

Instituto Linguistico de Verano

Apartado 1007, Quito, Ecuador, S.A.

2/9/55 [Handwritten]

UNREACHED... AND UNREACHABLE?

For years the objective of Wycliffe Translators has been to reach the unreached tribes of the world with a translation of God's Word in their own language. Now, in our new field, Ecuador, we are faced with the task of reaching a tribe which humanly speaking, is unreachable.

In the maps of the eastern jungle, bounded by the Napo and Curaray Rivers, is a large section marked "Unknown Territory" with the further designation, "Auca (savage) Tribes". Besides being bounded by those rivers that indian forest is bounded by the spear killings which through the years have reminded both Indian and whites not to cross or travel in Auca territory.

TWENTY YEARS AGO a jungle missionary traced the immense footprint of the tall naked savages known only as the Aucas,' and sent it home to folks asking for prayers for these wild killers of the forest.

SIX YEARS AGO I visited my brother, the MAF pilot of the Oriento and he told me that he didn't fly over Auca territory, he flew around it. And the Lord Himself began to put a burden on my heart for that little-known tribe of indians.

THREE AND A HALF YEARS AGO I visited Ecuador again and heard more of killers of the forest. Shell Oil had spent hundreds of dollars establishing an oil-searching base too near Auca territory, and one day they attacked. Passing their spears up to the head man, he threw them from quite a distance with an accuracy that totaled six out of seven of the Quichua Indians working on the project. The seventh dove in the river and lived to tell the sad tale. The feather headdress that he brought back - dropped by the indians in their flight - was made exactly like the Shapra Indians make theirs. ---- I heard too of the only attempt that has ever been made to survey Auca territory. An explorer and a missionary, with a party of indian guides, penetrated the outside fringe of Auca claimed land, but were turned back at one of the early bends of the river, thankful to have escaped with their lives as they threw themselves into the shallow waters and answered with gunfire. ... And the burden for those neglected Indians increased until I was sure it was the tribe the Lord had for me. But Wycliffe had no work in Ecuador, so I waited and prayed.

TWO YEARS AGO at the Yarinacocha Jungle Base I explained to some of my friends at the table that I felt my tribe was over the border. How would I reach them? I didn't know. I only know that that was where the burden lay. And before that meal was over our Director, Dr. Townsend was making an announcement - he had just received an official invitation to start a linguistic work in Ecuador.

A YEAR AND A HALF AGO further word come of the Aucas. My brother had been asked to fly out of the jungle a Quichua Indian women paralyzed by Auca spears in a revenge attack. Her father had been killed, her husband and child wounded. The spear head, removed from her spine by the HCJB doctor, was made of the chonta palm - just like the Shapras used to make a generation ago.

A YEAR AGO on my way home for furlough, I stopped in Quito and the Lord gave Cathy Peeke and me an opportunity to talk to a Quichua Indian girl who had been captured by the Aucas, and lived with them six years as their slave. As we questioned how she escaped she told us that her master had died, and that according to heathen tribal custom, both she and the indian's wives and daughters were faced with being buried alive with the dead. She tried to persuade the others to flee, but they told her they had been taught that the whites would eat them alive! One was the known and the other the unknown, and in the end, four of the Auca Indian woman fled through the forest with Balbina. The same day the President of this country told us that when he flew over the Aucas, they threw their spears at the plane!

FORTY DAYS AGO there was another raid out in the eastern jungle, and the Aucas added two more to their killings.

YESTERDAY arrangements were made for Cathy and me to go to the Hacienda where those four escaped Auca women live and work, so I began a study of the Auca language while Cathy continues in Zaparo. How we praise Him for this wee opening! Will you pray that He who is not willing that any Auca should perish will in His own time, make a real entry into this tribe and enable us to do an Auca translation for Him.

"Whose we are and whom we serve",

Rachel Saint

[Handwritten note] Do we hear rumors of a visit? If we had a latch string it would be but to you, + friend wife + all four horsemen. R.