

Sept. 11, 1956 Tuesday
Shandia, Ecuador

Dearest Folks:

I suppose Tom and Jim will have left once more and Birdsong will be without human birdsongs for a while again. As I think of dear Mother, missing them again, as she misses all of us, I am comforted for her with the comfort God has given me for myself. I am convinced that there is to be a redemption, a restoration, to correspond to everything which we have seemingly "missed" here on earth. There will be no hope, no longing, unfulfilled when we get There. So often the thought comes to ^{me}, perhaps the Tempter's answer to those who try to comfort me with saying, "But when you get to heaven just the sight of Jesus will make up for all" -- "Yes, but there are so many on earth who have their loved ones throughout this life -- and they will have heaven too. Have they not more than I?" And the answer comes, "For this slight momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison, because we look not to the things that are seen, but to the thing that are unseen . . ." I believe that that weight of glory is in direct proportion to the degree in which we have looked at the things ~~are~~ that are not seen, while enduring our "slight momentary afflictions." All will see Christ, and it is impossible to imagine what glories there could be beyond that, but there will be some measure of distinction, perhaps in our capacity to apprehend Him. Each time some lacerating thought of dear Jim tempts me to feel that I have "lost" or am missing something, I turn it into thanks giving to God for that which is being prepared, because of this, and a new declaration of my faith in Him, that His wisdom and love is perfect. So, for dear Mother and Dad, who have given so much for us and for Christ, I am comforted that there will be great weights of glory.

It is one of those incomparable "jungle days " (in contrast to "mountain days,") -- September is the beginning of the hot season, and the moon has just changed, giving us beautiful dawns, burning blue

skies, and the continuous rasp of locusts and crickets, and "chicharras" (an onomatopoeic word for a species of locust) in the jungle surrounding my clearing. The Indians are cleaning the pineapple patch, two men are working in the patio making a door to cover the hole under the stairs left by the refrigerator when I gave it away, and Valerie is trotting about, hauling off the men's tools into the weeds, pulling up the pineapple shoots which Eugenia is planting by the doorway, and making a general nuisance of herself.

I understand that Abe Van Der Puy is to come this week, bringing some fellow that Capa recommended from the States, to help with the rewrite of the book. I hope they come in here, for I am in need of some professional advice myself on the putting together of mine. My main problem right now is the bridges between the quotations. In some cases I have direct quotations sufficient to cover several months of Jim's life, and in attempting to avoid the mistake which I felt Abe made in his book, that of too much editorializing, I am sometimes at a loss as to just how to knit them together. I have about 150 pages now, having started with college years (waiting for Mom E. to send me material for the earlier years) and so far having gotten up to the Bobonaza River trip, just before our marriage.

The family letter of Aug. 25 was interesting. I am sure poor Phil is looking forward to the day when building will be finished. Jim looked forward so much to finishing the school, which he had just started when he died, thinking that then, at last, he could concentrate wholly on things that mattered far more to him. If only he could see it now! I am interested to hear what Margaret's plans will be how and when she'll be going back home.

Yes, I was able to visit a girl in Ambato who escaped from the Auca tribe four years ago, giving herself up along with three others, at an army post. She is about 14, looks contemporary with "Delilah." Told me she knew Delilah and George. Says their names are "Miyemo" and something else, which I have written down in a notebook Dr. T. has at the moment.

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It was next to impossible to get anything out of her, as she was 1) shy 2) scared 3) greatly hindered by her patrona, who kept shouting at her, "Answer her! Speak!" etc. whenever I'd ask the poor girl a question. When I would ask for a word, the woman would repeat it for me before I could write down what the girl said, and of course the woman's ear was hopelessly poor, and consequently I was able to elicit nothing of value as regards the language. It was in Ambato that I saw her. We had heard of her from a sister in law of the lady who employs her. The latter is related to one of the soldiers who happened to be stationed on the Aguarico River when the girl gave herself up (for reasons similar to Dayuma's — her family had been killed.)

Marilou plans to be back in Quito by November I understand, and Cathers are supposed to be in the New York area now, waiting for a passage on a boat. If they are not able to get them by Oct. 10, they plan to fly. This means they should be in Shandia sometime in November. They have a new daughter, their third (one son).

Olive, so far as I know, has no plans yet.

Yes, Tidmarshes say they are going to Arajuno. Gwen is certainly not very keyed up about the prospect, but they hope for replacements soon, though not one person has ever expressed a desire to take any one of the five men's places, to our knowledge.

Thank you for sending Playfair's letter. It makes me more fervent in prayer for the Aucas --if He can do that for the Ayores.

Much love,

Betty