

The next day the family went around the island to Kailua-Kona. Steve was intrigued by the desolate lava fields, the donkey crossing signs, and the Painted Church, but the highlight of the day for him was Puuhonua O Honaunau, the

City of Refuge. It was fascinating to see a slice of life from ancient Hawaii, but the place itself held a deeper spiritual attraction for him.

Heather joined Steve as he stood alone and gazed out across the bay in a rare moment when neither of her nephews were climbing on him or demanding his attention.

“How did they know?” Steve mused as she walked up beside him. “About the city of refuge? How did they know?”

He turned toward her and made a sweeping motion with his left hand, pointing to the village behind them.

“The kapu system, the kii statues, the mana of the dead chiefs, it’s all so pagan, and yet they got this,” Steve pointed toward the actual sanctuary. “They got this so right. It’s too close to the Hebrew cities of refuge to be merely a coincidence, and yet the ancestors of these people had left the Middle East long before God gave the plan for the cities of refuge to Moses. They didn’t even establish them here until long after God himself came as the high priest whose death gave us an eternal city of refuge.”

“Some people claim that God prepared these islands for the arrival of the missionaries,” Heather shrugged, “maybe this was all part of it. Hints at what had been done. Suggestions that there was a better way.”

“The Lord moves in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform,” Steve said as he reached out and brushed a stray strand of hair off her cheek, tucking it behind her ear.