

PRAY FOR THOMAS & ANGIE CASTELLAW MISSIONARIES IN HAWAII



July - August 2026

Dear praying brethren,

LaLa: We were contacted by many friends asking of our well being. We had 100mph gusts, downed power lines and trees all over the island. The power was out a few days in some parts. But the children of Israel had light in their dwellings. My neighbor who hates God (and me) had no power and massive rainbow eucalyptus tree limbs fell on his house and vehicles. Although he hates me I went to him in humility, offering to help him clean up, load the limbs on my trailer. He coldly started me down, "I don't want your help." I pray regularly that the Lord would soften his heart. Imagine going from bitterness, hatred and perpetual trouble in this life to the fires of hell. God save him.

Departing members: One of our street preachers and Institute students left the military, married his girl and has left the island. At his wedding I preached the gospel to those in attendance. I'm slowly settling into the idea that our church here will perhaps never have any depth or root. Three more families are scheduled to leave by January 2027. You'd think it would get easier but it's getting harder to say good bye. This next paragraph will help you understand why.

Youngest Convert Quote: Dad wrote me: "On our way home from church we were talking about the rapture and Maeve asked when it should be? I said no one knows. She said, only God does? I said yes, and then she asked if I would help her pick out a pretty dress to wear for it!" Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. To balance your feelings of "awww", this same big sister has reportedly been haranguing Miriam, (her younger sister) with, "Miriam, you'll go to hell without Jesus! You need to get saved!" Maeve will be five years old on Friday. Miriam is two. "Awww... wait... what!?"

"Missionaries in Hawaii": One corner of the mouth draws in with sarcasm when some hear the idea of a "missionary in Hawaii". With no embellishment, this place is more foreign than Germany ever was. Weekly, I interact with Filipinos, Vietnamese, Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Russians, Sutherners, Yanks, Brits, Gauls, Teutons, Scythians, and many more.

A return vacationing family from Switzerland reached out to us once more. (The husband was German. The wife from Switzerland.) We had them over to the house and witnessed thoroughly to them. The teenagers were able to shoot a 9mm against the 80' hill in my backyard. We ate together and laughed about German(ic) / American nuances. It was curiously refreshing to speak German again and speak of the fatherland.

More weirdness... On August 21 @ 1:41 AM, a man with two long knives, *not wearing a stitch of clothing*, rang my Ring camera doorbell that I had just installed outside my new sliding driveway gate. A few of my neighbors had previously mocked me for installing said gate, but we have never been more thankful for it. We took the video to the police who lightly chuckled saying, "Yeah, he had a mental episode and has now been committed to 'Castle'" (... a local mental institution). Think about that next time you decry, "I wish I were a missionary in Hawaii!"

Unorthodox video recommendations: If you're reading this on a paper edition of our prayer letter, know that it's much easier and quicker to get our digital edition by signing up here: <http://eepurl.com/gIaLMz>

When arriving here 6 years ago, we quickly learned how corruption rules here. Yes, there is a such thing as Hawaiian Mafia. Remember we're "left" of California's N. Pelosi & G. Newsom (geographically and politically). For those interested, watch this news clip: <https://youtu.be/nDqdk58vcLY?si=3xXKfbAgrxISN6M3>

For those curious of the very multifaceted life here and how things came to be, watch this video about Hawaii <https://youtu.be/lzoVhFEPaUU?si=sHKr4TcsYJ2pKW3S>

On the Street - 4 stories: (1) Our local elderly lady and regular in church helps us hold scripture signs each Friday evening. A few weeks ago, a Chinese family (literally visiting from Shanghai!) stopped and asked her some very, very basic questions about Jesus, faith, Bible and so on. She brought them to Angie. Angie brought them to me. Their ability with English was 2.5 of 10. So we employed Google Translator to witness to them. When learning we had some Chinese folks on our hands, Ang literally *ran* back to the church and grabbed some wonderfully appropriate literature (in Chinese) about evolution, creation and of course salvation - strangely, the exact topics they were asking about. We think of the curious meetings throughout the Bible and how the Lord used them. They were obviously inquisitive and using their professed “vacation” to glean all the could from the West. We pray the literature they took will bear more fruit than we can ask or think.

(2) This same sister met a young street preacher in the act and asked him where he goes to church. His answer: my living room. She invited him to come to us but he’s not come (yet?). I think it’s appropriate to say that there are too many people wanting to be influencers, but fewer want to be influenced. That said, would to God that every Christian would be so bold as to testify of God’s grace on the street.

(3) Both Ang and I were in an afternoon slump, feeling very groggy just before the appointed time but we went anyway. Per usual in such cases, it was peculiarly “active” with lots of responses, talks and feedback. Not the least of which, a curious man, hurriedly pulled over into the Jack-in-the-Box behind our position, got out smiling from ear to ear. He was tattooed face, hands, arms, legs - everywhere, a brown-skinned local guy. I braced myself thinking, “Ok, what’s this all about?” Come to find out (according to his testimony), he’s a former street preacher who said he preached at our location 12 years ago for many years (apparently before he moved?). He took video and pictures of all of us, our signs, took a tract and praised God for us. Angie shamelessly modeled the Scripture signs better than Vanna White ever could. Besides this, he gave one of our sisters \$200. for the church.

(4) Lastly, one of the sweetest young sisters (22) testified after we returned to the church for prayer that a motorist “mean-mugged” her while brandishing a gun, threatening and not happy with our gospel activities. She was a little shaken but handled it very well. Wild times.

In Heaven: We’re all getting closer to meeting the Lord Jesus. Three preachers (that I knew) have passed in the last months. Pastors Rick Stucke, Vic Wilson and Charlie Andrews are now with the Lord. Only the saved and right with the Lord will understand this next statement: I hear of these men’s passing, smile and say, Praise the Lord. Good for them. I feel like a man in jail whose good friend just got out. Soon we’ll all be together. Amen.

Decision: At the end of my last letter, I asked you to help me pray about a decision pressing upon me. I was honestly surprised at how many people wrote me privately vowing to do exactly that. I’m sincerely happy to say that the Lord has given me light and the decision was made. Thank you kindly for helping me with that. I realize how unsatisfying the lack of details is, but suffice it to say the Lord was gracious in His clarity. I’ll tell you the full story soon on that happy golden shore over a heavenly espresso.

Renovations: We’ve been “stuck” with bureaucratic issues but after nearly 2 years of waiting, we determined to press forward and at least finish renovating the auditorium. Our helpers from the mainland had curiously dried up, so we asked local businesses for price quotes: 16 receptacles installed: \$3,700. / Sheetrock: \$12,500. / Painting the auditorium: \$6,500. and finally flooring: vinyl floors installed, \$20,000.

The very Sunday I had all these prices in hand, I stood before our small church of about 25 people and said, let’s empty our account by faith and do as much as we can of these. A return visiting couple that just got saved (both of them), marched up to me after the service and said, we have flipped many houses and can do this for free.

Since being back in the States (if you can call this “back in the states”) I’ve learned that Americans tend to sell themselves way up here (in order to impress?), but usually deliver way down here. (Germans are the opposite in this regard). So I smiled and essentially said, “That’s nice.” (thinking, “We’ll see how this goes.”)

They pressed me. With little inner enthusiasm, I coordinated with them. In under 12 hrs, they submitted a material list. In the subsequent 12 hours, I bought all they asked for and last Saturday, they worked from 09:00 to 18:30 and installed half of the receptacles. That's where we are as of the writing of this letter.

If you had any thoughts of wanting to visit to help us with any of this, don't let this blessing discourage you. By God's grace, we're pressing forward, have plenty to do and will still take all the help we can get. We're active again and longing for *at least* the auditorium to be finished.

Last word - Truck follow up...: Some weeks ago, I reached out for help on my F-150 Ecoboost, wanna-be truck. It has now been confirmed through three independent shops that the inner bearings are toast and the \$17k new motor would only yield a used truck with a KBB value lower than its worth. My only guess is that I burned it out while hauling so much for church renovations (rubble, lumber, steel, dirt, etc...) Lord helping me, I want to buy a truck with the 7.3 "godzilla" motor. All online reviews rave about it.

Thank you for helping us be here. We're grateful to fill a gap in this ungodly expensive place. The weather is great but that's about it. We're immensely grateful to the Lord for the souls affected by our work here. It's enough to keep us encouraged and want to press on.

Keep on a keeping on where you are, dear saints of the Lord Jesus. I reckon it's not easy anywhere! We long to see you all very soon on the other side. Until then, we'll pray, witness, read and worship the coming King, our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. To Him be all the glory, honour and praise.

Bro. Castellaw, with Mrs. Angie.