

Stories from your Missionary Brother



Description: Teaching North Korean defectors how to play a Korean drum (above)
On a Luke 10-style mission trip with NK defectors (left)

Support Me



I am a Free Methodist affiliate missionary serving persecuted Christians with the non-denominational NGO Voice of the Martyrs Korea (VOMK) in South Korea.

Did you know that you have persecuted brothers and sisters in North Korea and other countries around the world?

It is my privilege and my great joy to be able to spend each day serving and doing life together with persecuted Christians and North Korean defectors.

More importantly, it is my privilege to introduce these family members to you through the stories in these newsletters!

They tell us that they are praying for those of us in the free world. I hope you will pray for them, too.

your Missionary Brother.

Trevor Foley

Luke 10 Mission Trips (Part 2)

And he said to them, “When I sent you out with no moneybag or knapsack or sandals, did you lack anything?” They said, “Nothing.” He said to them, “But now let the one who has a moneybag take it, and likewise a knapsack. And let the one who has no sword sell his cloak and buy one. For I tell you that this Scripture must be fulfilled in me: ‘And he was numbered with the transgressors.’ For what is written about me has its fulfillment.” (Luke 22:35-37 ESV)

In recent months, as we adhere closer to the word of the Lord and show Him that we are dependent on His provision, we have experienced God’s repeated faithfulness on each of our Luke 10 mission trips in leading us to North Korean defectors each time, which is quite miraculous considering they make up only about 0.06% of the population of South Korea. Or, to put it differently, if you wanted to meet a North Korean defector in South Korea by pure chance statistically, you would have to stop about 1,700 random people on the street just to meet one North Korean defector!

Recently, I went on a Luke 10 mission trip with some North Korean grandmothers who are students in our North Korean missionary training school. Before leaving, I told them, “Every time I have done this, the Lord has provided a meal. So, we don’t need to bring food or money for dinner. But, on the off chance that the Lord doesn’t provide, we can eat when we come back.” They were a bit doubtful about what would happen and raised some objections. But they had no choice. It’s the Bible. And our curriculum. So, off we went!

We went to a multicultural marketplace. Because there were many ethnic Koreans from Northeast China at the market, even the two North Korean grandmothers who I went together with could not tell if somebody was North Korean or Chinese simply based on their accent or appearance. We had no choice but to just ask around.



“Right. He Will Give It.”

While taking a taxi, I prayed about the most natural or creative way to preach the gospel to the taxi driver. Then I realized that I’m not called to be natural or creative, but just faithful, and the Lord will work through His word.

So I just started talking with him.

As we talked, he revealed to me that he grew up in a Christian family, but that he stopped attending church because he uses alcohol and cigarettes to relieve the stresses of his taxi job.

I told him that alcohol and cigarettes can relieve stress momentarily, but the word of God says that “God will give perfect peace to those who wait on Him.”

The man said, “Right. He will give it, won’t He?”

Later, I realized that I had accidentally fused Isaiah 40:31 and Lamentations 3:25. But I pray the Lord will continue to lead him by both words anyway.

We asked people at stands, restaurants, stores, and even karaoke bars, “Excuse me, do you know any North Korean defectors?” But every person replied, “No.” In fact, after almost two hours, one of the grandmothers walked to a fruit stand and inquired if there were any North Korean defectors. The owner answered, “No, and you’ve already been here before!”

After walking around for a little longer, one of the grandmothers stopped, took off one of her shoes, and showed me that she was starting to develop red blisters on her feet. Out of concern for the grandmother’s health, I suggested that we stop the mission trip here and that she take a moment to sit down in a red plastic chair in front of a restaurant across the street to rest. She made a beeline for the chair, and I and the other grandmother followed after her.

I turned around and saw a woman standing in front of the restaurant. She looked like she was waiting for somebody. With nothing else to do while I waited for the grandmother to take a rest in the red chair, I walked over to the woman and asked her, “Hello. Can I ask you a question? Do you happen to know any North Korean defectors?” She said, “Why?” I answered, “We are looking for people from the same homeland.” Realizing that my explanation and my appearance didn’t match up, I looked around for help. The grandmother whose feet were fine came to my aid, “Hello! I’m a North Korean.”

The woman pulled out her phone and made a phone call. “Hello? There’s an American and some North Koreans here and they’re looking for North Koreans. Do you want to meet them? You do? Okay, I’ll send them over.” She gave us the phone number and address of her North Korean friend—a ten-minute walk away. The grandmother who was sitting was so excited that she got up from her chair and said that she was fine to walk for ten minutes, and even that she could not feel pain in her feet anymore.

Right before we reached the destination, we stopped to pray for the Lord’s continued leading. We were going to need it!—the place He had led us to was a café and bar.

We walked in and were greeted by a young North Korean woman, Mrs. J and two rows of empty booths. Happy to see other North Koreans, she urged us to sit down in one of the empty booths. She asked, “Have you eaten dinner? I’ll make you some corn noodle soup.”

As Mrs. J went to the kitchen, one of the grandmothers closed her eyes and folded her hands in prayer on the spot. She repented before the Lord about how she had disbelieved earlier. The Lord had not only led us to meet a North Korean person, but was now feeding us a traditional North Korean dish for dinner at no cost to us.

We told Mrs. J why we had come and about Luke 10. We bid peace to her café and told her that the Kingdom of God has come near. I said, “The Kingdom of God really has come near to you. Look, I’m a pastor and a foreigner—I’m not the kind of person who comes to places like this. But the Lord sent us to you.”

We spent more time with Mrs. J and left, thanking God for leading us to meet her. After we left, we came to realize that the café and bar was neither primarily a café or bar. It was primarily a place where North Korean women are prostituted.

Please keep Mrs. J and other North Korean women like her in your prayers. And please keep us in your prayers as we seek the Lord’s wisdom and guidance with how to follow up with Mrs. J for discipleship and reach out to other women in the same situation.

For more info on “Luke 10 mission trips” I highly recommend [the book Planting the Underground Church](#)

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