". We weren't. Once the sun went down (something that never dawned on us) the first crucible was the cold. It was bone crunching. The four of us, including Farrah, squeezed together inside one tent. Like frozen vegetables.

At dawn we continued up, but soon the climb was torture. Our heels, knees, bones, joints, skin...everything hurt. Then the food ran out, and we got freaked by all the cliffs, ravines, thorny plants, slippery steps, and scary heights. This was NO Sunday stroll in the mall!

Roldan kept us moving. He lit the flame in me. It was his friendship that got me to the top. All the tiredness and fear of heights dissolved when we reached the pinnacle. We shouted our excitement!



Soon the sun disappeared again; (it kept doing that). That night was the worst. But freezing endured for just a night, then joy came in the morning! After breakfast we headed down.

Unfortunately, our route was long and dangerous. Farrah was starting to get fatigued. Dusk settled in while the road was still far off in the horizon. Fear and worry set in. (Mommy!) No lights. No food. No energy. Our bodies were spent and our feet were covered with heavy mud. Hunger was intense and thirst unquenchable. Roldan challenged us not to quit. It worked. One by one we eventually arrived at a small house where we fainted for the night.

The sun rose so early the next morning. It wasn't fair! We needed more sleep; (about three weeks). We were so tired. We couldn't get up! But then we realized that we still had twelve hours to walk and then cross the cold rocky river. So we walked and prayed and walked and prayed. In late afternoon we reached a village where a municipal mayor interrogated us forever, then finally let us go. From there we easily made it back to Davao, glad for the experience, but wishing someone had paid us a million pesos for the exercise.

For me, it was worth all the hardship because of Roldan's companionship. He was so skilled and merciful in motivating everyone. He CAUSED us to succeed. Failure was not an option.

We are so blessed that the Good Shepherd sent this young shepherd to love us, and lead us, if only for that short time.

You, LORD, are my shepherd.  
I will never be in need.  
You let me rest in fields of green grass.  
You lead me to streams of peaceful water,  
and you refresh my life.

You are true to your name,  
and you lead me along the right paths.  
I may walk through valleys as dark as death,  
but I won't be afraid.  
You are with me,  
and your shepherd's rod makes me feel safe.

You treat me to a feast  
while my enemies watch.  
You honor me as your guest,  
and you fill my cup until it overflows.  
Your kindness and love will always be with me  
each day of my life,  
and I will live forever in your house, LORD.

(Psalm 23)

## Being Salt And Light

In 2004, Roldan joined the Young Adults team to central Mindanao to minister to Muslim background believers. The team was led by John Japos, Aaron Atanoza, and Pastor Jan Drayer.

While enroute, pastor Jan noticed “shades Roldan” stretched out in the van, smiling and relishing this new adventure. Upon arrival at the camp, the believers went to him like bees to honey.

During the contextualized worship service Roldan joined the men in wearing a Muslim hat and sarong. Roldan preached on perseverance. Afterwards, John said, “Roldan put his heart into it. As a relationship guy, Roldan’s personality was reflected in his teaching style. The people here were so glad we came.”

On Feb. 3-5, ‘05, Roldan led the ANCF young adults in a medical outreach to the Matigsalog tribe in the mountainous district of Marilog.

On the last day, he preached on identity in Christ. In the midst of economic and environmental challenges, Roldan wanted that final message to echo long afterwards, assuring those believers that they were children of the King! So good to BELONG to Him!



Roldan ministering to the Matigsalog children.

**People don’t care what you know,  
until they know that you care.**

Roldan really cared,  
and they knew it.

## The Manila Moment

Roldan was eagle-eyed; (maybe because he was so tall!)

Once his university days were done, he “beat the bushes” to help his family financially, including selling tuna flakes, and Dakki products (pillows, shirts, etc). He got the tuna flakes through his sister, and the Dakki through his mom.

Like many graduates in Mindanao, Roldan was hopeful that Manila would be fertile ground to produce a good job. In this regard, he didn’t dream grandiose dreams. His motive was simple: he wanted to help his family.

Through Davao recruiters, Roldan applied for a job with the People Support call center of Makati. He passed the application exam and headed to Manila in March 2005.

It was hard for us at All Nations to say goodbye. Pastor Jan Drayer felt it keenly, believing that Roldan “...could be in fulltime ministry, as he had a genuine love for God and people.” But we let him go, knowing that God had a plan.

Roldan thrived in the metro. He relished the adventure, despite the city’s challenges (like breathing the air). His job was to provide technical assistance to callers from the USA. Because of the time difference, he worked nights, which was perfect for him, a bright-eyed night owl even at 3 a.m.. His English proficiency was sky high, so it was a good fit.

However, the job was short-lived. As a final step in the application process, a medical exam was required at Philippine General Hospital. Unfortunately, the results suggested that he had tuberculosis. His employer advised him to rest, regain his strength, and then retake the medical exam. Soon after (in Davao) he was tested for TB. Thankfully, results were negative.

He soon (mid-May) returned home. Instead of being gone from Davao for two years, it was just two months. A few days after arriving, Roldan showed up unannounced at All Nations on a Wednesday evening. Wanting to surprise everybody, he tiptoed through the hall and suddenly jumped out! We were shocked. We thought he was still off in Makati, assisting callers from halfway around the world. But here he was! Grinning from ear to ear. We were too. It was totally awesome to see him again.



ANCF Young Adults in June '05, with “glasses Roldan”.

## Footloose And Forever Free

It was a Sunday morning service, two weeks before he died. In the middle of the sermon, I looked across the audience (which you're not supposed to do) and saw Roldan WEARING A HAT IN CHURCH (which you're not supposed to do).

I was wrong, and pharisaic, the same motive that nailed Jesus.

WHY did Roldan wear his hat in church?

Some people thought he did it so that, in case the homily was boring, he could just tilt his hat down so that no one would know that he was in zzzzzzzzzzzland. I doubt it, because ANCF pastors rarely "give sermons". They give messages from the Lord. Roldan was like a sponge, soaking them in.

One person wondered if maybe Roldan wore hats and different shirts of DAKKI brand because he wanted to be a walking talking ad, helping his mom in the business. He loved his mom, no doubt. But modeling during the message? I don't think so.

So then, why...? We know the reason: he was FREE. He ate, slept, drank, sang, and danced the promises of Emancipator of the Universe, Jesus, the Liberator-Lover of all time and space, his personal Savior. Roldan had won the divine lottery! He was experiencing the guarantee that Jesus gave to 1<sup>st</sup> century believers: "You will know the truth and the truth will set you free." (John 8:32)

So, hat or no hat in 'church' is NOT the issue.

God doesn't lie. He always tells us the truth, feeds us with His word, and sets us free. It's not complicated.

A million times we've heard the words of Jesus..."Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God"; (Matthew 4:4). The difference between Roldan and most of us is that we've only HEARD the words of Jesus; Roldan DEVoured them and was never hungry again. Spiritually, he ate well. So, he lived well.

I envy him.

## The Beginning's End

Roldan was a bondservant. Pierced forever; (Exodus 21: 5, 6).

Roldan spent his final day as he had lived. He was relaxed and regal, artsy and articulate, sporty and starving, playful and prayerful. It was a perfect day! August 12, 2005.

He was up at 7 a.m., preparing to come to work. Just a few days before, he'd signed a contract to work with the Mulloys for twenty hours a week. But on this morning, I (Bob) realized at 7:30 a.m. that I didn't have any urgent jobs that day, so I called him saying 'no need to come'. He was delighted for a day off.

He spent the morning chillin' at home, and then a couple hours hanging with his longtime friend and neighbor, Mark Joseph. At 4 pm he left for some hoops at the Nova Tierra court a block away. Back home by 6 pm, he showered, devoured some rice, and headed to the Friday fellowship slated for 7:30 pm.

But this was an UNusual night. The ANCF young adults were invited to worship with a new fellowship that met on Duterte Street. Over a hundred people showed up. Roldan was late because he mistakenly went to Chickies and Patties where a different youth group always meets. He texted Aaron Atanoza, asking, "Where are you?" Aaron laughed and said, "Not Chickies, but Shakeys, with the Jesus Is *Amazing* Church". Aaron then told us that Roldan was lost, maybe looking for a Jesus Is *A Missing* Church.

Roldan arrived a few minutes later. The singing had already started with Ellen Domag, John Japos, and Aaron leading. Roldan was pumped! He DANCED to several songs, especially "I'm Trading My Sorrows".

For the prayer time, pastor Jan asked him to group Niño Monilla, Jason Doctor, Cito Casquite, Tom Abenis, Hutch Perales, Lennard Banua, and Dan Emmons. After a few intro words, Roldan did something unusual, something most guys avoid at all costs: he asked us to pray holding hands! Oh no! (We somehow survived.)

Lenard was next to him and afterwards commented that Roldan had a very strong grip. Maybe that was Roldan's way of asking: "Where are you? What road are you on? Will I see you in Heaven? I really pray so."

After praying, we did two more songs. Then Roldan went running around taking pictures of everybody (especially the ANCF young adults). After it was over, we fourteen were outside and about to split up when Cito asked for one last picture. We all wanted to be IN it, so there wasn't ANYBODY to take it! You guessed it: Roldan stepped forward to do it. It was 10 p.m.; none of us had any clue that he'd soon be gone.

Instead of going to our separate homes, nine of us decided to go eat together.

But we didn't communicate well. Eight of us went east to the nearby BBQ. Roldan headed his cycle north to the PTA grounds, thinking we were headed there. Tom texted him, "Where are you? We're at BBQ." That cleared the air and he rode in minutes later. ☺

Our last supper included a last debate, though it was friendly. Roldan, Cito, and Mayong were planning for the Young Adults to do a Monday beach trip (3 days future). Roldan suggested that everyone contribute a few pesos for the food and he would do the cooking. Mayong suggested that everyone should "go Dutch" which would be easier. In the end, Roldan said "No need for anyone to bring anything. I'll cook for you". Translation: *I'll use my personal cash to buy the food and I'll cook it as well. We're friends.* Everyone said "YEAH".

At 11:30 p.m. we said our goodbyes. But Riza Acac was *lucky*. Since she lived on Quezon Blvd, Roldan gave her a ride home. Enroute they talked about the privileges of serving others. Roldan said, "I really want more opportunities to serve people."

He arrived home at midnight and was glad to see that his dad was still up. They spent an hour talking and hanging out together. About 1 a.m. Roldan was crossing the room when he fell, hitting the back of his head. He lost consciousness, and died enroute to the hospital. God took him Home instead.

For Roldan, August 12, 2005 was a sweet day in many ways, a foretaste and chrysalis of eternity.

As an adopted child of God, it wasn't the beginning of the end. It was THE END OF THE BEGINNING. (John 5:24)

## **Roldan, Come Forth !**

Saturday, August 13th. After Roldan fell, his parents and brother Roy rushed him to San Pedro hospital, arriving around one o'clock in the morning. The staff pronounced him dead upon arrival.

Roy had the thankless job of making the phone calls. Of the friends from All Nations church, he first texted Aaron Atanoza, around 2 a.m.. Then Aaron called Tonette and the other Young Adults.

We couldn't believe it. Aaron, Diane, and Niño got there first. Around 6 a.m. a dozen ANCF young adults were gathered at the hospital entrance. It was not the usual noisy crowd of twenty-somethings. The bad news and cold morning breeze froze us. We were all together...seven hours ago. How could Roldan be gone?

We were anxious to get to the morgue at the back of the hospital. It was the longest 100 meters of our lives. When we got there, John Japos was crying outside the small room where the body was. We readily joined John and the dams burst.

Pastor Jan Drayer arrived and took us to heart, and then to God's heart in prayer. Pastor Peter Bollant and the Mulloys arrived and did the same.

Soon the hospital personnel opened the morgue and we went in. Roldan's long body was wrapped in white cloth.

Mary went around comforting and praying with some Young Adults. I (Bob) prayed, thanking God that Roldan might be playing soccer at that very moment in God's backyard. (Roldan loved playing ball with our seven-year-old son, Greg.)

Pastor Peter's faith was firm in the Almighty, and his heart was breaking in this great loss. The promises of Christ echoed in his mind, including, "I tell you the truth, whoever has faith in Me will do what I have been doing; he will do even greater things than these...ask Me for anything in my name and I will do it." (John 14:12-14)

What did Jesus do? For one thing, He raised people from the dead. As recorded in the gospel of John chapter 11, Mary and Martha's brother had been dead a few days. Jesus simply said, "Lazarus, come forth" and he did. No problem.

Peter reminded us that Roldan was too young to die. Surely this wasn't the will of God. We believed that God could bring Roldan back to life, as "Nothing is impossible with God"; (Luke 18:27).

Based on that assurance, Peter went into the morgue room to pray for a resurrection miracle, followed by pastor Jan, Ellen, John and myself. We cried out to God, passionately, fervently, and longingly. But the Heavens were brass. We didn't get any answer, not then anyhow.

## Memorabilia

On Sunday, August 14<sup>th</sup>, dozens of ANCF children were incredulous hearing the news that Roldan died the day before. Some were crying. Others thought it was a joke. Most couldn't comprehend.

Roldan seemed ecstatic to teach God's word to Sunday School kids. The feeling was mutual. They didn't care about the fighter, Manny Pacquiao. ROLDAN was their hero!

Madel Dapit serves as the ANCF Sunday School coordinator. When Vida Nartatez gave the sad news to Madel, she responded, "Oh no! He's the best teacher and substitute we have. Why couldn't it be someone else! He had such a big heart for the poor. He loved the poor as God does."

Roldan relished the "here and now". Kathy Williams, one of the Sunday School teachers, said, "After Roldan died, I saw that some of our young people were praying that God would raise him from the dead. I don't think Roldan would agree to that. He'd probably say, 'No way I'm going back to earth. Heaven is so much fun!'"

The service that morning included a dynamic slideshow of Roldan's life, hurriedly but wonderfully arranged the night before by Diane Suelto. John Japos spoke poignantly of his incredible friendship with Roldan.

Dan Emmons meandered through his recollections of memories and concluded rhetorically, "I hope Roldan doesn't think that we'll forget him, or what he modeled for us, or what he gave us."

In other words, Roldan gave us a lot to remember: Let's live in the joy of the Lord. Let's live to love each other, whether we have a long time to do it, or a short time. Doing so, we follow in his steps who followed in His steps.

Memorabilia doesn't have to be made of plastic, cloth, wood, etc.

Sometimes "memories" are the best, especially if they remind us that the Owner of the Sky knows us best and loves us the most.

You  
can  
**trust the person**  
who  
died  
for  
you.

## Life At The Cemetery

Roldan died around 1 a.m., Saturday, August 13<sup>th</sup>, 2005.

Thursday, August 18th was a breezy and sunny day, but unforgiving. We had to say goodbye.

The Regasajo family, relatives and friends gathered at noon for the funeral mass at St. Joseph The Worker parish in Sasa. Father Pet Lamata led the service.

After that they proceeded directly to Forest Lake cemetery in Marfori, joining many friends there from All Nations Christian Fellowship and Faith Academy. As Roldan had been one of the leaders of the Young Adults, more than twenty were in attendance. Dressed in white! It was about 2:30 pm.. Many of us needed sunglasses and umbrellas.

Pastor Jan Drayer led us in this time of reflection. “Jan and Dan” had much in common: love of life, music, people, pizza, basketball, bible teaching, Magindanao ministry, etc. Jan thanked the Regasajo family for allowing ANCF to be part of the farewell that day.

Pastor Jan then asked if any family members would like to say anything. Roldan’s sister Ritz read a blessing. Then Mr. Regasajo spoke, thanking everyone for loving his son.

Pastor Bogs Nartatez then gave time to anyone who wanted to share a word. Tom Abenis read an old English poem, as a tribute to Roldan who was the first at ANCF to befriend him.

They became best friends. In the days following, several others said the same thing. (*I wish every church in the world had about 50 Roldans!*)

Next, the young adults group sang the tearjerker “Friends” (by Michael W. Smith) including heartfelt soloing by some of Roldan’s cherished sisters in the Lord: Ellen, Mai-Mai, and Kukie. Ellen had to be strong throughout, since nobody else was. She helped Mai Mai finish her solo, and Kukie’s was a little weak.

Then pastor Peter preached for fifteen minutes, which was short (for him) and sweet. Predictably, he started strong. He reminded us of the fact that Jesus rose from the dead, demonstrating God’s power over death. As pastor Peter moved from the hope of the Resurrection to the fact of Roldan’s ‘premature’ transfer...his voice cracked and stopped, his eyes misted and closed. Being a macho guy (the good kind), he couldn’t weep publicly, so he breathed the best prayer in the English language: “HELP”! It worked. Peter concluded by encouraging us to make the best of a bad deal, and to love Jesus as Roldan did.

Then the three ANCF pastors and church members extended their hands in prayer for the Regasajo family. Pastor Jan said ‘Amen’, and we all sighed in relief. That crucible was over.

We had merienda, and were about to leave around 3:45pm, when suddenly Jay Deiparine pointed up, shouting, “Look, there’s a rainbow!” Sure enough! It came out of nowhere. (Not really!) It was Somebody’s eulogy for an adopted son.

## Gut-Wrenching Ironies

The wiser we get, the less we pretend to know. This may be God's green earth, but it's still the only "fallen planet" according to astrophysics.

In 2001, Martin and Gracia Burnham were kidnapped on their wedding anniversary, at Dos Palmas. After being held captive for the next year by the Abu Sayyaf, Martin died in a rescue attempt, possibly by 'friendly fire'. Gracia's year in the Basilan jungles was more traumatic but she has rebounded beautifully, and has become an inspirational speaker both in the USA and internationally.

The living God died. Crucified next to the garbage dump, to satiate religious bigots. The night before, they had celebrated the Passover, a reminder of God's past faithfulness to bring national freedom, as well as His promise that a Lamb would someday bring forever freedom, albeit by horrific suffering.

In May 2004, while driving his motorcycle, Roldan was the victim of a reckless motorist who then tried to flee the scene on foot. Roldan and fellow YWAMer Joseph Rom were enroute to a meeting of a civic organization. In Joseph's words, "I saw the car speeding ahead of us, then suddenly stop to do a u-turn. Then bang the lights went out. I was lying on the ground and couldn't move. It was like the movie Terminator where the robot got hit hard and went dead...but then something lit up and the system started to boot up on emergency power. Then I saw Roldan beside me, and partially above me, terribly bloodied and unconscious. People were shouting and in shock.

They put us in an old jeepney which was pretty junky but it was like a chariot of salvation to get us to a doctor."

Roldan sustained chest and neck injuries, and was unconscious for about an hour. Rather than allow him to stay in the hospital for monitoring, doctors released him after a few hours. It's a good thing he was in the hands of The Great Physician.

Per his typically casual lifestyle, Roldan wasn't in a hurry that day. The Chinese businessman was. Roldan was out to make a friend. The businessman was out to make a buck. Roldan's business sense was encapsulated in the counsel of the Lord, to put your investments in where you'll spend eternity. We don't know exactly what the 'hit and run' businessman was thinking, but it's suspect.

Another irony of that day was that Roldan and Joseph were naïvely headed to a meeting that was a hoax. That organization has since been under investigation for not paying wages to its employees. Unfortunately, the leaders recruit through churches as well.

The saddest irony is that many people loved Roldan but won't join him forever, because of unlove.

Or, they're too busy loving the toys of this world, having forgotten that heaven and earth will die away, but God's children won't; (John 11:25,26; 1 John 5:13).

## Ask The Nails

The nails could tell you. They didn't keep Jesus on the Cross. He could have shattered them in a millisecond.

God LOVED us to death. We know John 3:16, but narrow is the way, and few there be that know and receive "the Son" of John 3:16.

Roldan did. He heard about it all his life, but it took commitment to study the Word for himself. He soon stumbled across God's clear message of grace, seen for example in the magnanimous promise of Ephesians 2:8,9 and the infinite gift of Romans 6:23. Regeneration. God wants us in His family, now and forever. It's called adoption; (Romans 8:15,16; Ephesians 1:5-14). Roldan believed and was adopted into God's family.

A million times we've heard the words of Jesus..."Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God"; (Matt. 4:4). The difference between Roldan and us is that we've HEARD the words of Jesus; Roldan DEVoured them; (John 6:35). Spiritually, he ate well. Consequently, he lived well.

As far as we know, July 29, 2005 was his last earthly opportunity to publicly teach the Word. Since it was a Friday night, the Young Adults enjoyed worship and studying together. They ended early at the request of Ellen Domag, one of the youth leaders. The girlfriend of Ellen's nephew had died that week and the family and friends needed comforting.

Ellen asked if anyone could go with her to the nearby Angel Funeral home, so all ten of us went. She also asked if anyone would be willing to share a brief devotional. You guessed it: Roldan volunteered. He read from Ecclesiastes chapter 3, about the realities of birth, death, planting, harvesting, weeping, etc. Roldan reminded us that when we don't understand God's timing, we can still trust God's heart.

God sent the Best of Heaven, Jesus, to receive the death penalty for your sin, and mine.

You are now redeemable, savable, adoptable. But it's all of grace, 100%. You CAN'T SAY to God: "God, I'm a good person. I've always lived for you. I'm a kind soul." You're wasting your time. God doesn't bargain; (Romans 4:1-5).

However, you can go to the Bank of Heaven NOW and claim all the eternal resources you will ever need. The first thing you need is a ticket. If you want to fly to Hong Kong, Los Angeles, wherever, you need a ticket before you get on the plane. You can't even get into the airport without one!

When you realize that your sin killed Jesus, you're one step away from getting your signed and sealed adoption papers.

The second and final step, your final answer is praying: "Jesus, thank you for rising from the dead! Please come into my life now and save me from sin, satan, and myself." GOD WILL DO IT, FOREVER AND EVER. IT'S HIS GUARANTEE; (Hebrews chapter 9 and 10; 1 John 5:11,12,13).

I'm you're not ready or afraid to pray this simple prayer, something is wrong. You need to find out what's wrong! DON'T BELIEVE ME, or anyone, other than your Creator and Lover of your soul. He'll tell you as you open the Bible. A good place to start is the gospel of John.

Make sure to read the Word with a pen and notebook. He'll speak to your heart and change it. Write down what God impresses on your heart, and write the date. Write down prayer needs, and how God answers one by one. You'll need this log in the future, since we often forget in the dark what God showed in the light.

Tell somebody! Find a friend or neighbor who has invited Christ into his/her life. Grow together. Just stay in the Word, so you'll grow; (1 Peter 2:2). Your archenemies won't take this sitting down. Prepare yourself mentally for all kinds of "new" problems. Make sure you put on ALL the armor; (Ephesians 6:10-20).

And when things get intense, relax. You can trust the Person who died for you. HE FINISHED THE JOB; HE LOVES YOU; (John 19:30). Believe and receive. He holds the universe in the palm of His hand.

He will hold you too, if you come in Jesus name. He "IS ABLE TO KEEP YOU FROM FALLING, and to make you stand in the presence of His glory blameless with great joy, to the only God our Savior, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and authority, before all time, now and forever. Amen." (Jude 24, 25)

When the storms come,  
and your friends leave,  
and your money leaves,  
and your health leaves,  
all you have to remember

is

that

**JESUS**

**ROSE**

**FROM**

**THE**

**DEAD.**

**"And because I live, you will live."**

JESUS (John 14:19b)

## AMBASSADEUR PAR EXCELLANCE

Roldan,  
the dancing Dan,  
a Superman fan,  
having no game plan.  
He was a man's man,  
a fearless artisan  
forever living "I can" .

He was the lanky guy  
with heart of grace  
and grinning face  
who loved to meet  
folks of any street,  
be it sour or sweet.

He planted flowers,  
without shame,  
played with kids for hours  
seeking no fame,  
just sowing love  
just so in love  
with life  
and his Lord above.

Children ran to him,  
to bump, jump, or swim.

He heard their call  
to ride his back.  
He shared with all,  
from the old backpack.

He lived his dreams  
Laughing, singing,  
Sharing in extremes,  
to destitutes of Davao  
Matigsalog in Mindanao  
castaways in Cambodia  
throwaways in Thailand  
vicelords in Vietnam  
and leftists in Laos,  
all loved by the Lord.

He was like no other,  
our friend, our brother,  
smiling... "we can".  
A helper, a handyman  
fixing faucet and fan  
paperkite and motorbike,  
big, little, any thing.  
He made us sing!

(by Cito Casquite)



Back: ROLDAN, Patrick, our Davao Doc guest, Shisy,  
Middle: Maureen, Cathy, Diane, Jason, Kaye, John,  
Front: Ellen, Cito, Joseph.

## About The Authors

**Mansueto “Cito” Casquite** is from Mindanao and graduated from the University of Mindanao with a bachelor’s degree in architecture. He is a skilled artist, photographer, and linguist with a wealth of experience in literacy materials production, having co-authored thirteen books in nine Filipino languages.

**Robert “Bob” Mulloy** works fulltime in evangelism and literacy. He has seven claims to fame: The Father, Son, Holy Spirit, his wife, his daughter and his son. Bob left home at age 14 to live in a monastery high school for four years with hopes of becoming a Catholic priest. His life was forever changed by reading the New Testament at age 20. His favorite N.T. book is the gospel written by John the apostle. He believes that understanding the THREE CENTRAL WORDS of John 19:30 (“...everything is done...”) spells the difference between life and death.

Bob’s seventh claim to fame is being associated with the sweet staff and super kids of Living Stones orphanage! If you would like more information about the incredible ministry of Living Stones Network of Hope Foundation Inc., check out the website: [www.katmin.com](http://www.katmin.com).

## A TRUE STORY OF GRACE AND GUTS

Not long ago, a famous university professor spent his summer vacation traveling across the USA. People flocked to hear him, especially as his atheistic views were expounded with humor and eloquence.

His routine was to hold public meetings where he would ridicule Christians. Then he gave invitations to debate on stage. For that entire summer, no one responded. How could you? The man is a genius, and the audience was frozen with intimidation.

The last night of his tour finally arrived. When the invitation was given, an aged woman began walking the aisle. Many mocked her. With assistance from ushers, she climbed the platform steps.

The professor offered her a chair and mocked her too. She listened. When he concluded, she opened her bag and took out an orange. She peeled it and ate it quietly. The professor became furious and screamed, “Don’t you have anything to say?”

She said: “Thank you, sir. I actually have just one question. Was that orange sour or sweet?” The guy went nuts, “How should I know! You ate it!”

She then said, “Thank you, sir. You’re correct. I know it’s sweet because I ate it. You didn’t eat it, so you don’t have a clue what it tasted like. I’m 87 years old. My husband is

already gone, as are three children. But God loves me. I've experienced His goodness all my life. You can too. Taste and see that the Lord is good!"

The crowd gave the woman a standing ovation, while a few drunks fainted, a few policemen wept, and many teens did business with God. The professor left quietly down the back steps.

**ALL NATIONS CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

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