



# The Storyboard

March  
1995

published by the  
Papua New Guinea branch of Pioneer Bible Translators

## Ethnologue

### The Tay by Steve Hayward

They once were mortal enemies, engaging in battle with bows and arrows, with shields on their backs which they would turn to their enemies and then dance in mockery as if to say, "Hit me if you can!" The unfortunate ones who received the deadly arrow would often provide a feast for the victors. Now the sons of these warriors, as adults themselves, hike down a foggy trail headed for a village in the neighboring language group. But this is not a raid of vengeance. They *are* carrying a weapon, but it is the sword of the Spirit, God's Word, that they will take to their one-time enemies.

***"... we believe their light will shine into these surrounding areas that so desperately need the illumination of the Gospel."***

God is working in the lives of the Tay people, creating in them a missionary heart for their former enemies. The Tay are a small group of about 500 people whose villages are nestled in the very rugged and isolated ridges and valleys of the Schraeder Mountain range in southwestern Madang province. In the early 1970's the Australian Churches of Christ sent an evangelistic team through the Tay

area. The Tay heard the Good News of Jesus and, wanting to know more, they eventually chose a young Tay man named Gabriel to go to a Bible school in the lowlands.

Later he returned and began teaching the Tay more about God and His Word, and in 1980 some of the Tay accepted Christ and were baptized. Few of the people, though, understood Melanesian Pidgin, the language in which the Bible was written. They wanted to hear God's Word in their own language. The Tay had heard of a group called Pioneer Bible Translators, who could help give them the Scriptures in their own language, and so they started praying for God to send them someone. In 1983, we did a survey hike through the Tay area and felt confirmation later that year to take God's Word to the Tay.

The Tay are growing and struggling to break away from their old ways. One hindrance is that they have lived for generations in fear of the evil spirits. Because of that, some do not fully understand God's love and grace, and still live under a fear of God's wrath rather than in joy and victory. Our prayer is that God's Spirit will tear down this stronghold, and as this happens we believe that the Tay will reach out more and more to the lost around them.

To the south of the Tay area are two other dialects of the language to which the Tay belong. The people in these other groups number about 15,000, and they have very little Christian witness. The Tay have just started sharing

God's word with one village in that area. There is a language group just to the west that the Tay are reaching now. Several Tay men recently hiked there to participate in a baptismal service.



*A Tay man with a large shell which calls people to church services*

We believe that the Tay can be like Gideon's small army of 300 who defeated a mighty army of thousands. As the Tay break the pitchers of darkness in their own lives, we believe their light will shine into these surrounding areas that so desperately need the illumination of the Gospel.

The Tay are still warring, but on a new realm, a spiritual one. ***Join us in fervent prayer to help them win the victory.***

Steve and Rhonda have been ministering with the Tay people for nearly 12 years. Steve also serves as Assistant Director of Language Affairs.

## Turning the Page: *Excitement in Village Literacy* by Bobbye Eiland

Great excitement, a twinge of anxiety, and a willingness to try! I had all of these as I contemplated starting up a night literacy class in the village of Likan. There has never been a community school in Likan therefore the majority of the villagers cannot read or write.

My driving force is a desire that these people will eventually read their New Testament translated into their own heart language. I also want them to read newspapers and books and be able to write. I want them to be educated citizens of their relatively new independent country.

The anxiety I felt stemmed from the possibility that even if students enrolled in the class, they would not be consistent in attendance nor would they be able to adjust to "book learning." After all, their daily activities were centered around gathering bush materials from the nearby jungle to build their houses; cutting down giant trees and carving out canoes; clearing and burning vegetation for planting gardens; and regular hunting trips to find fish and wild pigs.



*Bobbye and her literacy class in Likan*

I love to teach. That's where the willingness came in. In fact, this is my job out in remote villages, to teach the children of the Bible translators so they are free to spend their time in translation work.

The first night came and so did 18 students. By the third meeting there were 23. Out of necessity I closed the enrollment. Since I had only six chairs and one small table, villagers sat shoulder-to-shoulder all over the floor of my small bush house using a Coleman kerosene lamp for light.

The enthusiasm, their strong desire to learn, and a great sense of humor inspired me those first meetings and has sustained us throughout our time together. The class consists of men from ages 18 to about 30. Half of them are married and have children.

I need not have been anxious about their attendance. They have come in pouring rain and have rearranged hunting trips. Often they ask for their books so they can sit on the porch and study in the afternoons. We have heard them walking through the village singing the "ABC Song," and have seen alphabet letters drawn in the sand and dirt around the village. They have worked intently with poor light and often with swarms of little flying gnats.

When we began some could not even spell their name out loud, nor did they know how to hold a pencil or write within guidelines. It is so rewarding to watch

them get excited as they learn how to do these things. They have such a natural desire to help each other, however, that it has been difficult to test them because they whisper the answers to one another.

The men have finished their first reader, (we work in the Melanesian Pidgin language); have composed short one paragraph stories and are developing a large sight reading vocabulary. We recently took the opportunity to write short letters to a fellow villager who was in the hospital with an injured back. Later we were told that Primiri cried when he received those letters.

Literacy is a fulfilling experience for me and, like Primiri, tears often come to my eyes as I realize what this opportunity means to these men.

*Please pray that our Lord will send other teachers and literacy workers to our remote villages in Papua New Guinea.*

Bobbye brought many years of teaching experience with her when she became one PBT's itinerant school teachers in 1991.

## My Tropical Paradise

by Heather Relyea

I squat on the dirt under a thatched roof house with my friends Albina, Takom, Janet, and Apunguna. Sitting around the fire, the smoke stinging our eyes, we peel sweet potatoes and yams to make soup.

Papua New Guinea is where my family and I work as missionaries. I have lived here most of my life, and PNG is home to me. I like it here.

I like the traveling it takes to get here. On the way to and from the U.S., my family always visits some country on our route. It's interesting to see the new sights, to taste new foods and learn new things. So far I have visited 13 different countries, some of them twice.

When I am in the town of Madang, I enjoy going to the little Chinese shops. And I even like to swim in the algae-covered pool.

When I am in the village, I relish the wind waving the coconut palm fronds. I find enjoyment in painting the beautiful scenery and amazing sunsets. I lay in my bed at night, listening to the sounds of exotic birds.

I swim in the creek. I go and help my village friends in their gardens, a 45-minute walk through the jungle.

When I am at the beach, I love to run, to chase crabs on the white sandy beach, or to walk slowly collecting beautiful shells. I enjoy snorkeling and seeing the colorful coral, fish, and other marine life in Madang harbor.

Papua New Guinea is my home and I love it.



Heather is the 11 year old daughter of John and Marsha, who serve as Bible translators among the Aruamu people.



## PROFILE

**Name:** Lois Bayyom Nai  
**Occupation:** Bookkeeper/Receptionist for  
Pioneer Bible Translators  
**Birthplace:** Los Negros, Manus Island,  
Papua New Guinea  
**Family:** 9 Brothers, 3 Sisters  
(Lois is number 8)  
**Husband:** Jackson  
**Children:** Son: Kevin - 6 years  
Daughter: Telita - 3 years



Lois with her daughter Telita

## Editors' Spotlight by Sandra Schofield

*The work of Pioneer Bible Translators is not just carried out by missionaries. Our branches around the world depend on nationals to serve as co-translators, literacy workers and in numerous other capacities. They are vital to our goals of Scripture translation as well as to our effectiveness and continuation in these countries. From time to time in this publication, we want to introduce you to Papua New Guineans who serve with us.*

Lois Bayyom Nai grew up in a Christian home; her father served as a church elder. Her mother came from another village. With over 800 languages in Papua New Guinea, it is common for men to marry women from another language group, as was the case with Lois' parents and herself. Lois is fluent in four languages: father's, mother's, English, and Pidgin. She is learning her husband's *tok ples* as well. *Tok ples* is a Pidgin phrase, meaning "talk place" or what is spoken at one's place.

Lois attended community school and high school near her home on Manus Island. Following high school, she went to Lae, a city on Papua New Guinea's mainland, for typing school. While there she gained some practical computer experience by working for a large company. She was very homesick for Manus — its beaches, fishing, and gardens. "Now that I can look back at it, I am very glad for the experience I gained because of the jobs it opened up to me later." She also spent time working in two more cities, including the capital of PNG, Port Moresby.

Through one of her brothers, she learned about employment opportunities with Wycliffe Bible Translators/Summer Institute of Linguistics at their PNG base of Ukarumpa. Soon she was working long days conducting daily radio times with out-stations as well as operating the telephone switchboard. It was there that she met her husband, Jackson. They later moved to Madang, which is his home. A year after Kevin's birth, she began work in the office of Madang Coffee Mill. "It was very interesting to see the workers bring in the collected coffee beans and the whole process of weighing, drying and sorting the beans." An armed robbery, other break-ins and an impending lay-off convinced Lois that she needed to seek more stable employment.

A few days before she was to be laid off, a lady she worked with heard of PBT's opening for a bookkeeper from the minister of the church Jan and Eunice

Messersmith attend. A phone call, a few reference letters, and an interview later found Lois as PBT's first national bookkeeper. That was four years ago, February 1991.

When asked if she considers her job a ministry, Lois responded, "When someone comes to the door, I feel it is my responsibility to help them. Many are intimidated when they knock on an office where 'whiteskins' work. When they see me, a 'blackskin', they are not scared. I often tell them, 'These people are just like you, it's just that the color of their skin is different.' Some Papua New Guineans that work for 'whiteskins' feel that they don't have to respond to local people. I try to make sure that they feel comfortable and at ease. I don't want them to just come and stand by the door looking lost. I often explain PBT's work of Bible translation."

Lois still gets homesick occasionally for Manus, but she says, "Now I feel like people here are really close to me too. I often think my family is here. My family at Manus is far away, but PBT friends are here. They are more like a family to me instead of my employers so I feel at home here. I enjoy working here and hope nothing goes wrong with me so I can stay here for a long time."

We do too!



Giving a helping hand at the office



# I Worked in Papua New Guinea for Fifteen Months

I Saw, Heard, Tasted and Felt a Lot of New Things by Joyce Nordhielm

## *I Saw*

- \* thousands of acres of lush, forbidding jungle from the seat of a small Cessna plane on its way to a remote village called Samban.
- \* the remains of carved wooden paraphernalia used in pagan spirit worship not so long ago.
- \* from a canoe, birds with wonderfully brilliant plumage walking on the sandy shores of the Ramu River.
- \* a woman walking down the road struggling beneath the weight of a *bilum* filled with firewood, a large vessel balanced on her head and a baby nursing at her breast.

*And I saw the hand of God in the beauty of the ocean and palm and in the faces of little children.*

## *I Heard*

- \* the squeal of bats in the evening as they left the trees along the shore and flew to the mountains to feed.
- \* the laughter of young people in the village as they played, totally oblivious to the existence of toys.
- \* the soft moaning of a mother grieving for her dead baby.
- \* the beat of the *garamut* as it called the villagers to daily services.



*And I heard the truths of God—those blessed, eternal promises—spoken in strange tongues and falling on the ears of eager, hungry-to-hear people.*

## *I Tasted*

- \* only ten or so of the scores of different kinds of bananas and the sweetness of a pineapple ripened in the field.
- \* I *watched* as others tasted smoked grubs, harvested at night from the sago tree with flaming torches used for light.
- \* crocodile meat carved from the body of a 15 foot intruder on the shores of the river running by Martha Wade's village.
- \* the joy of watching the David Pryor family place the first translated New Testament book into the hands of their villagers, some of whom had waited 15 long years.

*And I tasted, perhaps for the first time, a personal sense of total surrender to the will and plan of God.*

## *I Felt*

- \* brotherhood as a young man and his wife were buried in baptism in the waters of the Pacific Ocean.
- \* the feeling of despair as I watched young men come to Madang from their villages to seek employment and finding none, turn to thievery and mischief for sustenance.
- \* deep admiration for men and women who were willing to leave home, family and country to go to a country fraught with frustration and joy, victory and sometimes failure, so that they might write, with the ink of God's love, on the pages of the hearts of those people the unsearchable riches of a living, loving God.

*And since that time I find myself being more and more uncomfortable with being comfortable.*

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Joyce, and her husband Bert, are living in Washington, Illinois.  
They served as Short Term Assistants in PNG from 1992 to 1993.

The Storyboard is published quarterly by:

**Pioneer Bible Translators**  
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**Madang 511**  
**PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

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## *The Storyboard*

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