

Land of the Risen Son

イエス・キリストは日本を愛する

(Jesus loves Japan)



Saying goodbye to family at the airport

We're back in Japan!

Thank you for your love, encouragement, and understanding over this period of healing.

Your cards and notes of encouragement have been like rain in a desert. You have been a profound blessing to us—beyond anything you can ever know.

Near the end of January, the last of our specialist appointments complete, we started praying in earnest about when to return to Japan. We'd been living in Canada with my sister, but now were faced with a conundrum—whether to return immediately, or to delay by several more months so we could see our treasured friends, partners, churches, and extended family.

The uncomfortable reality was that by the time we were healed enough to engage in relationships, we would also be able to go back. We realized that, since this had been an unplanned medical leave, our primary focus had to be on returning to our ministry in Japan. We next plan to come back to Canada in early 2022, and are looking forward to seeing you again!

Making new friends

“What is this?” Ned flapped my note in front of me.

With my concussion, I'd been having trouble reading facial expressions. Was he angry?

**IT'S A MIRACLE THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO SEE THIS SPECIALIST IN ONLY 1 ½ MONTHS!
USUALLY IT TAKES 6 MONTHS OR MORE!**

—Dr. Gamble, our family doctor, after we received our first specialist appointment
(God provided *all* 5 specialist appointments after waits of only 3 weeks – 2 months)

Interesting Facts



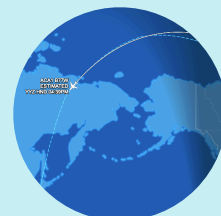
Our Flight

A delayed departure meant we missed our connection and stayed in Tokyo for one night before returning to Okinawa on February 16.



Distance

When travelling to Japan (10,612 km), Valerie sets an alarm on her phone so that we'll get up, stretch and walk around every 2 hours.



Route

We fly over the top of the world to get to Tokyo, passing over Northern Canada, Alaska and a corner of Russia. We then descend over Hokkaido (northern Japan) and travel south. The flight to Tokyo takes 13 hours.

Upset? Confused? I went with ‘confused’.

“We heard your wife has shingles. I know that condition can be so painful and difficult to deal with. I thought I would try to help by dropping off some dinner for you.”

That June, when we weren’t engaging in therapy and therapy-related exercises, I had to sit in a dark room, playing solitaire and waiting for my brain injury to stabilize. But recently, I’d progressed to baking easy recipes. I thought I should be able to make a simple meal for the resident managers of my sister’s apartment building, Ned and Nellie.

“That’s nice, but unnecessary.” Ned smiled. “How about we all eat together instead?”

Uh-oh. With my concussion I could only engage in a social conversations for about 5 minutes at a time. I explained my limitations, and promised we’d try to get together before we left.

The months rolled on. As we healed, the thought of social engagements felt less threatening. However, our time was largely taken up with therapy, specialist appointments, and the various medical treatments necessary to get us healthy again.

When we booked our plane tickets at the end of January, our thoughts turned again to Ned and Nellie. Over the preceding months, we’d run into them here and there. They’d repeatedly expressed a deep hunger for connection. We might not be able to get together with our friends and extended family, but at least we might be able to serve as a social and spiritual bridge between Ned, Nellie, and my sister, who would be still be around after we left. We hosted them for dinner one evening after my sister returned from her nursing shift.

It turns out that Ned is a Christian, but Nellie is not. In eight years as resident managers there, they’d never received an invitation to dinner. We had a wonderful time.

A couple of weeks later, when Peter’s parents were helping us to take our luggage to the airport, we ran into Ned again.

“We’ve developed quite a close friendship with Peter and Valerie over the past months,” he told them.

My heart was pierced with the loneliness and isolation that must have led to that characterization after only one dinner. Once more I was grateful for the seeds of companionship that had been planted between the five of us, and the promise of their continued friendship with my sister in the years to come.

The Math of Healing...



Calling all therapists!

Are you a therapist who loves to read, or do you know someone else like this? I’m looking for 2-3 active or retired psychotherapists, psychologists, or equivalent to double-check the psychological validity of the manuscript for my next book. It will be a guide on how to find freedom through forgiving. The manuscript is approximately 170 double-spaced pages, written in a conversational style. If you’re interested in helping out, please let me know!

Contact Information

Thank You!

Thank you for your interest in our work. We send out newsletters every two months. If at any point you decide that you don’t want to receive them anymore, just write or email us.

Correspondence can be sent to:



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