

Cherry Blossoms in Niigata City



I took these photos in 2008. They were on my old website which is no longer on line, and so I'm re-posting them.





Adventures in Estonia



In the summer of 1997 I needed to leave Russia and St. Petersburg for a visa renewal trip. Rather than make another visa trip to Helsinki in Finland, I opted for neighboring Estonia instead. As you can see on the map below, the distance from St. Petersburg to the Estonian capital city of Tallinn is not much different than from St. Petersburg to Helsinki, Finland.



And as you see from the maps (see below also), Estonia is the smallest of the three Baltic Republics that were former members of the Soviet Union – by force, not by choice! The other two are Lithuania which is the largest of the three, and Latvia. The only thing they have in common with Russia is a common border. Each Baltic country has its very own language which is not Slavic and therefore not related to the Russian language. The three languages are not

related to each other either. Most of the ethnic peoples of these lands would rather have nothing more to do with Russia or the Russian language and tend to be offended if one tries to initiate a conversation with them speaking in Russian. Nevertheless, unless the individuals from neighboring Baltic countries know English or some other common European language between them, they are forced to communicate with each other in Russian, like it or not, because Russian is the only common language they know! Russian was the language of education during Soviet times.



Here we have a closer look at Estonia. You can see that Finland is just across the Baltic Sea. The Estonians have much more in common with the Finns than with the Russians or even the Latvians on its southern border. This is because the Estonians were a Finnish tribe and their language is very similar to Finnish. Like the Finns, they are a hard working people and have rebuilt their country and economy relatively quickly after being set free from the Soviet Union.

After World War 2 Stalin forcibly exiled half the Estonian population to Siberia and replaced them with Russians. If I remember correctly, the ethnic population is roughly 40% Russian and 60% Estonian. On the Estonian side of the border with Russia there is a city called Narva that is 90% Russian. During the breakup of the Soviet Union, some Russians wanted the city to become part of Russia rather than Estonia. But in 1997 the Russians living in Narva were glad they didn't become part of Russia and are happy to live in Estonia! They know they have a much better life in Estonia than they would have had in Russia. The Estonian economy is much better.

In the Summer of 1997 I lived with my missionary friends in the city of Tallinn for one full month. I visited once before for a day on the way to St. Petersburg by land from Poland. My friend Yan drove a tiny Polski Fiat from Warsaw through Lithuania and Latvia. His intention was to re-enter Russia from Latvia but was advised against it as being too dangerous. There are many highway robbers in Russia but few if any in Estonia. So we drove through the Eastern side of Estonia and entered Russia at the border town of Narva. Talk about adventure! If you are bored with life, try driving a car through Eastern Europe some time and enter Russia. You will be greeted by a border guard on the Russian side carrying an AK47 automatic weapon. No joke! I saw it with my own eyes! But that was in 1997. I don't know if they still carry AK47s today.



Andres with ethnic Russian girl who was raised in Estonia. She could speak fluent Estonian and was our happy helper to distribute Gospel literature.



Russian Olga who was raised in Estonia. She couldn't speak Estonia but was a

good English speaker and so could get a job selling picture postcards to tourists.



Two Estonian girls holding up a poster that says, "What Everybody Needs is Love!"



Estonian young people. I asked the boy on the right if he likes the Russian population. He replied he doesn't actually hate them but has no Russian friends.

Most of the ethnic Estonians and Latvians in Latvia I met resented being greeted in Russian though they all knew it! In order to talk to the young people in the above photo, I had to greet them first in English! This is because they have great national pride and hate the fact they were taken over by the Russian speaking Soviet Union against their will.

When I was in Riga, Latvia, though people knew me and my friends were foreigners, they would still speak to us in Latvian! My Polish friend would smile and then say in Russian, "I can communicate in only Russian, Polish and English!" They always complied and spoke in Russian.

The young people told me they don't speak English and so I asked them if they could speak Russian. "Sure we can," was the reply, "no problem!" So I pulled out my Estonia Bible and showed them Scriptures explaining in Russian what they meant. This impressed them for they knew I didn't read Estonian but I knew the Bible well enough to find the parts I was looking for. I could recognize the name of the books of the Bible in Estonian.

Before I went to Russia, in Japan around 1992 I met a young lady from Latvia. I was excited to meet her because I was studying Russian then and wanted to practice it with her. But she told me in English she didn't want to speak Russian with me. "That's not our language," she said. "We have our own language."

Interestingly, the Estonians were the worse speakers of Russian. This is because the Estonian language is not an Indo-European language as is Russian, Lithuanian and Latvian.



Russian girl distributing literature to an Estonian boy



Two Estonian girls who received posters.



Right: Lily from San Jose who was a regular monthly supporter of our missionary work in Estonia.



A beach in Tallinn



Estonian ladies.

[The Story of Helen of St. Petersburg, Russia](#)



How life changed for the average Russian after the fall of the Soviet Union.

[Adventure to Teriberka – A Village in](#)

the Russian Arctic



On July 31 1996, Yanek from Belarus, Angela from St. Petersburg and I traveled overland by bus from Murmansk to the remote village of Teriberka. We went to visit our friend Marina who was a student we met in Murmansk. These two areas are circled in red on the map below. The distance is a bit more than 100 KM or 60 miles, but it took **5 hours by bus on dirt roads!** Though it was summer, we could still see patches of snow on the ground! Most of the area in between these two places is tundra. There is nothing growing higher than an inch or so from the ground due to the permafrost just beneath the soil.



In the year 2000 a Russian submarine sank not far from where I lived. The city next to Murmansk called Severomorsk is a Russian Navy base. Only Russian military and the local town's people have permission to enter this city. And believe it or not, even the tiny village of Teriberka is part of a military restricted zone. I didn't know that before arrival. On the 3rd day border guards came to Marina's apartment and told me I had until the next morning to leave or be incarcerated!

A map showing the relationship of this area to the rest of the world. You're probably thinking, "What's so special about that village anyway?" It's special to me because it probably is the most remote area I've ever been in the world – a place only missionaries and National Geographic people would want to visit!



A view of Teriberka from Marina's apartment! It was the most miserable looking place I have ever been to in the world!



Belarussian Yanek in front of a typical Teriberka dwelling. The blue sign

above the door says, "Welcome".



Yanek, Angela and Teriberka resident Marina near her apartment.



Marina's daughter (right) with a friend on a hill overlooking the Barents Sea (part of the Arctic Ocean). It's August 1st but only 13 degrees Celsius (55F) and windy.

There was nobody else on that beach except for the people with me! It was clean with no litter whatsoever which is unlike most Japanese beaches. Parts of it are rocky with very smooth large stones. Even in the summer the water is too cold to swim in without a wet suit.



Me with Yanek and Angela toward the left on that same hill, August 1, 1996.



Yanek, friend Marina and Angela.



Next day August 2! It warmed up to around 18C (70F)!



Yanek on the same day, same area.



Yanek with Marina. There is not a paved road in the entire village.



In Marina's apartment. Notice the rug hung on the wall? This is very typical of Russian homes. I think the photo was taken with a timer on the camera.

On the third day, two men who said they were government officials came to Marina's apartment when I was there and asked me if I obtained permission to visit their area. I told them I didn't know I needed permission. Marina told them I am an invited guest. The men said I was in a military area restricted to foreigners (especially Americans!) and that I needed permission. I didn't see a single sign of any military activity at all! They told me to leave at the earliest opportunity and that I may be fined later. But there was no fine and nothing more came of it.

[More photos of Teriberka.](#)

[Adventures in St. Petersburg, Russia](#)



I lived in St. Petersburg, Russia, from August of 1994 to October of 1997. It was known as Leningrad during the time of the Soviet Union. Many people who don't live in St. Petersburg still call it Leningrad! At least they did during my stay in Russia. But I don't remember a resident of St. Petersburg refer to it by the Soviet name. They are proud of their pre-Soviet history when Peter the Great founded the city on the tributary of the Neva river – actually a wetland. The mosquitoes in the summertime are terrible!



Gostiny Dvor on Nevsky Prospect.

The photo is *Gostini Dvor* on the main street, Nevsky Prospect. In 1997 I spent over 2 whole hours looking for a weather thermometer but could not find one. The salespeople kept telling me to go to a pharmacy. I replied, "I'm not looking for a body thermometer! I want a weather thermometer." They replied, "Yes, but they also sell those at the pharmacy." Well, can you guess what happened when I posed the same question to the pharmacy people back then? They looked at me like I was nuts! "This is a drugstore, not a household appliance store!" "I know I know! But the main department store in town **TOLD** me to come to you!" And so I was bounced back and forth about 3 times before

I finally gave up. A few weeks later I went back to my old neighborhood in Chicago and found what I was looking for in a Dollar Shop in a matter of minutes.



Nostalgic communist lady

The lady on the right is a nostalgic communist who is campaigning for the return of communism. Behind her are photos of Stalin, Lenin, and a contemporary politician named Zugannof. If you guessed by the sour look on her face that she doesn't like me, you're correct. She knows that I am a foreigner and a Christian missionary. I just smiled back at her and walked on.



A beggar in St.
Petersburg

St. Petersburg is situated on a tributary, and so it is divided into several small islands that are linked by bridges and tunnels. Here is a typical beggar in Petrogradskaya Ostrov (Petersburg Island). It is hard to tell which beggars are really in need and who is faking. Some are professional beggars who actually pay the Mafia to beg on their turf. After a day's work of soliciting donations, they can relax in a fine restaurant eating a good meal. This is something I could not afford to do when I was there!



James and Helen

There was real poverty in St. Peterburg when I was there. I often visited a poor lady named Helen. Here I am with her in 1997. But though she was old and needy, she never begged. She taught English and got paid in groceries. Sometimes I would bring her food and gifts. Read [more about Helen](#), a former interpreter who helped in an interview with the famous Yuri Gagarin, the first man to be shot into space into orbit!



Giving a talk about the meaning of
Easter in a school in St. Petersburg

Here is a picture of me and my friends in a school in St. Petersburg. It is close to Easter and I am giving a talk to the pupils on the meaning of Easter – the resurrection of Jesus Christ. I had the total support of the school

teachers and principal to do so. Do you think I could get away with this in a public school in my homeland, the USA? Only deep somewhere in a rural area in the State of Indiana where the Amish live perhaps.



With Natasha Blond

Here I am with Natasha Blond in a park in front of a horse. Isn't she pretty? The horse was kinda pretty too. Her family name is not "Blond" but I named her that because of her real 100% natural blond hair, smooth as silk! You can tell that I really liked Natasha Blond! But alas, she was way too young for me.



Selling audio-visuals at an exhibition in St. Petersburg

In the photo is Russian Stephanie, American Nat, and me at the main exhibition hall in town. We are offering audio-visual teaching material for children. This is partly how we supported ourselves. The rest of the support came from donations from the headquarters of The Family and monthly donations from my faithful friends in Japan to whom I wrote monthly newsletters of my missionary activities in Russia.



Lydia with a women from Georgia

In the picture on the right is Lydia (right) talking to a lady from the former Soviet republic of Georgia. I don't know why in English we say "Georgia" because the correct pronunciation doesn't sound anything like the US state of Georgia. It sounds more like Gruzia. Lydia was a friend of the head of security at the main exhibition hall of St. Petersburg. He would let us inside for free when everyone else had to pay \$1.00. A dollar doesn't sound like much now but it sure did then! That was 5000 RUBLES!! It was nice to walk around with the head of security. This way the other guards would get to know us and leave us alone while we offered our teaching materials to the guests.



Lydia by a vendor of flowers

Here's Lydia again on a street by a vendor of flowers. Lydia is from Kiev, Ukraine. People often remarked that she spoke with an accent, unlike a

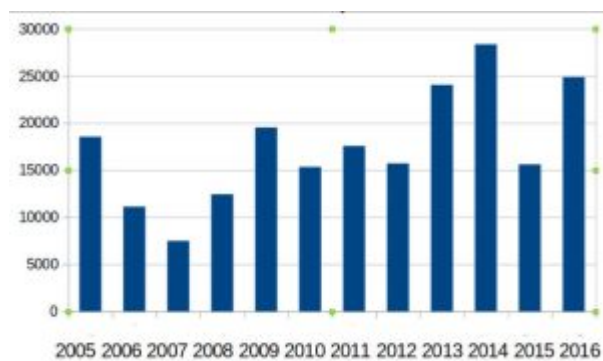
Ukrainian. This is due to her learning English and being with missionaries from America. She married and has a one-year-old daughter named Diane.

Exposing the “Chosen People” Scam



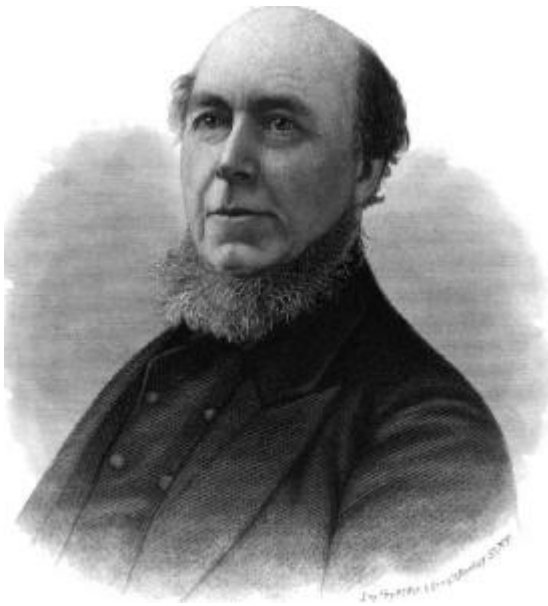
The full Marching to Zion documentary by Steven L. Anderson.

Distances Hitchhiked Since year 2005 / Sharing Christ with the Japanese



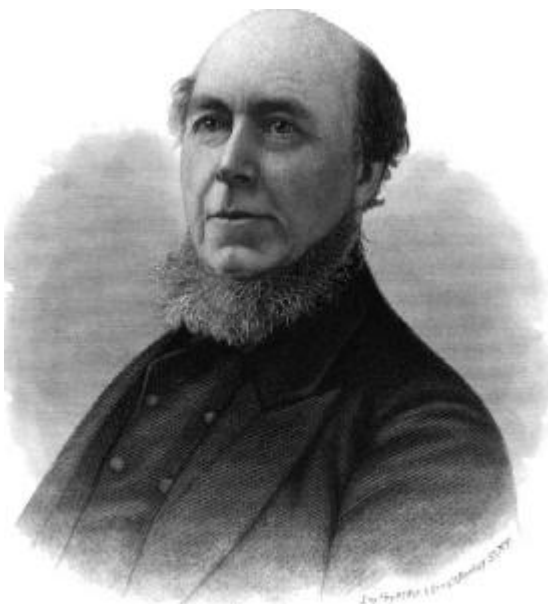
A white American hitchhiked throughout Japan consistently over a 20-year period.

The Bible and the Priest of Rome



A Roman Catholic priest tries to take away young Charles Chiniquy's Bible because the Catholic church does not want us to learn the Word of God. His father prevents that.

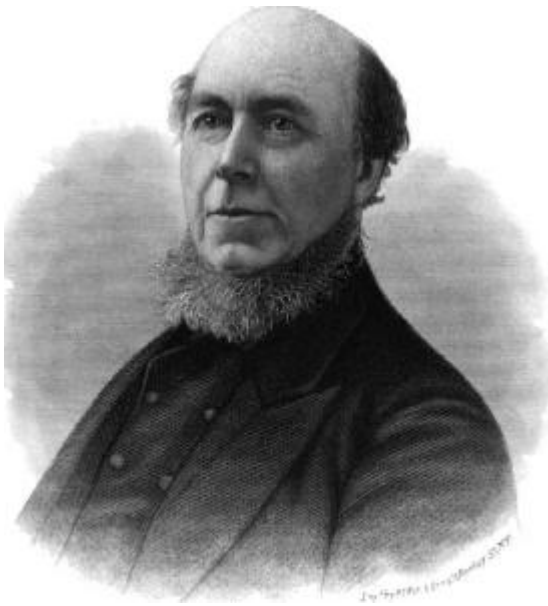
Young Lawyer Abraham Lincoln Refuses Payment for his Services from Charles Chiniquy



Abraham Lincoln defended Roman Catholic priest Charles Chiniquy in a serious

criminal case when Chiniquy was falsely accused of a crime by his bishop. They won the case and the bishop was exposed.

The Priest, Purgatory, and the Poor Widow's Cow



Charles Chiniquy's negative experience with a Catholic priest who took away the family cow as payment for a Mass.