

THRESHOLD

LIVING BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

VOL. 2, ISSUE 2

AUGUST 1, 2010

To be an open door to a life-changing grace.

3001 Centreville Road
Herndon, VA 20171
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(703) 318 - 8972

Sunday Worship
9:25 am in Sanctuary 1
11:00 am in Sanctuary 2

Event Calendar

Aug 1, 8 & 15
Manna Collection Days

Aug 6
Café Le SALT

Aug 21
Manna School Drive

Sep 4-6
Church-wide Retreat

Visit ODPC's prayer website, www.movingprayers.com to sign up to pray for ODPC-related missions and events.

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We Need Them More Than We Know
By Pastor Sam Kim

During the past decade of serving in an Asian-American church, I've grown to appreciate not only my amazing students and wonderful ministry colleagues but also the Korean Congregation in our church body. Prior to joining the EC pastoral staff last October, I served for six years at ODPC as a youth pastor and Christian education director. During that time, I developed deep relationships with many KC parents and volunteers staffing our children and youth ministry. As we're counting down the months until we move into our new EC Worship Center, there are three characteristics of our KC culture, attitude and ethos that I hope will be embraced and embodied by our EC congregation: **sacrifice, simplicity and resolve.**

SACRIFICE. There is no worship *without* sacrifice. When Abraham surrendered to the Lord by preparing to offer his own son on the altar, "He said to his servants, 'Stay here with the donkey while I and the boy go over there. We will worship and then we will come back to you'" (**Gen. 22:5**). This is the first ever occurrence of the word "worship" in the Scriptures – in the context of personal sacrifice and complete surrender. This word "sacrifice" often captures the essence of the KC. For many of us, during our formative years, KC sacrificially served our generation by being our Sunday school teachers, VBS counselors, host families for youth group events, and by praying ceaselessly on our behalf. Let's openly recognize and appreci-

ate that we "stand on their shoulders," and endeavor to honor their sacrifice.

SIMPLICITY. There's a difference between being simple and living in simplicity. Being simple often carries the connotation of something or someone who is rudimentary, immature, foolish, or uneducated. However, living in simplicity implies someone who forsakes the luxurious and extravagant to promote (or conserve for) something of greater value (e.g., beauty, purity and clarity). Many members of the KC could have lived in bigger homes, driven fancier cars and taken exotic vacations, but instead, they have simplified their lives and funneled their resources (i.e., time, talent, treasure and their temple) to building the Kingdom through the local church, as well as all around the world. In an age of consumerism and indulgence, may our generation follow their lead and adopt the attitude of the saints who've gone before us.

RESOLVE. Our parents' generation doesn't give up easily. Like many of you, my parents grew up and lived through a war in their homeland. They are a generation of survivors and "fighters." As adults, they immigrated to a different continent where they lost socioeconomic status and navigated a new culture and foreign language. They've lost businesses, but started new ones. Church splits led to broken friendships, and yet they continued to seek out and serve new spiritual communities. In the book of Daniel, there's a story of a "band of brothers," Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego who were given an opportunity to dine at king Nebu-

chadnezzar's table and risk defiling their ethnic heritage and religious convictions. Instead, Daniel publicly and boldly "resolved not to defile himself..." (**Daniel 1:8**). Remarkably, instead of punishment, he received a reward from the Lord for his trust and obedience. The word "resolved" originally comes from an image of someone painstakingly and intentionally gathering loose pieces of string to make a strong rope. I thank God that the older generation of believers at ODPC had the resolve and commitment to build God's kingdom despite many personal hardships, setbacks and disappointments in their lives.

Several months ago, I helped my mom and dad, who recently retired from 40 years of pastoral ministry, down-size from a 3-bedroom church parsonage to a one-bedroom apartment in subsidized senior housing. Talk about stress – helping your parents consolidate, donate or throw away years worth of their "junk" (which, of course, they consider treasures). As I sifted through and organized their belongings, I slowly realized they didn't have much to be thrown away (except dozens of leftover embroidered towels and "prizes" from church picnics) because they've already stored up most of their "treasures in heaven" (**Matthew 6:19-21**). You and I are the "treasures" that our parents' generation have been investing and building up. May our fellowship of believers faithfully carry on this legacy of sacrifice, simplicity, and resolve so that our children and their children become "open doors to a life-changing Gospel." 

One Household

Apostle Paul reminds the believers in Ephesus that God is reconciling those “who were far away” and those “who were near,” in order to create a single household of God. This, in turn, is the beginning of God’s answer to Jesus’ prayer that all believers may be one.

In this edition of *The Threshold*, we get to see a glimpse of how God is answering that prayer of Jesus with a resounding “Yes” all around us. Pastor Sam Kim shows us how we can learn from our older brothers and sisters in KC about sacrifice, simplicity and resolve (p. 1). Laura Berol reminds us of our youngest family members who just finished VBS (p. 4) while Anna Kim urges us to link arms with our family members in India fighting for freedom (p. 6). We even get to see our younger siblings who are leaving youth group to join EC!

May the world know that the Father has sent his Son as they see how we are one body, with one Lord, one faith and one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all!

God Bless, Jackie Kwon, Gene Lee, Tina Mun

What’s Going on at ODP

- Sign up now for ODP’s upcoming retreat. Register online at www.odpcec.org/retreat.
- Please join us for prayer meetings every Tuesday at 8:00pm in the second sanctuary.
- If you would like to find out more about ODP and membership at ODP, please contact Pastor John Cha at johncha@opendoorpc.org.
- Sign up for marriage preparation classes if you are planning on getting married. Contact Matt and Sara Chae at chae2@teamchae.com
- Serve our neighboring community every third Saturday of the month with the Manna Ministry.

*A big thanks to Jimin Oh
for designing our new Threshold logo!*

Manna School Supply Drive



**August 1, 8 & 15
Collections Days**

Condolences

To Lynn Jang,
on the passing of his mother.

To Kay Kim,
on the passing of his father.

To Ted Pak,
on the passing of his brother.

To Grace Choi,
on the passing of her
grandmother.

Our thoughts and prayers are with you.

Congratulations

Weddings

- To Case and Jun Ahn, married on March 20, 2010.
- To Jerry and Christina Nguyen, married on April 10, 2010.
- To Joseph and Soy Lee, married on May 1, 2010.
- To Joe and Grace Lee, married on June 19, 2010.

Births

- To James and Susan on the birth of their son, William James Jin Young Kim on January 20, 2010.
- To Chan and Jinhee on the birth of their son, Clark Sejong Lee on April 7, 2010.
- To Mark and Betty on the birth of their son, Brandon Kyungjun Jo on April 7, 2010.
- To John and Gloria on the birth of their son, James Graham Sim on April 15, 2010.
- To Charles and Helen on the birth of their son, Isaiah Kim on May 10, 2010.

- To Phil and Amber on the birth of their daughter, Emily Claire Chung on May 18, 2010.
- To Yosh and Jeannie on the birth of their son, Ryan Jinwoo Kenji Yoshikawa on May 20, 2010.
- To Harry and Hae-jin on the birth of their daughter, Noelle Charis Choi on May 21, 2010.
- To Ryan and Christeen on the birth of their daughter, Olivia Hanul Sizemore on June 3, 2010.
- To Ed and Esther on the birth of their son Evan Keun-Ho Yu on June 8, 2010.
- To Jeff and Lauren on the birth of their daughter, Evelyn Carmichael WeiLi Huang on May 17, 2010.
- To David and Suzi on the birth of their son, Silas Davidson Hyo Min Cho on July 24, 2010.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Congratulations, Class of 2010!

Oh the places they will go!

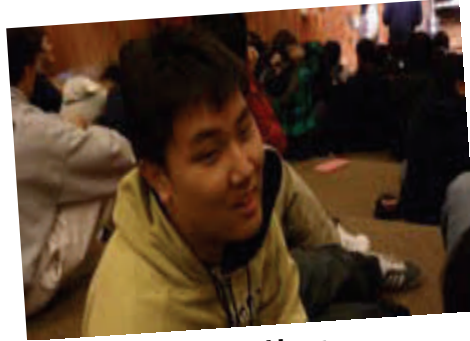
The editors of the newsletter wanted to feature the rising freshmen and newest members of the EC! Be sure to give them a warm welcome this summer!



Jane Kim

Carnegie Mellon University

Interesting Fact: I am tall but don't look tall. Or, maybe I do, but I feel short even though I'm like 6ft.



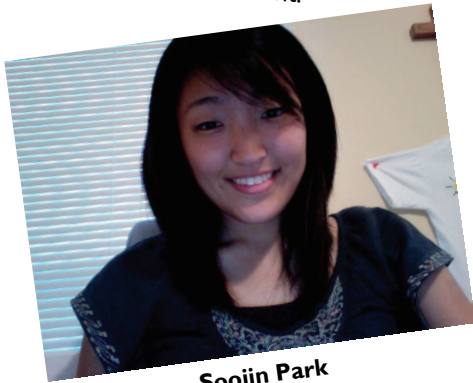
Daniel Hong
NOVA

Interesting Fact: I'm known for my eating.



Suji Helmer
Wilson College

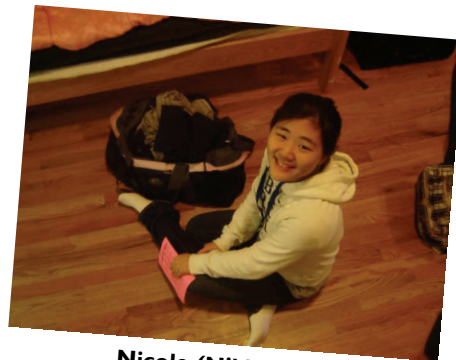
Interesting Fact: I enjoy riding competitively and hope to double major in Equine Science and Business.



Soojin Park

Cornell University

Favorite Verse: Philippians 4:6-7



Nicole (Nikki) Kim

James Madison University

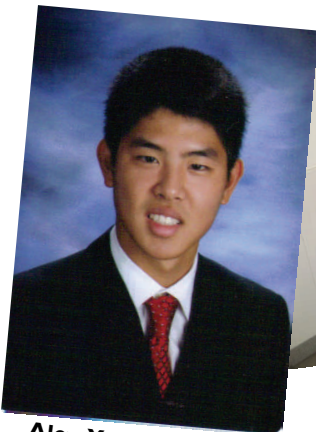
Interesting Fact: I love to read. A LOT. One time I read 21 books in one whole summer.



Jae Sim

Duke University

Interesting Fact: I have amassed a surprising encyclopedia of spells from Harry Potter (by revisiting the books countless times and through rote memorization) and have participated in full-blown duels alongside my trusty wand with equally obsessed Harry Potter aficionados.



Alex Young-hoon Mun
Virginia Tech

Interesting Fact: I enjoy long walks on the beach and romantic comedies because they make me smile.



Sara Um
VCU

Favorite Verse: James 1:22



Enoch Cha
Virginia Tech

Interesting Fact: I was in seven seasons of track.



Silvia Cho
Virginia Tech

Interesting Fact: I loved Justin Bieber ever since he was this kid on Youtube. Don't judge. :D

*"Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified. For the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go."
- Joshua 1:9*

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Fruitful Vineyard Ministry's VBS: A High Sea Adventure


By Laura Berol

Am I the only parent whose preschoolers showed up at VBS expecting to hear about pirates? I'd explained that Vacation Bible School was a place to learn about the *Bible*, that piracy was stealing, that the Bible says not to steal—but it was useless. My kids recognized a pirate ship when they saw one, and the cardboard contraption they'd seen on the church's second-floor hallway since April, advertising VBS as a High Seas Expedition, was definitely a pirate ship.

When VBS began on July 20th, my boys arrived at VBS to discover that an entire fleet of ships had docked at ODP. The flagship was moored at the front of the sanctuary, where 250 preschoolers began and ended each day watching skits and dancing along to praise songs. In the basement, the hull of a sailboat was constructed from chairs and brown paper so children could sit on deck to participate in Bible stories such as the Apostle Paul's shipwreck on the island of Malta. Upstairs, the walls bore nautical charts where kids could track their "God sightings": things they noticed during the day that reminded them of God's love. During craft sessions, they made their own ships, compasses, and binoculars to bring home, and blankets to give away—a very non-piratical activity! The blankets, which say "God loves me," contain tiny hearts that the preschoolers placed between their layers. Compassion International will be distributing the blankets to children in El Salvador.

Keeping up with all these preschoolers was an incredible task, accomplished only through the hard work of 130 teenage and adult volun-

teers. A dozen of them handled the enormous job of preparing lunch each day for everyone, and another dozen cared for the two-year-old children of volunteers. Children also helped out, from the age of six on up. As a mother of sons, I'm especially grateful for the young men who volunteered at VBS. My little boys found it an especially fun place when they saw the "big boys" there. The staff managed the preschoolers' energy creatively, with vigorous dancing, active games, and gold coins to put in the treasure chest as a reward for good behavior. Three-, four- and five-year-olds were grouped together so the older ones could set an example for the younger ones, help them, and even *protect* them (more on that later).

So my kids loved VBS, even though no pirating was involved—unless you count the rumors I overheard of a gold-coin-for-protection racket organized by the five-year-olds... but that's a story for a future issue. 



250 preschoolers from the KC and EC learned that God's Word is true in VBS.



During VBS week, students participated in "God sightings" — things that reminded them of God's love.


Retreat: A Refuge

by Tina Mun

Merriam Webster provides several definitions for the word, "retreat," one of which is "a period of group withdrawal for prayer, meditation, study, or instruction." I have no doubt we will experience a great time of worship, prayer, and meditating on the Word. However, I also believe "a place of...safety: refuge" is what I, and probably many in our church body, desperately need and will find.

Having lived in the DC metropolitan area for over 10 years, I am well aware of the pressures and stresses of everyday life that many of us face. The demands that work, family, friends, and even church place on us can be challenging and overwhelming to the point where we are running on fumes. There have been years where an upcoming retreat made me feel like I had yet *another* event to add to my list of to-dos and, if I'm being frank, I grudgingly signed up because it was the "right" thing to do.

However, I have never regretted attending a retreat because, at each retreat, I found a place of safety and refuge. A place of safety and refuge from my busy life, where I could reflect on why my life seemed so hectic and re-prioritize everything in light of God's heart. A place of safety and refuge from my isolated life, where I could reconnect with the church body and find a place where it was safe to share life's burdens with one another. A place of safety and refuge from my distracted life, where I could allow God to speak to me and call me to renew my relationship with Him. A place of safety and refuge that felt like home.

Whether you are a student, a working professional, or a stay at home parent, I hope the Spirit is moving you to come and spend the weekend at the retreat, and pray that you will find a place of safety and refuge. 

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Summer Snapshots



Above: ODPC breaks ground for EC Worship Center. Construction has finally begun!

Below: Brian Mendoza, ODPC's newest college ministry pastor, preaches his first message to the EC on Solidarity through Suffering.



Above: ODPC medical missions team serving in The Gambia.

Send us your submissions! We'd love to hear from you, so please feel welcome to send articles, photos, or even ideas to odpcthreshold@gmail.com. Thanks!



Above: ODPC members greet The Chas returning for furlough from Central Asia.

Sign up now for ODPC's Annual Retreat.



"Everyday Disciples" / Sept. 4 (Sat) thru Sept. 6 (Mon) / National 4-H Youth Conference Center / 7100 Connecticut Avenue, Chevy Chase, MD. Sign up now at www.odpc.org/retreat.

Come out to Café le SALT!



Join us at Café le SALT, ODPC's Fellowship Hall transformed into a French-themed café, for fun, entertainment and community on Aug. 6, 7-10 PM for \$10. All proceeds towards EC building fund.

THE FIELD

Set Free

By Anna Kim

When Menaka was 12 years old, her family was forced out of their home in Bangladesh along with other Hindu families. They managed to escape to a refugee camp on the border of India. Then Menaka's friend took her to Calcutta's largest red-light district (Sonagachi) and sold her to a brothel owner for 1,000 rupees (US\$20). Because Menaka was a virgin, she was worth a high price. Her first customer took her to a room, locked the door and drugged her. Twelve-year-old Menaka was raped, and from then on, she was trapped in the sex trade. But today Menaka is free; she works for Freeset and has tremendous hope. Menaka still lives in the main lane where many girls stand in line waiting for customers, but life is very different now. Menaka was one of the first women to join Freeset over ten years ago, and she continues to work for not only her own freedom but for a vision of freeing more than 10,000 women still enslaved in Sonagachi.

I met Menaka in person when I visited Freeset for a week in March 2010. My team and I were introduced to Freeset through Justice Ventures International, whose mission is to support, strengthen, and build "justice ventures" – like Freeset – that serve the poor and oppressed. Freeset is a "freedom" business that produces eco-friendly, fair-trade jute bags and organic t-shirts for the export market, while providing jobs, training, education and literally freedom to the women previously trapped in Calcutta's sex trade. Best of all, as the women journey to freedom, many find the ultimate freedom in Jesus Christ. Each work day begins with a worship service, and it's a true business as mission.

This trip, while brief, was life-changing. My team and I saw so much brokenness and poverty in Calcutta, feeling devastated and confused during the first few days. We saw infant babies lying by themselves on a busy street. So many people, young children and old, sitting or sleeping on the street, begging for food. One of our teammates, a doctor, bandaged a young teenage boy's foot that had been cut off in half -- ap-

parently some time ago but still infected and raw. It appeared the poor had no access to medical care.

We saw the heart of Sonagachi as Kerry Hilton (founder of Freeset) guided two of us each night (so as not to attract too much attention) around this most notorious of red light districts in Calcutta. We saw so many women literally "standing in line" waiting for customers. Three of our teammates also witnessed a line of young girls trafficked from Nepal (perhaps 12-13 years old) squatting in line in a narrow alleyway. Their eyes looked hollow and desperate, while looking straight at us.


"I want to be 'on that team' -- God's team, with Freeset supporters and other like-minded Christians -- living for His purpose and advancing His Kingdom."

In contrast to the hopelessness I felt walking around the streets of Sonagachi, I immediately felt free and at peace the moment I stepped back into the Freeset building. Freeset was founded over 10 years ago by Kerry Hilton, a New Zealand pastor, and his wife Annie (with their four children). When they first arrived in Sonagachi, Annie and Kerry walked around, cried, and prayed. To make a difference that would bring real freedom for these women, the Hiltons began to understand there needed to be a business alternative. Women could be trained with new skills for a new job and empowered with life-skills needed to take advantage of freedom. Working alongside the Hiltons today are about 10 Christian missionaries that live and work among these poorest of the poor. In addition to counseling and caring for each of the Freeset women, the Hiltons and Freeset missionaries are part of the Sonagachi community, knowing their neighbors and deeply caring for them.

During our week with Freeset, as I was devastated to witness so much suffering, I continued to ask how God could tolerate so much suffering. God taught me two things. First, He reminded me repeatedly that "for God so

loved the world that he gave his one and only son, that whosoever believes in him shall not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). God shed his own blood for the least of these, and I heard from God in a very personal and supernatural way that he shares the pain of His people. Second, I saw the joy and hope that God -- through Freeset women and its missionaries -- brings to Sonagachi. As I saw this joy, hope and dignity in the eyes of the Freeset women, I was inspired by the Freeset missionaries. In their faces, I saw the kind of "abundant life" (John 10:10) God intended for his people by helping the helpless and defending the powerless. When I returned from India, I told my husband Tom that I want to be "on that team" -- God's team, with Freeset supporters and other like-minded Christians -- living for His purpose and advancing His Kingdom. I think this is how we find "abundant life" here "on earth, as it is in heaven."

For Freeset to continue its business for freedom, it needs to sell more bags. The production and purchase of these bags provide freedom and dignity to the women and children of Sonagachi. As Kerry says, it's an "upside-down business model" – a business whose mission is to restore and provide dignity to the poorest of the poor, employing the least skilled and paying them the best pay possible, rather than maximize profits for the well to do. They do this while producing high-quality, eco-friendly, fair trade-certified products. Amazing.

God has called me and my teammates to share this story and, in sum, sell more Freeset bags in the U.S. We are building a distribution network for Freeset on the East Coast. We welcome introductions to churches or any organization that might be interested in ordering beautiful, high quality jute and cotton bags, and certified organic t-shirts -- all of which can be ordered in bulk and printed with customized designs for special events, retreats, conferences, team sports teams, etc. Such purchases literally determine the number of women and children that can be set free. For more information about Freeset or JVI, please visit www.freesetglobal.com or www.justiceventures.org, or email me at ahongkim@yahoo.com. 

THE FIELD

Pray for ODPC Missionaries!

Deleted from Online Version. If you would like to receive a hard copy of this newsletter, please email odpcthresold@gmail.com

**Thank you to all who mobilized ODPC's summer mission teams either through prayer or support!
We are certain that the Kingdom was advanced in The Gambia and China.**

THE CORRIDOR

Time: Friend or Foe?

By Jackie Kwon

I am conscious of time now more than ever before. The other day, as I heard the recycling truck turn the corner, and hurriedly ran to pick up my neglected recycling stash so as not to, yet again, miss another Thursday pick-up, I pulled my back. Not in a funny, "I must be getting old kind of way," but in a manner that left me bedridden and unable to function for a couple of days. I was completely distraught. Not that I had hit a new stage in my life where I must now consider myself fragile and aging, but more because of a sense of remorse and regret for not having taken care of myself as I ought. I couldn't help but think that for thirty some years, I had neglected my body, never taking my vitamins, working out regularly, or eating healthy food. It was a sad moment to think of those wasted irretrievable years.


There's a part of me that thinks the days are on my side. I always seem to

bank on time as if it will do me good, and I'm realizing now, more than ever, that time is not my friend. Time will not make me less lazy, or more disciplined. And yet, I hold tenaciously to the idea of that future day when magically, with the flip of a switch, I will become more controlled and loving, less critical, and altogether more holy.

My mother is my hero. She is the happiest, the least-complaining person I know, and I can think of no other person who walks more intimately with Jesus. She wakes up every morning at 3:30 to read her Bible, attends early morning prayer, comes home to make breakfast for my dad, then finishes her day serving the church. Granted, the waking up at 3:30 part of her day is a bit extreme, but I can say for certain she lives an abundant life with boundless fruit, and I would be most happy if I turned out a little like her.

I have this odd notion that I will become like her, and ultimately like Jesus, when the next stage of my life rolls around. I always think time will sanctify.

When I got married, for instance, I thought the stability and security of a husband would make me more disciplined. It didn't. I thought for sure when I had a child, God would begin his "real" work in me; perhaps, then, I would instantly turn into a less selfish, more giving woman who woke up early to meet the needs of her family. And yet, still, I have a problem waking up in the morning just even to say goodbye to my husband. My human nature, that "old man," is just as red-blooded, and virile as he was when I first got married.

I believe in the perseverance of saints. I believe that God sanctifies me daily, and will, through and through, for all eternity, until he makes me pure and spotless. But I bank too much on the fact that God will do the work for me. I lean too heavily upon a misconstrued notion that time alone will change me *eventually*. But it is God who works in me both to will and to do according to his good pleasure. And I cannot wait -- no, I do not want another wasted, irretrievable day to pass. It will do me no good. 

Honesty Matters

By Jennie Jang

Olivia, my 4 year old daughter, used to sleep like a rock. I was thankful for this gift while it lasted, because her little brother Kyle was a LOUD infant. I used to be amazed at how unfazed she could be when Kyle would test the limits of his vocal range in the painfully wee hours of the morning.

In recent months, one of the delights of having a "maturing" toddler is Olivia's heightened awareness of parental decisions and their related implications. For example, if Mommy indulges in a nibble of chocolate right before dinner, surely so can the child. The connection of dots can happen at rapid-fire speed when you'd rather it didn't. At bedtime, counterintuitively, she now has a greater fear of being left alone upstairs. You'd think that we lived in a mansion the way Olivia interrogates us each night before we tuck her in: "Mommy, are you staying upstairs the WHOLE night?" "Oh, so if you go unload the dishwasher, will DADDY be up while you're downstairs? And then you'll switch?"

Despite all my self-assuring measures that this, too, is just a phase, I crave space

a lot more than I used to. Olivia's most solid sleep tends to be her first few hours, from about 9:00 - midnight. So each evening, over the past few weeks, I've told Olivia that yes, I will not budge from my bedroom all night long. Then, once I see she's asleep, I creep and book it down the stairs and relish my downtime.

This morning, while hubby and I brushed our teeth, getting ready for church, I told him I can't believe we opted for our 24th viewing of *Bourne Ultimatum* rather than more sleep. Olivia was lounging in our bed, patiently waiting for someone to help her get ready. I stepped out into the bedroom, wondering what to wear, when I heard the thunderous voice of God through the mouth of my little girl: "MOMMY, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU." Uh-oh...this can't be good. And so began a great lesson of humility, as she continued: "Last night you told me you were going to stay upstairs. But I just heard you say that you watched a movie." Blink-blink, her huge eyes spoke: "Welllllll???"

I felt like I was at office hours with my evil organic chemistry professor from college, flailing and falling down a bottomless hole. I was reminded of Abraham and how he gave into his lies whenever he

feared more for his own life than honoring God. I wanted to rationalize, "but Sarah really is my half-sister..." or, "but the Egyptians were going to kill me..." Only I said, "But Olivia, you make it so hard for Mommy to have some chill time..." "But you're fast asleep when I go downstairs...." and "I always check on you every 10 minutes...."

But the more the "..." tended to follow what I wanted to say, the more I knew I was lacking a most desirable and rare quality in people these days: integrity. So, I sat down on the bed, eye to eye with Olivia, and asked her forgiveness. And I asked her to pray with me, that God would give me the strength and will to be honest with whomever we should encounter.

Now, I still have to figure out how I'm going to get downstairs this Tuesday for the *Lost* premiere without too much protest or inconvenience from my little girl. But parenthood, or being a Christian, isn't about convenience - it's about integrity. And that's what I learned; not from a parenting seminar, nor from the pulpit, but from my wide-eyed little girl. And so the "master" must give a nod, a humbled nod, to her little grasshopper. 