

[Six pictures from the trip and baptism run down right side of letter]

August 1965

Dear Friends,

The children and I recently had such an unusual experience that I want to tell you about it. We went with Rachel, Dayuma and 10 other Aucas down to "Palm Beach". I had never felt during these past 9-1/2 years that there was anything of lasting value to be accomplished by going to the beach, but now, in retrospect, I see that I was mistaken and I thank God we went.

The jungle of Ecuador is a beautiful place to travel ... and on this short, 2-1/2 day trip, we experienced walking the muddy, slippery trail, wading the shallow streams, crossing ravines on fallen tree trunks, baking in the sun and soaking in the rain as we floated down the winding Curaray River. A strong Auca man stood on either end of the canoes and poled and guided us in the right places. We shared the Indian's excitement as they speared an otter and 2 huge fish. Everyone was jovial and cooperative, and we had a wonderful time together.

Palm Beach is still the little paradise the 5 fellows described it to be and there are still as many bugs. We saw the spot where they built the small shelter, the area where they tried to show the Aucas by signs how to clear a landing area in their village, and the place where the destroyed plane stood before the swift waters washed it downstream. We swam and fished in the river right where the 5 fellows swam and fished and enjoyed their hydraulic siestas. We tried to imagine how it all seemed to them almost 10 years ago we sensed no uneasiness or fear, and I doubt they did either. Then we walked back through the trees to the place where the rescue party had buried our men and the Aucas pointed out to us the stump of the tree that had served for the tree house. If there were any possible way to describe to you that which was in my mind and heart...I would gladly share it...but there seems to me no way for one to tell another I felt as Ken Gosney expressed in prayer as we stood there in the Jungle, "Lord, our words and emotions are all backed up".

The baptismal was the highlight of our trip. Some months before, Kathy had written from school in Florida saying she would like to be baptized this summer and thought the perfect place would be Aucaland during her visit with Aunt Rachel. Then a friend suggested that Palm Beach would be even more ideal and I'm sure it was. The service was simple...Dayuma read for all to hear from a read for all to hear from the Gospel of Mark recent translated into the Auca language. Then Dyuwi sang the Auca equivalent of "Jesus Loves Me". Four were baptized my Kathy and Steve.... Iniwa, Dayuma's adopted brother, and Oncayi, the down-river Auca girl who joined this group about a year ago. Kimu talked so seriously to each of the four explaining that when one is baptized, he is saying to all that he truly loves the Lord and wants to walk pleasing to Him. When they were again back on the beach, Kimu prayed a very long prayer speaking to God about each one of us individually. My heart was touched even more when he recognized before the Lord the difference in their two trips to Palm Beach he said, "Father, when we came here a long time ago, we did a bad thing when we killed those foreigners but today we have done what we know you wanted us to do and some day all of us will meet in the air to go to be with You". Rachel interpreted for us as he prayed. I truly wish each of you might have been with us and seen and heard all this with your own eyes and ears.

My prayer during the entire trip was, "Lord, help me to know You better through this experience to You I owe my life and breath and all the joys I have".

Just today, Steve received his acceptance to DuBose Academy so he will attend there with Kathy next year and Phil and I will be here alone, but we'll all be busy and I'm sure the 9 months won't seem too long.

Sincerely,
Marj Saint

P.S. Please note Ecuadorian Stamps

[Handwritten note] You must have already heard this – eh?