

KATA RAGOSO



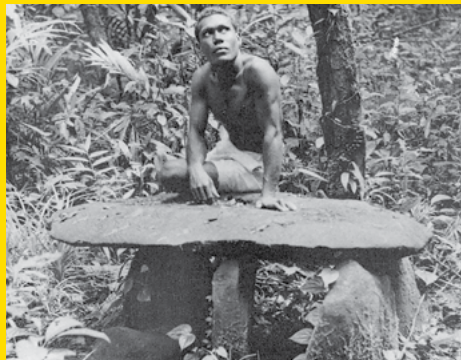
## February 2022

I was a small boy at camp meeting in Brisbane when I met Kata Ragoso. After so many years, I have never forgotten his face. In my childish imagination, he reminded me of Christ - or at least what I thought God looked like. His name, pronounced Kata Rangaso, meant, "no devil strings." He was a native of faraway Solomon Islands, and came from the infamous Marovo Lagoon. His people, at least when he was child, were cannibals and headhunters. They were also devil worshippers who kept the skulls of their enemies in the terrifying temple of demons.

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Island headhunter



Sacrificial stone used by a prehistoric tribe to sacrifice people to the gods.



Devil-worship shrine

**THE**  
**CARTER**  
**REPORT**

PO BOX 1900  
THOUSAND OAKS, CA 91358 U.S.A.

PO BOX 861  
TERRIGAL, NSW 2260 AUSTRALIA

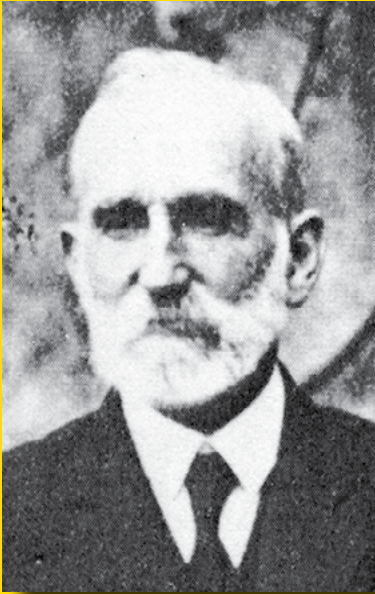
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His father was a chief who was out fishing on the lagoon the day Kata was born. After three days he and his superstitious crew had caught nothing. The problem, they feared, was because the chief had ignored tribal custom and neglected to place a devil string around the prow of the boat. Then they discovered a school of makasi fish. After arriving back home in his village with a large catch, the chief defiantly named his newly born son, "no devil strings" or KATA RAGOSO. Maybe, he thought, the devil isn't as powerful as we have believed.



*Captain G.F. Jones*

When Kata was twelve-years-old, a small white boat dropped anchor in the Marovo Lagoon. The year was 1914. On the boat's bow was the name, "ADVENT HERALD." The captain had the courage of a lion and a vision to preach Christ. His mission was to save the lost, even those who loved the taste of human flesh. Captain Jones had come uninvited to the Devil's playground. He set about evangelizing. He negotiated for a parcel of land and setup a Christian Adventist school. He lived without fear among some of the most uncivilized human beings on the face of the Earth. Any day his severed head could have ended up as a prize exhibit in the temple of demons. But the Spirit of the Lord was moving on the hearts of the people.

MAROVO LAGOON



Please join  
great work of  
Please write  
John Carter • T  
PO Box 1900 • Thousan

In Australi  
Harold Harker • T  
PO Box 861 • Ten

In 1918, Kata Ragoso was baptized as a follower of Christ. He felt a call to be a minister of God. The years rolled by, and the man without devil strings studied and prayed. He learned to preach in English and later traveled to America and Australia where large crowds listened to the man with the face of an angel.



When war came to the South Pacific, the missionaries were repatriated home. Pastor Ragoso was appointed director of the Solomon Islands Mission. A cruel vicious army officer with a lust for power and a hatred for holiness bound Kata over a forty-four-gallon drum and beat him without mercy. When he recovered, he beat him again, and again, and again. Our beloved pastor escaped one night into the jungle where he carried on his own private war, saving lost boys a long, long way from home. All told, he and his Adventist team rescued 27 American pilots and 187 Australian and New Zealand soldiers.



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I had the great privilege of meeting this saint of God after the war.

He spoke a few words to me.

I shall never forget him,

the man whom God had touched with amazing

grace, dignity, and

power. Most of all, I shall never forget his smile.

## SOLOMON ISLANDS WWII

Join us in the  
of evangelism.  
Write today to:  
The Carter Report  
and Oaks, CA 91358 USA.

Write to:  
The Carter Report  
Sydney, NSW 2260.

## SOLOMON ISLANDS 2011



We visited the Solomon Islands a few years ago. We saw great crowds and felt the power of God. We also on occasions sensed the power and presence of evil angels. Satan is still alive and well in the Solomons. But so is the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, and the battle for the souls of men and women goes on.

One night before I spoke on the topic of the Occult, I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. It was so strong that immediately I turned, expecting to see a team member like my friend Pastor Harker. But there was no one there, at least no one I could see. I remain firmly convinced to this day that the hand belonged to an unseen heavenly messenger sent from God to assure me of His protection. Today the Solomon Islands are wracked with strife and turmoil. Buildings in the heart of the capitol of Honiara have been torched. Evil spirits are active.

During the great evangelistic campaign in the Solomons, I visited the lonely jungle grave of the man with the face of an angel. What a privilege it will be to meet this saint again. Maybe we will tell him about the boat we dedicated to his memory.

Please write soon. The battle goes on, and soldiers are needed. Victory is assured. I am waiting to hear from you. Thank you in the Name of Christ,



  
John Carter