



The

Storyboard

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Lessons from the Death of the Dollies by Marsha Relyea

Oh my! There it was again. The plaintive Aruamu death wail. But something disturbed me about this wailing. The wailing came not from the mother and the family of the baby that had recently died in our village. The wailing came from our daughter Heather, and her friends Sanas, Albina, and Takom. They were playing dollies and were pretending that the dollies had gotten sick and died.

A flood of misgivings washed over my mind. Was it right for me to expose our then-three-year-old Heather to the stark realities of life and death that the Aruamus live with? When the distraught parents of the sick infant had come to us in the middle of the night, we had no choice but to wake Heather and take her with us as we hiked to the hamlet where the baby was. She shared our concern as we entered the thatch-roofed house, examined the sick baby, consulted the medical book we had carried with us, and determined from the symptoms that the baby must have tetanus. Heather prayed with us for the baby. And she shared the parents' and our sense of urgency as we hurried back to our house to make preparations to rush the baby to the health center in town.

The next day the baby's dead body was brought back to the village. We'd taken Heather with us when we went to the funeral that afternoon. As she watched our Aruamu friends mourning, Heather had been silent, thoughtful. As she watched the baby being buried, Heather had clung to me and cried as though her young heart would break.



This issue is for the children of PBT. Thanks, kids, for being a part of the team!

As I listened to Heather and her friends mourning the "death" of their dollies, I realized that their playing was helping them to cope with the reality of death around them. And I prayed, "Lord, give me wisdom."

Heather and I talked a lot about death after that. Why did that little baby die? Why do big people die? What is heaven like? Do kitties go to heaven? Her three-year-old mind had all sorts of questions.

We read the story from the Bible again about how Jesus raised the little girl, the daughter of Jairus, from the dead

There it was again. The Aruamu death wail. Heather, Albina, and Sanas are mourning again. I guess another dolly has died. All of a sudden the wailing stops. Curious about what they are doing, I slip outside and around the corner of the house so that I can hear. Heather is telling Sanas and Albina about the time when Jesus raised Jairus'

daughter from the dead. "So, Albina," she says in Pidgin, "You be Jesus. You come along and you make our baby come back to life again...." "Thank you, Lord," I whisper. Heather has the right idea.

Heather Relyea, (see her article on the next page) daughter of John and Marsha, is in her senior year of Ukarumpa International School. She plays keyboard with a worship team, teaches piano, and plays oboe and flute. She has recently been involved in several ministry efforts including directing this year's VBS for our PBT children, and assisting with the development and design of PNG vernacular literacy materials. Over this year's school break, she was privileged to participate in a "shadowing" program under the doctors at a rural PNG mission hospital. She has a kind, servant's heart.

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Surrender It All for the Sake of the Call

by Heather Relyea

Once in a while as you walk through life you encounter brothers or sisters who are so committed to Jesus that, like the Apostle Paul, they are willing to give up what is dear to them for the sake of knowing Christ. We have an Aruamu friend like that. His name is Steven and he is our neighbor in the village. What a witness he is among his people!



In 1984, Heather with parents Marsha and John

When we were trying to build a village house for our family to stay in, there was a big land dispute going on between the two clans in our village. There are several major landowners in our language group.

The land that our house was to be built on was part of the disputed property.

Land is everything to Aruamus. It is how they feed their families, how they have status; it is the very substance of life to them. And I think it is a matter of great pride to them. Aruamus *never* give up their land rights.

For a long time the landowners had debated hotly. We had been praying intensely that the dispute would be resolved. Some people were coming over to PNG the following month to help us build, but unless the disputes were resolved, no building could take place.

Then, in the middle of one tense village meeting, Steven, who is a major landowner, stood up and said loudly, "Listen, you men of Tiap. I am hereby giving up my rights to my land. Things of this ground are not truly important.

Heather's brother Bobby with friends

I want to have God's Word in our language, whatever that takes.

We have prayed for years for God to send someone to translate His Word for us, and now he has sent John and Marsha to us, and we have our chance. I am hereby giving up my land. This land is all going to pass away anyway. But God's Word will remain forever!" Because Steven gave up his rights to the land that day, there was no more argument!

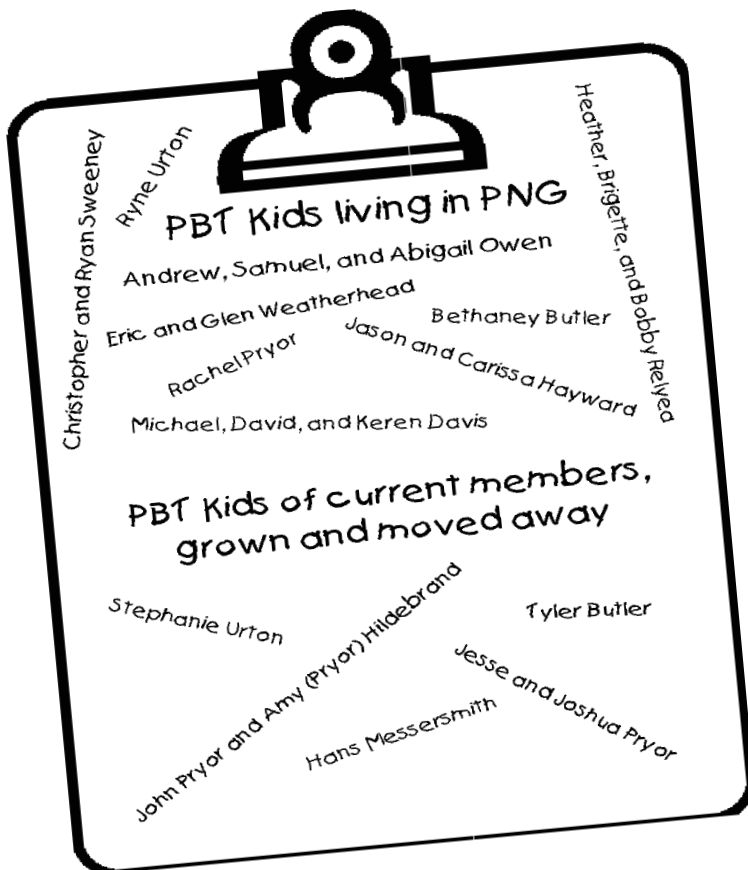
Steven is radically committed to Jesus. He was willing to give everything that was of value to him, the thing he treasured and held dear, so that he could have God's Word in



his heart language, so that he could know God better. I think Steven is a lot like the Apostle Paul. Paul said, of all the proud, earthly things he had gained, "I count them as nothing, for the sake of knowing Christ." (Phil 3:8)

Steven is a lot like Jesus, who gave up his rights in heaven to come to earth. He gave His all in order to bring people to the Father. HIS ALL.

What about you! How far will you go? What will you give up in order to bring people to the Father? Life on this earth is fragile and temporary. Very few things are eternally significant. Jesus said, "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words will not pass away." I pray that God will use my life to count for what is eternally significant.



MK? The Pros and Cons of a Missionary Kid's Life

by Tyler Butler

MK? Oh, you mean Missionary Kid. Yeah, I guess I am. A lot of what you hear is that being an MK is all fun and games and wonderful experiences...it's not. Now don't get me wrong, being a MK is lots of fun, but there are some down sides.

Con Number One: Traveling

My family and I have it relatively easy because our village of Likan is only an hour's flight by plane from Madang town where Pioneer Bible Translators is based. It wasn't always that easy. We used to have a long river trip. We can fly directly to our village only because my dad and the village people built an airstrip right beside Likan. It isn't that easy for everyone. Take Martha Wade, for example. During wet season, she takes a plane out to Chungribu, a nearby village with an airstrip, and then takes a dugout canoe for anywhere from four to twelve hours to her village. During the dry season, she takes a plane out to Pasinkap, another nearby village, then hikes for...well, a really long time...to her village.

You also have to consider the traveling you do while on furlough. Many weekends during the school year we are traveling to speak at supporting churches. Once school is out, we're out

on the road doing VBS's and camps with our supporting churches and friends. This is very tiring. It's kind of hard also because it cuts into your time with your extended family while on furlough, but it is also fun because you get to see other people and places. I once met a really nice woman who went out of



In 1990, Tyler with parents William and Robin, and sister Bethaney

her way to buy me some donuts while in Connecticut!

Con Number Two: Homesickness

If you try hard enough, you can probably remember the first time you slept over at a friend's house or went to camp. You were probably homesick. It's kind of the same thing while you're in a foreign country for



four to five years at a time. You miss your grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. My mom really had it hard once because two family weddings took place and she missed both of them. In compensation, though, my grandmother and aunt from her side of the family came along with my other grandmother and stayed for a couple of months with us in PNG.

Enough cons, on to the pros!

Pro Number One: Village Life

I think that there are more good things than bad in village life. I often have trouble in the village because I cannot understand the native language (Banaro) very well. I am a very social person, and I get bored very quickly when I can't go out and really relate to the people. I am overcoming this barrier slowly by getting out more and trying harder to learn. One thing I like about the village is that there is almost always someone who would like to go out and play soccer or throw a Frisbee. I also enjoy teaching the kids new games like softball and kickball. All in all, village life is not as bad as I sometimes make it out to be.

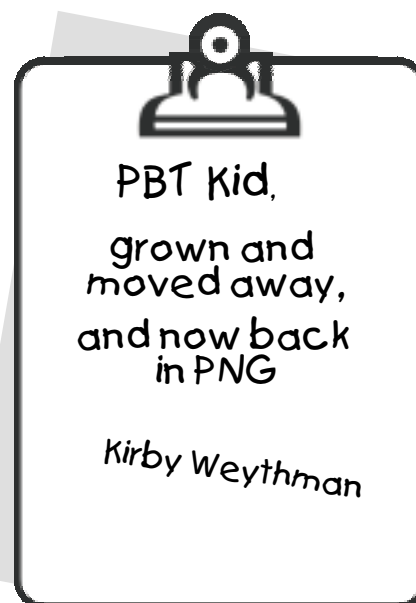


Pro Number Two: Ukarumpa

There is a place, however, that offers encouragement to me: Ukarumpa. This is the main base for the Summer Institute of Linguistics in PNG, located in the central highlands. Here there is a store with American goods, a real school that I attend, and cool weather. There are also many other kids my age from America, Australia, Britain, and many other countries. Ukarumpa is A LOT of fun. For a real vacation, come here! And that's all I have to say about that.

Well, all in all, being an MK isn't all that bad. In fact, I might even dare to say that it's fun!

After writing this article when in the eighth grade, Tyler went on to graduate with honors from Ukarumpa High School in June, 2000. While at Ukarumpa he became a class leader and developed a keen interest in music, giving several vocal performances with various bands. He currently is enrolled as a freshman in the computer science department of Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. He is a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity.



Answered Prayer

by Sharran Pryor

Last Easter Sunday, we did not put on our Sunday best to go to church. We had a forty-five minute walk in slippery, sucking mud up to inches above our ankles, to one of the Kire churches in the dense bush. We were going to Tung for a very special occasion. It was dedication day for opening their new church building. It was a happy occasion for all the Kire people and us because they had had many problems in their village that had required the advice of my husband, David, and our Garati church leaders. We had prayed fervently for this church and now the new church building was ready for worship. We all hoped it would be the thing that would help unify this village of people again.



On the way home after a glorious day with the people, the muddy path was much worse than when we came that morning because there had been so many people who had walked through there after we had walked through. I had a stick that helped me keep on my feet, but our six-year-old daughter Rachel did not know how to use hers and she fell down three times. She was completely covered with mud. When we were nearly through the worst part of the slippery path, we came upon a small stream. I had Rachel stand with me down in the water and I washed her all off as best I could. She felt much better the rest of the way home.

On the following Friday, one of the men from our village came running into our yard. "David, come quickly, a poisonous snake has bitten my wife at the little stream at the beginning of the path that goes to Tung." David went right away and got the little "stun gun" used for snake bites and administered the shock treatment. He took the woman to our Aid Post, but in five hours that sweet woman was dead.



Baby Rachel in 1989

We went up immediately upon hearing the news to grieve with the husband, John, as he is one of the men in our village checking committee and we have really grown to love him. We do not know many of the other people in his village so we just went straight to him, and Dave and I both held him and cried with him. While we were crying with him, it dawned on me, that that was the very same spot where I washed off Rachel on Sunday. Twice before she has stepped over a snake, but not on it. This time, a poisonous snake was in the water where she had just been. Someone's prayers of safety for their missionaries was answered. While we still grieved with John at the loss of his dear wife, we praised God for answering the prayers of whoever it was who prayed for our daughter. Whoever you are, thank you, your prayers were answered.

This article was written in 1995 by Rachel's mother, Sharran. Rachel is now eleven years old. She is in Grade 6 and is being home-schooled by Sharran. She likes to read and play the tambourine, and she loves to play outside. She will be in Madang town with her parents for the remainder of the year as they work to complete the typesetting of the entire Kire New Testament.

Mi Sori Tru

by Lois Bayyom Nai

People come and go...
Time comes and goes...
Years come and go...

Missouri is Sandra's home state, and that is where she is now. She was in PNG, and she was more like a sister to me and all my family. She was also a person that we all shared things with, and talked to easily. Now that she is back in the States, we are missing her.

Sandra, we want to let you know that we all really appreciate you so much and hope to see you back in PNG some day. God bless you. He will always guide you with all your plans.



Sandra with Lois's daughter Twila (namesake of Sandra's sister)

Lois, originally from the Papua New Guinean island of Manus, has worked in the finance department of our PBT Madang office for over ten years. She has seen many from PBT come, and like Lois, we are all *sori tru* when we see them go.



Sandra saying her goodbyes at the airport to Lois and her daughter Telita

Sandra Schofield has been an editor of the Storyboard from its beginnings in 1994, and for much of that time its sole editor. Except for a short time in 1996 to 1998, she had a major part in putting together each Storyboard every three months. We have been very grateful for her commitment, hard work, and skill in publishing our Storyboard.

Last month Sandra left us PNG folks. She will soon be continuing her ministry with PBT in our International Service Center in Dallas, Texas. We will miss her. But we know that God has other mission work for her in Dallas, just as important as what she's been doing here as Administrator of Logistics, to help enable people around the world to receive God's Word in their own language.



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