

John Chau was killed on North Sentinel Island on (or about) November 16, 2018. In the aftermath of the news of his missionary effort going global, John's family released his personal journal, in which he recorded his thoughts and heart over the last couple days of his life on earth.

First, I want to offer my heartfelt condolences to the Chau family. The pain of having such a personal loss become international news and fodder for criticism by hordes who did not know John, must be overwhelming. I also want to say thank you to the Chau family for sharing this journal; it gives a clearer picture of your son, which is a very different (and better) picture than many offered of him. I have been moved and encouraged by looking over John's shoulder to see what he was thinking.

John did not focus on penmanship nor punctuation. Thus, the journal entries themselves can be difficult to read, and at times are illegible. But, because I have been moved by his story and found great value in his final thoughts, I have transcribed his journal to make it more easily readable for a wider audience.

As the transcriber, I have not made any editorial changes; things are transcribed as they appear in John's journal. At times, certain words are illegible and are indicated by {illegible}. Additionally, John abbreviated certain words that may be foreign to those who are not studied in missiology. In those cases, I have provided an explanation as a footnote at the bottom of each page.

This effort is not to exalt John; he would be horrified, I believe. Rather, my intention is to glorify God in presenting the personal journal of a man who laid down his life for others.

Soli Deo Gloria!
Craig Dunning

Well it's 1450 on Wednesday, November 14, 2018. I've been in a safehouse in Port Blair since returning from Hut Bay, Little Andaman, for the past 11 days! Bobby and Christian left 5 days ago and it was such an encouragement to see them. The originally planned date was delayed from the 11th until tonight due to a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal. Being stuck in the safehouse meant that I hadn't seen any full sunlight till today and my nice tan that I had acquired on Little Andaman started to fade, as well as my thickly calloused feet. The benefit is that I was essentially in quarantine. I stayed fit by doing 3x of: 20 pushups, 50 leg kicks, 20 wide pushups, 50 side-to-sides, and 20 triangle pushups with 50 20 squats, or varying exercises incorporating burpees and rubber resistance bands. Much time was spent in prayer and reading. I met last night with the fishermen who are all believers and agreed to drop me off. Jonathan won't be accompanying me as they will be at sea doing their regular fishing maneuvers to avoid raising suspicion and there is a high chance they'd get checked by the Indian Coast Guard. The meeting went well – I trust them though I'm the only English speaker so there is quite a language gap and I'm relying on the Holy Spirit to direct us. The dropzone was pointed out on the map as being a cove on the SW of the island, and I depart in 3 or so hours. While in the safehouse, I finished reading a book about "The Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons" and today I'm in awe of how GREAT our God is – the simple obedience of Adoniram which led to Sarah and George Boardman going to work with him and reaching the K's¹ and then the K's being put in the Andamans by the British (who failed to be a blessing to the nations and rejected the commands of Jesus) and now them helping reach one of the last uPGs² on earth ... and the various ethnicities and nationalities of all include: South African, American, Indian, Chinese, etc. God, I thank you for choosing me before I was even yet formed in my mother's womb, to be your messenger of your Great News to the People of North Sentinel Island. Even my heritage points to you – me, an American citizen, part Irish, part Native American (Choctaw), part African, and part Chinese and Southeast Asian – thank you Father for using me, for shaping me and molding me to be your ambassador. Please continue to keep all of us involved hidden from the physical and spiritual forces who desire to keep the people here in darkness. Holy Spirit please open the hearts of the tribe to receive me and by receiving me, to receive You. May Your Kingdom, Your Rule and Reign come now to

¹ Editor's Note: Keren People

² Editor's Note: Unreached people groups

North Sentinel Island. My life is in Your hands, O Father, so into Your hands I commit my spirit.

The plan is to link up with the crew tonight and depart tonight, arriving at the shore around 0400. From there we make progressive contact with fish as gifts over the next few days and then send me off. Depending on the darkness, I might land briefly at dark and bury a cache – a Pelican case for later. We might even send the kayak laden with gifts toward shore. All in all, this is in the hands of YHWH – the King of Kings and Lord of Lords and his plan will succeed and I pray that not my will nor my plan be done but only His good, pleasing and perfect will. Forever You, Jesus, are to be praised.

Soli Deo Gloria!

- John Chau

[end journal page 1]

Journal

November 15, 2018
North Sentinel
0530

Rendevoused successfully last night with the friends. Currently on the boat, waiting to make contact. Left last night around 2000 and arrived around 2230 or so, but as we went north along the eastern shore we saw boat lights in distance along the north shore and turned around. Headed south along the eastern shore and evaded then went along the southern shore and then up along the western shore. All along the way, our boat was highlighted by bioluminescent plankton – and as fish jumped nearby, we could see them like darting mermaids skimming along. The Milky Way was above and God himself was shielding us from the Coast Guard and navy patrols. At 0430, we entered the Cove on the western shore and as the sun began to light the east above the island, me and two of the guys jumped in the shallows and brought my two Pelicans and kayak onto the northern point of the cove. The dead coral is sharp and I already got a slight scratch on my right leg. Now we see a Sentinel islander house

{sketch, see below} and are waiting for them to come out. We also saw three large fires on the eastern shore last night.

Soli Deo Gloria
John Chau



[end journal page 2]

Journal Psalm 91

November 15, 2018
1000
North Sentinel Island
Southwest Cove

Around 0830, I tried initiating contact after no one came to meet us after we waved our arms and a cloth. I went back to the cached kayak, built it up then rowed to the boat and got two large fish – about 15lb it felt like. (one barracuda and over half of a GT/tuna). I put them on top of the kayak and began rowing to the house we had seen about a half-mile or so away, over the top of dead coral in 4 feet of water.

As I was about 400 yds out, I heard women looing and chatting.

Then I spotted two dugout canoes with outriggers. I rowed past one then saw movement on the shore. Two armed Sentinelese came rushing out yelling at me – they had two arrows each, unstrung, until they got closer. I hollered “My name is John. I love you and Jesus loves you. Jesus Christ gave me authority to come to you. Here is some fish!”

I regret I began to panic slightly as I saw them string arrows in their bows. I picked up the half

GT/tuna and threw it toward them. They kept coming. Then I slid the barracuda off and it started to sink, but my thoughts were directed toward the fact I was almost in arrow range. I backpaddled facing them and then when they got the fish, I turned and paddled like I never have in my life, back to the boat. I felt some fear but mainly was disappointed they didn't accept me right away. I can now say I've been nearly shot by the Sentinelese and I've walked on and cached gear on their island. (Thanks Matt your Broken sandals work great.) Now I'm resting on the boat and will try again later. {illegible}.
SDG – John Chau

[end journal page 3]

Journal	Blue waters in the cove (double) rainbow over the island!	November 15, 2018 1350 North Sentinel Island Southwest Cove
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Well, I've been shot by the Sentinelese ... by a kid probably about ten or so years old, maybe a teenager, short compared to those who looked like adults. Let me first back up: after that initial contact, some of the guys on my boat went spear fishing and caught what they call "cut-a-la" that looks like a grouper or sea bass with big lips – they caught two and each weighed about 30 lbs – so after a meal of dal and rice, I swam back to the cached kayak (after first going poop in the water (we're about a mile or $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the Sentinel home so I wasn't worried they'd see but more concerned that if I went on shore they'd see or find it) and left a few gifts (scissors, cord, and safety pins) on a log that a human must have put there – This cache and location is on top north side of the southwest cove. Then I built the kayak ~~and~~ (again because I had broken it down to hide after that first contact), and paddled back to the boat. We put the two big fish on top of my kayak, and my small Pelican case that held many pencils, my initial contact response kit (for arrow wounds) such as hemostat/quick clot, abdominal pads, chest seal, and dental forceps for arrow removal, plus it contained my picture cards, and multivitamins and multitools (including the one my brother gave as a groomsman

gift that has my name engraved on it ... and unfortunately it also contained my passports! I'll say why it was unfortunate in a moment) inside my kayak; plus I had my waterproof Bible (thanks Bardin and Marsee Publishing) and some gifts: scissors, tweezers, safety pins, fishing line and hooks, cordage, and rubber tubing, and my new Speedo towel. I set off toward the north shore of the cove toward where I had seen a dilapidated structure and two destroyed dugouts via binoculars.

Why was it destroyed? Perhaps a death? Then seeing no one from the water, I waded my kayak through the shallows of the dead coral reef and still didn't see anyone. I affixed some gifts to the fish

[end journal page 4]

and then proceeded around the cove toward the hut I had been chased from on initial contact. Sure enough as I got there, I heard the whoops and shouts from the hut. I made sure to stay out of arrow range, but unfortunately that meant I was also out of good hearing range. So I got a little closer and as they (about 6 from what I could see) yelled at me, I tried to parrot their words back to them. They burst out laughing most of the time, so they probably were saying bad words or insulting me. They were also yelling into the forest behind the hut which echoed and they made in drumming sound, if I can recall. Perhaps their men were away which would explain why the only ones yelling at me looked fairly juvenile. I spotted one man wearing a white crown of something (flowers maybe?) on his head and he also took a seemingly leadership stance and yelled at me. Leadership stance meaning he climbed atop the tallest coral rock to yell. I yelled some phrase in Xhosa and sang them some worship songs and hymns, and they would often fall silent after this. Then two of them dropped their bows and took a dugout to meet me. I couldn't tell if they were truly unarmed or not. So still kept a safe distance away and dropped off the fish and gifts and at first they poled their dugout past the gifts and were coming at me, then they they turned and grabbed the gifts except for the shovel/adze. I paddled after them and exchanged some more yells of currently unintelligible words with

them.

Here's when this nice meet and greet went south. A child and a young woman both with bows came behind the two gift receivers with bows drawn and I kept waiving my hands to say "no bows" but they didn't get the memo I guess. I tossed the adze/shovel a midway distance between us and then began talking to the two unarmed guys. They came over to get it but unfortunately one grabbed a bamboo knife. By this time the wind had picked up and the kayak was set near some shallow coral.

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The islanders saw that and blocked my exit. One blocked (unarmed) while other (bamboo knife) waded along the coral. Then little kid with bow and arrow came down the middle and I figured this was it. So I preached a bit to them starting in Genesis and disembarked my kayak to show them that I too have two legs. I was inches from the unarmed guy (well built with a round face one fly on his right cheek, and yellowish pigment in circles on his cheeks, and about 5 ft. 5") and gave him a bunch of the scissors and gifts as they got bunched together – so basically I gave them all the gift-type items (except for some spares in my cached gear) and then they took the kayak ... and the little kid shot me with an arrow – directly into my Bible which I was holding in front of my chest. I grabbed the arrow shaft as it broke in my Bible (on pg 433, Isaiah 63:5-65:2) and felt the arrow head. It was metal, thin but very sharp. I stumbled back and I recall yelling at the kid for shooting me – now as I look back at it, my Bible cover looks like bark – like treebark, so maybe he was just being [???] but yikes, it sure gave me a fright. They left me alone as I half waded half swam through the broken coral to the deep part of the cove where I knew their dugouts couldn't reach if they chased me. I had to

swim almost a mile back to the boat at the mouth of the cove ... as I got closer I thought a rock was the boat then I saw the boat but with figures with their arms up waving and I

[end journal page 6]

thought briefly that another group of Sentinelese had attacked the boat while they were watching me but thank God that wasn't the case. Although I now have no kayak, or my small pelican and its contents, I'm grateful that I still have the written word of God.

The plan now is to rest and sleep on the boat and in the morning to drop me off by the cache and then I walk along the beach toward the same hut I've been giving gifts to. It's weird – actually, it's natural:

I'm scared.

There, I said it. Also frustrated and uncertain – is it worth me going on foot to meet them? Now they have attached me to the gifts – unfortunately JP won't go with me and only stays on the vessel. The language gap is tough too as it's hard to get good input – Lord let your will be done. If you want me to get actually shot or even killed with an arrow then so be it. I think I could be more useful alive though, but to You, God, I give all the glory of whatever happens. I DON'T WANT to DIE! Would it be wiser to leave and let someone else continue? No. I don't think so – I am stuck here anyway without a passport and having been off the grid. I still could make it back to the US somehow as it almost seems like certain death to stay here – yet there is evidence of change in just two encounters in a single day. Will try again tomorrow. I'm sending these pages to A to take pictures of and to give to Bobby and AN.³

³ Editor's Note: All Nations was his mission agency.

[end journal page 7]

observations:

- # of people in hut: ≈ 10 {illegible}
- Language: lots of high pitched sounds with [b] [p], [L] and [S] heard. Couldn't quite get any words. Insults are probably exchanged a lot. Did not seem to understand Jarawa words I said.
- Gestures: Arms in the air = unarmed, friendly?
Pointing with hand/finger (?) = pointing a location
Arrows in bow = ready to shot you

Environment

- ~~Scenery~~ : Beautiful cove, ~~all~~ mostly dead coral but clear of dead coral bottom. Sand is [calcite] but coarse. There's an amazing surf break at the south part of the entrance to the cove. Saw 3 perfect sets of 4-6 foot high swells {illegible} the {illegible} 200 yds or so.
- {illegible} hut and dugouts point to a cultural practice. It could also be from poacher as I have seen numerous rocky coral that juts out of the having lines thick wrapped and {illegible} ..
- If they see something they like, they'll take it (by force if necessary). I wonder how many other folks have given them something. And if they feel like it is expected or due them? (Journal, p. 8)

Watching the sunset and it's beautiful - crying a bit ... wondering if it'll be the last sunset I see before being in a place where the sun never sets. Tearing up a little.

[end journal page 8]

God, I don't want to die. WHO WILL TAKE MY PLACE if I do? OH GOD I miss my parents, my mom and my dad and Brian and Marilyn and Norah

and Jeremy and {illegible} and Jennifer and Seth and Bobby (even though he was just here!) and Christian and someone who I can talk to and be understood. None of the guys on the boat know much English and I don't know much Hindi or how to ask their opinions and to tell stuff like this to. I've never felt this much grief or sorrow before. WHY! Why did a little kid have to shoot me today? His high pitched voice still lingers in my head. Father, forgive him and any of the people on this island who try to kill me, and especially forgive them if they succeed. What made them become this defensive and hostile? Legends passed down through millenia of their escape from a slave ship? Why does this beautiful place have to have so much death here? Last night I had what I'd call a vision as I've never had one before – my eyes were shut but I wasn't asleep and I saw a purple hue over an island-like city as a meteorite or star fell to it

[end journal page 9]

and it was a frightening city with jagged spires and I felt distressed. Then a different light, a whitish light filled it and all the frightening bits melted away. Lord is this island Satan's last stronghold where none have heard or ever had a chance to hear Your Name?

Lord, strengthen me as I need your strength and protection and guidance and all that you give and are. Whoever comes after me to take my place, whether it's after tomorrow or another time, please give them a double anointing and bless them mightily.

The plan for tomorrow is to drop me at the cache then the boat will leave for the day, returning at night – I'm at peace with

that plan because A) Pieter V from South Africa said the reason the Jarawa didn't kill him was that he got dropped with no boat nearby and B) if it goes badly on foot, the fishermen won't have to bear witness to my death.

Alternative is to wait another time and go back to Port Blair without any documents and stay in the safehouse again and put all at risk (why are we so afraid of death?) or get deported. If I leave, I believe I'll have failed the mission.

[end journal page 10]

Now that I remember it, after I got shot with that arrow and it was in my Bible, I gave it BACK! Man, I should have snapped it!

Perfect LOVE casts out all fear. Lord Jesus, fill me with your perfect love for these people!

11/16/18
0620

Woke up after a fairly restful sleep, heading to island now. I hope this isn't my last notes, but if it is; to God be the glory.

One thought occurred to me last night: only young adults were seen, and kids, but no elderly – are they separated and must stay on the shore? Are the elderly in the jungle?

I'm heading back to the hut I've been to. Praying it goes well.

John Chau

[end journal page 11]

Alex – I'm so grateful to you and to your simple obedience to God, and how you've served this mission with your very best. I think I might die – tomorrow {illegible} (see previous entry to see why) and I wish I could have had more time to express my thanks to you. I'm so proud of you Bro and I pray that you will never love anything in this world more than you love Christ. Stay strong, keep the good faith, and may your life be constantly filled with his grace and peace and mercy. I'll see you again, Bro – and remember, the first one to heaven, wins.

Much love and
to God alone be the
Glory.

P.S. Please send all pages of the journal entries to Bobby and tell him to forward to the current update to All Nations:

"I got shot by an arrow yesterday that was stopped by my Bible, but this particular contact trip had gone well until then – and it was an adolescent (pre-puberty) that had shot me. Trying again tomorrow 11/16/8."

[end journal page 12]

Brian and Marylin and Mom and Dad,
You guys might think I'm crazy
In all this but I think it's worth
it to declare Jesus to these people.
Please do not be angry at them or at
God if I get killed – rather please live
your lives in obedience to whatever He
has called you to and I'll see you again
when you pass through the veil. Don't retrieve my body.
This is not a pointless thing – the eternal

lives of this tribe is at hand and I
can't wait to see them around the
throne of God worshipping in their own
language as Revelation 7:9-10 states.

I love you all and I
pray that none of you
love anything in this world
more than Jesus Christ.

Soli Deo Gloria,
John Chau
[signature]
11/16/18 0620

Written from the cove on the
southwest-ish (more like west)
of North Sentinel Island.

[end journal page 13]