



The

Storyboard

September
1995

published by the
Papua New Guinea branch of Pioneer Bible Translators

"The Baby is Dead!..." by Rhonda Hayward

These words came from a young mother who had come for help for her critically ill baby. The parents, Yuwolim and Silimben, are very special friends of ours. Yuwolim has helped us in translation and has a strong faith in God which is a real example to others. He refuses to go to the witch doctor when sick, but chooses instead to trust God. Silimben has had trouble with all three of her pregnancies to the point of needing evacuation to a hospital with the first two. The first child died as a toddler. With this third baby she had the same problems and was on her way to our airstrip to be evacuated when, due to many people's prayers, she delivered the baby safely in the jungle. It was this baby that became so critically ill.

Our hearts ached for this young couple who had been so faithful in their walk with the Lord. It was hard not to ask, "Why Lord?" The baby had stopped nursing and was nearly

comatose with his eyes rolled back in his head, and when I took his temperature, the thermometer didn't go beyond where I had shaken it down (about 94 degrees). A doctor via radio diagnosed the baby with *neonatal septicemia*, a critical blood disorder in infants, as well as possible pneumonia. It was while I was talking on the radio that Silimben suddenly said, "He's dead!" I turned to see that the tiny six-week old infant had stopped breathing. As I knelt and laid my hand on his chest, I could obviously feel the little heart getting weaker. Some ladies outside the door started a death wail. Suddenly the baby cried out, gasped for air and slowly let it out. It seemed he was letting out one final breath before he died. As we sat there numb with grief, to our amazement the child began breathing again.

We tried to get the baby evacuated that afternoon, but the fog was so thick that the plane could not land. Strangely, we felt at peace, because many times we have seen God lift the fog when we really needed a plane. We had to believe He had other plans this time. As we went into the night, many of the Tay (pronounced "tie") people, PBT missionaries and even Christians in the United States were praying fervently for this child. I "just happened" to have some penicillin injections (that's another story...) and as I entered their house that night to give the injection, I was greeted with smiles as the parents told me how the baby had opened his eyes, stretched and seemed to be breathing easier.

Before that happened, Yuwolim and Amil (the young preacher at Yimnalem) had just finished reading Scriptures over the child and praying. Even as I sat there, I was further amazed when the child started nursing! I began to wonder if God wanted to show the Tay (and us!) that He didn't have to have a modern hospital and doctors to save this child (and this smoke filled hut with a dirt floor was anything but a modern hospital!) Yuwolim told me with shining eyes that he had put his child in God's hands. Whether the baby died or lived, he belonged to God.

The child did survive the night and though he still had a sub-normal temperature, it was up to about 96 degrees at dawn. By 7:00 a.m. a plane arrived to take them to Madang. After only a week, the baby was back at Yimnalem, healthy and normal. Bringing this child back from what seemed to be certain death deeply impressed the Tay (and us!) with God's awesome power and love. We pray that special miracles like this will encourage the Tay to put their faith more fully and confidently in God alone.



The child now — a healthy testimony to God's tender mercy

INSIDE:

Story and photos on
Yimnalem airstrip opening
and Luke dedication



In this issue of *The Storyboard*, we would like to deviate a little from our usual format by presenting to you a feature article in place of our regular *Ethnologue*.

On August 22, Steve and Rhonda Hayward along with their children and all of the Tay people hosted a spectacular event in celebration of the accomplishment of two life changing feats which promise to leave a permanent and abiding impression on the Tay people. We call these accomplishments “feats” because both required great concentrations of time, money and energy to complete. The effort literally spanned the globe.

One was the celebration of the long awaited completion of the Yinnalem airstrip, a leveled runway practically hand carved out of the mountain where the Tay people live. The other was the dedication of the Gospel of Luke translated into the Tay language.

In celebration of these two events the Tay people prepared a feast. Pork, sweet potatoes, rice and a variety of greens were wrapped in leaves and placed in stone lined pits and roasted underground. Houses were decorated and a large platform was erected to provide a place for guest speakers to stand and address the crowd of people.

People hiked to Yinnalem from all over the mountain to take part in the festivities. Three planes and one helicopter brought visitors. Many PBT folks, a newspaper reporter, an airstrip inspector, two MAF pilots and several government officials joined the Tay people in giving thanks to God for his great and loving compassion for these remote people of Papua New Guinea. The government officials came in spite of the fact that they were also scheduled to attend an important government meeting that day. Peter Barter, the new Governor for the Madang Province, knew that the Tay people were counting on him and chose to place this event over that of the government meeting which he himself was to chair. He explained to his colleagues that if it came down to a choice, he preferred that the government officials be inconvenienced before inconveniencing the people. This can be viewed as quite a remarkable sentiment for those in leadership, but it can also be viewed as a demonstration of the power and influence of our heavenly father who has overseen this work from its conception.

Top to bottom:

Guests arrive for festivities on Missionary Aviation Fellowship (MAF) Cessna 206

Villagers surround MAF plane and Governor Barter's helicopter

PBT director, David Parrish, opens with Scripture

A portion of the crowd that gathered for speeches

In these two events we see a combination of two very distinct kinds of labor: the labor of the hands and the labor of the heart.

In November 1987, the Tay began years of physical labor which resulted in full licensing of their airstrip in August 1994. In the United States, Steve and Rhonda's family and friends sent extra funds to help pay for the costs of flying a bulldozer up into the mountains to cut away and level the ground, buy food for the men who came to work, and other

expenses which are a part of building an airstrip. People on the field also labored. Town staff bought and shipped supplies up into the mountains, made phone calls and wrote letters to help coordinate tasks and keep the necessary people informed. Many hands worked together to complete this task whether they held shovels, pencils, phones, boxes, or were folded in prayer.

The completion of the translation of the book of Luke was also the culmination of many years of labor. Tay people met with Steve and

Cover of Luke in Tay language

Rhonda to pour over God's word to understand it as thoroughly and completely as possible in order to begin the translation process. This effort required a great dependence on the Spirit of God for insight and conviction. Each morning before the work began everyone involved turned to the Lord, recognizing Him as the true author of this work, and that faithfulness to his Word requires faithfulness to him.

The wonder of these two events is that they dovetail so beautifully into one effort. The effort of the hands made it possible for the labor in the heart to take place. The airplanes can land now, making medical facilities and economical opportunities more accessible to the people and making it easier to support the Hayward family. The Haywards are now better able to help the Tay people to know the Gospel message, enabling them to examine it for themselves now in their own language.

Thank you to all who have taken part in both of these accomplishments. Your labor will have an eternal consequence. It has given the Tay people a chance to know the reliability of what they have been taught, beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Top to bottom:

Young attendee

Seemingly infinite line of food ready for eating

Girls watch as boys play soccer on the airstrip

Man in traditional attire greets the planes



Pictures courtesy of Sandra Schofield, Marsha Relyea and Peter Barter

They Call Me Grandma

By Amanda Parrish

Living here in Papua New Guinea as a missionary kid has taught me quite a bit about PNG culture. One of the major things that I've learned about the New Guinea system is most everything revolves around *wantoks*.

A *wantok* (i.e. one language) is, depending on the size of your language group, the equivalent of a relative. With over 800 languages packed into a country only a little larger in size than the land mass of California, your language forms a natural bond between you and any one else that speaks it. So growing up in Tambap Mining I was adopted into the *wantok* system.

While I was back in the United States for furlough I heard quite a few of my friends boast about how many sets of grandparents they had. Well, I have my set of grandparents in the US, and all my grandparents here in PNG. In fact

I have more family than most kids can shake a stick at!

To understand the family relationship over here you have to understand that what we call aunt in America is just another mom in the *wantok* system. It's the same mother/child relationship as that of a biological mother and her kids in the States. The only difference is that you can end up with seven or eight moms!

For example, I would have the right to eat with, sleep with, and call my village aunts "Mom." She would have to love me, cloth me or punish me just the same as if I was her true daughter.

All aunts are considered moms and all uncles are dads. Your cousins are considered your siblings, and your great aunts and uncles are just another set of grandparents.

This can all get confusing. I have a brother who is nearly dad's



Amanda and wantoks in Tambap Mining

age, a daughter (niece) older than me who is married, and has a one year old daughter who calls me grandma.

I'm only fifteen!

Amanda, daughter of David and Alice Parrish, has lived in Papua New Guinea since she was one year old

stretching

by David Parrish, Director

The longer we serve in Papua New Guinea the more ministry opportunities arise. Every year we find our horizons expanding as the field keeps getting bigger. It wasn't long after Dave and Sharran Pryor began their work among the Kire in 1978 that they became aware of the translation needs among the Mbore, then the Azau. Soon after Alice and I started working with the Mbore program we found the need for work to begin among the Aruamu, and then possibly the Bosman. Only a couple of years ago the Judd family began a work among the Garia. Now we are having people come to us from the Saidor region not too far from where the Judds work. The Briiri people recently contacted us requesting a translator to come to their area. The same thing happened with the Musak people.

As new opportunities surface for PBT, so also does our desire to provide these services. In the not too distant future we are looking forward to new teams coming to begin work among those language groups who are waiting. More staff in town will be necessary to keep up with the growing demands required to support these ministries. New translators and new staff means we need more housing. We are already struggling with this issue. We were thankful when Sandra Schofield came to the field in 1993 to help us with our growing logistic problems. It is somewhat ironic that her biggest challenge has been in finding her own housing. She has only been able to find temporary places, often house-sitting for people who have gone home on leave or moving in with people to help share the rent for short periods of time. Madang housing rental is high (US\$600.00-1000.00 per month or more). We have

found that it is much more financially efficient to purchase property as a group and then rent it back to the teams to cover payment expenses. We are looking for a way to do something like this for Sandra and for those teams we pray will be coming to work with us.

In the last *Storyboard* we told you that we would like to try to keep you informed as to what some of the group projects are. Growth is a good problem to have. I remember Paul asking the Colossian Church, in the fourth chapter of his letter, to pray that the Lord will open doors for the message. He was looking for opportunities to preach the Gospel. We would like to thank you for praying that same kind of prayer for us. Pray also that the Lord will provide us with the resources needed to enter into the expanding field.

In our May 1994 *Storyboard* we presented this need. We are thankful for those who responded. Your efforts help all of us help others. Those of you who would like to join them in this effort, designate your gifts as "*Housing*" for the *Papua New Guinea Branch*, and mail to: **Pioneer Bible Translators / P.O. Box 381030 / Duncanville TX 75138-1030 / USA.**

The *Storyboard* is published quarterly by:

**Pioneer Bible Translators
P.O. Box 178
Madang 511
PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

Phone 675-82-2440 FAX 675-82-2506

Editorial Staff: Sandra Schofield, Jan Messersmith, Kathy Harris (on furlough)

Artwork: Dave Parrish **Typesetting:** Lori Witham