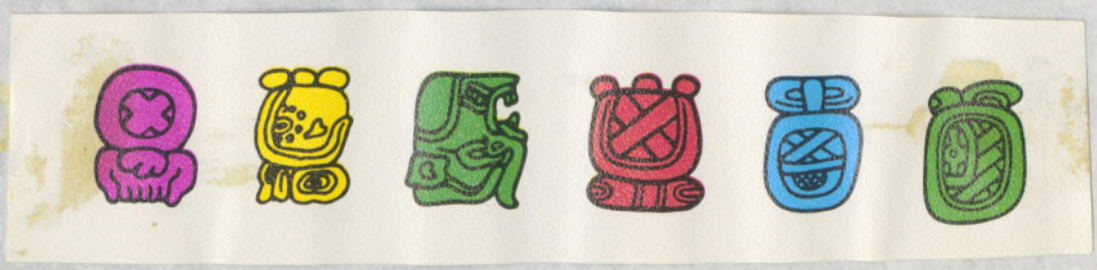
THE MAYA

Children of Lehi

by

members and missionaries
of the Guatemala Mission



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Stories Submitted from the Mission Field

INTRODUCTION

The Maya civilization was the highest in the Ancient Western World. Archaeologists have discovered much about these remarkable people, but mysteries still remain. The many restored archaelogical sites in Guatemala have yielded evidence that the Maya had developed; an advanced system of writing, a calendar of the solar year, and the mathematical concept of zero. These achievements predated Western Europe by a thousand years.

There are literally hundreds of ancient Maya cities scattered throughout Guatemala connected by ancient highways of rock, cement and asphalt. Many of them have been excavated and partially restored. These mysterious Maya cities flourished for two thousand years; but at the height of their civilization they began to falter and by the time of the Spanish invasion they had been abandoned for hundreds of years. It appears now that the Maya left their magnificent temples, pyramids and cities because of internal wars.

The next great power to leave its mark on Central America was the Spanish. The Spaniards took over in 1524 and ruled for about 300 years. Spain dominated her American colonies with an iron fist and drained them of their wealth and resources. Because of such harshness the people soon revolted and gained their independence.

Independence, however, did not restore the land the Indians lost to the Spaniards and during the 400 years since, they and their descendants, to survive unrelenting oppression and hunger, fled to the rocky highlands to till the soil. The Cakchiquel Indians of Guatemala had taught their children never to trust a white man.

This mistrust is fortified with rememberances of the gradual erosion of what property they owned by dishonest land surveys that paid little attention to Indian claims and indebtedness to gringo merchants who held mortgages on their land. It was difficult to pay a debt that was acquired to keep one's family alive with an income of little more than 10 cents a day.

Other gringos under the guise of Christianity took advantage of the intensely religious nature of the Cakchiquel and further drained their re-

sources by charging them for weddings, funerals births, blessings upon their homes and crops and even for the forgiveness of sins. Common law marriages often resulted when a young couple could not afford the price of a marriage by the local padre and their corn crop was not assured of a bounteous harvest unless the seed was blessed.

The Cakchiquel-Maya tribe are a proud people who want no charity. Over 50% of the children die before they reach the age of five and ninty per cent of the children who survive are undernourished. According to Dr. Carroll Behrhorst, who has been a doctor to 200,000 Guatemalan Indians says that "The average protein intake is so low that most people do not have the antibodies to combat infection. A better diet is the best solution to the health problems in our population."

Spencer W. Kimball, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, stated that "They must be fed, clothed, and instructed in the principles and practices of virtue, modesty, temperance, cleanliness, industry, mechanical arts, manners, customs, dress, music and all other things which are calculated in their nature to REFINE, PURIFY, EXALT, AND GLORIFY them as sons and daughters of the royal house of Israel and of Joseph, who are making ready for the coming of the bridegroom."

He further stated, "So as the sons and daughters of Zion we will soon be required to give a portion of our time, the Lord says through His prophets, to the training and teaching of these Lamanites, who have been deprived so long and who now are beginning to stretch and yawn and awaken from their sleep and come into their own."

President Kimball has stated that the scattering has been accomplished - the gathering is in process. He states:"May the Lord bless us all as we become nursing parents unto our Lamanite brethern and hasten the fulfillment of the great promises made to them."

A statement by Wilford Woodruff, in refering to the time the Lamanites will receive the gospel, he said: "It will be a day of God's power among them and a nation will be born in a day. Their chiefs will be filled with the power of God and receive the Gospel, and they will go forth and build the New Jerusalem, and we shall help them. They are branches of the house of Israel."

THESE ARE THE CHILDREN OF LEHI,
DESCENDANTS OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC,
JACOB AND JOSEPH WHO ARE OF THE
ROYAL HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

THESE ARE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Guatemalan Indians know what it is to lose half their children before they reach five years of age due to malnutrition, parasistism, respiratory and related diseases.

These Cakchiquel Indian children are typical of the beauty found in this very handsome race of people, who in spite of their poverty, display a humility and happiness unknown in many parts of the world.

Magdalena Choc

Thomasa Roche

Para mi amiga preciosa
Victoria Alcaz

Tomada 17 de marzo 1974

The Guatemala Indian child learns at an early age to be self sufficient in many ways. But children must have a good diet for normal development so they can help solve, rather than be part of, the problemsof their country.

FEB • 74

Basilia Rojche gathers a handful of coli for dinner. This dark green leaf plant is one of the many herbs that have helped the descendants of the ancient Mayas survive their extreme poverty and lack of animal protein.

Tesia Jose Roche

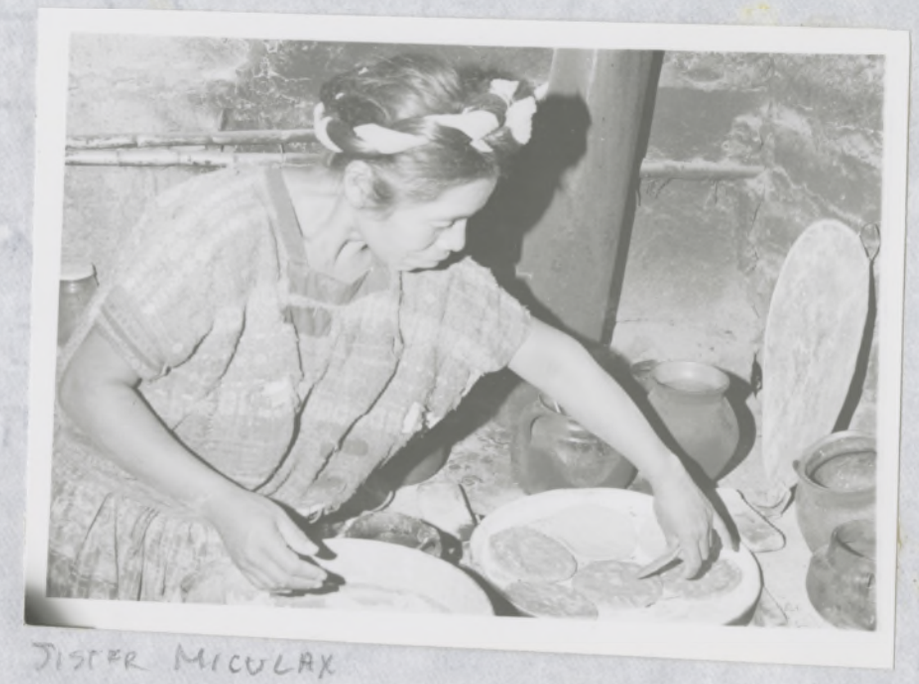
The Cakchiquel Indian woman dressed in her colorful blouse does not complain about her very humble environment. Her home usually consists of a one room hut with a dirt floor. She must cook over an open fire, and her home does not have a chimney. It is only when her husband can make money beyond the family's basic food requirements that she can enjoy the luxury of a wood stove and chimney.

Most shopping is done in local markets where slices of fruit or a small bundle of vegetables can be purchased for those who have the money. Most of the produce is purchased from venders who own land. In Guatemala where about 2% of the people own 90% of the land, there is little ownership by the Indian.

Sister CAU

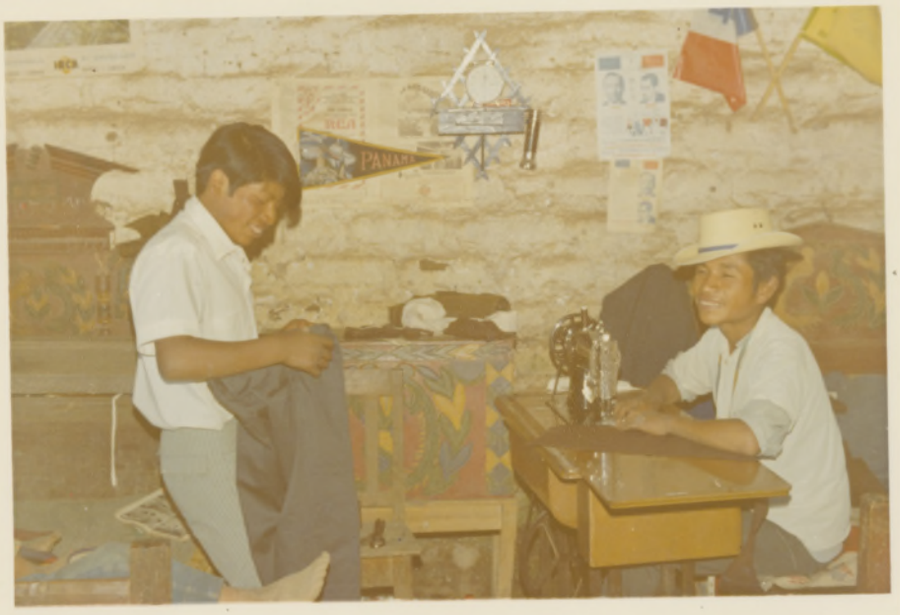
Not only do the Cakchiquel women make their own cloths, but they spend considerabel time weaving the cloth they will need.

Cooking, gathering wood, and making clothes takes up most of the Indian woman's time.



SISTER MICULAX

The preparation and cooking of food, however, takes precedent over all other family functions. Tortillas made of corn are by far the most important food they eat. Tortillas are eaten three times a day. If it were not for the corn harvest, this nation of Indians would probably never have survived.



FEB • 74

Alejandro Choc left and Antonio Miculax are learning to be tailors. The extra income will help them supplement their families needs.

Few Cakchiquel Indians own enough land or are able to rent sufficient land to provide enough extra corn or vegetables to sell. Almost all they raise on their small farms or gardens are consumed by the family.

Morces Choc is partially blind in one eye but manages to supplement his income by tending a small store in Patzicia.

Pedro Merin Toi makes a living making caskets in Patzicia. Most of his tools are hand made. Casket making is a brisk business in Patzicia.

This Cakchiquel Indian spent eight years in prison for his political beliefs. Today, one day a week he walks into the mountains to cut wood for the fuel his wife needs to cook their tortillas, beans and herbs. Five days of the week Daniel Mich tills and prepares the soil for his corn and vegetables. The seventh day he attends church with his family to worship and thank his Father in Heaven for his many blessings.

Josphina Cua was only 14 years of age when this photo was taken and had already served for many months as the Primary President of the Patzicia branch.

Patricia Hart
Jan, 1973

Josephine
Murray Pollard
2 years old

Pres. Herman Tum stands next to his wife and she next to her mother in front of his home. Pres. Tum is branch president of Patzun and had to sell six sacks of corn to raise the balance of money necessary to travel to the Mesa Arizona Temple to be sealed to his wife.

Pres. Herman Preus with
wife and mother in law

The relief society presidency from Patzicia attend the first Relief Society Conference in Guatemala City. After a long trip on the "Chicken Bus" they did not want to miss what was being said and occupied the front row. Sister Ortencia Torres presides

Ostencia

Helena Choc

Mich body

"and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people." Book of Mormon 2 Nephi 30:6

Notice the white skins of the babies of members of the Patzicia branch. Elias, the son of brother Per, is held by his father.

This is the child of sister Helena Choc. (Carlos Choc)

This is the grandson of brother ~~Daniel Mich.~~

Brother [redacted] Family saved for two years to accumulate 28 dollars to build a new home. The Patzicia Branch Agriculture Cooperative helped him with the balance. He payed this off at the rate of $2.00 a month. His oldest son [redacted] was able to go to primary school because of the financial help of [redacted]

Before Brother Choc moved into his home he wanted the Lord's blessing upon it and offered a prayer of thanksgiving which was translated by Elder Mario Salazar. The prayer follows:

Our Father,

I am so greatful my friends could gather together with me to support me in this prayer. I am thankful for this house and ask your blessings upon my children who will dwell in it that they may be happy here and that I might raise them in this home unto thee and that they may be healthier.

Although my wife has passed away, I know she will be happy to know the fine home this is for thou knowest the very very poor conditions we have lived in. In the name of Jesus Christ amen.

Rose Chee Family
(with her mother)

It is hard to believe that the Indians of Guatemals, once the builders of the great Maya civilization, represented by this complex ancient city of Tikal, would have to live in mud huts and go hungry as they are today. Yet, the promise is with these descendants of Nephi, that one day they shall blossom and regain their former stature as they accept the Gospel Of Jesus Christ.

xwucw rgw oeinuaws vkwaaubfa, /r

This ancient Maya temple is symbolic of the magnificance and grandeur of the once great race of people that today suffers from poverty and chronic malnutrition.

CHAPTER ONE

A NATION SHALL BE BORN IN A DAY

Lake Atitlan sparked in the sun not far from the little chapel of Panajachel, Guatemala. Inside the church, several chiefs from the surrounding areas sat listening to the young white man as he addressed them in Spanish.

Holding up a black bound book with "El Libro de Mormon" lettered in gold, he concluded, "This record of your ancestors tells us that they came from Jerusalem. You are of the house of Israel."

Two of the Indians stood simultaneously. "We know that we are of the house of Israel," they declared in unison.

Throughout this country where the great majority of the inhabitants are full-blooded Indians, the missionaries are finding many willing listeners. The teachings of the Book of Mormon coincide remarkably with the ancient beliefs and traditions of the people.

Every Sunday, Indians colorfully dressed according to their traditions, in villages that range from the tops of the mountains of Guatemala to the tropical San Blas Islands off Panama, gather for L.D.S. Sunday services. In large cities like Guatemala City, where a stake is organized, San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, Managua, San Jose and Panama City, Spanish speaking members also gather for similar services in their respective wards or branches.

Central America is rich in colorful contrasts. It is a "narrow neck" of land that connects the continents of North and South America. Covering an area of more than two hundred thousand square miles, it is somewhat smaller than the state of Texas, but has a population of eighteen million people.

Caught between both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, Central America has many contrasts that include high mountain ranges and deserts, snow-capped peaks and tropical islands, great rivers and tiny streams, beautiful lakes and abundant waterfalls.

Viewed from the horizon, its topagraphy might suggest a picket fence punctuated by at least 85 volcanoes, many of which are still active. The entire continent would appear to have been part of a violent upheaval, only to have settled to its present form and natural beauty.

Most Indians are fiercely dedicated to their ancient traditions. Some are fused with Spanish ancestry, but the Maya Indians of Central America have not trusted the white man..ever since Cortez and the Spanish conquerors inslaved them and took away their land.and tried to destroy their culture.

About two-thirds of the Indians in Central America work on farms, ranches, or plantations. Large plantations grow most of the farm products that Central America exports; they produce about one-third of the world's bananas and about eight of every one hundred poundsof the world's coffe. Companies in the United States and Europe run many of the plantations, but it is the Indian peasant that must harvest the crops. The wages are so low that most Indians must grow their own corn in the valleys and mountainsides divided into patchwork like parcels that causes one to ponder how farming can be done in such a disadvantageous manner, and how one can subsist on the meager return it must provide.

It is difficult for a brief visitor to Guatemala to recognize the extreme poverty and hunger among the Maya Indians where half their children die under five years of age. They are a proud people surrounded by ancient temples, pyramids and large cities their ancestors built. Their elaborately carved stone and painted murals on the inside of their temple walls testify as to the grandure and magnitude of their ancient civilization. North of Guatemala city lies

Tikal,, apparently the greatest of ancient Maya cities. Evidence suggests its ancient origin and then mysterious abandoment in the tenth century. Today Tikal is emerging from its jungle shroud as a fascinating archaeological site. Great plazas and courtyards are flanked by pyramids, rows of stelae, mounting tiers of lesser pyramids and temples. Other structures, deep water reservoirs, and rock, cement and asphalt highways pay tribute to the momory of a superior race of people.

The descendants of this race today gather at least twice a week in the Indian open market where they display, exchange, and hopefully try to make a profit from their wares. At many a villgge located either high in the mountains or low in the valleys, one can witness the single-file plodding of entire families enroute to their marketplace.

Indian men double under crates of pottery, vegetables or grain sustained by laather headbands. Women balance baskets or jugs on their heads with babies lumped in shawls on their backs. Small children may carry live chickens or even drag a little pig. Once at the marketplace, under a long arcade and canvas canopy, they join together with others already displaying hundreds of woven skirt lengths in vivid geometric designs, hand bags, blouses and even the choice fruits and vegetables of the land.

Into this vast array of colorful contrasts, in accordance with prophecy and its fulfullment, the Holy Spirit seemed to touch the heart of man and inspire his direction and purpose.

In 1916, while living in Colonia Juarez, Mexico, John F. O'Donnal, was expelled from Mexico in the great "exodus" caused by the Mexican revolution. His son John, as he is known, was born a year later in the United States. When conditions calmed down, John, whoes real name wasJuan, went back to Juarez where he received a patriarchal blessing with the promise that one day he would perform a great work among the Lamanite people in countries farther south.

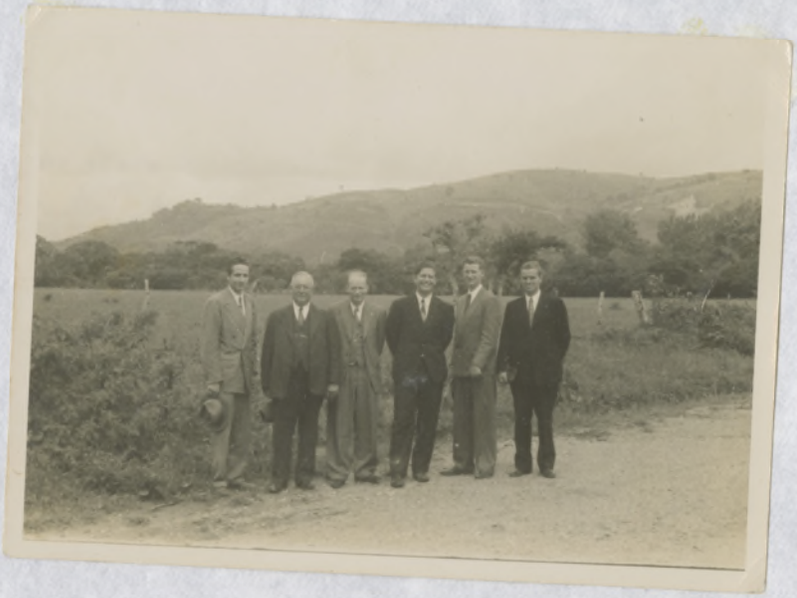
Toward the end of 1941 Juan O'Donnal was finishing his work at the University

of Arizona, when his professors received a letter from Washington requesting a recommendation for someone to go to the countries of Central America and work for the Department of Agriculture on an experimental rubber station which was to be established. The Japanese had cut off the United States main source of natural rubber supply.

Brother O'Donnal, although still in school, received and accepted the appointment and after spending a few months in Washington was sent to Honduras to help establish some experimental commercial rubber plantations. Later he made a trip to Guatemala to investigate the possibilities of similar plantation experiment there.

He perceived during his inspection tour of Guatemala that this country was not only blessed with natural resources and climate, but that the inhabitants seemed to be dissatisfied with their religion andwere looking for a way of life that would give them greater satisfaction. Missionary work in Guatemala began to form in his mind and he spent much of his time preaching the Gospel whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself. But it was a full time job clearing the jungle and establishing the experimental rubber plantation. Full time missionaries were needed.

In September of 1946, Arwell L. Pierce, President of the Mexico Mission, visited Central America with the express purpose of investigating the possibility of sending missionaries to the various countries in Central America. In December of that same year, Brother O'Donnal still with missionary work uppermost in his mind, and with the definite impression that there were thousands of people who were anxious to hear the Gospel message, visited in Salt Lake City and made the request of the President of the Church, George Albert Smith, that missionaries be sent to Central America.



The first missionaries to labor in Guatemala
From left to right: Elder David Lingard, Pres. Arwell L. Pierce, 2nd Counsler H. Clark Fails, Elder Seth Matice, Elder Earl Hansen, Elder Robert Miller. 8-SEP-1947

The very fist baptism performed in Guatemala in this dispensation occured on Nov. 13, 1948, in the bottom of a steep, deep and narrow canyon called a "barrancas," in a private swimming pool surrounded by tropical greenery. Brother O'Donnal lead his wife, Carmen, into the water and performed the ordinance. Present at the baptism were their two little daughters, Jeannette, and Patricia. This was followed by three other baptisms performed by Elders Melvin E. Olson and Charles C. Welling.

The elders stayed at the John O'Donnal home at Retalhuleu and worked very hard. At first they did not have too much success. They would have promises of people to come to church on Sunday, and the elders would clean out the small building they used, have it all spruced up and stand at the door for someone to come. Many Sundays no one would show up.

Gradually, however, the mission started to grow. Prior to 1965 there were about 8,600 members in Central America. As of this writing there are _____ members living in the Stakes, wards and branches of Guatamala mission alone.

It was the dedication of the new chapel in the heart of ancient Book of Mormon land, Patzicia, Guatemala, November 23, 1964, however, that recalled the petition of the prophet in his dedicatory prayer when he asked our Holy Father "to stay the powers of evil, bind the hands of those who would frustrate Thy work here, raise up friends to Thy cause and let Thy work flourish and prosper among this people..."

The Church was not without enemies in Guatemala.

CHAPTER TWO

OVERCOMING THE FORCES OF EVIL

Dedication of the Patzicia chapel was completed in August, 1964. It was built by and for the Indian members, many of whom in their joyful eagerness and diligence to complete the chapel, neglected cultivation of their own fields, which was their only source of sustenance.

Missionaries have always been welcome and well received in all the countries of Central America, but the impact of the Mormon missionaries was felt by other religions and it was not uncommon to encounter anti Mormon writings in local publications or anti Mormon oratory from a loudspeaker atop a cathedral.

In the city of Totonicapan, an important Indian city northwest of Patzicia, the following was part of an extract of a newspaper account:

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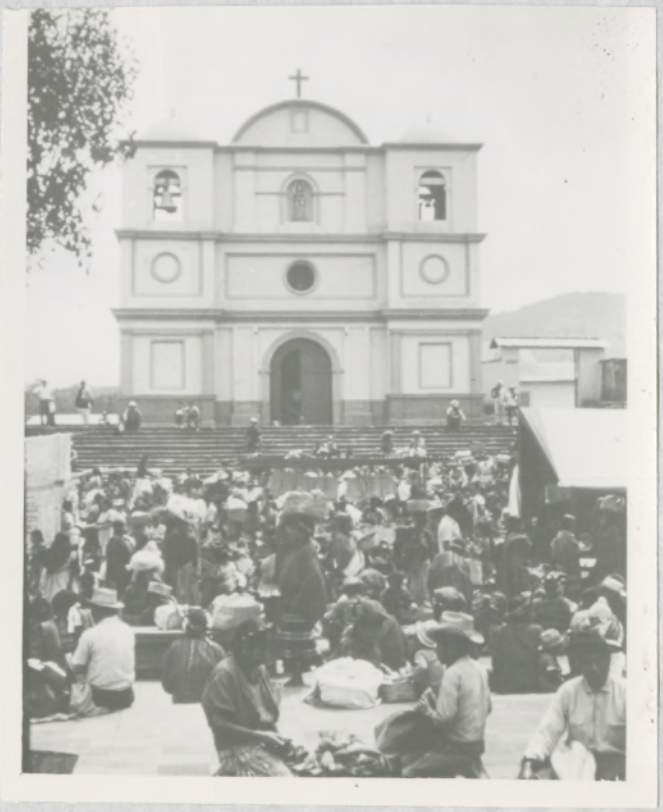


In Patzicia, the church grew in spite of the adverse oratory and anti-Mormon propoganda that radiated from atop this cathedral's public address system that could be heard for miles in the countryside early in the morming.

S A N M I G U E L

Parroquial Bulletin

Totonicapan V September 1954

(Note: San Miguel, according to this bulletin is the name of an image that is venerated in the Parish Church of the city of Totonicapan, about 100 miles northwest of Guatemala City.)

ATENTION... CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF TOTONICAPAN!

A new antichristian sect and anticatholic is making an insistent propaganda in our Parish Precinct. It is the sect of the MORMONS. Among all the protestant sects this is the worst enemy of our Holy Catholic Religion. The progagandists of this sect go from house to house of the catholics to invite the children to go to their meetings; they promise candy, a "piñata" (box of mixed sweets), amusements; to the grown-ups they promise free classes of the English language... Why so much generosity? Why so much insistence? Is this true love of one's neighbor?... Be careful brethren; do not let yourselves be dragged by false prophets, as Jesus says, that come to you in lambs skin, with the bleeting of sheep, but within are rapacious wolves.... That which these men want is to take out of your hearts the Catholic Faith and with the faith, your resistence to communism the great atheistic enemy of the country. To convince you of the danger of approaching these people, it is enough to know something about the history of this sect.

The founder of this sect was Joseph Smith (1805-1844). He tells that at about fifteen years of age he had his first vision in which he was advised not to affiliate himself to any of the religions then existent. In 1827 he says that it was revealed to him the place where upon gold plates were the writings of Mormon with the traditions of the Jews that emigrated to America before the coming of the Lord. From those writings

he obtained (?) the doctrine that he published in 1830, founding the sect of the "Saints of the Latter Days", called the Mormons. The new religion professed, among other doctrines, that all the other Christians were pagans. This brought upon the followers of Smith much persecution on the part of the other protestants. He taught the doctrine of polygamy: that one man should have more than one wife. For these his doctrines contrary to all religions and dangerous for the good of civil society, Smith was assassinated with his brother Hyrum at Carthage jail, U.S.A. He was followed in the leadership of the sect by Brigham Young. But the proclamation made by Brigham of tha revelation of Smith about polygamy together with the doctrine that they were the only christians and that the book written by Smith was sacred and inspired as the Bible, they were beset with continual difficulties and struggles with the government of the United States...Brigham died in 1877 leaving 17 widows and 56 orphans. (Confer, C. Crivelli).

My dear brethren; it is not necessary to have a great deal of intelligence to understand how this sect can not have its origin of God, but rather from the prince of lies, enemy of the truth. All fathers of families are advised who let their children frequent this sect that they are committing a mortal sin. They sin mortally also those Catholics who rent or sell houses that may be made centers of heretical propaganda: the money that is thus gained will go with them to eternal perdition.

Translated by W. Ernest Young - 1954

It was unner these eonditions that Elder Berkely Spencer and his companion Elder Earl Des Champs experienced some trying days in their first efforts to teach the gospel to the Indians in Patzicia.

The Guatemala Mission Presidency in Feb. 1958. Elder Spencer at left baptised 1st Cakchiquel Indian in Guatemala. Elder Lawrence Gill 2nd councilar stands at right and Pres. Edgar Wagner stands in center.

THE OPENING OF PATZICIA TO MISSIONARY LABORS

Berkley A. Spencer

On December 15, 1956 Elders N. Earl DesChamps and Berkley A. Spencer, accompanied by President Phil Leigh, second counselor in the Mission Presidency, introduced the Gospel to the people of Patzicia. While the opening of every town is an inspired move, the opening of Patzicia was somewhat unusual.

President Wagner relates that he had considered opening Patzicía a number of times. However, after consulting with various members of the church in Guatemala City and other people knowledgeable about the history of the area, he was advised not to send missionaries there. He was told that the people in Patzicía were vicious and unscrupulous--that in 1944 there had been an Indian uprising which had resulted in the massacre of both Ladinos and Indians, and it would therefore be better not to send in missionaries. He was told that if missionaries were ever introduced to the town the probability of bodily harm coming to them was very great.

However, time and time again, as he passed through Patzicía on his way to Tecpan, Patzún, or Quezaltenango, he was impressed to send in missionaries. He told me that finally he prayed a great deal about it and that his impression was very distinct that he should send missionaries. We, then, were the first missionaries who were honored with the call to respond to that inspiration to President Wagner.

After having looked over the town, and after having visited a number of prominent town citizens, it was President Leigh's impression that we

should work with the Ladino people--that they would eventually be the vehicle for taking the Gospel to the Indians. At this time we had no knowledge of the past relationships between Ladinos and Indians. Had we known that in 1944 there had been a bloody conflict between Ladinos and Indians, and had we known the degree to which hostile feelings still existed in the hearts of people in Patzicía, we probably would have taken a different tack. However, our initial efforts were directed toward the Ladino people.

Elder DesChamps and I soon found that missionary work in Patzicía was no picnic. We lived about a mile outside of town in a gasoline station at the crossroads between Patzicía and Tecpán. The main road through Patzicía is located in a little valley with the town built on the hillsides on either side. Thus, strictly from a physical point of view, our labors were difficult--walking from one end of the town to the other, from one side, up one hill and down another. In addition we found that the Ladino people were not overjoyed to hear our message. Many were curious, however, few were really serious about listening to the gospel.

During those first few days I remember visiting one contact who seemed especially golden. His name was José María Aguirre. He was just a young fellow in his early twenties. He took the lessons with great enthusiasm and great interest. I remember feeling great hope and exuberance about the possibility of having a baptism almost immediately. What, then, was my dismay to learn that he was actually studying to be a Catholic Priest in El Salvador, and his only reason for listening to

the gospel was because he wanted to find out what the Mormons believed so that he could more effectively combat them.

In spite of the difficulties which we encountered in those first weeks, our efforts began to pay off. We soon began to identify several investigators who were genuinely interested in the gospel. On January 21, 1957, after just six weeks in Patzicía, Elder DesChamps and I had an experience which was particularly significant in helping to open the town to our labors.

We were walking down a street when a number of children came up to us and indicated that the mayor wanted to see us. Since children were always harassing us, we paid little attention, thinking it was only a joke. However, because of their persistence we decided that maybe we whould investigate. We turned around and headed back toward the central plaza.

As we rounded the building which housed the meat market and came in view of the plaza, we were met by a sight which raised the hair on the back of our necks and brought goose bumps to our skin. The square was crowded with Indian people who, when they saw us enter the plaza, turned their eyes upon us with a silence which was ominous. I began to pray silently and I'm sure that Elder DesChamps did the same.

As we entered the municipal building we were met by a small group of people who crowded around us and told us that it wasn't the mayor who wanted to see us but the Catholic Priest who was waiting to talk to us in the Catholic Church across the plaza. We told them, however, that we wanted to see the Mayor to find out what was going on. So after a

few minutes of discussion, during which these people tried to convince us to go over to the Catholic Church and talk to the priest, we made our way into the anteroom of the Mayor's office and asked to see him.

We were told to be seated--that the Mayor would be with us shortly. After waiting about 45 minutes, the mayor finally came out and told us that a group of people had gotten together and signed a petition asking us to leave town. The mayor said he was trying to contact the governor of the department of Chimaltenango to find out if such a move was legal. He left us sitting for approximately another hour. When he finally came back he said that he had been in touch with the Governor of the department and had learned that we were completely within our constitutional rights to be acting as missionaries. With that we left the mayor's office.

Outside in the corridor of the municipal building, we were confronted once more by the small group of five or six people who again tried to convince us to go over and talk to the Priest in the Catholic Church. I recall that we both felt very uneasy about the whole situation. After some moments of discussion, Elder DesChamps and I finally told them we would be happy to arrange a meeting with the Priest, but at that moment we had other visits to attend to that we had previously scheduled and therefore should be on our way.

By this time the two or three thousand people who had gathered in the square were crowding around the entrance to the municipal building. When we started to leave, our way was thus blocked by a bultitude of people. At that moment I became aware of a short, rather heavy set man dressed in

khaki clothes who beckoned to us to follow him. As we followed behind him a pathway opened up ahead of us through the crowd, and we were led in safety to the street which leads down the hill away from the plaza. We walked home rather quickly and although we were somewhat shaken by the experience and quite concerned, after discussion and prayer about the matter, we decided to continue our labors as if nothing had happened.

Some few months later I learned that the Catholic Priest, together with a group of fanatical Catholic women had put together the petition. Their allegation was that we were disturbing the people and that we had no right to force our way into homes and preach a message which the people didn't want to hear. We, of course, were not forcing our way into homes, but were only speaking to those who wanted to listen.

They had decided that if the petition failed they were going to meet with us in the Catholic Church and try to convince us to leave Patzicía. If their persuasive arguments failed, they were prepared to give us a good beating to force us to leave town. Each woman had hidden up her sleeve a short stick to be used for that purpose. Had they ever gotten started we probably would have been beaten to death.

The results of this confrontation were that a great many people in Patzicía became curious about our message--what could these young men be saying that would raise such a commotion?

Shortly thereafter we began to visit a small group of people who were really sincere about being baptized. A few weeks later on March 30, 1957 we baptized the first four members of the church in Patzicía. These people were basically Ladinos, composed of a family of three, Teodoro

Tecún, his wife Juana, and son Benigno, who were originally from the Quezaltenango area but had moved to Patzicía, and a woman, Seferina de La Cruz, who was Ladina, and whose ancestors had lived for many years in Patzicia.

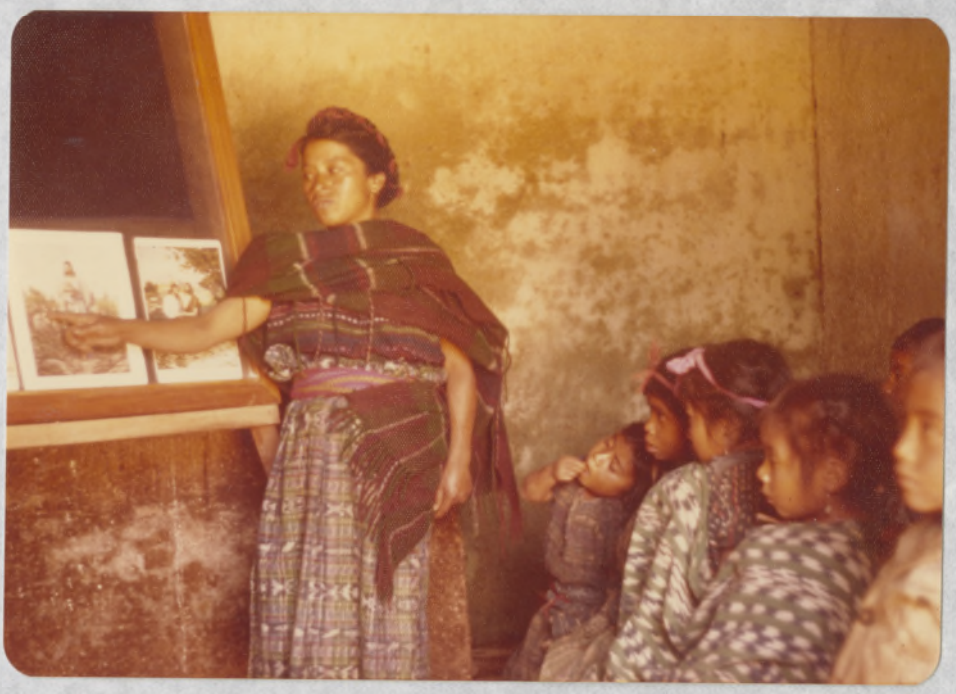
However, it soon became apparent to us that the really fertile ground was not among the Ladino people but among the Indians. We had made some effort to visit the Indian people but had very little success finding them home. We, therefore, decided to shift our attention from the Ladinos to the Indians by getting up and out by 5:30 in the morning in order to find them home. This we found quite successful. At this time we began to meet with a number of Indian families. Two families stand our particularly in my mind. One is the family of Luis Alonzo, and the other is the family of Daniel Mich.

I recall distinctly the first meeting with Daniel's wife. Arriving one morning about 7:00 a.m., we knocked on the gate surrounding the little thatched roof adobe hut. Sister Mich came to the gate. We spoke to her in Spanish but she didn't understand us very well, so summoning about the only Cakchiquel which we were able to speak, we asked if her husband was home. She answered that he had gone to the mountains so we decided to return the next day a little bit earlier. She said that she would tell her husband to wait for us.

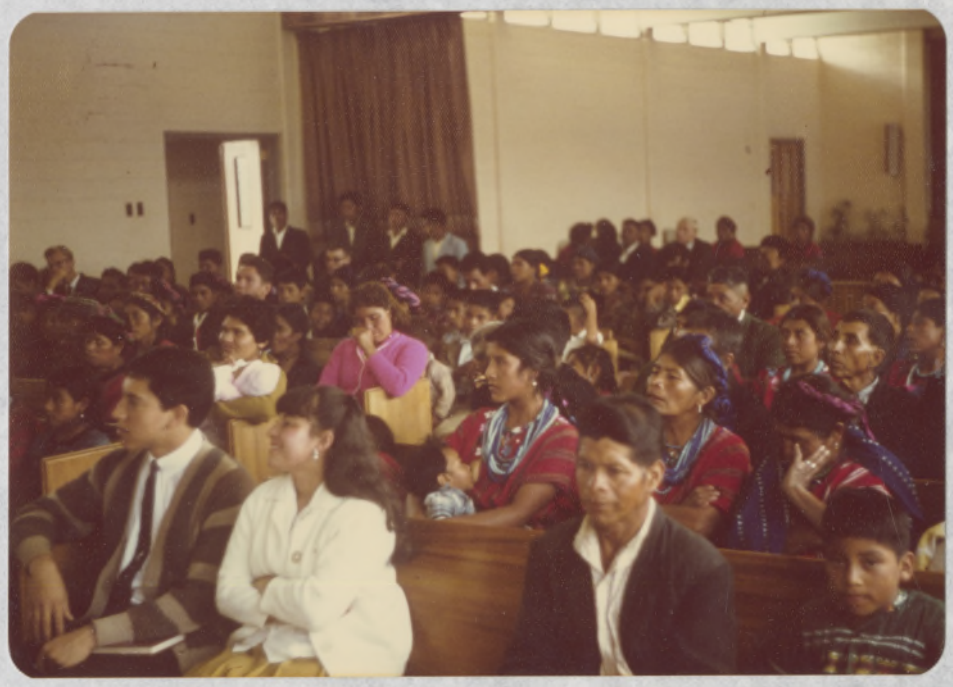
The next day we arrived at 6:00 in the morning and met Daniel for the first time. We began to meet with him in a little room which was part of his grain storage shed. Our visits progressed well with the Mich family and we began to feel that these people were gaining a testimony

1st Cakchiquel Indian baptism in this dispensation. were Mechaela and Luis Alonzo above. Mechaela is preparing dinner.

Investigators standing in rented chapel in Patzicia a few months later. Most of these investigators were later baptised. About early 1957.



Sister Juan Mich giving Sundayschool lesson
to children in rented building.



District conference in 1966 in newly constructed
chapel in Patzicia.

of the gospel. Indeed, one evening in a cottage meeting filled with investigators, Daniel spontaneously stood up and bore his testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel.

During this same time we were also visiting with the Luis Alonzo family. Luis had moments of great enthusiasm and moments of great depression. One day I recall visiting with him and his wife and little daughter. A deacon of one of the evangelist churches was there to dissuade Luis from joining the Mormons. After a rather intense but sincere discussion with both men, Luis finally told us that he had decided not to goin with us and asked us not to come back. With a great deal of sadness we shook hands and offered a prayer and blessing upon his house. We asked the Lord to help him make the right decision. On our way home, both Elder Searcy and I had the distinct impression that we should kneel in prayer a little way off the path. Secluding ourselves in a cluster of trees, we knelt and asked the Lord to particularly bless Luis to be able to make the right decision.

The next morning as we were coming out of an especially good visit with an Indian family, we heard someone calling behind us. As we turned around we saw Luis' wife hurrying down the street to talk to us. She told us that Luis wanted to see us--could we please meet with them that morning. After our next visit we hurried over to see them and found t that during the night he had been distrubed by the fact that he had told us not to come back. In the middle of the night, not being able to sleep, he got up, lit a candle, and leafed through the Book of Mormon. He opened the book to a particular passage which he then read. He said that as he

read the passage it was a testimony to him that he had made the wrong decision. With joy in his heart and tears in his eyes he told us that he was sorry for what he had said and that he and his wife wanted to be baptized as soon as possible.

This occured on the 12th of May, 1957. On May 10th, shortly before Luis made his final decision to be baptized, Elder Earl DesChamps was trasfered to San Marcos. On that same day I received a new companion fresh from the United States--Elder Paul Spencer Searcy. Elder Searcy was a very humble, very spiritual elder and was a great inspiration to me as we continued our visits to the Indian people. On June 2, 1957 we held our first Indian baptisms in Chimaltenango. Brother Luis Alonzo and his wife were the first Indians to be baptized. On June 26th, Daniel Mich, his wife Cruz de Mich, and his young son Clemente were the second Indian family to be baptized.

As we continued to visit both Luis and Daniel to establish them more solidly in the gospel and to prepare them for the Priesthood, it was my distinct impression that Daniel would someday be a great leader and a great missionary to his own people. During this same time, the evangelist misisters in Patzicía began to increase the pressure on the members of the church, trying to dissuade them from affiliating with us and discourage them in their attempts to live the gospel. As a result of the efforts of these ministers, a great many questions were raised in the minds of Luis and Daniel.

There were numerous times that I recall visiting both men, but particularly Luis, and praying firmly in my heart that I might be able to

answer the questions that they had and to strengthen their testimonies of the truthfulness of the gospel. Recorded in my journal for the 6th of August, 1957 is a dream which came to Daniel Mich. I feel that this dream was given as a direct result of both our prayers and his, seeking answers to questions which he had.

In the dream Daniel relates that he was out seeking wood in the forest, since the people in that area use wood as their source of fuel. He kept coming upon forks in the trail, and at each fork stood a man dressed in a suit who said to him, "Daniel, come with me. Down this path I can show you the best wood in the forest." Daniel felt that he should continue on the path and eventually came to a multiple fork in the path--a point at which about four or five paths took off. At each one of these paths stood a man, each one trying to convince him that down that path could be found the best wood in the forest. As he stood contemplating his decision, confused by the diverse messages that each man was giving him, he looked down the main path and saw approaching h him a tall man in a dark suit with white hair. As the man came up to him he heard him say to the others, "Now you leave this man alone, he must follow this path and I will lead him because I am the prophet, David O' MacKay." Daniel said that he felt very happy and content on hearing that, and he was overjoyed to have the opportunity to be with the prophet of God. This was by no means the last time that the Lord revealed his will to Daniel through dreams.

In 1966, when I was once again in Guatemala working to complete the research for my Doctoral Dissertation, I sat talking to Daniel over lunch.

He told me that he had been particularly discouraged at one point in time. They had finished the beautiful chapel in Patzicía, but after the completion of the chapel, and after having been released as the branch president, he felt somewhat useless. He was also feeling the pinch of economic needs and therefore began to consider the possibility of leaving Patzicía and going to the coast, where he had an offer of a good job managing a farm for a wealthy Ladino. Daniel said that he had almost decided to leave when one night he had a dream.

In the dream he saw the chapel, beside which stood a lovely pine tree. The pine tree had grown from a small sapling to a tall, stately, beautiful tree with the straightest trunk he had ever seen. He was the protector of that tree, but as he left for the coast, selfish, envious men gathered around the tree to chop it down. As they laid the ax to the tree, Daniel said he felt a deep hurt, and he heard the Lord say to him that it was his job to defend the tree--that he had been appointed the guardian of the tree in Patzicía and should not leave.

On September 15, 1957 after nine months, I was transfered from Patzicía. As I look back upon that experience and assess the reasons for the modest success which we had as missionaries, I seem to identify four basic factors.

First, we as missionaries were totally dedicated to the work of the Lord. We knew that there was a great work to be done and we felt strongly that our callings were not just by chance, but that it was the Lord's will that we should be in Patzicía--that we should begin the work to bring about the restoration of the gospel among those people.

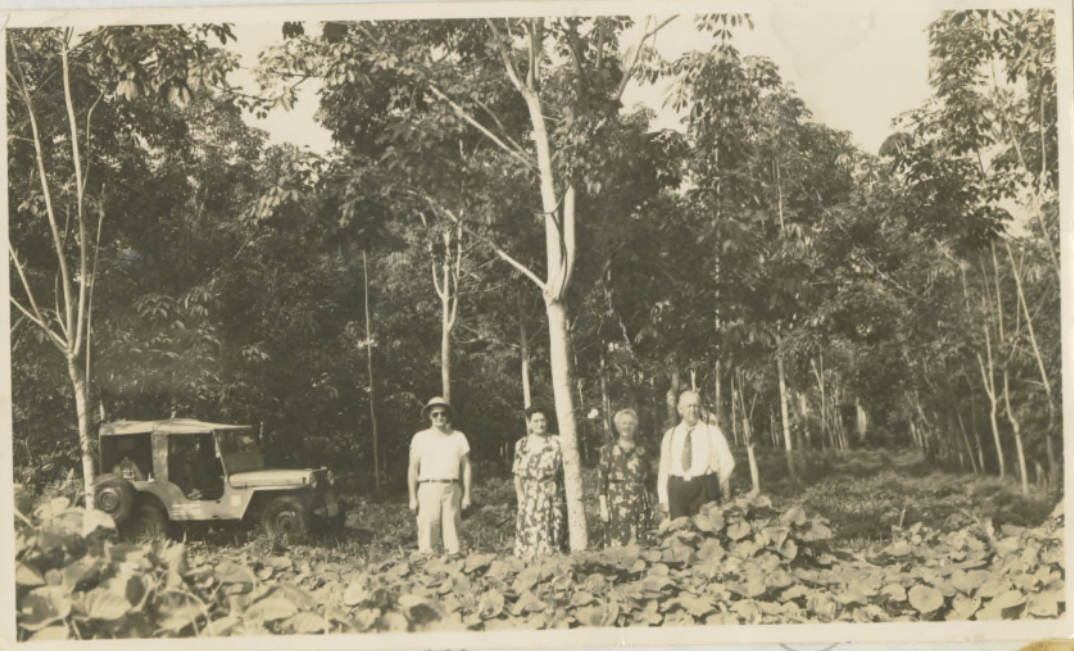
Second, we worked hard. I remember many days going out at 5:30 in the morning and not getting to bed until 10:30 or 11:00 at night. I remember days in which my body was bone tired and in which, because of various facotrs such as poor diet and sickness, we felt little energy to do the work which we had to do. But in the face of that we continued to work hard, to make appointments, to carry the message to as many people as would listen to us.

Third, we tried very hard to maintain constant contact with the Lord's Spirit. We prayed constantly and sought diligently His Spirit in all things.

Finally, we felt in our hearts and showed to the Indian people great love and respect. During my research in 1966 I was told by Daniel and others, around a noon-day meal as we paused from our labors, that three things made an initial lasting impression upon them. The first was that we tipped our hats to them and took them off in their homes. This was the first time anyone had ever shown respect for them as Indians. The second was that we were genuinely concerned and tried to be helpful when they or their children were sick. The third was that we showed great love for the children. I remember once taking Luis Alonzo's little three year old girl, setting her on my knee and wiping her runny nose with my handkerchief and then giving her a kiss on the cheek. At the time we didn't understand the impact of our behavior on the people, but I guess we did those things because we genuinely and spontaneously felt moved to do so.

Brother O'Donnal received an answer from the First Presidency, which at that time consisted of President George Albert Smith, and J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay as counselo s, indicating that after careful consideration, missionaries would be sent to Central America in a reasonably near future. In the summer of 1947 the countries of Central America were added to the Mexico Mission, and in August of that same year four missionaries were sent to Guatemala and Costa Rica to Officially begin a proselytizing program.

In September 1947, Preside t Pierce, Brother O'Donnal and some missionaries met with government officials in Guatemala to briefly explain the purpose of the Church and to present copies of the Book of Mormon, These Government officials expressed their appreciation and welcomed these brethren to Guatemala. On Sunday morni g, September 7, 1947, President Pierce, a group of missionaries and Brother O)Donnal climed to the summit of a hill overlooking the city of Guatemala and the first Sacrament and testimony meeting was held.



2nd Counsler H. Clark Fails, Pres. Arwell L. Pierce, and the first four missionaries in Guatemala in Central America

John O'Donnal. left stands next to sister Rindu Abegg in the rubber plantation he carved out of the Jungle. Arwell L. Pierce and his wife stands next to them.

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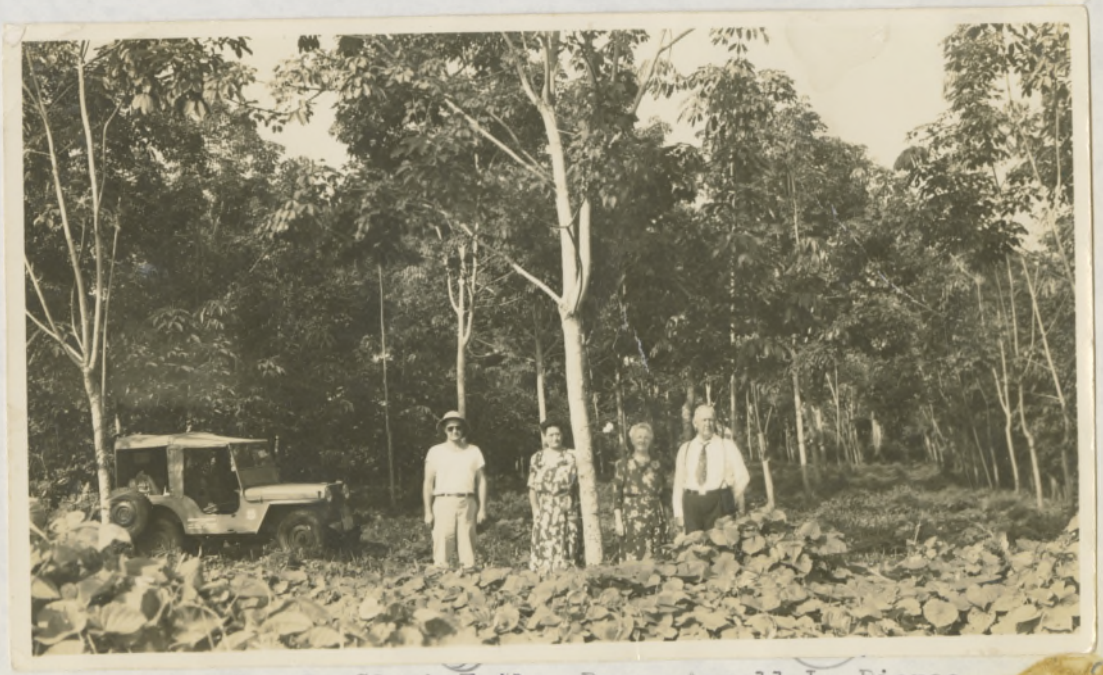

2nd Counsler H. Clark Fails, Pres. Arwell L. Pierce, and the first four missionaries in Guatemala in Central America

David Lingard, Seth Matice, Earl Hansen, Robert Miller.

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John O'Donnal. left stands next to sister Rindu Abegg in the rubber plantation he carved out of the Jungle. Arwell L. Pierce and his wife stands next to them.

FIRST CONVERT BAPTISM
IN GUATEMALA - SISTER CARMEN O'DONNAL.

The first chapel and branch of Patzicia, Guatemala .

The Patzicia chapel as it looks today built for and by the Cakchiquel Indians. Even the cement blocks where built by the members.

CHAPTER THREE

I Told My Family That We Should Kneel And Ask God

Daniel Mich showing the agriculture missionaries the many plants in his garden he uses for medicinal purposes.

Daniel Mich

5

I shall tell you my story according to what my parents taught me. They were very poor and in this time there was a President in Guatemala named Manuel Estrad Cabrera. This governemnt used only the Indian people in it's army, and my poor father was 14 years old when he was in the military. He was a "corneta mayor" with General Reyes who is now the minister of War. Finally my father became bored with that and he took us to live in a village or "finca" as it is called. My father took me, and we left at night, each of us having a pack to carry. We left our people to go and live on the finca. There I grew up in a miserable siuation with no way to live. My father was put in charge of the farm, but the farmer paid him only 10 cents a day. That is what my father earned from 7:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. -- 10 cents. Since what he earned did not suffice, he could not raise us. I was the oldest child and I grew up with just one t-shirt and one pair of underwear. I had reached the age of 13 or 14 as we grew in this miserable situation. Then, suddenly there was a famine and we went to plant a farm that was called "Abunab." We went there to plant corn. The farm is 17 leagues from Patzicía and we walked there carrying corn. It takes four days for one to walk there and at times we walked without eating while at times we had food. We carried 100-125 pounds to "Abunab."

In a short time General Ubico became President and he told the landholders to let their workers leave as he had discovered that there was a lot of robbery as far as wages to the poor went. I was 19 years old when we went back to live with our people and rent a house, and I know I thought differently about my life, because I had suffered much. I was a shepherd of 80 cattle and milked 47 cattle each morning from 3:00 to 9:00. I became bored with all this and began to look for a wife so as to aleviate my life a bit. This I did and at the age of 19 I ~~was~~ married a woman of nearly 24 years. We were married in 1933 and in 1934 we had our first child and we then formalized our home, but having no place to live.

The father and mother of Daniel Mich when the missionaries first contacted this family. Notice the extreme poverty and ragged clothing.

We were in this situation when we found ourselves involved in a revolution here in Patzicía. It began about 10 years after my marriage. As I understand it, there was a President that was named Ubico and when there was a coup he gave up command without a fight. Everyone then thought we should follow General Ponce. We later heard that he would relieve many taxes and fines that surpressed us, and we were moved towards him. I at least, after hearing this was moved, and I arrived to talk with General Ponce. I talked with him in the palace and he told me that if we, the Indian people, could colaborate with his candidacy that he would give us many liberties and this was our gratitude and desire. We united with him. The work I did was to gather 1,000 signitures from the Indians and I gave them to him. Upon doing this I met a friend and we talked for a while. Then he told me that I had to hurry because it was very dangerous at that time. He said, "Just look!" and he opened his vest and showed me that he had pistols and bullets wrapped around him. And then I knew that he was supporting Arévalo who was fighting to overthrow the governemnt. My friend was one of those who helped in the coup. I walked further to buy a shirt, and found another friend. He said the same thing to me. "You have to hurry -- times are in a disarray. I have a lot of confidence in you, and you must prepare becuase most of the people are already prepared like me. Look," he said and showed me that he was very well prepared for war.

It was about 2:00 p.m. and I had another tell me to leave because things would start happening about 4:00 p.m., so I returned to the palace and talked to a man who was gathering the ballots and I told him of the situation and that I wanted to talk with the General. I was shown to him and explained that "this and that had happened." He told me "don't worry, all the weapons are in our hands, and you can travel and no one will bother you." I then went to take the bus, and took one named "Lluvia de Oro" (Golden Rain.) The people sereamed, "Hurry because everything is getting ugly!" It passed without picking me up, even though there were not many people inside.

When I arrived at Patzicía, I received notice of the great revolution in Guatemala that had already begun! That was Friday Oct. 20, Saturday nothing happened and Sunday Oct. 22 I went to bring some firewood and returned home late, arriving about 4:30 p.m. My wife asked why I never hurried because, "They have come three times already to get you from the administration. " "How could that be?"I said, "It is better

that I go right now because Monday I will not be able to go because of work. And so without resting at all I went running to see what it was all about. When I arrived there were about 300 armed "ladinos"** with rifles, flame throwers, pistols and machettes. I presented myself to the man on duty and told him that I was there presenting myself to the call for me. "Oh good," he told me, "you are the Poncist from your town." "Well sir,"I said, "I can't say if I am or not but according to the publications General Ponce is the one who has to stay in office." "Ah good, then here is your general," he told me and called a man named José de Matta, and when he saw me he said, "Here, he is the one we want. The very leader of the Poncists here in town." Then he grabbed me and gave me a slap and pushed me off to jail. When I got there I saw there were about 15 Indians locked up who were at the head of the candidacy of General Ponce. Then suddenly a party publication arrived and someone knocked on the cell and began to read it. The people came together to hear what the man was reading. A poor boy named Gerónimo Xico arrived with an old man named José Ajquejay. Then Mr. Antonio Marín and José de Matta arrived. "And what are you thinking," said José de Matta. "Today is the day to take the blood of some Indians."

"Yes," said Antonio Marín, "I love to take Indians blood." And then he took out his pistol and killed Gerónimo Xico. Then José de Matta killed José Ajquejay and the two poor men fell dead. At that time the greater part of the constables and civil men that worked there were Indian. They grabbed bricks from the rubble of a destroyed house and they went and threw them at the "Ladinos." The ladinos had pistols but the Indians did not think of the pistols as things that could kill and thought they could stop the bulletts with their hats. Finnaly they ran out of bulletts because they had not carried enough, and they fled.

Then the artillary captain, the local commander from Batzicía arrived at the administration building where we were in jail to ask for men to go fight "so that you can help me avoid more killing by this

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**Ladino -- A term used by the Indian people, many times contemptuously, when refering to the mixed Latin people.

disgraceful group of people." And as there was no one to fight, he came to take us out of jail and we went, but when the commandor asked that we go to protect the houses from being destroyed, no one would go because they feared being killed. Finally I agreed to go with him alone and we arrived at a house where there was a Ladino that had hidden himself in the rafters, and from there he was shooting and killing everyone that went near. But when they saw he was in the attic, they disassembled the roof and fell upon him. His name was Cándido Juarez. When they finally shot him, he fell to the floor and all that was left were pieces of him.

This was how it all began with the uprising and all that night there was a tremendous slaughter throughout the town because José de Matta went to Chimaltenango, Zaragoza, and Antigua to get help. Those from Zaragoza had the most men killed here. Finally at the end of the revolution Colonel Francisco Javier Arana stayed as "Iterim President." He was the one who said "An Indian seen is a dead Indian." And as I was the head of the voting here, the Ladinos said that my body didn't need a head on it, and they searched for me as they would for a needle. But fortunately, God illuminated for me the road by which I would not be harmed. I went and hid in a large ravine for 15 days with little water and no food. The only thing I had to eat was some raw corn. I stayed there and ate raw corn until a publication came out saying that the killing had ended and that there was no danger to leave and go on to the streets. My own consciense told me that I owed no one nothing and I arrived home. Then on the seventh of November, they captured me again and threw me in jail. Then José de Matta said, "Ah this Indian. With him I will put in line 54 Indians. Tomorrow at this time this man will be dead. But as you see this did not come to pass.

In jail we were tied up fast with our hands behind our backs so we could not move. There were about 30 in the jail, all suffering hunger because there was nothing -- no water and not even a drink of liqour. On the fourth day, I could stand it no more and it seemed as if our hands were being cut off by the knots. Finally my brother Agustin , who was also there, and I (we were the only ones who did what we could to try to escape) got back to back and untied each other. But then we didn't know what to do.

Then I noticed that the door was not as well guarded as it should have been by the sentinel that was always there. He was ordered to shoot anyone that tried anything. I had a small piece of paper and a stub of

a pencil. I went to the corner of the cell, and with the others surrounding me so I couldn't be seen, I began to write some words to the Governor. I knew him well and he knew me. I made known to him all the things we were suffering there. I put all that had happened to us and that we were now dying of hunger and that our cell where we were was full of gal. I put all of that on that small piece of paper and then I said, "What shall I do with this?" So I folded the paper up very small and put it between the toes on my right foot and then had my hands retied so the guards would see that my hands were bound. We waited until my wife and mother arrived to visit. They wanted to give me something to eat and drink, but they couldn't. Then I said to them, "Kneel down at the edge of the door and look at my foot," and I moved my toe so the paper fell out. I told them to go and deliver it, and they left without having given us anything. When the Governor saw my signiture, he suddenly showed up at about 2:00 in the afternoon. The people at the jail were disturbed because the Governor arrived and they went to meet him, and told him to come and review the place, to see that all was well. "I am not here to review anything," he told them. "I'm here to see 'so and so'," and he came inside the cell. I talked to him and gave him the complaints in the name of everyone. Then he went and called all the men involved and dismissed them so they would work there nomore. The orders said I was to be shot, but thanks to my Heavanly Father, with his infinate love and power, I was freed. But I still had to suffer eight years in the penetentiary away from my family. My wife and children were forced into a miserable situation. At the end of eight years I left free and found my family. They were begging in order to find lodging.

We began our lives again. I sowed my crop and cultivated the earth and thus was able to buy a piece of land. I was there, in that humble home I had bought, when my wife told me one day that some young people had come, "gringos," to look for me, asking for me by name. But since I was very poor, I always left at 6:00 in the morning, at times at 5:00. Then later my wife said that the two young "gringos" had come by again asking for me by name.. I told my wife to tell them that they could find me at 6:00 a.m. if they needed something from me. And so, a few days later, they arrived just as I was leaving. I greeted them not knowing then that they were Elders, but called them "Mr." and asked

them what they needed with me. I admired greatly tte testimony of these missionaries because they were the first to arrive in Patzicía. They wore coats and hats, but when I opened the door they took off their hats and greeted me in a kind way. Then they declared to me the purpose of their visit. Then I told them, "gentlemen, I am very sorry but I am now preparing to leave for the field. If you would be good enough to come at 7:00 tonight I will be happy to receive you with my family. So that is exactly what we did, and that day I talked with the missionaries in my home.

I told my children to return home early from the field. We worked quickly in our field duties so we could return home early. When we arrived I told my children that they should sweep the patio and prepare if possible to clean our little house because two people were coming to talk with us of the Word of God. Who knows why I felt an influence from their message, but I did. When they arrived at 7:00 that night, we had no place to receive them except in our humble kitchen that God had given me. I told them I hoped it would be all right to talk in the kitchen. We put out the fire because they couldn't stand all the smoke. And in that situation, they gave us the first lesson. But before all this, they took off their hats and greeted us in a special way.

Then they offered a prayer asking our Father in Heaven for my life and the life of my children, for the life of my wife -- for the life of my family. I was amazed listening to their prayers. The first prayers the missionaries gave impressed me and grabbed my attention. Then, after the prayer they asked me if I knew there was a God in Heavan -- a living God, I answered that "yes I know there is a God because if there was no God, there would be no heavans, no stars, no moon, no sun, and we would have no life. And there would be no rain, no air and no clouds. So the missionaries said, "Magnificent! It is God one needs to know -- the powers of our Father." Then in the following visit they talked in reference to the restored Church of Jesus Christ. That through the resoration, Apostles, Prophets and priests, teachers deacons and Elders exist. They told me that a power, the priesthood, now exists in this world. This caught my attention and I then had to have them come back. And after the eight visits the missionaries paid me, I asked them some questions. Because the scriptures tell us that

in the last days false Christs and false prophets would arise. So I declared this to them,and they cited a verse in John which tells us, "Test spirits if they be of God or not of God, ~~xxx if xxxx xx~~ he that testifies that God exists, and is of flesh and bones, he is of God." They told me all this, and also that there was authority in the Church. So I said, "I want to know who the authorities are and where they live." So they told this to me.

"You are now responsible for your life, because ypu know many of the scriptures and what we have told you also. You have the ability and should ask God a question now, Brother Mich" they told me.

So that is what we did with my family. I told my family -- my wif and my children, that we should kneel and ask God. For it is true that to God there is no difference in persons. There are no whites, or dark skinned people, No Ladinos and no Indians. To God, all are his children. And so we knelt that first night and asked God to enlighten us as to whether or not this was His church. If it was the true church as the missionaries had testified. But that night, God did not answer us. And in the same way on the second night, we knelt again and asked God that he enlighten for us all that we needed to know of His church. We passed both nights this way, and God still did not answer us. And then the third night we asked again and yet he still did not answer. The fourth night we kneeled again, this time fasting, so we would receive an answer. And that is what God wanted and he did answer us.

That night I dreamed that I walked on a road in search of the Gospel of God. I found a man who had no hat, and he told me, "Daniel where are you going?" "Well, I am searching for the Gospel of Jesus Christ." So then the man told me, "Magnificent! Come here with me. I am the minister of a church. Come, here is the truth."

I told him "Thank you but everyone says they have the truth. I am looking for the authorized church." "Ah -- authorized church. That is impossible to find. That came before." That is how this man answered me, and I comtinued walking. I found another man and he told me the same thing. "Come here also, here is the truth." I answered him in the same way, and continued walking. I found another man who asked me what I was ~~xxx~~ looking for. "The word of God," I told him. And he told me, "Here is the truth, come here with me." And ~~xxxx~~ so as not to tire you, I ~~xxxxxxx~~ passed six men and each told me in the same words that they had the truth.

But I answered all of them, "You all say you have the truth and this confuses me. Who know who I can believe? Thank you, but I need to find the Church of Jesus Christ." I continued walking and all at once, I saw a man. This man had a serious look and blond hair. I don't know if he was lowered from the heavens, or if he raised from the earth, or if he came from the side of the road, but when I saw him, he was already in the middle of the road. He said to me, "Brother Mich, where are you going?" And I told him, "Sir,I am in search of of the word of God, the holy Gospel. That is what I am searching for." And he told me, "You have done well, brother. This is the road of the truth. I tell you with all my heart -- with all my spirit -- that this is the road that you are following. I tell you that it is true, because I am a servant of God. I am the modern prophet. I am a prophet. My name is David O. McKay."

I had passed him, but turned and gave him my hand. In my dream I could feel it when he squeezed my hands, and I thanked him. I had heard his name before, but did not know him from his picture. And so I related this to the missionaries. They told me that God communicated through dreams if he wanted to, and yet they did not take me too seriously. About ~~eight days~~ A WEEK later, they came with 8-10 pictures. When I looked through them, I found the picture of the man who talked to me in my dream! This was the man named David O. McKay. They told me that my dream certainly was from God because this man was the living prophet of God. He was the President of God's church here in the world. Then I was converted to the word of God.

I told my family to pay attention to me, and that they would have to read the scriptures every night. And they did pay attention to me, and we were baptised. We left from our baptismal service at 6:00 a.m..

This is the testimony that I have in my life. I have had many experiences in the Church of God, and I give thanks for the many leaders and authorities who have come here and oriented me in the word of God and in His work. I served for four years as Branch President, and I did everything. I swept the chapel, I cleaned the benches, and I prepared the sacrament because there were not yet Deacons and Teachers at that time. I was the first member of the Church here in Patzicía. We suffered much from our neighbors, but God has helped us. And even today we are still fighting.

I give thanks for all the offices I have held in the priesthood.

I was a Deacon, and then as I said, Branch President. Then I was 2ᴾ counselor in the District for two years and District President for 7 months. I now hold the position of District Councilman. Butnnow my age is catching up with me. I began my 62 year this month on the 12th of December.

Of all these things that I know, I testify. And I give thanks to our respected and beloved Brother Noorlander. He is working with us and teaching us how to conserve the love of God, how to live, how to get our food, and how to make a little in our lives. We are very grateful -- at least I am -- and I am instructing my children to pay attention and put their shoulders to the work of the Lordx Jesus Christ.

I am thankful that we were able to purchase land and construct a chapel while I was President. I have seen so many wonderful things in the work of the Lord. Because of the good servants of God who have arrived here with us, we have felt a change in our lives. I give thanks for all this.

And I testify, as I am testifying to my neighbors, race and people here in Patzicía even today, that this is the Church of Jesus Christ. It is clear that much progress has been made among the Indians, because it is not the same now as it was at the time of the revolution, because I remember well that we, the Indian people, suffered much at that time. But I think that God planned that. Because at that time, brethren, we were the servants. We cut the rich peoples wood, we cultivated their land, we herded their animals, we picked their corn, their beans and their wheat. We did all these things. They had conquested us and we did it all in their service.

But when the revolution came, we saw that these people were not in agreement with the help the Indians were receiving and so various families left town for the capital and other towns and municipalities. In this way they learned various trades such as, baking, carpintry, bricklaying, tailoring, and they learned the Spanish language better. Today we are not subject to the rich, even though we still lack owning our own property. If we owned our own property, we would have no need of bothering the rich anymore. Then we would have land to cultivate and to work, but as it is many of us still have to subject ourselves. I am working now for a rich farmer, and it is for this reason -- we are still living on others'land. And this is what we lack.

Land is increasing in price, and we cannot even afford one or two "cuerdas" because it is so expensive.

There are many Indian people that have succeeded. There are Indians that are Senators, and Indians that are lawyers and Indians that are colonels and generals. But there are still diferences. When the government work with an Indian lawyer, they are not willing to pay him the same wage as a latin lawyer. If the lawyer is of the Latin race he might receive $400, while an Indian would receive $350.

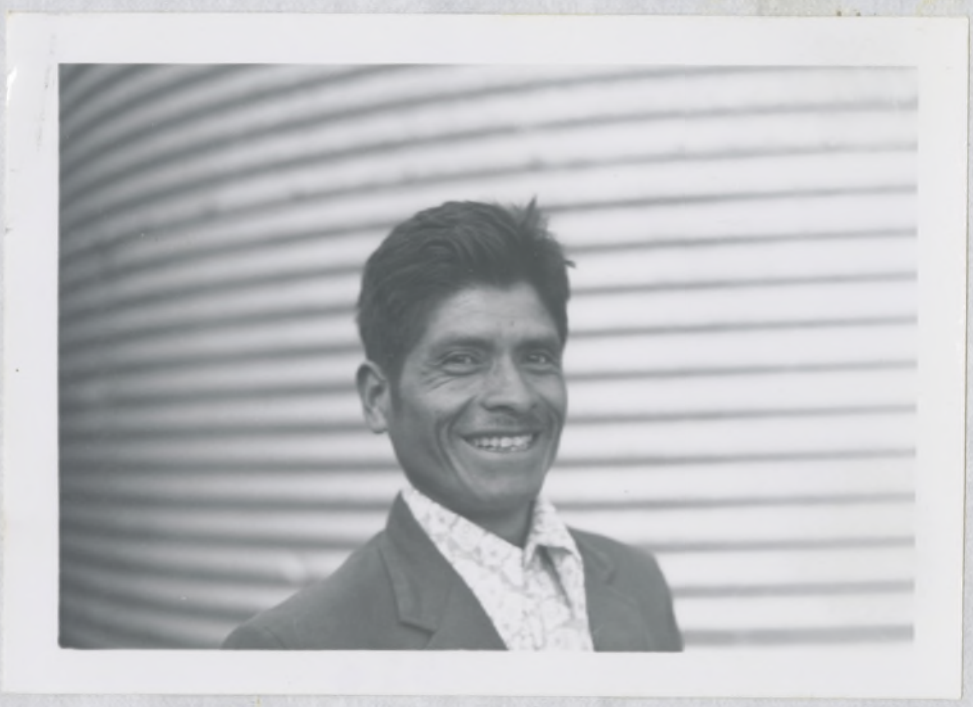
But I think that God will help us so that eventually we will have to serve no one, that we might be like everyone else.

Pres.Terrance Hansen standing with Daniel Mich. and his family. Clemente Mich and his new bride stand at right.

Daniel Mich, left, and hid son Clementy build a block silo that will be used for grain storage back of the Patzicia chapel. Clemente Mich served as Branch President for several years also

C H A P T E R F O U R

That's Why The Spanish Came Here To Conquer



Pablo Choc Loch

Pablo Choc Loch That's why the Spanish Came Here to Conquer

Well, when I grew up - since I can remember was the year 1942 and I was born in 1933. But, when I could remember what life is (was) like, what the world is like was the year 1942 when I was eight or nine years old.

But, before that I don't remember (much) only that we (I) went with an older brother who took me to the fields when I was still very young. After we took the animals to pasture, with another of my brothers who was younger we went together but I was still six years old then. But when I directly felt that I could remember was in 1942 when the earthquake happened. I remember how things looked before the earthquake. It seemed the same as the comet that was appearing here a little while ago (Kvotek) But, this one was very big, it is not the same as this comet that came which was very small and couldn't even be seen very clearly. But, this star we saw was a little bit like the star that comes out in the morning, but with a tail, a very large tail. Then the people were saying that "ah! maybe that is a sign of something that's going to happen!" That's what the people said and then thats how it was and in a few days then and I was about eight years old when one of my brothers went one year to school. (I) Was there a year and then they grabbed us and our parents didn't want to take us back to school because always they missed us for work, WHICH WAS then out of town. Since before there were always the constables, AND the Mayer ~~and~~ all of them were those who gpvermed the town. They were the authorities, there was no city police then. Well they caught us and told us that we had to go to school. But, my brother said that he couldn't go because he had to take

care of the animals and that I couldn't. "Well your brother must go then" they told him and finally I went, instead of him I went.

Then I was at school in the year 1942 when another friend and I were playing marbles and as we were, well, we heard a very loud noise. Then we saw that the earth was really shaking and I went running for my house. There in the road I was going ~~where the two roads cross over there~~ and I fell because the ground was shaking and wonuldn't let me walk and when I saw down in an avenue ah! All of the walls were coming down and since I couldn't walk I stayed there until it went away a little and then I went again. But, how all of the houses were - and all the people screaming and how the dogs barked! Finally, I arrived at my house and when I got there everything was ruined. In that year my father had finished building a house, but it came down. My father was outside with my mother, and they were knelt down to ask forgiveness from the Lord. That was the great scare we had.

In the street there was hardly space to get through, many houses fell and block the way. I went to see as they were digging out a poor woman who had been left buried and I also saw the people ~~in the very~~ street with their corn making their food in the street.

It continued shaking every little while but not as strong. We went back to school and received classes outside for nearly a month because of the fear we had that we were going to die with another tremor. Those who suffered most were those who had adobe houses because those who had cane houses - nothing happened to them, because there was not weight. And from that time the people used only cane because of fear. Until now they've begun to make adobe houses because now there's no problem.

But, when I went to school we were almost once and for all too poor. Since before the people didn't use pants as we now have. Today the time

has changed, before only white pants, white shirts. Well it didn't matter if it was a colored shirt but it had to be typical and white pants that were used. But when I grew up with my parents I had only one pair of pants and it wasn't even pants, but like underpants without pockets. They didn't have pockets and when I went to school I just stuck in my shirt all my things, my slate sticks. Because before only slate sticks were used; slate stick and slate. Well the slate went hanging from a string in hand. There we wrote down what they taught us and to write again the next, it had to be erased and that's why one had to be smart - then in the head he has to have it written.

Before, yes, it was very hard. When I was in the first year of school every three days they put a child in charge of bringing the large set of rods (sticks) for punishing. And the first one to get the whipping was the one who brought the set. There were some very hard teachers, but it was also good. Because one with that fear had to learn and had to pay attention. Now I'm seeing the kids who they don't do hardly anything to, now it's very easy.

Every Monday we passed inspection to see who hadn't bathed. The clothes also had to be clean, even though patched, but clean. Those who weren't clean had to go to the line and one day I had to because I hadn't bathed. We would go and the teacher would come and with a rod would punish each child. In those times only I attended - my brothers didn't attend.

There were five or six of us but the others died. Since I am the very last one. The rest of my brothers, one was named Manuel, I know him. They say that another was named Juan, but I never knew him. I don't know but I believe he died of pneumonia.

dun-colored, before only white pants, white shirts. Well, it didn't matter if he was colored white but it had to be light and white pants that were used. But when xxx I grew up with my uncle I had only one pair of jeans and it wasn't even pants, just like underpants without pockets. They didn't have pockets and when I went to school I just stuck in my shirt all my things, my slate-tablets. Because we had only slate-tablets were used; slate-stick and slate. Well the slate was hanging from a string in hand. There we wrote down what they taught us and to write again the next, it had to be erased and that's why one had to be smart - then in the head he has to have it written.

Before, then, it was very hard. When I was in the first year of school every three days they put a child in charge of hanging the string set of rows (stick) for punishing. And the first one to get a whipping was the one who brought the cat. There were rows very hard texts to, but it was fun too. Because one kid that was to learn and had to pay attention. Now I guess the kids and they don't do hardly anything so, now it's very easy.

Very xxx Monday we passed inspection to see if we had a bath. The clothes also had to be clean, even though patched, but clean. There the women's clean had to go to the line and one day I had to cook so I wasn't ready. We would go and the teacher would come with a rod would punish each child. In those times only I attended - my brother didn't attend.

There were five or six of us but the others died. Among I am the very last one. The last of my brothers, one was named Manuel, I know him. They say that another was named Juan, but I never knew him. Juan's face that I saw he died of pneumonia.

In that time if one didn't have the papers that they required of one, they would send him to the roads for one or two weeks of work. Because then there wern't tractors, they made the roads with only the pick. And the other, Manuel, this happened to him also, he died, for working very hard on the jobs of the government required. Another sister also died but not long ago. And another also died who was also named Juan. We worked together but he had bad luck because he found a woman who was somewhat vile and didn't help him. That woman was very low. After he asked her to marry, she looked for another friend and it turned out a little bad. My brother didn't know what to do because he felt that he loved her alot, what he should have done upon seeing how she was, was leave her. What did he do? Well, he took her and it turned out bad because she had another man; so thus because of many things my brother got sick. He was only happy with her for three weeks then began with the sickness and exactly two years passed until he died. So when his wife had the child my father took him and he lived with us. That's Carlos, my nephew, who until today is still here with me.

We took him to the fields and gave him food according to how we lived.

Before the people were very ignorant, we were very ignorant because when I was growing up, whatever illness even be it a cold or stomach ache - this is the ignorance because they didn't look for medicine, well yes they looked but only for herbs did they look for relief. But they had a bad custom of going to the witch doctor to ask what is it was they had and since those were the ones who said they could divine the people, they would tell them something like they had this pain because their Grandparents or Great Grandparents were harming them and they had to make a sacrifice and buy five or six candels according to what they say, and

then bow down and ask Father in Heaven to restore the health to the child and buy bread and chocolate and a bunch of other things they had to do.

These customs have been here since before the Spaniards, and come from our ancestors. That's why the spanish came to conquer because that was a bad custom. That's why God wanted the spanish to come - that's why God got mad, because the Indians were doing many things that were pure abomination before God. For this the Lord allowed the spanish to come and conquer, that the Indians wouldn't continue.

Then that was the way they did it, and thusly they spent much money on medicine and stuff because they had to pay the witch doctor and since before twenty-five cents was alot of money when I was young. One penny bought two things because there were things for one cent, half cent and one fourth cent also. But there were also things that couldn't be bought: liver, pork rinds - only trading for corn and herbs was it done. Therefore, food was alot of money for the people before.

I rememver very well that when we had cows my Dad sold one cow for five dollars - a good cow. Before a person would only earn eight cents working all day in the fields. But also, a yard of material that one bought was worth ten cents which is now worth about sixty. An egg perhaps one cent. Two cents was the most my father would give to go to the town fair. But those two cents could buy four things. Because if one bought one mango he could get one for one-half cent and two bananas for a half cent. I could buy candy or something to suck on; they'd give me two for one-half cent or three for a penny and with this it would pretty well be enough.

There was a man who said he was my Godfather. He had a little money and since we would be walking in the street and he would see that

we didn't have good clothes, we didn't even have pockets, it would give him a little sorrow and he'd come and say; "come here kids" and we would become very happy because we already knew that when he said that he would give us three cents and at times five. Ah, but that was alot of money for us, with that we could go have fun all day.

So, when I was about the age of twelve, I took care of three or four cows. But, my father didn't know what to do with these animals, because my father didn't do anything at all with them. He bought them just because he always did business. So there they grew and flourished. But what he did was just get drunk for the witch doctors, since the people drank more because that was another bad custom that I believe comes from a time before the spanish.

Now about food, well at times we got alot of corn because before the lands were still new. But mainly just corn and a little bit of beans, a few little herbs and only that. Because sometimes they would harvest plenty only for booze and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ witch doctors. That was a bad custom because money was only spent in a few things which were vanities. Yes they spent their money but not for matters of clothes.

Before nearly noone used shoes or sandals. Well, they used them but only the businessman because the traveling sellers were on the road and had to use sandals. No, before the people made fun of using sandals they'd tell them, " there are lots of thorns around here" or they said. "many rocks" or that, "here comes a seller" they said. But now I'm realizing that this ia a good custom now because one is protecting his feet.

Before, corn was like pure rock because there weren't any mills. My mother always would work with a lady and help make her masá. But before the Indians were strong. There were only some who because of bad habits couldn't do anything. There were some who had land, lots of land, and

We didn't have good clothes, we didn't even have models. I would give them a little dollar or two or something and say: "Come here, girls" and we would become very, very, very, very friendly. Then that when he said he would give me three cents and at times five. Oh, but that was a lot of money for us, with that we could go have fun all day.

So, when I was about the age of twelve, I took care of three or four cows. But, my father didn't have what today with these animals, because my father didn't do anything at all with them. He bought them just because he always did business. So, there they were and I took them out. That's the way I was just an errand for them. With doctors, since the people trust more because that was another business that I believe comes from a time before the upbringing.

How about food, well, we ate what we got also, corn because before the Indians were still here. But mostly, that corn was a little bit of beans, a little meat and only that. Sometimes, sometimes they would travel just only for beans and xxxxxxxxxx with doctors. That was a bad custom because money was only spent for things which were unnecessary. For they spent their money out not for matters of disease.

Before mostly those were those or medicine. Mostly, they used them but only the businessman because the Indians were on the road and had to use medicine. So, we are the people because of using medicine they'd tell them, "There are lots of things around here" or they said, "Many people are not here because of medicine." They said. But now I'm realizing that this is good customs because because one is protecting his feet.

Before corn, like turnips, because there weren't any milk. My mother always could work with milk and help make our meals. But before the Indians were strong. There were only some who became of sad and they couldn't do anything. There were some who had land, lots of land, and

would walk around with all patched up clothes and with dirty face and hair. That's where the bad custom is, because in the parties, there yes, they spend their money to go dancing and drinking and ruin themselves once and for all. Only in the parties would they buy bread, meat, clothes - only in the parties. That is a bad custom because all the time one can buy clothes or bread. If one wants to buy one, two or three pieces of bread, there is no need that we have to wait until the party.

Well, I was in school four years lost (flunked) one because I got sick alot. A fever hit me and I lost all my hair; I didn't attend for about six months and I flunked that year.

After ~~xxxxxx~~ going to school from the age of about fifteen, I began to work in the Fincas that are around here. But, I was still in school when the revolution of 44 happened - I was about eleven years old. I was playing in a cousins house since the kite festival was coming up we were making the tail for our kites, when suddenly a plane came and came very fast and very close and threw out several papers. The people went to those papers which said that the government of Ponce didn't exist any more because Ponce wasn't President and that now there was peace because the revolution of October 20th, had ended in Guatemala. But the Indians refused to believe that Ponce had left, so in that they began to prepare for battle and since the Latins were already prepared. They say that the Latins and put on four or five shirts and their jackets and their pistols and rifles and knives and all arms. Then when all the Indians had gotten together in the town square to hear what the band brought which was reading the paper, when they say that suddenly a Latin fired a shot and killed a poor Indian boy and there all jumped in and the Indians with rocks and sticks and machetes. They say the Indians offended themselves only with their jerga coats since in that type of jerga the balla don't go

through because its very thick; a ponco of pure wool folded well - there they don't pass. They say that there they defended themselves and killed about fourteen Latins there in the park and a bunch of Indians - but the Indians had won. But the Indians mistake was that when they finished all the Latins off in the park, they the Latins went to hide to a mans house and when the Indians found out they went for them - to bother them with rocks. But, since there inside the Latins were already well prepared until another Indian got there and began to dig in with hatchet blows until he opened the door and everyone went in and many died there. Other Latins climbed the roof and the Indians came - and there they killed I don't know how many.

There was that man named Don Tina deMata - that man as a very bad one. He escaped jumping off and went with the Indians behind him and he was just about to enter his house when they say one threw a big pole and hit him right in the head and he died right there - and to another one who came behind him and there the they cut him to pieces once and for all - like a chilacamote (squash) in pieces.

There was the error - because the Indians hadn't penetrated the house and there was another man named José de Mata and since what one was very vile also, he grabbed his horse and went to ask for help from other towns and then the Indians couldn't do anything and left fleeing. That's why they say that they were the ones who won the war, but that's not fair because they went to the very homes to take the poor Indians who weren't even at fault because the guilty ones had already fled. That was a very hard time. At that time my father went to hide himself and only came home to get food.

Other poor men were left thrown in the street and since they decayed the buzzards and dogs came to eat them up and so only the bones were left.

Before that we only rented land from the Latins but since that happened the Indians began to learn to be tailors, bread makers, carpenters and when they returned, since they already had their freedom, they weren't going to work for the Latins, but what they did was they began their own trades of the Latins and that's why now we're seeing that the Indians do all the trades there are: tailors, barbers, and all the others. The Latins that are left now are those who have some land and from there the others are either eating cushvsha (pure liquor) or they have to go somewhere else - and that's the anger they have with us.

Not long ago, perhaps a year or more, they went to complain to the Governor because they wanted to do a revolution again because they said the Indians didn't want to work any more with the Latins. That they the Indians are very lazy, that they were thieves and that's what they were saying about us to the Governor. But he told them that if they found the Indians in crime that then there was authority to do it and then they said they want to make another revolution and then he told them that it was fine. If they wanted another revolution he was in favor but that they would give the same arms to the Latins and the Indians. Then they went and thus refused because they knew that if with rocks, sticks and machetes we almost beat them with arms they couldn't do anything to us. That is how that revolution here was.

I got married very young - I still wasn't 18 years old., but in one way I suffered somewhat and on the other hand I'm glad because at the sametime it has been a good experience for me and also that helps a little to make one become more formal.

Now about by bsptism. I was baptised about 14 years ago. The missionaries began to arrive at my house in 1959. It's that when I was working in the fincas, even being married I always went every year to

work at the fincas. But the very time I began to investigate the Gospel with a ~~Protestant~~ Protestant Church was in that time when I saw that light with a tail and after the earthquake. Then was when I was converted a little. At the age of eight or nine was when I began to investigate the Catholic Church and they taught us some prayers and I was attending for some months. Then I grew and grew and then I was always working on the fincas. Then one time a nephew of mine proposed to his woman and since the women was from an Aldea, he told me to go with him. At that time I was married and I went with him - and that was when I began to drink a little because I was now really a man and I liked going to see the parties a little and to drink some. And after I'd had some experiences that were vanities I didn't do it any more and then I began to investigate the church of the Cataquistic, and they told me that it was good and all and yes it's fine in one way and I was there about one year attending with them and then I always liked it. But they have a custom there that when there's a death they do a mourning, and maybe someone would be very happy and they'd do a nine day mourning. It was always that way. Every night we would go and during the meeting, one would have to be kneeling all the meeting, and then would always be very tired but "it was a sacrifice we were making", they would always say. And so I was realizing what they were doing that when they began to read their lethanies and prayers a bunch of things and then after they would always speak something in - I dont know- Hebrew or Latin. They used a language and so forth. "What is this?" I would say "What is it?" What do the misteries, the rosaries, and all of this mean?

Then there was a friend of mine, we were working together renting land and everytime we went there to work we would eat lunch together. He was an Evangelest and he would tell me what it is we ought to do during

our time of existing here on the earth and about repentance and we should beli ve in the living God and he would tell me many things and he always that it was good to study the Gospelland that it was good that I buy myself a New Testament and since I listened to him very ~~much~~ well he would give it to mehard all the time. And so I told him to look for me a new testament and he looked and when he found me a testament he didn't charge me since it was his wish that I join up with his church. Then I always had my father's horse and before each Sunday my parents didn't rest that day, well yes, they rested but from going to the fields only because they would stay doing another chore like carrying a load of wood or somethiig like that.

And so when I would go to pasture I always would read this Testament and I found many things there in Revelation. There it said that he who makes a sign in his forehead he will go to the lake of fire . That's exactly what it says so I began to think that it is bad to cross oneself and I went to the other churches and they said it was bad but I also went to the Catholic Church and there they said it wasn't bad because that is the seal we have so that we are or can be the chosen. That's what they say. But I said "Could that be true?" I believed not because the scripture says that's bad. And so in one way I was in favor of the Catholics but on the other hand no because I saw they weren't obeyeing some parts of the scripture that I was reading in my New Testament. And so one time even the priest himself said that that sign wasn't very good and then that it was. So I doubted a lot.

Then on one Saturday in September of 1959, All of a sudden they told me that some Gringo missionaries had come and were asking for Francisco, my brother. (because we lived together at that time), but what happned was that Francisco got hidden and refused to leave. He was there but refused to leave. He was scared.

Then I said it was too bad that I wasn't there to listen to them.

"Something important these men talk about" I said, and I remained very very anxious to listen. But they say they're going to come again. They told me. Then I went to work again Sunday afternoon to the Finca and only left a message that if they came again they could come Saturday to my home. So, if they were also wanting to teach my brother.

They arrived again and since my brother refused to talk they asked Serapio, my oldest son where his father was. And he told them the message. ~~that~~ They arrive Saturday and so they got there, and about half an hour after I'd gotten home - but they asked for my brother and I stayed waiting to see if I could listen to them and not until they sked for me. ~~thaen I left~~ They introduced themselves, took of their hats, and asked me to take a little time to listen for the message they said and I told them " with pleasure" and I took them in even though it be what I had. But they told me even if it be under a treee. And before they began they have a prayer, but a prayer that directly penetrated me. I felt the spirit and thought once and for all they bring a good message and on one had talked with me like them. I always like it every time they came and I took notes on what they would say. But what discouraged me was when my brother and sister found out they got mad and that was where I had a little discouragement. And yes, I used some deceit on the missionaries because they came every little bit to give me the les ons and my family got a little mad with me. It seemed that what I was doing was something bad. And the worst was my wife. She was a dyed in the wool Catholic and her uncles and so they persecuted me. Finally they told me that when I went to the chapel,

I truly wanted to go but I was a little afraid also because I had seen what the scriptue says in these time would rise false men, prophets, and would deceive many. Probably that maybe those were these men, because we

haven't seen. Probably they are or maybe not, but yes, I was a little afraid to accept them, but yes I had the desire.

When it penetrated me also was when the mother of brother Daniel Mich died, I went there with them for the burial and I still wasn't a member. And 8 missionaries got together from here, Patzun, Tecpan, and Chimaltenango, and they did celebrate two meetings and when they said their prayers, but I felt that their prayers penetrated me once and for all and also when they sang their himns, they sang well and had their voices and coordinated very nicely. I like it a lot. Mayme I'm going to be a member of that church I said. And Finally I saw that they din't wait around and they didn't want their companions (the other local brethern) to do it but they themselves carried the body and all the people in the town admired that the spiffed up gringoes with ties and well presented were carring an Indian who was once nd for all simple. That's where they gave the example and since the Latins persecuted us a lot, they admired and many said. "Probably those men bring the truth. That's what they said because they were Not ashamed to join together with the Indians. Then I said that certainly those young men have kept the commandments because they don't have differences and thus I was thinking many things and since every time they arrived I received them with my doubts from the scriptures and I always asked and they always gave me the answer. Finally I was once and for all convinced and went. Only that whe when I left it seemed there was something, as if a person who was in the street or somethiig that would do something bad. And since the people said that when one accepts that he ruins himself once and for all. And as if for doing a bad thing, that how I felt when I went the first time. Then after little by little this went away and then I felt very ~~good~~ happy. And the missionaries asked me when I was going to be baptised and I told them. "Yes, brethern, I know that Baptism is important, but I'm still not prepared, better lets leave

it a little more time" and I always was left very(thoughful)pensative and when I went to the fields my heart directly about thinking of when and how I should do it. I was always thinking directly of God and since at times I still liked to go to the parties a little, I couldn't say yes. Finally they told me that for such and such a date were going to have baptisms and we'd lik you to et baptised.

Well, I decided to get baptised and from that day they began to persecute me and since my wife wasn't a member, she wasn't in favor but it was more because of her family that made fun of her. Once we went to visit the house where she grew up and they told her "Don't ever put one more step here because you've once and for all become animals."

That's what they said and my wife became very sad. And finally we've come suffering many insults and persecutions since then but I haven't minded all this because I know they're works of Satan.

During the time of president Brener, the chapel was finished. I was working hard until we finished it. And a little before finishing, they wanted to choose a brother to stay on as custdian in charge of the taking care of the new chapel and they spoke to me about two times and I always told them it would be better to give the oportunity to another brother, but they said that they wanted me to do it because they were sure that I was the right one. ~~There were many, but many brethern who wanted this work and when they found out that it had been given to me they began to find the way to get me out. What they din't do. They made up storeies, slanders, and a bunch of other things but I know that all these things are bad works because the authorities ~~to the others who speak~~ of the mission have always trusted in me and haven't payed attention to the others who speak lies.~~

I've always struggled and until today I've continued struggling and working in the Church. My son Agustin is the very remiider of when I was baptised because he had just been born when I entered into baptism.

Much of this attitude has changed — D.M.

Marzo /75

Queridos Noorlander:

Thankyou for your letter. I got it the day before yesterday but untill today (monday) I'm able to write back to you.-

The money goes fast in the indian program so I really apreciated your generous gift. Doctor Blair brought me a watch from states some days ago. I bought it with the money that you sent me some time ago. (I decided that I needed more a watch than a tape recorder.).- So thanks to you I'm able now to know once more, the situation of the time.-

Guess what? Daniel is already a full time missionary and is working i this cakchiquel district too. He got his calling a couple weeks ago and started this 13th of March with elder Evans as companion. I really thought that he was going to be my companion (we can't put aside the probability yet though).

He is doing really good. And is been really useful for the program specially now when all the "platicas" and every thing is being translated into cakchikel. He has got a giant advantage over us.

By the way I'll tell you that my cakchikel is improving a lot the lord is helping alot in order so that we are able to bring the gospel to this people in their own language.

Nevertheless I know that my mission won't be the only oportunity that I'll have to use the cakchikel and other indian languages I know that if I'm worth, God will give me more oportunitys in the future.

I sure have heard about the temple in Brazil isn't that wonderful? We are starting to see the fruits of the work among the lamanitas.

I'm pretty sure that the lord will open the necesary doors when we are ready so that we have our temple over here too.

I'd bet you that your son's stay in Jerusalem is a wonderful experience. I sure would like to visit those places one day.

Jose choc got married a couple months ago. She is not member but I guess helps him a lot. His kids are doing fine. Elder Daines has been helping some kids in order that they can go to school thanks to him, Mauro is going and finishes his primary this year. (his oldest son)

I always use to tell the hermanos there in patricia that you think about them and sendem your love.-

Time has gone really fast this 30th I'll have a year being in my mission. And they say that the second half goes even faster.

I'm sending you these two or three pictures I hope you like them. I'll send more in a while.

I hope they get there

Well take care and write back; you don't know how much your words help me and how happy I feel when I realize that people like you love me and support me.

Les ama:

Julio A.

—o—

A letter from Daniel Choc, the 1st full time Cakchiquel missionary. Before he left on his mission Daniel asked for some help so that he could purchase some clothes. Elder Julio Salazar says of him: "He has got a giant advantage over us."

Patzicia 16 de Enero de 1975

Querido hermano Norlander

Estimado hermano en esta oportunidad me permito saludarles Con todo
Cariño y amor deseando que Cuando llegue a tus manos esta humilde
Carta esten gozando las mas ricas bendiciones de nuestro padre
Celestial junto con su estimada esposa hijo e hija y de los que los
rodean despues de Corto Saludo poso a lo siguiente.
Primeramente quisiera Contarle que nosotros siempre lo recordamos
Como uno de los hermanos mas humilde de Corazón y de mucho
amor Con nosotros esta es la razon por la cual nosotros lo
recordamos Como verdadero hermano.
usted Cuando regresó nos quedamos muy tristes pero nos Conformamos
Cuando recordamos acerca de Jesucristo y de Dios de que algun
dia tendremos que juntarnos otra vez mas y Confiamos que asi es
hermano Con respecto a la obra misionera quisiera pedir su
ayuda aunque para mi es muy triste pedir ayuda pero tu sabes
las Condicione en que nosotros nos encontramos.
La ayuda que quiero pedir es principalmente economicamente
yo nesesito un poco de dinero para Comprar un poco de ropa
para que yo pueda saliar en la obra misionera
hermano quisiera pedir un gran fabor que me Contestes lo mas pronto
posible le ruego que me discalpe por mandar muy tarde
Mis padres estan y mis hermanitos estamos muy bien.
me despido de usted Con amor y mucho cariño su hermano
Daniel Choc Sicay

Pablo Chock Loch returning home with his sons after a hard days work near Batzicia.

Sister Chock and her kitchen is not much to look at but sister Chock is a very fine cook.

Daniel, the son of Pablo Chock teaches the priesthood class on Sunday morning.

1st Cakchiquel full time missionary

CHAPTER ~~FOUR~~ 5

BETTER THAN THE CLOWNS

Jose Trinidad Miculax Xicay standing next to his adobe hut.

Better Than The Clowns

Jose Trinidad Miculax Xicay

When I was a boy in my childhood - in the first place I had the harmony of playing with my friends, playing marbles or spinning tops and other toys. And that is from the time when I remember having a mother or having a father. Perhaps around the age of three or 4 years that I can still remember having a mother of having a father and that I have brothers or sisters, I can still remember a little.

Then from the age of 9 or 10 years on we were playing a lot but not all day because I went to work with my tata (dad). Because in my situation I always going around working with my father with the hose. Daily we went to the fields from 7.00 in the morning til when I cam back. Sometimes we returned a little early, every once in a while I would go play. My heart was happy because I was playing. But at times since the work was some 7 kilometers away where we went to work and the custom of my tata was that he didn't return if there was till a little sun. He wouldn't return until he saw there was nothing left. Then my tata would come home. And there were times when in winter weather , een if it was raining, under the water we would work.

That was from about the age of 18 years on up when I would go to work with my Tata. In that time I was very poor because my father wouldn't give me any pennies to buy a few candies, He didn't give me clothes I had on. They were torn and dirty clothes and my mother din't wash my clothes and I had those clothes for a long time. And my food, only quilete and coles and a little bit of beans and once in a while we would eat a little meat but only once in a while and the rest only tortillas. ~~and~~ Milk we hardly drank. Maybe we would drink it once at the age of 5 years.

Well now, I always went together with my father in the fields to help him work when came the time of "cane servant" as they call it. I would go help him and when the time would come for the first corn work, I would go work first and after when the time would come for the second working over, I always would go to the fields with my hoe to help my Tata.. in the corn harvest, to cut beans, cut wheat, I was always helping my tata. That's how I grew up and nearly all the days when we would go to the fields, it was nearny very late when we would come back- until the

sun went down. And so since our work was almost the distance of 7 kilometers and then we would come back but it would already be at night. Sometimes when it was winter weather and we would be there working under the rain since the sun could be seen the hour was clouded.

"Who knows if it's been ~~since~~ a while since the sun went down". When it looked like the night had come we would come in and in the night I would come under the rain and always we would come ~~in-and-in-the-night I-would-come-under-the-rain-and-always-we-would-come~~ home very wet and well, I would have to take off my clothes that were wet, but I never had clothes to change into, so upon taking off my clothes, I would wrap up in my blanket and if not, I would go right to sleep because I didn't have clothes to dhange into. And I would ~~go-right~~ leave my wet clothes hanging up. The next day when I awakened my clothes would still be wet and wet I would put them on again. When the sun would come out again, then my clothes would dry but when they would dry it would be around 11:00 in the morning or near 12:00 That was the suffering that I suffered a lot.

My tata never thought of buying me a new shirt or another pair of new pants. If I wanted something to change into: no, but with the same clothing, always that same clothing and the year would go by, and when the whole year would pass and when the new year would begin, he would buy me another shirt and another pair of pants then that would be it for one year. That's how it was when I grew up with my tata. That was his way. There were times when I din't feel like working. He would hit me also. Now when I grew more, well at the age of 17 or 18 years, then I could manage to work a cuerda then I didn't go together with my tata to the fields, but I seperated from him and I would go out earlier and work my cuerda. Then I would buy my shirts and my pants.

And in those times the desire c me to me to le rn how to read and some poor men who were professors did me the favor of teaching me a few letters and I learned to read and write a little. That there was a struggle. Now my Tata didn't want me to go to school to learn the letters and for that I was afraid because I was still young and then under the rule of him. But I didn't learn to read or write while I was with him

because he didn't want me to learn, much less speak in Spanish, that I didn't know any. Until later when I grew I made my own struggle and so until that time it was that I had the opportunity to learn some letters. And later when I learned I bought myself a bible to read at the age of about 19 or 20 years. When I had the desire to learn a little bit of the word of God but then I could read a little, and there I would go read the Bible, but only a part I could understand and a part, no, because we din't know well how to speak in Spanish and that book only spoke in Spanish, so it was only a little we could learn there.

Later at the age of 23 years, I went looking for a woman. I went to "fool around" at the street corners but only me alone because I didn't have many friends. I didn't like it much. Well I was a true friend if a true friend spoke good things then yes, but not if they would say bad things. Because many friends in that time would tell me, "man, lets go get drunk", "Let's go guy some booze or buy some cigarettes to smoke" and so I saw that it didn't seem good and it would be better that I not make friends with those boys because the teachings they would give was not good, I said, so I didn't join up with those who were bad.

So since the custom was so, I would go out to take a walk to fool around with the woman to walk the streets. (This does not connotate immoral behavior; such are th courting customs here) And since there were some women ~~with~~ who liked men, the woman would walk in front of the man, the man standing there. But if the woman didn't like one, she would take another way. Well, there was this woman who was somewhat my neighbor before. I lived a block away and she also lived a block from me, so I watched her but she didn't like me because I studied the Holy Bible a little and I was going a little with the "believers" (protestants). I began going with the believers at about the age of maybe 15 years because I really liked the word of God. For that I would go to listen and to hear the preachings. And so my woman was very Catholic So she didn't like because I would go with the believers. ~~she~~ She didn't like it, but little by little I went making the catch and little by little. But this lasted about 6 months then after 6 months I went to propose to the woman and then I got married, and I always continued with the believers, and we lived in the same place with my father, and by and by came the first little one and we named that one Antoniio.

In that time I always continued stru gling with my work always to maintin the family.. but just with the hoe in the field because I didn't know how to do other work and the land was rented from Latins. I began to rent from the Latins just at the time of the revolution. I was about 17 when that happened, but I remember that I was here in my house and before I had fonnd out there were two parties, the Latins liked one party and th Indians like another. So the 22nd of October a decree came out and they say that the people went out to hear the proclamation and I believe the decree said that the noise in Guatemala had settled down to peace and suddenly they grabbed a boy and killed him and there they all grabbed each other and after we heard the shots and the people going out in the streets w th their sticks and their machettes and then we realised there was a revolution. It was a night when the outsiders came to help the Latiins (people from Antiqua, Chimalenango etc.) and dawn came with the killing of peo le and us in the house. We closed the door there with fear. We were there perhaps some 4 days without leaving and for good, well, we had corn, but we hardly ate also bedause one couldn't even light a fire.. or bring a little water of by some things in the store. . nothiing. So ther one sat until the decree came out again saying that it was prohibited to kill people . Not until then did the people come out. But there were others who went away prisoners and others who suffered and others who left fleeing and thus it was a yeear until (things) got together again.

Well, then I being married&with children maybe at the age of about 30, I always went with the believers and I had a Bible. When the missionaries first arrived at my house and knocked at my house, I was afraid to go out or better said, I din't like those men because Ididn't know if they were good, if they were bad, who knows what they were and the people in the street were telling me that those men were very, very, exremely bad. That "careful if those enter your house because those men are real playboys. That's what the people were saying. That is very bad. It is very bad that religion, they said. But who knows, I had the desire to learn what the word "Mormon" meant. Well I went over to an ~~ae~~ aquaintance of mine who was a professor and I told him "Sir, What does the word "Mormon" mean? I want to know if it is a bad word or if it is