a good word. I told him. But that man told me "Well, I don't know Who knows what that word means, but I think it is a bad word because those men who walk around town say they're Mormons, but they are once and for all very bad. Careful boy, dont get involved with those because its very bad."

But since I was reading the Bible a little and there's a part there which says that the Lord has revealed it to the wise and the little ones learn more than the wise, that's what it says in the Bible and... "Who knows if what the professor told me is true- that those men are very bad. Who knows, maybe that man doesn't know. And that is what the people said, and my family, they were worse. They didnIt like it. But the missionaries arrived again at my house knocking on the door saying they were representatives of the Church of Jesus Christ and that "we come here to visit 15 minutes." But I told them that I din't have time and the poor guys left.

And they arrived again knocking at the door. Then I thought they might as well come in. In any case one himself can hear what they are saying. Then one can say if its bad or good. ~~But-that-also-hap-en-with~~

But that also happen with the clowns that came to town to do their prsenation and to tell the people to go to see them, so when I was still a child I wanted to see them but the people would say that was no good and it was very bad to watch that and so forth. But I continued with the desire until I went in and I liked it and I said that it wasn't bad because it made one laugh and so I always struggled to go in there with the clowns. But since I was poor, I didn't have money to pay to get in to see those men, but since one entered there and it was charged, then another thought came to me that I might as well be a marimba carrier, so that I could go in with the clowns. "when the time comes for the clowns to enter thenI'll be like a marimba carrier and this would be my ticket in to see the clowns and we would have to stay so that when the function got out we would have to take the marimba again.to leave.

They would take my belt or my hat as a collateral so that I couldn't leave without carrying the marimba again. And when there were many who wanted to carry, I would force mys lf in so that I could carry the marimba.

Well, then since the people said that it's bad, the thought came to me that I had gone in many times with the clowns and I felt the same way with my life. They never did anything to me, They didn't hit me nor insult me- nothing. And further more, these men might be better than the clowns, I said.

Smf dp
And so, I might as well give them permisiion to come in and I did give them permision that they enter into my house. But since I didn't have a house, I had one but nothiig more than a shack all full of smoke, so I told this to the missionaries. "Mister, wellcome in, but it happens to be that I don't have a house. There's no place for you to sit down and spend a few moments there". Then the missionaries told me "But sir, we don't come to see the house but we come to see you. . To visit with you yourself. It doesn't matter to us if we stay under a tree seated over there. That doesn't matter." Then they entered and began to tal with me and they said to me: "Do you know if there is a God?"

"Yes," I told them.

"Ah, fine, Do you know what form Jesus Chrust has?" They told me.

" Well, I don't know that sir." I told them.

"Do you beli ve that Jesus Christ has a body and has bones and has spirit?" They told me.

And well, since I couldn't answer them there because I din't know those questions very well. But after the thought came to me that since it's written in the Bible that we are the image of God, then I told them. "Well, its true because we have bones and we have bodies and spirit also so it's true."

And so I said to the missionaries that its true sir that which you are telling me because that's how its wri ten in the Bible."

"Good... and do you know what form Satan has?"

"That, yes, is something I don't know." But beautiful were the words the poor missionaries were telling me beauti ul, beautiful words. I had never heard those words and I had been going for some time with the believers that were here before but they don't s y those words. Those were better teachings so then perhaps those men are good I said and "Sir, when are you going to come again?" I told them.

And so they arrived again and another lesson but somewhat different. It wasn't the same. And from there they gave me m re lessons but real nice and so I found out that religion was very good and so they came for a year after the missionaries first arrived and after I went to be baptised and later my wife was baptised.

When I went to the meetings with the missionaries, brethern, it was a rented place right above the fountain on the main street. There were

the missionaries doing the meetings but there were very few members. The branch president was Daniel Mich. There weren't deacons, there weren't priests, there wan't anything. only the missionaries were the ones who did everything. But the people how they spoke all the time. As the people of the street speak.

I was once with a man who said to me, "Is it true that you (---) are going with the Mormons?"

"Yes, it is true," I answeared.

"What is the foundation of that. If you're going to tell me what's the foundation you remain free here, but if you don't know what the foundation is I'm going to give you a good slug, you ----"

That's what the man was sayin, he was somewhat Cathelcistic than man was. "All, I know what the foudation is," I told him "Its foundation is the primitive church that had its twelve apaostles." I told him.

"Who knows if that's true" he said. "It's a lie."

But I know that it's true. I don't pay attention any more to what the people say to me. If they hit me, may they hit me, but God knows that they hit one, not because I'm robbing anything, but for the word of God and that's how it is.

"What are we going to do" I told him. But finally he din't hit me but through use of the word of God I escaped from him. Now I had an uncle and that one how much he talked. "That one committed himself with the Mormons and that makes me laugh and that religion isn't even (dung). and thus he din't like it and always scolded me but I din't pay attention to him since I already knew that this was the true religion, so I didn't pay attention to him more. Also people from the other sects arrived to tell me to go with them again and "Why did you go with the Mormons, its better that you come here with us."

"Thank you very much but maybe not becaue I now know that it's better where I am right now and not there with you, thaks a lot, but you can continue where you are but I'm not going again." and so I didn't go again with them but it was because I found out that it is the true church and I went on my own, and I was baptised.

Later when they said that they were going to buy land to begin the construction of a church, we became very ~~happy~~ very happy. Hopefully, man, hopefuly, who knows when that's going to be. Maybe when we are already dead may it not take long. we said.

And soon they bought the land and an engeneer came and an apostle

came and said hat in not long they would come to build a chapel on that land and later they came to build the chapel and we were building to contruct and they would give us a few cents but nothing more than a sustaining. It wasn't a full pay but so that there could be a little to eat and I went as a contruction missionary. I wlrked there two years. I made blocks there, and there I learned to put blocks together. And I also learned a little masonary and thus we finished and so we come to the day where we are now.

After, another day, they said that they were going to put a little school there when brother Mario Salazar came and oh, we became so happy, happy, hap y. I am always happy with the wor d of God. I say that the most ~~per~~ important thing in my life is that IIve always felt like planting corn and a little beans and a little wheat for my food and the other most important thing also the word of God. Those two things ~~are~~ that are most important ~~for the~~ in my life and also the most important that I've now found out - the school is more important for the kids to learn of their progress. That is the most important.

Jose Miculax with his family. Until recently the whole family lived in the small hut in the background.

CHAPTER FIVE

AFTER THE RESURRECTION I WANT TOBE WITH MY HUSBAND AND CHILDREN AGAIN

Sister Rumalda Ajuchan De Miculax

Rumaldo
Aguachica
De
Michulas

RUMALDA AJUCHAN DE MICULAX

I was the youngest child in the family. I had one brother and one sister and my father and my mother. My mother was good; she had a nice way about her. My father was very mean.

When I can first remember was when I was about eight years old. As a little girl I would play very much. All the time I would play. I had a little doll to play with.

From (the time) I was very little my mother taught me some chores. I would make tortillas and wash (clothes and dishes by hand) and go to the mountains to look for firewood. I could also weave when I was a little girl about eight yrs. old. We (children) would also go to the fields with my father to work. He had about 10 cuerdas of land (4 acres) and planted corn, wheat, beans, and güicoy.

We always had food to eat at our house. We ate tortillas and beans and the herbs: coles, quilete, chipilín, and others. My father had something of money so we would buy meat nearly three times a week. I can't remember ever really being too hungry or going without food. My parents did well.

For clothes I also had enough. As a little girl I would have three güipiles* and three cortes.* My güipiles* were the many-colored type, not the red ones that are (traditionally) from Patzicía. Now nearly only the old women wear those red ones and with the blue cortes (with) white stripes, but more before the little girls wore them also. We would weave the güipiles but could not weave the cortes (on our hand looms.) A regular corte, (about 6 yards of material) used to cost about $3.00 but now they have climbed to $4.00. We would also weave our fajas.*

When I was eight years old I started school but I only went ONE MONTH because I got very sick. When I was young I became very sick. I was sick for about a year. I felt like my daughter Hermelinda now does... I didn't have any strength and I had fevers and pains.

no doctors or curanderos* came. Who knows what remedy my mother gave me.

I had to stay at home in bed all that time. My mother took care of me...

When I was about 14 years old I began to do some work to earn money. I never served as a maid. I would go to the market in Tecpán and sell corn. Then I would bring jocotes and miltomate from Tecpán to sell in Patzicía. The Tecpán market day has always been Thursday and Patzicía always Wednesday. Working this way I could only earn 50 centavos a day. This money would serve to buy the things I needed. I would buy clothes once a year in the month of July; maybe five or six cortes. I had some money then... we don't have money any more.

When the revolution happened I was fourteen years old.so I can still remember it. We were at home one Sunday and my father had gone to the fields to bring some corn on the cob and he came home and we were cooking the corn in the fire, all of us happy there, when we found out: "They're going around killing people in the streets!", they said. That was at 5:00 in the afternoon of October 22nd, (1944) and from that hour we refused to leave the house because of fear of the fighting. We were in the house only one day. They didn't bother the women any; just the men, so we could have done our chores, but since all of the people were afraid, one couldn't work.

When I was now about 16 years old I started to flirt. I had one boyfriend when I was 16 and he was 16 too but we didn't continue any more than six months.

Well, I had almost known Trinidad (my present husband) from a long time before because we were neighbors. We lived only a block from each other. In those days we lived down by the TecunUmán School in the first cantón. When we got married I was 17 years old. Trinidad was the same age. First we went to the city offices then over with the priest, since in those times we were in the Catholic religion.

I was a good catholic. [from the time I was very little.] I went to mass every Sunday. Since I didn't know how to read I didn't know the catacisms; I would just to to the church. I liked the Catholic Church alot.

The priests have always been sort of bad. I remember one real mean one who would hit the people. Then there were two better ones. They would always talk in Latin.

My father always had an image at our house.

I was 18 years old when our first child, Antonio, was born. Three years later the second one, Lorenza, was born. Then came Celia then came Chepe. (The other children are: José Trinidad, María Berta, María Hermelinda, Marco Tulio, Efraín, and Marta Lidia.) My children would get sick every once in a while and I would have to take care of them. They would get stomach pains alot. I would give them mineral water (soda) and "purgantes", just that.

I GAVE BIRTH TO ALL OF MY CHILDREN IN MY OWN HOME. A MIDWIFE WOULD HELP ME BUT JUST A MIDWIFE.

I have been a Mormon for fourteen years. The missionaries came around knocking on doors maybe five times before we finally received them. Sometimes I would answer the door and sometimes I wouldn't. I was scared to even look at them. The people would say: "Who knows what those Gringos are, perhaps they're pure devils!" When I would answer the door they would ask: "Is your husband here?" They only wanted to talk with my husband and never with me. When they finally came in I was scared of them no more. We investigated the Church for eight months before we got baptised. During those eight months the missionaries would come about three times a week. They taught us alot. They didn't have films then, just lots of pictures. I really did like the missionaries and what they taught.

When my relatives found out that I was investigating the Church they all got very mad. I refused to continue in the Catholic Church.

My mother got very mad. She was mad until she died three years later. She always still loved me but she always was againts the fact that I was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. My father had already died.

We have never fallen away from the Church. From the time the missionaries came to the house I liked their teachings. They would teach us some lessons and speak about some message. And I thought that these words were very good. Finally I understood that they were true and so from the time of my baptism I have never wanted to fall away.

So now here I am, 45 years old, still very busy with the chores to be done. I make some of my childrens' clothes still. It takes me about ten days to weave a güipíl and the same to weave a faja. There are many things that have to be done.

If I had ~~xxxxxxxx~~ something to give my children I would give them land, but since I don't have land I can't. I just hope that my children will do some studying and get some fine wives and husbands, members of the Church. I also hope that in return for what I have done for them at the hour of my death I hope that they will bury me well. Then after the resurrection I want to be with my husband and children again.

I would like to say much more but I don't know Spanish and can't say any more.

.....

. . . . . .

Sister Miculax preparing tortillas for her family.

She cooks on a stove designed by health Missionary sister Ilene Draper.

Sister Miculax is fortunate because she has a well to draw water from.

C H A P T E R ~~F I V~~ E 7

That Which Is Left For Me To Do is Serve The Lord

Brother and sister Fidel Cujcuj

Fidel Cujcuj loading a shreda of corn
on the agriculture missionary truck.

I was born here in Patzicia on the same land that I have now. I was given the birthdate of April 24, 1907. My parents were named Ciriaco Cujcuj (who was my father) and my mother was named Barbara. My grandparents whom I also knew, were Secundino Cujcuj and Maria Choy. The situation into which I was born was very poor from the start.

At this time was the government of Manuel Estrada Cabrera. They bothered my poor father a lot with military service. He spent much of the time at the military barracks and always left us abandoned alone with my mother because of the service that they required of all the Indians to give at that time. Some times he was gone 2 and 3 years. Afterwards 5 or 6 months he was gone. He was therefore almost never at home. These were hard times for my father, and my mother had to watch over us. Since that time we have suffered continually.

The people have not changed much, although today it is not quite like it was before. At that time they didn't bother the "ladinos" at all. They only obligated the poor Indians for military service. But since the "Ladinos" are mixed with Spanish, they never said anything to them and always treated them well. But they are almost of our race. When the Spanish came, they had wives, but since there were not any Spanish women, they took Indian women. That was how the "Ladino" came to be.

Although very poor, I felt happy in my home because I knew that there was love between my parents and also between my brothers and sisters. We always loved each other and almost never faught or anything like it.

There was a time when I was about ten years old when we nearly died of hunger. That year a great frost fell on the crops and killed all the corn. My father had been in the service nearly five years and we did not know what to do because all of the people were looking for corn for nourishment, but could not find any. My brothers and sisters and I with my mother had to suffer from a lot of hunger. We received very little to eat.

I was not always so joyful when my father returned because he liked to drink. We had to suffer because of that also. We have always had to rent land because we don't have any property of our own. We have had to work for someone else who almost always is a "Ladino". The Indian has little land and when he does, he almost never rents it.

But those times as a child were also happy at times. One at that age is

always getting into some mischief. It can also be said that there was no school. I went once, but it turned out that the teacher had some cows and they sent us to herd the cows instead of teaching us. It hasn't been very long now that the school has been running a little better. That was how it used to be before. That, and the fact that they treated one not like a person, but like an animal.

Being one of the oldest, I only went that one time because I had to help my mother who couldn't bear the load alone with so many of us. My father's salary was three "reales" a week. One "real" at that time was worth six cents in today's money. But I remember that the only thing we could buy with one "real" was a measure of corn that did not even make one pound.

I began working when I was about 13. At that time one earned twelve "reales" to work one "cuerda" of land. But from the time we were able, my brother and I have rented some two or three "cuerdas" (about one acre) to cultivate for ourselves.

When I was fourteen or fifteen, I felt a longing to be in a better situation. To have something with which to make a living. To be a little happier. Although I did not aspire to have a lot of money, I only wanted to be able to live my life. But since I was also a little mischievous and there was nothing else to which I could aspire, I joined a marimba band to earn a living.

We gained somewhat of a reputation and played in many of the cities here about. The commander of the army did not obligate us to serve because we played for many of the National celebrations like July 1st, September 15th, and June 30th. Only once did they grab me to work without pay in the courthouse, making roads and other things. But my mother who was very intelligent went to speak with the political chief. Who knows what she said, but she got me out. Being able to play the marimba pleased me very much and I believe that it was the most joyous thing that happened during my younger years.

Thus the years passed, when one afternoon I found myself at home fixing my drum because we had a committment to play at the "canoa." When all of a sudden my daughter from my first wife arrived and said to me, "Did'nt you go out to fight in the street?" "Well no," I told her. "Was there a fight?" "Yes," she said. "The soldiers came and are killing all the Indinas. In fact, last night at about seven o'clock, everyone came running by my house fleeing to the mountain. Since I did not know anything, I spent the night in my house. But everyone else had already gone." The soldiers were looking for the Indians in their homes to kill them, but they did'nt come to my house. By the next day the "Ladinos" from Antigua,

Saragoza, Chimaltenango, and everywhere had arrived. I heard shots everywhere, so it was better that I fled also. They had already killed many who, because of not knowing anything, were at home when they arrived. They sometimes killed the women when they defended themselves. I don't even know why the war happened. It lasted about four days but they killed many Indians because the Indians only had their machetes, while they had pistols and rifles. That was a very bad experience for me. I was still rather young. I was quite young, I had the oldest of the daughters of my first wife - the one that died on me. I met her when I was about 19 years old. The marimba band that we had formed as boys was still not that good.

[redacted]

was better that I join a religion. For about ten years, ever since I had felt the need to be baptized in church, I have had many dreams which have caused me to think. One of the first of those dreams was the most beautiful and marvelous of all. I was about forty years old and I dreamed that I was in a house. I found myself listening very carefully to a radio that was there. I always did this because of my interest to hear the music they played. Afterward we could then play them ourselves. I was thus listening and trying to remember the pieces when suddenly I saw a very strange man who came close to me and said: "What are you doing here?" And I gave him my answer. "Well Sir, I'm here listening to the radio to see if I can remember a few pieces of music to play on the marimba. "yes", he

Fidel Cuj Cuj

told me, "but that radio is not yours. I am going to tell you which is yours." "Yes Sir, very well," I told him (because I respected him). "Why don't you buy yourself a radio?" he told me. "It is because I do not have money," I told him. Then he said, "since this radio isn't yours, you can not hear anything. But there is a radio that I am going to show you that is for you and your brother." (It should be observed that he and his brother are the only ones of their family who are members of the Church) Then the man came and placed a radio in front of me. At the same time I looked and suddenly saw very clearly as if it were'nt a dream, Jesus Christ on the cross. And below I saw the rooster*, his robe, and other things that I do not remember. I was then dreaming the song that the man of the dream had put on the radio and I was able to remember much of the music. Many years later I still remembered , and when I heard it for the first time in the chapel I said, "that is the same song that I listened to that time in the dream." It was the hymn, "Come, Come Ye Saints." (Spanish hymn book #214, "All is Well") After seeing and hearing those things in the dream I felt like I was alone because the man that was with me disappeared. That was the dream which I had, but it was not the only one. I had many others. For example, I already knew that a "Joseph" was the one who came to give the knowledge of God, because I've always dreamed it. Once I dreamed that he (the man who was called Joseph) was the owner of a big farm and he always called us to work with him because he was very good. All the people went with him and he presented himself as Joseph. Many times I saw him preaching and I listened to his preachings. They were very much the same as those that we listen to in the Church. But only in the first of those dreams could I see well and I could'nt say if he was the same man as in the pictures of Joseph Smith that I've been shown. But maybe so, because he was much the same and it could be clearly noted that he was a foreignor. Also, he was never alone, but always with one or two companions preaching everywnere. Sometimes in a desert, other times in the town, in the street and in different places did he appear preaching the word of God. That is why I was enthused about religion because of many dreams and experiences of that type. I also dreamed once about the Prophet Daniel from the bible. He appeared to me in the dream and told me that we couldn't walk anymore to the other side. Then he placed two strands of wire so that we couldn't pass from the other side and he told me that, "Here on this side you can walk but over there you can't." I saw that he was a fat man and somewhat short. But since I've never been shown a picture of him, I can't say if it is the same Daniel or not.

*supposedly the cock that crowed after peter's denial.

Shortly before the missionaries came to our house, we had to play with the group at a party in a house which was called, or as we called it, "The House of the Patron Santiago." Being in the party myself, I got drunk. The next day I had my cow and my wife, who was cutting feed, in the fields. I left for the fields but was just about to die because I did not know how to get rid of my hang-over. I layed down under an apple tree, and looking up, I saw two stars in the sky that were falling. So I said, "My God how happy the sky is." But here I am, in such bad shape. "But no," I said. Then right there I knelt down and asked the Lord to take away my work as a marimba player, because I did not want to continue like I was. I also hoped that they would come to tell me a little about the gospel. Then I went to town. Since there were two evangelical churches, and I was looking for something like that, I went to the first but did not find anyone. I then went to the second but did not find any one either. I returned and told my wife that I had left in vain because I didn't find anything. Some time passed, when suddenly one day the missionaries came to the door. I was surprised because I said then that "certainly God has listened to my prayer." When they called me and greeted me I also greeted them and they told me, "We come directly to visit with you to speak to you about the Church of Jesus Christ." I told them to come in because to me it was an answer. So I took them into my house and we began to talk. I had part of the bible with some passages already to talk about. They told me that it was good and that everything I said was right. They came many times and finally they told me to go to the meetings. I wanted to go, but since I had many friends in the town I was a little afraid of what they might say. But without their knowledge I slipped in to church without being seen and sat down. There were not many people. That is how I began to go to the meetings. Once my wife went with me also and they asked us if we were married. We told them no. They told us that if we wanted, we should get married. I said thank you, but that I did not have money for the marriage. "Don't worry, we're going to help you," they said. They then went right to the secretary and at last we were married. We could then get baptized. Afterward I told the missionaries about my dreams, but since they did not know very much spanish, they didn't understand me very well. Their names were: Elder Lorin P. McRay and Elder Paul Searcy. They were very good people. They had little hats and complete suits. I believe they were more friendly than the missionaries now because they were like Brother Noorlander.

I began to progress in the Church. I've always read the books so I would know a lot. I have already been Branch President and I've also been a District High Councilman. But I couldn't continue any more because of an illness that I have had.

I worked about one year in the construction of the new chapel, and gave about

one hundred days of free work. When we got really far behind, they payed us a little. That was how it was until we finished. Sometimes it was fun but at times it was also sad because very few came to help. Those with good testimonies who worked were very few.

My life has improved. I have felt this great improvement in my life in many, many ways. The greatest spiritual experience that I have had in my life was when I dreamed of Christ and listened to the hymn. It served as a sign in helping me to find the Church. I've had to endure the mockings of my friends. They always came to get me and I would have to tell them no, and that it was better that they left. I would tell them and they would say to me, "Why, why did you become a Mormon?" And then they would get very mad with me. Once they got so mad they came and took me by force. From the time we arrived we played the music. Soon after they grabbed the glasses and filled them half full of licor for each one of us. Since I refused to take any, I told them it was because I was cured. Everyone made fun of me, but in the end, I didn't drink nor did I ever go with them again.

Now I am very old and soon I am going to have to account for my actions. The only thing left for me to do is serve the Lord. I can see death very near. But I can do no better than continue in the work of the Lord. Because even though we might die tomorrow, we are content that we have not failed.

CHAPTER TEN

THAT IS THE WORRY ONE HAD

Pedro Cujcuj

Pedro Cujoy

THAT IS THE WORRY ONE HAS

PEDRO CUJCUJ

I was perhaps eight years old when I went to work in a fireworks factory. I made fuses from string and carved sticks. I earned about 4 reales a day or about one cen . Later I went to work for another fireworks factory because he gave me some food in addition to the 4 reales. Since I had a good character, he loved me and asked my father to give me to him once and for all but my father refused.

I stayed about 4 years with this man and he kept me well. When about 12 years old I left with my brother Fidel to play the marimba. He taught me how to play and earned my living from there and bought me a little clothing and all. At the age of 16 or 18 my mother got sick and was suffering until the poor lady died. We also stayed somewhat thin because our nourishment wasn't good. The food of the Indians of that time was the same as what it is now, but the difference is that now there is more food, or not just barely enough.

Since I finally realized that I was already grown I found my wife I have now. I have not had many friends. just a few. I prefer to go alone There are some friends that drink and walk around, but when one wants to go home early, or if I come home late, there is no one to hold me back or to get me excited. There's always one who will say "Lets do this" and "good" says the other and worse still if it isn't good or if he has bad intentions or gets drunk or something, then one gets obligated and that's what I didn't like and thought it better not to have friends like that.

Before I found my pressnt wife I was flirting around and talked to her because she was single and when I was older I was getting her in love with me. Then I made my suitcase and I went to a Finca to work and I had now gotten her in love with me and since I knew a little of reading and writing because I was two years, no more, in night school.

Learning is different today then when I was a boy. I struggled for my son Gonzalo to finish the sixth grade and I said "why couldn't I have had a father of my character, I would be like Gonzalo. It would have been a joy but thus it wasn't".

So then I sent a letter to the woman from the finca to see if she was in favor or not to marry. Then, I came and proposed to the woman and then went to her house to talk and it seemed to be better that I go back a little later.

Later my father and my uncle went to bring this woman from her house and she came and

[redacted]

Now my wife had a regular character also. She put up with my poverty and with my situation and thus she put up with me. When she first came, I now had the hope that she would make me a little food. That would have been when she was 19 years of age. Since then I have been renting first one piece of land and then another.

Then came the first child(I still wasn't married) and then came the second. He died as did the one that followed. And then came another and he died also. From there came another who was older than Gonzalo and he died also. After than came Gonzalo and God aided him and now we have 4 living children even though they're not with us.

When the noise of the revolution came, I was working in the fields and had to leave my wife to go to the coast where I stayed two months until it cooled down, and since we we went around always very humbly, they din't persecute us very much when we returned.

I had a little house on the other side of this house. This one is about 20 years old and I build a little room which is down there and later I build another room which I have just finsihed a while ago.

When the the elders first came there was some world in town that there were some Gringos that were going around to the homes, entering in the homes. But they said that they came fleeing from the United States and they they were some deceivers. Then my brother Fidel Cujcuj, since he was more given to reason and understanding, he followed them and then there was one who was called (elder) Spencer who my brother received in his home, but do not know what they asked him.

I was in this home when they came knocking at my door to see if I wanted to know about the Gospel also. And so they talked to me and talked to me, but since according to what the people said, I thought how can this be? My wife came to me and said they were missionaries, but according to what the people said they were deceivers, I told her.

"Ah, those are lies of the people, those are the people who have nothing to do and are just listening to things in the street. Those fellows are missionaries." so she was telling me.

They had came 4 or 5 times but I did not receive them. Then I found my brother had gone with them and then came to me more courage and more wisdom. "How must this be?" I said.

My brother said, "Ah, it is a good new thing about the Gospel for us."

When I found out that he and his wife had already accepted, I thought "what could my brother be doing? What could he be believing? That dumb-dumb" I said. So there, I grabbed my horse and left for the fields. I was going up there by the cemetary and then I found myself with McRae and the other one.

"Good morning." I told them.

"Good morning." He told me. "Where are you going?"

" To the fields" I told them. And so they greeted me and shook my hand and all.

"Where do you live?" they asked me.

"Well, down there". I replied.

""Oh, isn't it around there by Don Fidel?"

"Ah, well, he is my brother,"I told him.

"O, fine, Let's see if you can't give us a few little minutes. We'll talk a little latter maybe some 15 minutes." he said.

"Thank you very much, but right now I can't and I have to consult with my wife" I said. "I'll let you know," and so I went to tell my wife.

" Well that's fine!" she said. "Receive them" she told me.

When they came and I received them they put the flannel board there and explained how the church was the true church and how the other churches on the earth were false. And later they made me some questions to see if I could understand all what words were good and what word wasn't good. Well, I was very understanding of that which they were telling me.

Finally Elder McRae, left and other missionaries came, and no more was I around at church. Other missionaries came, but it was good that one had to first think it over very well, because even now it has seemed strange to me that in two or three visits that one would be baptised. But many timees is necessary for one to repent better because perhaps one says "I accept.", but with his nouth and in his heart:"no."

So thus I have come until this day, and always the hope that one has is of being the best because there is no other way better, because the various other ways are of perdition. And since I understood all that they were saying I knew it was the true church.

I did belong to the Bethel church. I didn't receive any baptism or anything and was just a listener. Yes I liked it but was not there very long. Now we are very happy even though we don't have anything here. What we earn we spend, but we are also very content.

Now for the future, I don't know because the future is in the hands of God. The saying that one proposes, but God commands. I would wish for a better future but since God doesn't give it to one, as the word says: "We are not all born to be rich nor are we all born to be poor." We know that riches are also fun, and riches are great, but as far as I am concerned, if God granted me something, maybe I would feel more happy because from the beginning I have lived a very hard life.

It comes to one when one has suffered much before his age or in his childhood that if something falls in his hand, some penny, it will be clutched because he already knows that it is hard to earn: to earn a hat, to buy some shoes. So I give thanks to my father in heaven bedause I was born poor because he who is born rich is conceited, he is devilish and dispised by his neighbor; but when one is born in poverty, he is friendly and fears God from the time the sun comes up. He will say, "Lord light my way and I hope that you will accompany me to go and earn the bread and that you will help me see how to make it through this day with my children to earn their bread."

But when one has a lot of money, how is it done that one mey remember God. How? He doesn't remember and I already know that the only hope that one can have is if he is in this religion that one who is baptised is committed to be with the word of God. Now if God helps one that he is going to have something, thanks to God, because the time that is coming we don't know if it's going to be a little better or even worse. Who knows?

Now I have several jobs and have much work, because they see I have much strength and see and hear and all. But now with old age one can't do anything. I noticed that my father when he was very old and since before when he drank a lot, he was very good working, but when the old age arrived there was no one to give him work and there was no more anyone to give him anything. If it hadn;t been for my brother and I he would have suffered a lot. He didn't suffer because he accepted the Bethel church and the Elders also came to help and that is why when he died there were two congregations.and two parts to the service. He was lacking nothing to eat and he was well buried.

My sone Gonzalo is the only sone I have. When he was here he got some work but didn't like it and went to Guatemala and ended up wi h some very good work that payed 90 Quetzales(dollars) a month, but since he is very small in age, some friends came and tempted him to drink.

He didn't pay any attention to them and they wanted to hit him and he told me what was going on. I thought that if I don't get this kid out of this risk, certainly he's going to end up in a great drunkedness.

"Look, my son," I told him, "you'd better go again with brother Cordell and there you can learn a little more because there's reason. If you are going to grab this wine on one can free you." So he went.

But I began to t ink about it and it makes me sorry because I don't have land for him and of my f tue I am very sorry because ten years ago was better than 5 years ago, and five years ago was better than three years ago, and a year ago was better than now, and now today is nicer than tomorrow; and that is the worry one has.

CHAPTER ~~SIX~~ 7

But At Least I Am Clean

Feliciano Tuc Ordonez working
in his yard.

But at Least I am Clean

FELICIANO TUC ORDOÑEZ

I was born here in Patzicía. While I was small, (just ten years old,) my brother asked for three cuerdas of land to plant. It was not here, but near San Pedro Nepocapa. My brother had a friend that disappeared and he went to look for him, leaving me alone in that place.

"Watch the time and go and bring water," said my brother. "Gather a little wood for our fire." Thank goodness there was a lot of wood there.

"Very well," I said, and he left at about two in the afternoon. I waited until about six or seven at night withour his arriving. Then I thought a little. I collected a lot of firewood with small pieces also. I dragged it to where I was and started a little fire around me -- a little fire here and a little there. I got in the middle for safety because it was quite out of the way there. There were some farmers, but they were far away. So I was there alone overnight. There were many squashes there, and good ones too, giving me something to eat.

Finally time and sleep caught up with me, and before I knew it, it was dawn. It was about 6:30 in the morning before my brother arrived, so I spent the whole night on that mountain.

Then later I moved to a farm near the place called "Buena Vista." There were a lot of bananas growing there. They were those small bananas, the most pure and delicious ones. Seeing a cluster of them, I went to pick it. And so, for the love of fruit I went to cut those bananas. When it rains there, it gets nery cloudy and the road can't be seen. It was already cloudy when I went after those bananas, so the foreman blew his horn. When that happened everyone would run off quickly because when it rained one

couldn't pass by the river because of the swelling. I got lost there in the plantation.

I was worried that there might be thorns, or perhaps even snakes. My real worry was that I wouldn't be able to find the road. I went one way and found stubble. I went the other and found pasture, and I went the other way and found a canal. I couldn't find the road. A man came along with a load on his back. He was carrying it with a leather strap on his forehead supporting the weight. With his help, I was able to find my way out of the plantation, and we left together.

I stayed at the farm there because it was such a good place. For only 40 cents they would give you good food. You needed to pay only 40cents a week and there were all kinds of fruit to eat. I was working there, still 15 years old. My family had stayed in Patzicía and the second planting of corn had already been done in that season. Then there was no work, and so we had to take our belongings and look for a way to get by.

Today it is better because whether it is summer or winter, there is work all the time because the inhabitants here have learned about all kinds of crops. Every little while they plant vegetables, wheat, squash, and whatever kind of crop they want to be able to get through life, even though they might have to buy their corn. But it was worse before because only corn was planted, and at times a little rice or beans.

After this, I was working in other farms. I worked at one named "Las Delicias" cutting coffee, and I worked there 10 years. At six in the morning I would enter the water and wash the coffee. At 10 a.m. we had spread out the coffee so that it could dry. We did a lot of other work there also. Others worked in a big room that was very hot. Others sewed and mended and did jobs of this type.

When I was about 30, I went to work near Escuintla to cut fruit. They paid me 10 cents an hour -- pay was by the hour there. If one worked 8 hours, he earned 80 cents and if he could endure 9 or 10 hours, then that was what he would earn.

When one works in the cane, he must count all the furrows that he does, or they will not be counted and he will not be paid. This is the way of the "fincas." All the cane is well furrowed. The furrows are about 300 yards long.

While I was working at the finca "Las Delicias," I heard the news that they were killing the poor Indians, and we that were working there saw many men and women go fleeing to the north so that they would not be killed. But there were some 20 or more people that were killed here in the ravine af Alxaya and they saw them there and they shot them and they hit others many blows with machettes. From there they cut some branches and tied the men's arms behind them and left the poor men in this way. This was what was being done there at this time.

I was a transporter for three years at this time and I carried money from from the finca "La Muchacha" to "Las Delicias." Many told me when I was carrying the money that I should have stolen it. But I asked them, "What will I gain by doing that? Is that not a sin? Even though I might not eat, I do not want to lose my honor. I may only have my tortilla and a little salt to put on it, but at least I am clean."

I carried this money for three years. Once I carried a package that weighed 25 pounds when I was only 18 years old. That was dangerous because I walked on foot alone. It was over a distance of 52 kilometers. I left from here at 6:00 a.m. and arrived at 4:00 p.m. carrying at least

$40,000 or $50,000 and I carried it alone. I put it in a well-wrapped package and then in a dirty sack so that theives would not suspect what I was carrying. I earned 75 cents daily for traveling like this. The women on the finca at that time made more than the men because they had to prepare provisions for 16 male workers.

Well, much later when I was about 35 or older I went to Guatemala City to work in construction. I had not married because here, before one can get married he must have money, a house, and land just to be able to eat. And being poor, it is difficult to spend like that.

I was baptized about two years before they constructed the chapel here in Patzicía. I worked in Guatemala on the construction of Ward 4, Ward 6, Ward 7, and Ward 3. The missionaries came to my home and I liked what they said. For that reason I was baptized. I had investigated the Evangelist Church for about 2 years, but I didn't really like it. When I came here to this church I was pleased, and for that reason I have stayed until today.

CHAPTER TEN 11

YES, I AM CONTENT AWAITING
THE WILL OF THE LORD

Brother and sister Tomas Cujcuj
1974

Tomas Cujcuj - member of the Patzun Branch

From the early age of ten years, I would go to Finca to work with my father. I grew up learning to work with a hoe and machete. In four days I could get a load because I was small. I was about fifteen years old when I left this finca. After this came the slavery of President Cabrera. My father no longer slept in the house. He went outside to sleep under the straw piles in the fields. When the authorities found out, they went looking with sticks. When I arrived at the age of eighteen, they grabbed me and put me to work in the public works, to leave loads in Pochute, Chimaltenango, and Solola. After a time that ended.

Next came a man by the name of Carlos Herrera, who had defeated President Cabrera. I took part in a political movement called "the Union" but in the end nothing happened. I did learned to be a politician. Carlos Herrera finally left the presidency because of all this "unionist" (movement) and another took his place. Then came another party and I joined myself with them. It was, "The Popular front of the Liberator." They tried to run me as mayor, but failed in the attempt. That was the way it was left.

I had been employed earlier by a priest named Celso Narciso Peletor. I served one year in the convent. I had to take two loads of firewood every week, and two bundles of green feed for the animals. I had served there all year when they grabbed me to work for a Catholic Brotherhood that was called "Saint Peter." I was there as a clerk with the members of the brotherhood fifteen years. It was there that I learned to drink once in a while. Whenever anything happened in the brotherhood, I was there. They wouldn't give me anything except "cushusha." (local bootleg liquor) They would give me lunch and food but I would return home already drunk. During that fifteen years I completed one year of military service.

In the year 1937 they got me to be the first municipal councilman. I then left that service and rested two years. In the year 1942 I was made the second mayor in the municipal building. From every party in those two years, I would return drunk because the people gave liquor to us. I finally got out of that committment. They then put me in as the first voice for the Liberal Party.

When they organized this Liberal Party here in Patzun, the principle leaders called me to be the first voice. At that time I wasn't involved in it, but they called me. We met in a borrowed house and they told me to give them my colaboration on behalf of the Liberal Party. Then they told me that it was to be used in looking for a good man to support as president of the country. I told them I didn't want to because I didn't know enough to be their representative. But

they told me not to worry because the "Ladinos" were with us. I finally accepted and they placed my name in a document that had already been written up by the Liberal Party. We then went to General Ubico (President of Guatemala at the time). He told us that he didn't know what was going to happen nor did he know if he would leave, or who would remain in power. We finally had a demonstration in support of General Ubico. But the Guatemalans of the capital city were already enemies of our party. Everyone was telling us, "Long live Arevalo and down with the Liberal Party!" Suddenly, a general by the name of Ponce got together with President Ubico and they joined the "Poncista Party." We went to make another public demonstration when those from the "Arevalista Party" arrived and surrounded us. One whole night we did not sleep because of the noise. All of the people in the demonstrations cut sticks and carried rocks, machetes, poles, rifles, and all kinds of arms.

Upon returning to Patzun, we decided that we should get a marimba band and began shouting "Long live General Ubico." But when we arrived, we heard that they were waiting to destroy us (those at Patzun). It was better that we didn't make any noise. After about two days they told us, "You are the liberals - just you wait!" I finally said in one of our meetings that I wasn't the head, but that we should be careful and not make noise or rise up against the others because we didn't know if the man we supported was going to win. Maybe it wasn't good that we raised our hands against each other. But the boys had their machetes in their belts and wanted to do something. At this time Patzicia fell and the poor Patzicians were already coming with their white flags. But once here they were seized and executed when it was seen that they were again going to rise up. But I said that we should not rise up and that we should remaing calm. Even though others were doing it, we shouldn't. Well, the boys just barely held off. Finally those from Antigua arrived with their machine guns and all kinds of arms. They seized and arrested eight of us. They would also go by and insult us and say, "Just you wait." At the same time they were putting their bullets in their rifles. And so it was that no one spoke with us, Not the "ladinos", or anyone. Not even the dogs looked at us. They told us, "Just wait till your 'daddy' comes." But we wouldn't answer them. If they kill us let them kill us. We were there to die, not to live I said. About three o'clock in the afternoon a tall, mustached coronel arrived at where we were arrested. He went there to talk first. "Well sirs, I haven't come to kill anyone," he told us. "There is no longer a party or anything. You can no more meet in groups of 3 or 4 men in the streets. If we find you like that, you are likely to be shot," he said.

"We have come to calm things down, to give you peace. Now you are going to return to your homes safe and calm and you're going to sleep. You are no longer to think of up risings or anything," he told us. He also warned the ones from Antigua not to continue because he was going to establish peace. He said, "Be careful. Because if rifles don't work, machine guns will come, tanks will come, and planes to make ashes out of everyone here."

And that is how everything ended. They left us in liberty. After all this happened I was able to rest a little. Next came the death of my wife in 1952. After she was gone I was left alone for 2 years, which left me in despair. While I was mayor the missionaries would pass by and I would always ask what they were bringing. I was told that it was a very serious religion. "Could it be a good one?" I would ask. I was informed that it must be good, but that one must have a good knowledge because one had to be married, faithful, and diligent. "You could decide to receive this religion because it is very serious," I was told. "We already know, but have many committments and we're going to stay like we are. It is better not to join," they told me.

After this I thought that it would be better for me to "consecrate nine Fridays," so that maybe I would be able to quit drinking hard liquor. I went to speak with the Priest and askedhim if it would be possible to do a mass for me. I told him that I wanted to do a "novena" (worship for nine days). He said, "Well yes, Cujcuj. You deserve to be with me because it is suitable for you here." "Thank you very much," I told him, and began to do my "novena". I payed for my mass, did my nine days of "novena", and took communion nine Fridays. That is what I offered to God. I afterward went to the Priest and said, "I come to submit to you the offering that I have offered and I plead that these things that aren't good for me will be taken away." "Come in and kneel down," he said. I did so and he began with my blessing. After he said, "You shouldn't continue drinking Cujcuj, because it is not worth it to drink. You lose your head and your pocketbook. Therefore, when you drink, you can only take one." But I thought to myself, "If I take one, I'll take another. And I will fail again." So where am I going to recover? and why here? (in the catholic church) It was then that those from the Salem church came, and then the catholics came and said, "Be careful. Don't unite with the protestants." They left me some pamphlets and I read them. They spoke against the gospel and so I said, "I'd better look for something myself." I went with those of the Salem church but with little enthusiasm. It was the same with others. I was hoping that the missionaries would come. At the courthouse I would see them pass back and forth. I had a desire to hear and to know what they brought. I wanted the missionaries

but they didn't come. Two years I waited. Then one day a sudden knock came to the door. When I saw that it was the missionaries I asked them to come in. My little house was full of images. They began to talk and ask me what my religion was. I told them that I was a Catholic. They left me a pamphlet and the bible and told me to study them, and that they would come again the day after tomorrow. They came and gave me another lesson and left passages marked in the bible and a pamphlet. As I learned more I once remarked, "This religion is good because no one has taught us this. Neither the evangelists or the Catholics and least of all the priests." Since they preached in latin we would only go to stand around. We didn't understand anything. He was the only one who understood because it was his tongue. We would only go and cross ourselves. So I told myself that it would be better to join this religion. However my wife said that she did not want to change her religion. I said that that was fine. I would go to the chapel and she would go to mass. But at the end of seven months she repented. Every Sunday I went to the meeting, and every Saturday I would be there sweeping and cleaning the chapel. I thought to set aside Saturday because on that day I could do the cleaning. If I couldn't go down on Saturday, then on Sunday morning. I finally became accustomed to it, although the neighbors that went by made fun. "This poor Tomas. We've chosen you to be the representative of the judge, but now you're not good for anything," they would tell me. But what did I care. I didn't pay any attention to them. Why should I clean houses that belong to people when this was for God? I continued in my desire and my vice went away. No more did I drink or smoke. When I would go with some friends or family, they would tell me, "Take a little swallow. This isn't sin, take a little swallow. It's only flour. It's sweet." "Thank you very much, but no," I would say. Before I would do it, but not any more. After a while they became accustomed to it and did not offer me any more drinks. Thus I continued. I could remember when we were very useless. We loved our images more than the living God. My wife began to do everything that was good and was baptized. We were very happy. Every Sunday the two of us would go down to the church. Thus we have continued every Sunday; and up to now I am very happy. My only despair is my illness. Perhaps it is my destiny or just what I must suffer, but I am only awaiting the will of God and Jesus Christ. No more am I battling or asking to live longer. If He gives me more time or takes me up, I am waiting. That is why I can no longer say that I should go with those of Salem or with others. Only here should I die because I've already found tranquility and satisfaction. There are days that I become despaired of the illness, but I am content awaiting the will of our Lord.

CHAPTER ~~SEVEN~~ 9

The Patzicia Hero

Domingo Soloman carring a bag of
cow manure to fertilize his farm.

A Patzicía Hero

Brother Domingo Soloman and his two sons herd their two cows daily through the streets of Patzicía and into the country-side in search of grass and forrage. Brother Soloman is typical of many of the Cachiquel Indians living in that small village, having only sufficient means to rent a few cuerdas of land to raise enough corn to feed his family. But an incident a little while ago has made Brother Soloman a type of hero to many Patzicía citizens.

One one particular day, as he passed through the village with his sons on his way to work, a young boy taunted him in vile language. Knowing the boy as the village trouble-maker, Brother Soloman became thouroughly disgusted, ~~and~~ gave him a swift kick in the leg, and told him to leave his family alone. The young "Ladino" ran into his house and emerged with his father who approached Brother Soloman swinging a machete. His son followed close behind brandishing his own machete.

Brother Soloman ducked the first swipe and caught the man's chin in the palm of his hand, flipping him to the ground. The attacker fell, losing not only his balance but his machete as well. His son threw him the one he had carried, and Brother Soloman recovered the stray machete that lay on the ground in front of him. The fight began in earnest and continued until a military employee passing by on a "chicken bus" saw the battle and ordered his bus to a halt in order to force the men to stop fighting.

Brother Soloman came out of the fight clearly the best off of the two. He suffered only a few scratches while his attacker received deep cuts on his arm and fingers. The humiliation of having been defeated further aggravated the man and he filed a complaint with the village judge against Brother

Soloman.

In Guatemala, most "Ladinos," or those of European descent, have discriminated against the Indian people to the point that the natives have withdrawn completely to their traditional ways and will have nothing to do with governmental agencies. Although Brother Salazar's attacker had a reputation as a bootlegger of illegal whiskey which he concealed in his latrine, had been run out of his former neighborhood with a legal petition, and his son had previously stolen a watch from Elder Mario Salazar, then serving as a missionary in Patzicía, the judge sided with him.

When the judge sent a constable to get Brother Soloman, he refused to budge from his grass-thatched home. The constable went for help, and Brother Soloman ran to the Chapel of the Mormon Church where he knew he could get help.

Brother Soloman found me in the chapel. Since I did not speak Spanish too I well, I went to the village to find the missionaries that were working in Patzicía at that time. It was not too hard to find them because most townspeople knew where the two gringos in white shirts and ties could be found. They went immediately to help Brother Soloman and convinced him that he should return to the village and face the judge since it was an obvious cast of self defense. But in spite of the many witnesses and signitures of neighbors that the Branch President Clemente Mich had accumulated on forms prepared by Elder David Daines, the secretary of the judge sentenced Brother Soloman to a night in jail, or until the judge returned from a neighboring village.

The next day when the judge returned, he fined Brother Soloman 20 days in jail or $12.00. There was an extra $2.40 fine above this that was to be paid to the attacker because he would have to miss work for 4 days

because of wounds received in the fight. Brother Soloman had to borrow the money to pay the fine because no one in his family had that much money. Because of the overwhelming support given Brother Soloman by the members of the branch, the judge also fined the attacker for the sum of $3.00.

Many of the Bretheren in the branch talked of the forthcoming election and how they might vote for an Indian as judge, but they also knew that the government could and had kicked out elected Indian office holders when the did not particularly like there point of view. About 80% of the citizens of Patzicía are Cachiquel Indians and althought they have been granted legal freedom and citizenship, most of the land, commerce, and wealth belong to the "Ladinos" and they run the country along with the military. Many Indian youths have been rounded up in the ocrn fields and forced into military service without a previous notice, and the attitude still prevails in many of the large plantations that the Cacjiquel serves the purpose of labor very adequately and for little money. Becuase of extreme poverty, if one wants to quit his job or should die, it is said that there will always be another Indian to take his place.

Even though the local priest had sided with the bootlegger's son when confronted with the charge of stealing Mario Salazar's watch, and generally snided any efforts to help the Indians, justice did finally catch up with the bootlegger. He was sent to prison in the state jail for insest with his daughter who was pregnant. Apparently the judge could take no more from this bootlegger who he had once defended to Mario for his bootlegging activities by saying, "He has to make a living doesn't he?"

Brother Soloman, a very mild and meek Latter Day Saint, still works

in the corn fields and herds his two cows, but to many of the Indian people in Patzicía, he is a real hero even though his fight started to defend the name of his family and ended trying to defend his life.

Domingo Soloman was a convert to the Church for only three years when this incident happened and has served as second counselor of the Patzicía Branch for over a year. He and his wife Dominga have three children to care for. They are aged six, four and one.

Three months following the trial of Domingo Soloman, elections were help in Patzicía. The judge who convicted Brother Soloman was voted out of office and a Cachiquel Indian was elected in his position.

Sister Domingo Soloman and daughter

Julio Cesar Solomon works alongside his father carrying sacks of manure to his corn patch.

Julio César Solomán

I Knows That Christ Lives

DIEGO CANTO BACH

When I was small I lived with my grandparents. My father was still alive, but when my mother died I lived with them. My grandfather was a farmer, but he always went to the fincas (plantations) on the coast to earn money. Because we were very poor we ate tortillas and green herbs, a few beans and a little chile. We drank coffee and atol (a ground corn drink). When there were festivals, we ate xekas (shā´kas--a thick whole wheat and raw cane sugar bread) and white sweet bread. We always ate the same, and by eating only these, I grew up.

I was always very mischievous with my grandparents, and at times they would punish me. There were times I liked to play with the other boys, and did not obey my grandparents. There used to be no lights in Cunen, and so when there was a moon we would not go home but we would play in the streets. Sometimes my grandfather would come looking for me carrying a big stick, and I would go running home in front of him and the stick. When I got home my grandmother would go out to meet him and beg him not to hit me. I always ran for my grandmother, because she would always defend me. And then we would eat.

When I was thirteen or fourteen I worked hard. Then my grandfather loved and cared about me a lot because I worked so hard. It was the custom in those times that the police would come to the homes and gather up the children to send them to school. When I was thirteen I was half grown but had never been to school. I was very surprised one day when the police came to take me to school. However my grandfather said that I could not go to school. This was something very important for me, but he went to the town court to explain that he was very poor and could not support me. For this reason I never had any education when I was a child. I kept working, because my grandfather did not want me to go to school.

Thus I grew up. When I was fifteen my grandfather died. A short time later my grandmother died also. Then I didn't know where to go. I still had my father, but he did not care much for me because he had another wife, and he cared more for her and their family. And thus I did not want to live with them.

My grandfather had always told me that the coast was very good because you could work and earn money there. And so when he died I went to the coast. For two years I worked at the Finca Libertad near the town of Colomba close to Quetzaltenango. I wanted to leave but I didn't know where I could go. At last I decided to go to my father's house, because he was my father, and I had no other place to go.

My father said that I was welcome and so I stayed with him for one year. My father saw that I worked very hard and so he loved me a lot. However, the others, my half brothers and sisters, did not like to work, and so my father loved me the most. This made my step-mother angry, because by father loved me, and did not care so much for the others. And thus they began to fight with each other concerning me. And since there was nothing but fighting it was better that I leave, and so I joined the army.

DIEGO DAVID BAUTI

When I was small I lived with my grandparents. My father was still alive, but when my mother died I lived with them. My grandfather was a farmer, but he always went to the fincas (plantations) on the coast to earn money. Because we were very poor we ate tortillas and green herbs, a few beans and a little chile. We drank coffee and atol (a ground corn drink). When there were festivals, we ate xocas (sha kas—a thick whole wheat and raw cane sugar bread) and white sweet bread. We always ate the same, and by eating only these, I grew up.

I was always very mischievous with my grandparents, and at times they would punish me. There were times I liked to play with the other boys, and did not obey my grandparents. There used to be no lights in Sunem, and so when there was a moon we would not go home but we would play in the streets. Sometimes my grandfather would come looking for me carrying a big stick, and I would go running home in front of him and the stick. When I got home my grandmother would go out to meet him and beg him not to hit me. I always ran for my grandmother, because she would always defend me. And then we would eat.

When I was thirteen or fourteen I worked hard. Then my grandfather loved and cared about me a lot because I worked so hard. It was the custom in those times that the police would come to the homes and gather up the children to send them to school. When I was thirteen I was half grown but had never been to school. I was very surprised one day when the police came to take me to school. However my grandfather said that I could not go to school. This was something very important for me, but he went to the town court to explain that he was very poor and could not support me. For this reason I never had any education when I was a child. I kept working, because my grandfather did not want me to go to school.

Thus I grew up. When I was fifteen my grandfather died. A short time later my grandmother died also. Then I didn't know where to go. I still had my father, but he did not care much for me because he had another wife, and he cared more for her and their family. And thus I did not want to live with them.

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I entered the service in 1956 and was there for two years. In 1958 I went to live with my father again. But there I had half brothers and sisters and they were always fighting. So I said to my father, "It is better that I go and seek a wife and find my own life."

And so, according to the custom that we have, my father sent me to buy the liquor to take when I went to ask for my wife. This has always been the custom that we had, to take drinks to give to the parents of the girl. And so we went to ask, and her father gave his consent. Thus I received my wife, and we lived a short time with my father.

There were more problems with my brothers and sisters, and so I told my father that it was better to leave and rent another house with someone else. My father told me no, but I could see that there was always fighting in the house, and it was better that we leave so that there could be peace in the house.

So I said to my wife, "It is better that we go to the coast to earn money that we can buy corn." She agreed, and my father gave his consent, and so we left. We went to the Finca San Francisco near Cotzàl in the department of Quiche, that is quite close to Cunen. We went on foot because there were no roads nor buses. There we worked for two months and earned some money. When we returned to Cunen, we lived with my wife's family. We stayed there a long time because we had some money for clothes and food and the seeds and necessities for work.

We stayed there until I had a problem with my brother. He told me that my father-in-law did not want us there. This was not true but a lie of another of my brothers, that I would go to his house.

"Look, brother," he told me. "Don't stay here with your father-in-law, because he is telling many stories to all the people. He says that you have no right to stay here because it is their house and they have other children." And many other things he told me. "Look, brother," he said, "it is better that you come to live with me. There you can stay for a long time. We are brothers." I believed what he told me, and so we went.

But these were lies of this brother. We had lived there for only three months when he began to fight with me because he did not want us there. And so I said to my brother, "It is better that we go. Things were fine with my in-laws, but you came there to lie to me."

Then my brother ran to my father to tell him that I was there fighting, telling him to leave the house because it was mine. And so my father told me, "Look son, it is better that your brother stays here in this house, and that you find another house."

The land where my brother lived was very small, but my brother knew how to manage that I would stay there. And thus in the end I stayed there in the land where my brother lived, and he went to another piece of land. The other land was larger, and this is what my brother had wanted. And so I stayed there and made my house, and worked the land, but it was very very small.

I entered the service in 1950 and was there for two years. In 1958 I went to live with my father again. But there I had half brothers and sisters and they were always fighting. So I said to my father, "It is better that I go and seek a wife and find my own life."

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And so I thought that it would be better to go to the coast to work and earn money to buy a little more land. And so I went to the coast and worked for eight months in the Finca Pantaleon, near Esquintla. There I worked in a sugar factory. With the little money that I earned I bought a little more land, and there I made my house, here in Cunen. And thus it was that I was here working when Miguel and his wife Monique came.

They told me that if I wanted to work in the clinic, there was need of someone who wanted to learn dentistry. I told them that I would like to learn and work. At that time I had been working with some other men making adobes to build the Institute (junior high school). When the dentist, Don Pancho (Dr. Howard Morgan) arrived, he took me down in his car to the clinic. He taught me this work and I learned slowly. Later when I was able to pull teeth and put in fillings, he returned to the U.S. And now, by the grace of God, I am still working in the clinic.

Before the clinic came, those who had money would take their sick to the hospital in Quiche. But those who had no money, like my grandmother, had many children and they died, because there was no medicine, or any clinic here. Many died.

When there was sickness, the witch doctors thought many things. They thought that perhaps they could cure the other person. At times there are people who lie to the people and say they know how to cure. They use the customs, and light candles, and burn incense, and they like to drink also. Sometimes they go to the mountains to do the customs, to adore a rock, or a large tree. They kneel down and burn candles there, and say prayers. I don't know the kind of prayers they give, but this is not able to do anything. The sick are always the same. They can not cure the sick.

When I was a child I did not like to drink. Until I was fifteen I did not know how to drink. When I was eighteen and working on the coast, I lived with some friends who liked to drink, and they invited me to drink with them. The workers were paid every two weeks, and thus my friends drank every two weeks, and they gave me my drinks. And thus I learned how to drink.

And I kept drinking, because it is our custom here in Cunen that everyone drinks. And my father also, when I lived with him, would give me liquor, and he made me drink. When he drank, he told me, "Look son, I love you a lot. Drink with me." And I respected my father, because I thought it was good, that which he told me, and so I drank. And thus I learned to drink more. But it was not good for me. Now, what I want, is that my children will not be like I was.

When I was a Catholic I did not have any religion. I always liked to walk with my friends, and I liked to drink. And later, I began to think about accepting the Mormon religon. And now, by the grace of God, I have been baptized. And I am very content, because before when I liked to drink with my friends, it was a problem for me. There were times that I did not buy the things that my family needed, because I was drinking with my friends. This is not the way to live with my family. Now I am thinking better. I know that drinking is not good for me. My life is changing a lot.

Diego Canto Bach

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Before, when I was a Catholic, there were many problems between my wife and I. Now there are no problems, because I have changed my thinking, and I think better than before. Before I liked to listen to the gossip that the people say. This is how it is when there are problems. Now that we have been baptized, what I think, my wife thinks also. Before she did not trust me, and I did not trust her. We did not live in peace. Always there were problems in the house. She also has changed a lot. She is not like she used to be. She was always angry with me, and we were always fighting.

When I was young I never had an opportunity for an education. But now, thanks to God, the director of Ayuda, Kim Wade, has helped me a lot with my studies. I have now gained my lessons and passed the sixth grade, something I was not able to do earlier. Before I worked a lot, but I never received an education. But God always know, that perhaps when there is a son whose father does not care to help, that God knows and He will help.

My son Chico helped me alot with my studies. He is now in the sixth grade. What I want is that God will give life to my son to complete school and enter the Institute, becasue it is very important for him. I don't want my children to be like I was, but it was because my father did not want to help me.

I think it is very sad when a child does not know how to read and write, becasue this is very important for everyone. I am now thinking that all my chilrenwill learn to read and write. I have four children, really five but one boy died, two boys and three girls. What I want is to put them all in school so that they will learn. Then I want to teach them to work. When a person knows how to work, and knows how to read and write, he can find a life for himself from any kind of work that he would choose.

I am now thinking that perhaps I will be able to change my life and study more. Perhaps later, I don't know. What I want is what God commands, whether I will be able to study more, or continue working as a dentist in the clinic. I want to do what He thinks, but I always want to study more, and I am asking God for this also.

I have been coming to the Mormon meetings for more than a year, and I knew that this was the way that would lead us to heaven. [redacted] My father was Catholic, and he did not teach us anything of what is good in religon. And so it is that we were not able to do anything.

Last year I told my son that he could be baptized because he is small and does not have any vices, and it is better to follow from youth. I was very happy when he was baptized because he is small and he will not learn of the bad things of the world. The things of the world do not bring happiness. They don't bring us anything good, but the things of the world are in vain, because they are not eternal. But the word of God is for life eternal, to be in the reign of our Father in Heaven. Thanks to God, my son was baptized, and now he is a Deacon.

Now I'm going to give my testimony. I know that Christ lives, and that only He has the power to cure us when we are sick. If we are found in a place were there is no medicine, if we think of Him and ask Him with all our hearts, He will cure us. I know that our Lord Jesus Christ has the power to do many things for us, and that here on the earth there is no greater power, only He. I know

[redacted]

Diego Bach, standing in his dental office, holds up the sixth grade diploma he received this year.

Diego Bach is baptized in a pila in Cunen.

Diego Cantu Back

with

(Kim Wada)

Diego

Cantu Back

that Christ lives, and I know that the prophets were chosen by Him. I know that the prophet Spencer W. Kimball is the prophet chosen by God. I know that he talks to our Lord, because he was chosen by Him. And now I am not lost, because I know that God lives, and He will give us many things if we ask Him with all our hearts.

I am thankful that our brothers are here with us from the U.S.. They have helped us a lot to know the truth. Before many people told us lies, that it is not a sin to drink, that it is not a sin to do other things. But now, I know what the scripture says, that these things are prohibited. I am very thankful to know more things about His word. I say these things in the name of our Heavenly Father, Amen.

This story was given the day of Diego's baptism.

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Micaela Vasquez Sam de Rodriguez

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When I was young I was left alone. I never saw my father, only my mother. I was left with some relatives in Cunen to live. When I was about eight, a man came and said that my mother was very sick in Nebaj. And so so went to Nebaj to earn money to buy a cure for my mother.

When I arrived with my mother, I began to cry becasue she was so sick. I was to work as a maid for a family, and I took the money they gave me, maybe it was fifty cents or a dollar, and I said to my mother, "Let's buy medicine, mother, that you may drink it and get well."

"You have come," she said, and she cried. And so we bought medicine, and my mother became well.

I was there for two or three months when the sickness came again. I did not know what to do with my mother. "Let's go to Cunen with my aunt," I said. "Here I am afraid. Something may happen to you, mother, and what shall I do for you?"

I had a sister, but she was working as a maid. She had a different father, and did not care very much about our mother. But I cared deeply for my mother. I had a brother also, who was about fourteen, and he waid, "It is better to take mother to our aunt, because she may die." And so we took her there to Cunen, and we had only been there a week when my mother died.

So there we were. We needed money to bury my mother, and so I went out into the town to tell the people that my mother had died. One lady gave us some candles and a little money, and another bought cloth to make some burying clothes for my mother.

One lady said, "After you bury your mother, come and work for me. You will only have to care for the baby and wash clothes and the dishes, carry away the garbage, and other small tasks. Do you know how to work?" she asked. And since I knew how, she gave me two dollars, or maybe three dollars, and I gave it to my aunt to buy the box and the candles and incense and the offerings for the dead. And thus it was that we buried my mother, because we had no father to bury my mother.

The next day when I went to work, I cried and cried. "My mother has died and I don't know what to do," I said. "Maybe I will die also becasue my mother died."

"No, my little one," the lady said. "Don't worry. You can stay with me forever." And so I stayed there for five months with the lady, growing up.

Then another lady talked to me. "You poor girl," she said. "You have no parents. Come and live with me." And so I stayed with her for nine months.

I suffered a lot. I tell my children now that they should behave themselves very well. It is very ugly when one does not have a mother. It is only by the grace of God that I am here to live with them now. For them it is not like it was for me. I suffered a lot. I was not given much food, and I was often hungry. "Go do this," the ladies would tell me. But I would be so hungry that at times I would cry. They would send me to carry wheat to the mill. I would carry three boxes of wheat, twenty five pounds each up the mountain to Diego's father in Trigalas. I would always work and cry. I would go hungry becasue I was afraid to take food. At times there would be tortillas, and at times bread, but because the ladies would become very angry with me, I took nothing. And thus was my life.

When I lived with my aunt and uncle, they had a large family and did not care much for me. When I was obedient and helped with the tasks, they gave me food. But if I did not work, I received no food.

When I was young, I was left alone. I never saw my father only my mother. I was left with some relatives in Cuenca to live. When I was bout eight, a man came and said that my mother was very sick in Azogues. And so we went to Azogues with money to buy a cure for my mother.

When I arrived with my mother, I began to cry because she was so sick. I was to work as a maid for a family, and I took the money they gave me, maybe it was fifty cents or a dollar, and I said to my mother. "Let's buy medicine, mother, that you may drink it and get well."

You have come," she said, and she cried. And so we bought medicine, and my mother became well.

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When I lived with my aunt and uncle, they had a large family and did not care much for me. When I was obedient and helped with the tasks, they gave me food. But if I did not work, I received no food.

One day Senora Lola, who has a little store here, said to me, "Why are you suffering here with your aunt and uncle? They don't give you food. Why don't you come and live with me?" And so I lived with her for a year and a half. There I ground corn and made tortillas and washed clothes and did other tasks. I behaved myself very well there, and I had food and clothing. "You can live here as long as you want," she told me, "because you behave so well."

"Good, Mama," I said. I called her Mama because I was growing up with her.

She trusted me. She was not afraid to leave her things, and her money, and everything there. Her small children said to me, "You are our other mother, because you ar e here suffering with us."

"No," I told them. "I am a maid here."

"No," they said. "You are our other mother, because you wash our clothes, and you cook our food." I laughed at them because I knew that I was nothing more than a maid, not their mother. But thus it was when I lived there with them.

Then a young man, Nicholas, saw that I was growing up, and he went to talk with my uncle."I want to marry the young girl who is working for Senora Lola," he said.

My aunt and uncle, because they were not my parents, gave their permission. When a man wishes to marry, he brings alcohol and cigarettes and other gifts to the parents of the girl. That is the only ceremony. And so my uncle said to him, "Bring the drinks and go and get the girl."

And so he came and said to me, "Go and do an errand for your uncle and aunt."

"Why," I asked.

"She wants you," he said. And so I went there.

"Look, daughter," she said. "You are now going to be married."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why should you be there with the lady, suffering?" she asked.

"I'm not suffering there," I said.

"Yes," she said. "If you don't go it is your own fault. You should marry."

"I'm going to die someday, and you will suffer more," my uncle said.

And so, out of stupidity, I thought that perhaps it was good that I should marry. And so I was married to the man when I was twelve years old.

I lived with him for only one or two weeks. He beat me a lot. We lived with his mother in Xemanzana. When we arrived she asked him, "Why have you brought this young girl?" She is not good for you."

They sent me into the mountains to find corn. And so I went alone, but I did not know the people. "Where do you come from?" asked one woman.

"I come from Cunen," I said. "I am married to a young man. Since I do not have a father or mother, my relatives sent me to marry. And now I am suffering because my mother-in-law has no corn."

"You poor girl," said the woman. She went and brought out twelve pounds of corn. "Take them."

And so I returned and cooked the corn and began to grind it and began to think. I had been living well with the lady. Then I began to cry, and decided to leave. Becasue I was in the mountains far from Cunen, I did not know the roads. But I found a stick and traveled and traveled. Finally I found my aunt's house.

"What happened?" they asked.

"I have come back," I said, "because they did not give me food. When I finally got there, they gave me nothing. We passed a small corn field, and we stopped there to search for some ears of corn, and made a little atol (drink made from corn), but this is all we ate the whole afternoon." And I began to cry there in front of my aunt.

"It's all right," said my aunt. "Your uncle said for you to marry, and I don't know."

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"Good, Mama," I said. I called her Mama because I was growing up with her.

She treated me. She was not afraid to leave her things, and her money, and everything there. Her small children said to me, "You are our other mother, because you are here suffering with us."

"No," I told them. "I am a maid here."

"No," they said. "You are our other mother, because you wash our clothes, and you cook our food." I laughed at them because I knew that I was nothing more than a maid, not their mother. But thus it was when I lived there with them.

Then a young man, Nicholas, saw that I was growing up, and he went to talk with my uncle. "I want to marry the young girl who is working for Senora Lola," he said.

My aunt and uncle, because they were not my parents, gave their permission. When a man wishes to marry, he brings alcohol and cigarettes and other gifts to the parents of the girl. That is the only ceremony. And so my uncle said to him, "Bring the drinks and go and get the girl."

And so he came and said to me, "Go and do an errand for your uncle and aunt."

"Why," I asked.

"She wants you," he said. And so I went there.

"Look, daughter," she said. "You are now going to be married."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why should you be there with the lady, suffering?" she asked.

"I'm not suffering there," I said.

"Yes," she said. "If you don't go it is your own fault. You should marry. I'm going to die someday, and you will suffer more," my uncle said.

And so, out of stupidity, I thought that perhaps it was good that I should marry. And so I was married to the man when I was twelve years old.

I lived with him for only one or two weeks. He beat me a lot. We lived with his mother in Xenmxana. When we arrived she asked him, "Why have you brought this young girl? She is not good for you."

They sent me into the mountains to find corn. And so I went alone, but I did not know the people. "Where do you come from?" asked one woman.

"I come from Cuneu," I said. "I am married to a young man. Since I do not have a father or mother, my relatives sent me to marry. And now I am suffering because my mother-in-law has no corn."

"You poor girl," said the woman. She went and brought out twelve pounds of corn. "Take them."

And so I returned and cooked the corn and began to grind it and began to think. I had been living well with the lady. Then I began to cry, and decided to leave. Because I was in the mountains far from Cuneu, I did not know the roads. But I found a stick and traveled and traveled. Finally I found my aunt's house.

"What happened?" they asked.

"I have come back," I said, "because they did not give me food. When I finally got there, they gave me nothing. We passed a small corn field, and we stopped there to search for some ears of corn, and made a little atol (drink made from corn), but this is all we ate the whole afternoon." And I began to cry there in front of my aunt.

"It's all right," said my aunt. "Your uncle said for you to marry, and I don't know.

Like all Quiche women, Michaela Rodregues has used mountain herbs throughout her life, not only to cure family illnesses, but for food.

Michalea Rodreguez sells a pinapple drink daily in the Cunen town square. Bottle or glass fulls sell for a penny, and on good days she earns as much as twenty-five cents.

Michaela Rodriguez

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Then the young man returned. "Come with me," he said.

"Go with him," said my uncle. "He will not beat you."

"No, I won't beat you," he said. And so he took me with him to the finca. But there at the finca he also gave me a very bad life. He would beat me until blood would come from my nose. One day when we came from picking coffee, I was covered with blood. When all the people asked me what had happened, I answered, "The man beat me."

We were standing by a pila to draw water. Jacinto, who is now my husband, saw me there. He was about fourteen, and he asked me what had happened. "Why does the man beat you?"

"I don't know," I said. "He is just very bad."

"You poor girl," he said. "Why do you stay with him?"

"Because I have no father or mother," I said.

"You poor girl," he said.

But my husband had seen me talking to another man, and when I arrived inside the house, be began to beat me. "Thus is my luck," I said to myself.

When we arrived back in Cunen, we passed my aunt who was washing clothes in the large pila. I was very very thin, and I began to cry. "This is what the man did to me at the finca," I said. "What did you receive, how much did you eat, that this man could take me and give me such a bad life at the finca?"

My aunt cried. "I did not receive any money," she said. "It was your uncle who told you to marry him. Come home to the house." And so I went home with her, and the man went home to the mountains.

Later he returned again. "I have come for the girl," he said.

"No," said my uncle. "She is not going. If you want to go before the judge, go ahead." But the man did not want to go before the court, and so he left. And thus I stayed there at the house. Later, I left to work for the lady, andhe came again and wanted me, but I would not go.

There was another lday, a Ladina, who always wanted me to work for her, and so I went. I suffered a lot because I was always passing between the people, until I was grown and I married again.

I was working for another lady when my husband that I have now, Jacinto, came to talk to me. He came there to work, but not really. He really came there to talk to me. I was by the pila washing when he came. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm washing," I said.

"And so you work her," he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"You did not go back to the mountains?"

"No," I said.

"Well then, now you have to go with me."

"No, I'm not going to marry," I said to him. "I know that men are bad."

"I won't be bad with you," he said. I also do not have a mother or a father. I also am alone."

"Idon't think I'll marry," I said.

"I'm going to ask permission from your uncle and aunt," he said.

"I don't know," I said.

In about a month he went to my uncle and aunt to ask. It was afternoon when I arrived at the house, because I did not sleep with the lady, and my aunt said that a man had come to ask for me.

"Why?" I asked.

"He said that he had talked to you," she said.

"I have talked to a man," I said. "But I don't know if it is good or not. I went to the first man, and life was very bad."

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"But this man is very good. It may work well for you two, and perhaps he will love you," she said, "because the two of you are both orphans."

And so the next day when he arrived, my uncle told him, "You have our permission, if she will not suffer with you, if you will not beat her, but will give her food and clothing."

"Oh, no," he said to me. "I will buy your clothing, and whatever thing you want I will buy it for you."

And so I agreed.

Since he also had only aunts and uncles, they came when he came to take me. He only had to wait for me for one month, and then he came to take me. Usually to fulfill the whole custom, a man has to wait for one year. This gives time for his feelings and wishes for the girl to open up and show themselves. There are times that a girl goes to live with a man and then later is sorry. Thus it is better to wait one or two years. During this time the man works, and visits with the family, and sometimes he brings gifts of money or fruit or bread or other things to the girl and the parents. My daughter Rosa waited a year, and the husband that she has is very good.

My husband and I were very content. We had ten children, six that are living, and four that died. Now we have three girls and three boys.

However, being married, we suffered also. It used to be that the men were required to give a lot of service for the town. For example, they would have to work on the roads, without receiving any salary or food or tortillas or anything. They would work a week, and perhaps have hardly anything to eat. When my husband would return from the work I would go out to find cron from the people. For this I would grind their corn, wash, or do any work.

While he was gone, I would go to work with the people. I ground corn, washed, and did any work. One person gave me flour, and one gave me tortillas, and another gave me wheat. Thus I lived while my husband was gone, and they gave me corn when he returned. When he got back I said, "This week you are going to work for us."

"I don't know," he said. He had to work so that we could buy corn, and he was in debt to some people.

Another time my husband had to go on Sunday to help get the large logs to make the bridges. My poor husband had not eaten, and it made me very sad. I had five cents and so I went to buy him one xeka. That was all I could buy because we were very poor. When he got to the top of the mountain, he took it and said, "Only this xeka am I going to eat. We have no money, no corn, nothing."

That day there were many men who cut the logs and brought them here to the bridge. They returned at about three in the afternoon. "What are we going to do now?" my husband asked me. Have you gone to ask Senor Pedro for corn?"

"Yes," I said. "but he gave us only six pounds of corn."

"It is enought for tomorrow and the next day," he said. "Then we will look for more. And so I passed my life working for various people.

We had been married only one year when the Catholic Action group came to my husband to ask him to be a cofradia for one year. As a cofradia one earns nothing, but it costs money to be a cofraida. "What are we going to do?" my husband asked me.

"You know," I told him. "because we are able. Let's be the cofradias." It would take a lot of money to be spent at the festivals.

"Where will we get the money?" We'll have to go to the finca to get the money to pay the expenses.

Thus is was that we went to the fincas. We were cofradias for five years, but we were very poor becasue we did not have money or land or anything.

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sparcely placed

The house that we had was made out of ~~thinly scattered~~ sticks and was very very small. When it rained water would come in both on top of and underneath us. We had a little tiny board, and we slept on top of this to try to keep dry.

One time when I had not yet had any family, my husband had gone to work on the road. On Saturday a sickness of strong pains began. "What is it?" I wondered, becasue I didn't know anything and I didn't know what it could be.

After a while a woman came to the house. "Senora," I said. "All my body hurts me."

She was a grown woman and she said, "A sickness is going to pass over you, and your poor husband is not here." I knew nothing about this sickness and she did not tell my anything.

Thanks to God, my husband did come back. "Hurry," the woman said to him. "Your wife is sick." And so he left.

The woman made me lie down, and she picked some seseña flowers and made a tea. After I had drunk it, I became a lot worse.

"I'm going to die," I said to the woman. "What is it that I have?"

After a while my husband and a midwife he had met on the road arrived. "This girl is ready," she said to my husband. "Come and see how a woman delivers. When you watch you will love your wife and love your family." And so he entered with me.

She took me by the arms and I squated down to the ground. In those times there was no medicine,and I was clutching onto the midwife when I delivered the baby. I was very surprised.Because I did not know,I had not wanted to ask him before. Before our ancestors did not tell us things like this. Who knows what would have happened to me if my husband had not come. Perhaps I would have died.

The midwife told my husband to bring water to care for the baby, and he put it over the fire to warm it, and thus that baby was cared for. I had only one skirt and hipil, and the baby did not have any clothes. The midwife took a rag and wrapped the baby in it and put it close to me so that nothing would happen. On Sunday my husband borrowed some money and bought a little shirt and belt pañales, and he paid the midwife $1.50. Then my husband returned to the road. A friend came to visit me, and she did me the favor of preparing my food. And thus I suffered a lot to raise my children.

Story of 3 Nephites + their protection. (Coming later ...)

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My husband's grandmother died and only he buried her. Then he left for the finca while my son Nicholas and I stayed here. A month after he was born he became very sick. He did not want to nurse, but just lay looking upward. I was very frightened and so I prayed. "Lord," I prayed, "I don't know what has happened to Nicholas, but he is very sick, and perhaps he is going to die."

Then a woman came. She went out to find some little herbs. She made a broth and put the liquid in a spoon and into his mouth. Little by little Nicholas got better.

When his father returned from the finca, I said, "This baby almost died. Who knows what happened to him?"

"It is because you do not watch it, you do not care for it," he said.

"No," I said. "Because when I looked at him, he was shaking all over. Who knows what happened to him." I was very frightened.

We suffered a lot with the first child. I was only fifteen when I had Nicholas, and eighteen when I had Josefa. With Josefa I knew about delivering children, and was not so frightened and so worried.

The vices and temptations of Satan do not stop. When I delivered Josefa my husband was in jail.

"Why?" I asked the official when he came to tell me.

"It is because of a girl," he said. "Your husband went to gather firewood, and frightened a girl, and the husband of the girl knows it."

"I don't know anything about it," I said.

Only God knows if he was guilty, of if it was just the gossip of the people. It used to be that when a man looked at a woman, the woman would be afraid. Women were not able to talk to anyone, only to their husbands.

And so he was in jail when I delivered Josefa. The midwife went to ask the Ladino jailer that he be released because I was sick.

"He is here to be punished," he said.

And so only the midwife was with me. "I'll be all right," I told her. I cooked some seseña herbs and drank the broth. And since we did not know, I drank a cup of liquor. The midwife went and found another herb, and I drank this broth also. When my time came I began to sweat and have fevers.

"Please help me," I cried to the midwife. Thus I delivered Josefa. Then I went to bed, and the midwife put Josefa in bed with me.

Then she went to the jail to tell my husband that by the grace of God ~~that~~ the baby was born. He had been very worried in jail, because he was afraid that I would die because he did not know how I was. In the afternoon he was released from jail and came home.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"All right," I said. He straightened up my things and fixed food for me, and so I did not think of this.

A week later the man came to the house to fight with my husband. "You are going to Quiche," he said.

"Why?" asked my husband.

"Because you frightened my wife," he said.

And so I got up from my bed. "Is your wife very young?" I asked. "Or is she a grown woman? She aught to think a little. If she were young, maybe she would not know anything. My husband cannot go. If he goes, I have to go also because I have just escaped death in delivering my daughter." The man finally agreed and left us alone. If I had not done this, they would have taken my husband to Quiche.

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It used to be that we went a lot to the fincas. In the time of harvest on the coffee fincas, a woman could cut coffee with her husband, or she could stay in the kitchen and prepare fodd. We would be paid three or four dollars a month. In those times corn cost three or four cents a pound. At the finca I would be in charge of twelve men, to grind their corn and make tortillas or tamales and other food, and take care of my children. There I suffered a lot. Thanks to God that I now do not go to the fincas, only my husband goes. It is because of so much work I did at the fincas that my lungs now hurt me a lot.

Nicholas and Josefa and Miguel were all delivered here in Cunen. Since we had no land to plant our corn, we borrowed some from Rafael Castillo. He owns a lot of the land in Chipal, on the other side of Xebol. He knows us very well, because we worked in his finca, and he still cares a lot for us. And so we moved up into the mountains in Chipal and there we planted our corn.

One Sunday my husband said, "You are going to be sick, and we have no food. I'm going to Cunen to buy the things we need. I'll get some coffee and some oil, and maybe a little medicine, and maybe some raw sugar." When he left I felt fine and strong.

After he had bought the things, he went to the house in Cunen where we now live that his brother Miguel and he had bought. He felt that I was there in the mountains, sick. "I'm going," he told the men.

"No, don't go," they said, and they all began to drink, with another uncle of mine.

And so I was there in Chipal with my children, worrying. At three in the afternoon on Monday I knew that the sickness had come. "What am I going to do if my husband does not come," I wondered. After a while a peddler passed, and I asked him if he would do me the favor, if he saw my husband on the road, to tell him to hurry, because I was sick. He met my husband in Chitú, and so he hurried.

"I'm sick," I told him.

"Why didn't you tell the peddler what was wrong and I would have gone for the midwife," he said.

"Perhaps there is still time," I said, And so my husband left for Chinimakím.

But I could not wait. And so I prayed, "Oh God, what am I going to do?" I sent the children outside. There was a very beautiful moon, and I put a straw mat outside. "Sleep here," I told the children.

I went inside. "Oh God," I said in my heart. "What am I going to do now? Am I going to die, or deliver? I have my small children. Perhaps it is my luck that I am going to die, but my poor children." And so I was there crying.

And then my ancestors were there with me. I talked to them, those who were dead, and they helped me, because I had no mother nor father, and we were far away from any help.

Then came another pain. We had a stick inside the house to hang clothes on, and it was low. And so I got a mat, took off my clothes and put them close by, and I held onto the rod, calling on the name of God. "If it is my luck, I am going to die. God," I called there in front of amy ancestors, "Help me. Help me. What am I going to do if I die and leave my children?"

When I felt the pain again, I grabbed onto the stick, and the baby was born, with everything together. By the grace of God nothing had happened to me. There was the baby on the floor. There was no light in the house, only a little fire. I could only see the face of the baby. I took a little piece of rag, and I cleaned off the face, and I took a piece and cleaned out the mouth. I did not know if it was a boy or girl.

Then I started to shake, from fear or what I did not know. I took a piece blanket and wrapped the baby up in that, with the cord and placenta and everything.

It used to be that we went a lot to the fincas. In the time of harvest on the coffee fincas, a woman could cut coffee with her husband, or she could stay in the kitchen and prepare food. We would be paid three or four dollars a month. In those times corn cost three or four cents a pound. At the finca I would be in charge of twelve men, to grind their corn and make tortillas or tamales and other food, and take care of my children. There I suffered a lot. Thanks to God that I now do not go to the fincas, only my husband goes. It is because of so much work I did at the fincas that my lungs now hurt me alot.

Nicholas and Joaela and Miguel were all delivered here in Cuman. Since we had no land to plant our corn, we borrowed some from Rafael Castillo. He owns a lot of the land in Chipal, on the other side of Jabol. He knows us very well, because we worked in his finca, and he still cares a lot for us. And so we moved up into the mountains in Chipal and there we planted our corn.

One Sunday my husband said, "You are going to be sick, and we have no food. I'm going to Cuman to buy the things we need. I'll get some coffee and some oil, and maybe a little medicine, and maybe some raw sugar." When he left I felt fine and strong.

After he had bought the things, he went to the house in Cuman where we now live that his brother Miguel and he had bought. He felt that I was there in the mountains, sick. "I'm going," he told the man.

"No, don't go," they said, and they all began to drink, with another uncle of mine.

And so I was there in Chipal with my children, worrying. At three in the afternoon on Monday I knew that the sickness had come. "What am I going to do if my husband does not come," I wondered. After a while a peddler passed, and I asked him if he would do me the favor, if he saw my husband on the road, to tell him to hurry, because I was sick. He met my husband in Chitad, and so he hurried.

"I'm sick," I told him.

"Why didn't you tell the peddler what was wrong and I would have gone for the midwife," he said.

"Perhaps there is still time," I said. And so my husband left for Chimaltenango.

But I could not wait. And so I prayed, "Oh God, what am I going to do?" I sent the children outside. There was a very beautiful moon, and I put a straw mat outside. "Sleep here," I told the children.

I went inside. "Oh God," I said in my heart. "What am I going to do now? Am I going to die, or deliver? I have my small children. Perhaps it is my luck that I am going to die, but my poor children." And so I was there crying.

And then my ancestors were there with me. I talked to them, those who were dead, and they helped me, because I had no mother nor father, and we were far away from any help.

Then came another pain. We had a stick inside the house to hang clothes on, and it was low. And so I got a mat, took off my clothes and put them close by, and I held onto the rod, calling on the name of God. "If it is my luck, I am going to die, God," I called there in front of my ancestors. "Help me. Help me. What am I going to do if I die and leave my children?"

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Then I started to shake, from fear or what I did not know. I took a piece blanket and wrapped the baby up in that, with the cord and placenta and everything.

Then I went to bed. ~~Then~~ I heard when the children outside began to cry. "Mother," cried Nicholas. "What is wrong? Are you sick?"

I did not answer because I did not want to talk. Finally I said, "Son, go to sleep. Soon your father will be coming. Look up to the top of the mountain, and see if you can see him."

"Yes," he cried. "He is coming." And so they were content.

After a while Nicholas called, "Now he is coming closer." And the children said, "What is wrong, Mother. What do you have?"

"I'm not going to talk more because my head aches a lot," I said. And it was the truth. How my head ached! Who knows what it was, but I was there in my bed, content.

When my husband arrived, Nicholas yelled, "Papa, I don't know what has happened to mother. She is inside and won't talk to me. Perhaps she has died, for her head hurt her a lot."

"No, son," he said as he opened the door. "Get up," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"The midsife is coming," he said.

"No," I answered. "Please, light a light, and be careful not to step on the baby that is there on the floor."

"Aye, Dios," he said. "You have already delivered." The baby was not crying or anything, and he lit a candle and knelt down beside the baby. Then he went outside to get wood for a fire. My mouth was very dry, and he made me some coffee, because we used to drink coffee. "Do you want eggs in your coffee?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. And so he put the two raw eggs in the coffee, and my mouth felt better.

Then the midwife came in. "Get up," she said. "It is not good that you are there sleeping."

"No, don't get up," said my husband. "There is the baby."

"Aye," she said. "What are you? Are you a person or an animal?" She was very surprised. "People don't do this," she said.

Then my husband said, "You are a very strong woman, and very brave to deliver this baby alone."

"Go get a chicken," the midwife said to my husband, and so he went out to catch a chicken when it was maybe midnight. They made a broth, but the midwife would only let me eat a little. She heated some water and bathed the baby and me, and cut the cord. It had been two or three hours since the baby was born.

Little by little I got better, but there was no one there for us to help us. "I need to get up and fix the food," I said.

"No," my husband said.

And so Nicholas said, "I'm going to Cunen. I'm going to find a woman to come here and prepare the food."

"Go then, son," I said. There was a woman in town who we were always very close to. There would be times when we would have something, and we would loan it, like corn, or beans, or something else like eggs. At times her children would become sick, and since I was raising chickens, we would loan her a chicken. And thus, I thought that she would come, because we used to do favors for others then, too.

And so Nicholas took his machete and left, alone. "Be careful in the road," I told him. Every little while, I would think, "Aye Dios. My son." The path was very mountainous, and there were many thieves that stayed there. Since I was so worried I told Josefa to watch the path. Finally she said, "Mama, here comes my brother and there is a woman with him."

"Perhaps you could come with me to help my mother and fix the food," Nicholas had said to her.

Then I went to bed. When I heard when the children outside began to cry. "Mother," cried Nicholas. "What is wrong? Are you sick?"

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"Perhaps you could come with me to help my mother and fix the food," Nicholas had said to her.

"Yes," she said. "I will give you some corn, and I will go with you. Your family are good people, and so I'll go. If it were another person, I would not go."

When they arrived I told the woman what had happened to me. "Aye," she said. "There are times when both mothers, and the husband, and the midwives are there with the woman when her time arrives, and still she dies. And here you were, alone. What did the children do?"

"I don't know," I said. "Perhaps it was my fortune. Or perhaps my Father in Heaven helped me. My grandparents and my father also helped. When I realized that I was sick, I began to pray to my ancestors, and my father and my mother. And when you pray, they help you."

The woman stayed with us for a week, and when she left Nicholas and Josefa were sad. And so, little by little I got better.

One day my husband said to me, "I do not like to live here. I like it better in Cunen." I liked it there a lot. There we had chickens and pigs and other things, and we had corn. Many times before we had suffered because we had no corn. Before I had to ask people for corn, and at times I could only borrow five pounds of corn, and at other times people would say, "We have no corn now."

I was content there, but my husband did not like it there, and Josefa was also often sick. And so, when my husband said, "Let's go back to the house in Cunen," we came. I was very sad when we returned, because there we had no corn or anything, and we suffered again. And so we went to the finca.

We went to the Finca Clarita, two mohths after the baby was born. I worked with my husband cutting sugar cane, and my hands and face got cut up by the leaves. And so I told my husband, "I don't want to cut cane anymore. I don't like it. The cane has many sharp edges, and when the sun shines all the scratches burn. It will make the baby sick because she gets cut too."

"All right," he said. And so he found some workers, and I earned some money working in the kitchen house preparing their food.

I was working there when the volcano errupted. We were eating lunch, and we saw the pumice sand fall. We were not able to eat, because it suddenly became completely dark, and we could smell the gasses.

"What should we do?" we asked.

"Fly from here," the corporal said, "because the volcano will errupt again." We were very close to the volcano, and so we ran without eating. When we arrived back at the house, we were as black as negros.

"Aye, Dios," I said to my husband. "It is better that we leave and go home. We will die here."

"All right," he said, and so we left. Many people became sick there because of the gasses from the volcano.

We went to another finca called Sonora. Corn was very expensive at this time. In Cunen it was fifteen cents a pound. I don't know why. Maybe there was not very much corn. It was because of this that we left to go to the finca. When we got there, my husband said, "What are we going to do? We will suffer hunger here also, because there is no corn." There was a little corn, but the twelve workers there would eat it all. We worked for two weeks or a month there, and then decided that it would be better to return home.

It used to be that there were no buses or anything, and so we went by foot. It would take us eight days of walking. We would buy corn to make piscos, like tamales, and a sack of tostadas. When we traveled we would buy yerba blanca (coli) to cook with the tostadas.

One night we passed a little town near San Martin where they sell cooked potatoes. We bought ten pounds, for three cents a pound. Then we came by way of

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One night we passed a little town near San Martin where they sell cooked potatoes. We bought ten pounds, for three centa a pound. Then we came by way of

a road through Momostenango. We were walking through some ravines when night caught us. There were some other people there with us, and one said, "We are not going to get to Sacapulus. It is better that we sleep here."

"Good," said my husband. And so we slept under a very large tree and hoped that it would not rain. The people had a large mat, and they threw it on the ground and we all lay down on top of it.

And so we were all sleeping when one of the men said, "Aye Dios, hermano, Aqui es donde se desquitan la gente."

"What does that mean?" I asked my husband.

"This is where they kill people," he said.

And so I did not sleep all night. I lay there awake under the trees. "What will we do if some theives come and want to kill us?" I asked my husband.

"Don't be afraid," he answered, "God is first, and nothing is going to happen to us. No one is going to frighten you."

But I could not sleep. Finally my husband said, "I am listening and if anyone comes, I will wake you." And so I finally slept a little.

And thus we would arrive in Cunen. But then we would return. There were times that we would come, and sleep only one night in the house, and then we would leave again. When we traveled, nothing evil ever happened to us. Why, I don't know, except that God helped us.

One time we were coming from the finca and we stopped near Sacapulus, under a large tree where there is now a school."This is where they say that the thieves come out," my husband said. "But God will protect us."

We were very tired, and there were two other people nearby, and so we stayed there. At eleven or twelve at night, I woke up. "Something is coming," I said to my husband.

"Why?" he asked.

"Listen," I said.

"Oh, it's just people coming," he said. "Go to sleep." Then he heard the footsteps coming closer. He got up, but there was nothing there. "Aye Dios," he said. "What is going to happen to us?" And so he sat down and began to pray.

We were both watching when we saw a young man coming.

"Friend," he said. "Where are you from?"

"We are coming from the finca," my husband answered.

"Where are you going now?" he said.

"We are going home to Cunen," said my husband. "We are staying here because we have some very small children."

"What did you do at the finca?" he asked.

"Nothing," my husbnad said.

"Then you have money," he said.

"No," answered my husband. "We have no money."

"What did you do at the finca, if you don't have money?" he said. He was beginning to get angry.

"We don't have any money," I said with my husband.

"Oh yes, you do," he said. He was getting very angry, because he wanted money. But where were we going to get money for him? We had no money.

Finally my husband said, "I can only give you twenty cents, because I have no money.

"I won't be satisfied with twenty cents," he said.

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"Here come some people that stayed back there," he said to the young man.

"Aren't you alone?" he asked.

"No, there are many of us," my husband answered.

"Really?" said the young man.

We could all hear the shouting. "OoooHaaa." This really frightened the young man and he left.

"Ave Dios," said my husband. "Our Father in Heaven helped us. Let's give another prayer, so that something will still not happen to us." And so we sat down and prayed fervently to God.

We could hear the people coming very close, and we waited for them to pass, but no one passed. They were shouting. I wondered if they were drunks, but perhaps they were not drunks because of the sound that they were making. It was a cry of sadness, the shouts that they made.

Finally we went back to sleep, but the young man came back. But when he came, the shouts started again also. This time they were close by. It frightened me because the shouts that we heard were full of a lot of sadness. No one here cries like that. Perhaps they were not people, but spirits. Perhaps they were our ancestors that were helping us, I believe. They never arrived, and we never saw them.

My husband was still weak when we arrived in Cunen. He had been sick for six months at the finca Solidad. When he became sick, I asked, "What am I going to do?"

"If I get better, I will arrive home," he said, "but perhaps I will never leave here."

"Ave Dios," I said. "What am I going to do with such a large family? If my husband is not here, what will we do?" And so all day I cried and cried.

Josefa was also sick, and so I was left alone to earn all the food we had. I would get up at three in the morning and wash the two or three buckets of soaking corn. Then I would take it to the grinder, back and forth I would go until they were ground, all the time carrying my baby on my back.

And so I prayed to the Virign, the Virign Candelaria. "Help me," I cried. "We are poor and now my husband is sick. Oh that it might be our fortune to arrive with him to the town of Cunen." And thus I prayed every day. And little by little he began to get up.

Then a doctor from Columba came, and I went to him. He looked at my husband and asked, "What is wrong with him?"

"I don't know," I said. "He doesn't want to eat or anything. There are days that he falls in the bed." It was the lungs that were bad.

"Give him bean broth," the doctor said. "Give it two times a day, without salt. Also give him orange juice, with three eggs. After one week, also give him quacalava (oil from the liver of a cow). And so he drank all of this.

He was getting better when the fever caught Josefa. She could only see from one side. There was a lady there from the Catholic Action in Sacapulus named Maria Palax, and so I went to her. "Would you do me a favor?" I asked. "Would you come and cure my little girl? She is very sick and can only see on one side."

And so she came. "We need to burn four candles," she said. "And one ounce of incense."

"Fine," I said, and bought them for the woman. "How much will it cost me for this favor?"

"Ten cents," she said.

"Fine," I said. "Offer the candles and the incense then." And so she put

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them before the Saint Antonio. And so, little by little the girl began to get well.

"Mama," she cried. "I want some tortillas, little white ones," she said. "I want the tortillas with a little piece of meat."

"Fine," I said. She had not eaten anything. And so I went to buy a little piece of meat and I made some tortillas, and she ate two little ones.

"I wonder what will happen when she eats the tortillas," I wondered. "Is it good or bad? Perhaps she will die, becasue she has not eaten anything." Our ancestors always said that when someone does not eat anything, but then asks for one or two tortillas, that is when one dies.

She ate and I put her to bed. "Mama," she called. "I want some coffee." And so I gave her a little glass of coffee. She drank it and slept.

Every little while I would look at her to see if she was alive or had died. I was there working, making the whole basket of tortillas for the workers who were coming. Every so often I would look at her and also at my husband.

"Don't worry about me, I am better," he said.

When the workers came, they asked, "Is your husband better?"

"Thanks to God he is getting better," I said.

"Good," they said. "We are only going to work one more week, and then we are going home," they said.

"Thanks be to God," I said, And so he was getting better, and we returned.

We had two babies, and my husband carried them. When we met people on the road, they asked, "What are you carrying there?"

"My babies," he said.

"They are twins," said the people.

"No," said my husband.

"How could it be that they are not twins?" they asked. "They look like twins."

"Yes," he said. And there were times that the people would give us two cents, or maybe five cents.

Then we came to Quetzaltenango and rested a little. There we saw two gringos. These were the first gringos that we had ever seen. They came over to see the babies. "They are twins," one said. We did not understand very well what they said. Only one could speak to us. And so they took out some money and gave it to the babies. "Go and buy some bread," they said.

"Thank you," we said.

"Aye Dios," said my husband. "They said they were twins, even though they are not. How is it that our Father in Heaven has made it so that people give us money for them. They gave us fifty cents, and now we have money to buy things in the plaza and the streets and in the market."

When we went to the market, the babies said, "We want bread. It was for us that the gringos left the money." And so we bought bread and coffee to give to the two little ones. "If we go to another town, and there are more gringos, they will give more money for us," the little ones said.

And truly when we went to another town there were two others there, not gringos but regular people. "Where do you come from?" they asked.

"We come from the finca," my husband said.

"You poor people," they said. "Look how they carry those two babies there.

"They do not walk," my husband said.

"They are twins," they said.

"No," said my husband.

"You just don't want to tell us."

"No," said my husband.

And so they took their money and gave twenty-five cents to one and twenty-five cents to the other. They were very happy. Our Father in Heaven knew that

we had gone to the finca, but that we had not earned any money to bring with us. All the money that I had earned preparing food I had spent for corn, sugar, eggs and chocolate to give to my husband when he was sick. Our Father in Heaven knew that we had no money, and he alwasy helps people.

And so we finally arrived here at home, thanks to God. Our Father in Heaven alwasy helped us as we traveled on the road, and nothing ever happened to us. The road has been here for maybe fifteen years. It has changed our lives a lot. It used to be that there were no buses, and we had to walk to the fincas. There were many thieves in the mountains. We have met thieves on the road five times when we were returning from the finca, but they have never harmed or killed us, only frightened us. They always wanted money, and we alwasy offered them food, but never wanted anything to eat.

Now when my husband goes to the finca, he is very far away, caring for the bulls and animals in fields that are very far away from here. But nothing ever happens to him. It is because our Father in Heaven is always with him. When we go, we alwasy go praying to our Father in Heaven. We always pray to him that he will help our family. When you pray to your Father in Heaven for something, he always gives it.

I have not been to the fincas for maybe seven years. When Nicholas' wife died, I stopped going to the fincas. Since there was no one for him, my husband said, "I don't want you to go to the fincas any more. You have to take care of your little grandchildren" And so my husband now goes alone to the fincas.

Four of my children died of sickness. Whooping cough took two, and the vomiting sickness took the others. The one that I delivered alone in Chipal died from whooping cough. One died in the Finca Solidad. She was born there. My husband had gone to get the midwife, and they were coming in when the baby arrived.

One baby died because of the evil that a person did. One Friday, after we had washed clothes, we returned to the house hungry. As I fixed lunch the baby was walking on the veranda. She was very beautiful, with beautiful long black hair, and I had changed her clothes so they were beautiful also. Then a young girl arrived.

"Mama," my daughter was saying to me. The young girl had no reason to do anything. My daughter did not speak to her or anything.

After a while when I was fixing the foodk she came in. "Mama," she said. "Chichi." And so I sat down and began to nurse her. She was there nursing when she began to vomit. She vomited and vomited.

"Aye Dios," I thought, "What is happening to the baby?" Who knows what the girl had done to her. And so I sent my daughter Rosa to bring a woman to cure the baby.

The woman came and said, "Her spleen is broken. The girl came here, perspiring a lot, and because the baby did not speak to her, the girl gave her the evil eye. Now she is vomiting."

And she continued vomiting. After a while a bus came and a doctor arrived here. I ran to see him, and the teachers who were there said, "Go and get the baby."

"If you don't have the money," said Don Ernesto, "I will loan you eight dollars to cure the baby. This baby is so beautiful we can't just let her die." He had the money there to loan me then.

We had gone to the cities, but that we had not earned any money to bring with us. All the money that we had earned preparing food I had spent for corn, sugar, eggs and chocolate to give to my husband when he was sick. Our Father in heaven knew that we had no money, and he always helps poor folks.

And so we finally arrived here at home, thanks to God. Our Father in heaven always helped us as we traveled on the road, and nothing ever happened to us. The road has been here for maybe fifteen years. It has changed our lives a lot. It used to be that there were no roads, and we had to walk to the fields. There were many thieves in the mountains. We have met thieves on the road. We thieves when we were returning from the fields, but they have never harmed or killed us, only frightened us. They always wanted money, and we always offered them food, but never wanted anything to eat.

Now when we happened once to be in the fields, we lived very far away, caring for the small and animals in fields that are very far away from here. But nothing ever happened to him. It is because our father in heaven is always with him. When we go, he always go pray to our father in heaven. We always pray to his father to fill his our family. When you pray to your father in heaven for something, he always gives it.

I have not been to the fields for maybe seven years. Then additional with child. I stopped going to the fields. Since there was no one for him, my husband said, "I don't want you to go to the fields any more. You have to take care of your little grandchildren." So my husband now goes alone to the fields.

Four of my children died of the measles. Hooping cough, too, too, and the yellow diseases took the others. Because that I delivered alone in Cuisai died from hooping cough. She died in the fields. She was born there. My husband had gone to her delivery, and they were coming in when the baby arrived.

One day the bad people of the evil tribe came from the. The tribe. After they arrived there, we returned to the house immediately. As I fixed lunch the baby was sitting on the veranda. She was very beautiful. Its beautiful long hair, and I had changed her clothes so they were beautiful also. Then a young girl arrived.

Then, her daughter was saying to me. The young girl had no reason to do anything. My daughter did not wants to her or anything.

After a while when I was fixing the food she came in. "Mommy," she said. "Mommy." So I sat down and began to nurse her. Then there started to vomit. She began to vomit. She vomited and vomited.

Have also, I thought. What is happening to the baby? I thought what the girl had done to her. And so a sent my daughter to bring a pan to drink the baby.

The young girl ran away. Her father is from. The girl came here. Everything is lost. And soon the baby did not want to eat. The girl gave her the evil eye. Now she is vomiting.

We called vomiting. After a while the girl came and a doctor arrived here. I ran to see him, and the teacher who were there said, "No and not the baby."

If you do have the money, "said the teacher, "I will loan you eight dollars to cure the baby. The money is so wonderful." Just let her die. We had the money, then to loan me.

But when we got ther, the doctor said, "It is too late." While we were there, the vomit came, and it was pure green. "Go home," the doctor said. "Take the baby home, because she is now going to die." And when we got home, the baby died. They say that the spleen broke. Perhaps is was like the heart, as if something had grabbed out the heart.

When the gringos from Ayuda first came here, all the people said, "Aye Dios. Here come the gringos, here with us. Who knows if it is good or not." They used to say that the gringos frightened people, and that they ate people. "Perhaps," they said, "they have come here because they have nothing to eat in their own country. It will be bad if they have come here to eat us. Be careful," they said to their children, "because the gringos are here, and they eat people."

But we were not afraid, because we knew. We had met gringos before. How were the gringos going to eat people? But when the first gringos came, they would talk to the children, but they would not answer but would turn and run.

We suffered much more then than we do now. Now our Father in Heaven is always helping us. When Miguel first left, I did ~~had~~ a lot of thinking. I did not sleep at night from so much thinking. I would just lay there until three or four in the morning. I wanted to sleep, and so I prayed to my Father in Heaven, that it would be better if He would give me sleep, because when I got up, my head would ache so much. When I said my prayer there, I fell asleep.

Another time, when I was there awake in my bed, without sleeping, thinking, I prayed to my Father in Heaven. "I don't know if it is just or not," I said, "but it would be better to give me sleep." I didn't know when I went to sleep. When I knew it it was six in the morning.

When we ask for something our Father in Heaven always gives it. Our Father in Heaven loves us when we pray to him. He is always helping us because we are now, little by little, changing the weaknesses that we had.

But when we got there, the doctor said, "It is too late." While we were there, the vomit came, and it was pure green. "O mom," the doctor said. "This big baby mom, because she is not going to die." And mommy got mad, the baby died. They say that the problem arose. Perhaps it was the heart, as if something had reached out the heart.

When the pilgrims from Nuda first came here, all the people said, "Ave Maria." Here come the pilgrims, mere pilgrims. We know if he is good or not. They used to say that the pilgrims from Nuda [illegible] people, and that they are people. Perhaps, they said, they have come here because they have nothing to eat in their own country. It will be and it they have come here to eat us. We [illegible] they said to their children, "Because the pilgrims are here, and they eat people." But we were not afraid, because we knew. We had seen pilgrims before. We were the pilgrims going to eat people. But when the first pilgrims came, they would talk to the children. But they could not answer, but would turn and run.

We suffered much more than they do now. We our father in heaven is always helping us. When Ismael first left, I did not a lot of thinking. I did not sleep at night from so much thinking. I could just lie there until three or four in the morning. I wanted to sleep, and so I prayed to my father in heaven. That it would be better if he would give me sleep, because when I got up, everything would go so much. When I said my prayer there, I felt safer.

Another time, when I was there awake in my bed, without sleeping, thinking, I prayed to my father in heaven, "I don't know if it is just or not," I said. "But it would be better to give me sleep." I didn't know when I went to sleep. When I knew it was six in the morning.

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The Inhospital Jungles

As told to Elder Mario Salazar

After Pedro Ashkaya was converted to the church, he desired to improve his living conditions but was very poor. He knew that the government offered land very cheaply in the jungles of El Peten but he hesitated. He had heard so many stories of those who had tried previously and had failed miserably because of the harsh climate and rugged wilderness. But he had no choice. He owned no land and his family was growing and he had no desire to beg.

He made application and was granted a piece of land deep in the green green jungles. The plot of land he was given had no home and his only possesions were the little clothing the family wore and his machette and hoe. His nearest neighbor lived some 4 miles away.

Pedrowent to work immediately clearing some of the forest and tilling the ground in order to get it ready for the first seasonal rains and seed time. A couple of weeks later, he was ready to plant but to his great frustration, weeds had already covered the soil he had tilled.. He learned very rapidly that he had to almost daily cultivate the soil around the young corn and bean plants so they would not be overgrown with weeds.

His hard work did pay off with a good crop the first year which provided him enough food for his family and to raise some pigs. The pigs grew well and seemed to thrive on the green leaves thrown to them. Pedro had many plans and the future looked bright.

One morning, however, as he checked the pig pen, he found one missing. Alongside of the pen were the unmistakable prints of a large jaguar. He knew the jaguar would come back and borrowed a gun from his neighbor and laid watch all night. In the early morning hour before the sun came up, tired as he was, he heard the roar of the beast as he paralyzed another pig by crushing its skull with his jaws and then grabbing it by the backbone and jumping out of the fence carrying the 70 pound pig as a cat would carry a mouse. It all happened so sudden that Pedro just froze and did not fire a shot.

Night after night at different times and with equal swiftness, the same episode was repeated. He fired at the jaguar once as it sprung over the fence but missed, and one by one the giant cat stole all of his pigs.

Pedro found that life was difficult in the jungle and became very dis-

couraged. He removeded his shirt while working in his field one day because of the extreme heat and did not pay much attention to the large flies that kept harassing him. A few days later, however, he noticed some dark bumps on his arms and back. They were painful and itched. Becoming alarmed, he walked to his neighbors house. When his neighbor looked at the bumps on his body he expressed his alarm and told him to sit down. He knew what he had to do.

The neighbor put his knife in the fire and when it was hot enough, he cut into the many swollen bumps exposing a worm like maggot. He lit up a cigar and pressed it on the opposite side of the cut swelling until each indivdual maggot crawled out. Pedro had to stay in bed for many days after this painful experience.

The testing of his faith did not stop with this incidence. After one particular weary and exhausting day, he walked into his grass thatched hut and discovered a large snake approaching the cradle where his daughter lay. Fear struck at his heart and he did not know what to do. He felt the impulse to rush at the snake but feared for his daughters life. Pausing, he knelt down and prayed:"Father what shall I do?"

The answear came distinctly: "Don't move!"

He stayed where he knelt and the snake withdrew from his hut passing right by Pedro as he froze motionless in the doorway.

It was hard to live in the wilderness of the Peten lowlands where Pedro's Mayan ancestors had for the most part given up their once beautiful cities to be covered up by the residue of decayed jungle growth. Pedro at least had a better understanding of why they no longer inhabitated this land like they used to. When that seasons crop failed him, he decided to go back to Guatemala City and abandon his homestead farm. He is still active in the church working in construction and gardening. Pedro does not want his children to have to go through the same aganizing experiences.

"It is much better for them to attend primary and go to school". says Pedro Ashkaya.

The Maturnity Hospital

Having babies in Guatemala is a little more complicated and far more risky to the mother and child than in the United States. Even governmental hospital conditions are primative according to modern standards, and many Indians refuse to take or send an expectant mother there.

There is a state hospital in Chimaltenango, a town about fifteen miles from Patzicia, that was built by the Lion's Club. Before the agriculture pick-up was available to the Indians in Patzicia, some would try to take their women to this hospital on the local "chicken bus." Usually, however, the women would deliver their babies at home with the help of a native midwife, as they have been doing for hundreds of years.

These midwives are usually very skilled in the delivery of normal births. Guatemalan women squat down on the floor to deliver their babies, and the midwife squats behind the woman to catch the baby as it is delivered. These midwives usually freely acknowledge that they know or can help very little in the delivery of abnormally positioned or complicated pregnancies.

The agriculture missionaries ~~My wife and I~~ took turns driving expectant mothers to the hospital in Chimaltenango. One week they ~~we~~ took three women, all of whom were in heavy labor. One of the problems that they ~~we~~ first met at the hospital was the humiliation the Indians suffered by being dressed down by outspoken administrators. For example, (Pat + Kim Wade drove over) one couple had been told at the Patzicia Health Center that they would need no baby clothes until the baby was

Sister Dorothy Noorlander holds baby of sister Jose Roche in front of their newly build home. Sister Noorlander drove thousands of miles over the Guatemala highways, dirt roads and mountain passes aiding the Indians. She would be called on at any hour of the day or night to drive the Toyota pickup to haul corn, fertilizer, or cement blocks. At other times she was the only ambulance or hearse driver available in Patzicia. She and her husband were the first full time agriculture missionaries in the church.

POE

Goes to the wife
of new house

ready to come home. When they arrived at the hospital, the Ladino nurse, screaming at them, said the the woman should not be admited until they brought baby clothes.

The expectant parents listened very graciously, humbly apologizing to the nurse, and the woman's mother and husband left to buy clothes. ~~When we were~~ Away from the hospital, they complained bitterly to them ~~to us~~ that the government nurse in Patzicia had specifically told them not to take clothes until the baby was ready to go home.

After buying clothes in the town, they ~~we~~ returned to the hospital. Since the hospital has no medicines, the nurse gave the father a list of prescriptions to buy in town. They ~~He~~ searched in three different drug stores before he found the drugs. A few days before had been ~~this I had~~ driven an expectant mother to the hospital, and the doctor prescribed four different medicines to bring back to him. The woman's father, ~~and I~~ searching in every pharmacy in town, found only two of the four medicines.

Normally the trip to Chimaltenango takes only twenty minutes, but the time Sister Noorlander ~~my wife Dorothy~~ and the health sisters went, carrying the seventeen year old sister of one of the ~~our~~ recent converts, it seemed as if they would never reach their destination. Sister Jones sat in the front of the Toyota pickup while Sister Torngren sat in the back on a straw mattress, caring for the expectant mother. As Sister Torngren ~~she~~ tried to show the mother how to breathe to help her pain, she kept pounding on the rear window for Sister Noorlander ~~Dorothy~~ to hurry. The baby was coming fast.

When they arrived there was no stretcher at the hospital. The sisters, with the help of the father and brother-in-law, lifted the mattress from the truck and pulled the expectant mother inside the hospital into the delivery room. As they were going in, these Indians

were also chastized for not bringing baby clothers, and another claan change of clothing for the mother.

The only doctor in the hospital was working across the hall, trying to revive a baby just born who would not breathe.

The health sisters and ~~Dorothy~~ SISTER NOORLANDER watched the mother they had brought through the glass windows. The mother had a very difficult time with the delivery, and the nurse gave her very little help or encouragement. The baby was finally born breech--backwards, with the buttocks first. Although the heart beat was strong, this baby also would not breathe.

The nurse tried to revive the baby by placing it in alternate pans of hot and cold water. However, to get hot water in this hospital, she first had to heat it on a two burner stove. By the time that the doctor came in, it was too late. Artificial respiration was never attempted, and the baby died. While the sisters were there that afternoon, three babies died at birth in the hospital, out of FOUR that were delivered.

According to Guatemalan law, a body must be buried within twenty-four hours, and it must be buried in the city where it dies, unless a special certified and sealed certificate is obtained verfying that the cause of death was non-communicable. If the parents do not have the finances and know-how to obtain these pepers, or the finances to transport the baby home, it will not be buried according to the customs of the people. These customs are so strong that many families will not take their sick to hospitals from the fear they they will die and have to be buried away from home.

As the sisters began the red tape to get the body out of the city, the paper work seemed insurmountable. Every dfficial seemed to have

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Although the nurse took an attorney, this drug dealer would not remove.

The nurse tried to revive the baby by giving it an alternate mix
of hot and cold water. However, to get hot water in the hospital,
she first had to heat it on a two burner stove, as the kitchen that the
doctor came in, is now too large. Artificial respiration was new
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hours before making the return in the hospital, out of [illegible] that were
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four hours, and it must be buried in the city where it died, unless a
special certified and legal certificate is obtained verifying that the
cause of death was non-communicable. It must be put down in
[illegible] and sent to a certain house doctor. [illegible] to
transport the body. It will not be buried according to a custom
of the people. Dead customs are so strong in many families. Without
some [illegible] to negotiate from the [illegible] they will [illegible] and have
no burial [illegible] from [illegible].

[illegible] the mother [illegible] to [illegible] out of the city.
[illegible] or [illegible] in Guatemala. Every official seemed to have

his hand out for money, and every office seemed like a self-serving beaurocracy.

Before the hospital would release the body, it had to have clothes, a coffin, and a death certificate. ~~My wife and~~ The ~~health~~ sisters hunted over town and finally bought a little shirt, a man's handkerchief for a diaper, a little knit hat (a status symbol amoung the Indians), booties, and a receiving blanket. The parents did not have enough money to buy a trimmed coffin, and so they settled on an unfinished pine coffin that they would later trim with tissue paper. It cost $3.50/.

When the father went to the municipal building for the death certificate, he could not get it because he did not have his cedula (citizenship identification and number) with him. The sisters went outside a found ~~a man,~~ a complete stranger, who did have his cedula. They paid him fifty cents to borrow the paper and use his identification number. This was perfectly acceptable to the officials.

According to Guatemalan law, bodies cannot be carried in public transportation. The group had to make several trips to the police station to get papers on the registration of the Toyota and ~~Dorothy~~ SISTER WOODLANDERS's drivers license. The father was finally permitted to take the little pine box in the pickup, and they left for Patzicia. However, they were stopped at the police station at the edge of town, and told that they had to return to get the signature of the governor of Chimaltenango.

While there they overheard a call reporting a wreak and requesting an ambulance. The officer in charge replied that the ambulance at the fire station was broken down, and the one at the health center had no driver. If they would send him the information of how many people were

hurt, he would decide whether to send a truck or a car. Ambulance service for Indians living further in the mountains where buses may only leave three or four times a week, is even worse than this. Town mayors have to telegram for ambulances, half of which never come. Those which do come often arrive days later. These also stop on the way to deliver packages and messages, ansd sometimes even carry live turkeys and chickens.

It is very difficult to witness these highly intelligent and very humble people take the discrimination and humiliation they do by the ruling class in Guatemala. Yet there is very little an individual can do about it. In Cunen, a young U.S. citizen was overheard in public making a comment to a group of Indians that he could not see why they took all the abuse they do. The next day he was requested to leave town, permanently.

The Clinic and Schools Will Stay Open 147
by Patricia Wade

The Catholic priest squinted and looked hard at us. "I don't like proselyting," he said. "Remember that when the Rodriguez family was baptized last spring, the attendance in the medical clinic fell way down. It's the people here who don't like it. They won't stand for it." He stood there solidly on his two feet and folded his arms.

I looked at my brother Kim. At nineteen he was the youngest project director Ayuda had ever had, and he looked the priest square in the eye. "Ayuda is a non-denominational organization, and we have done no proselyting," ~~he answered,"~~ he answered. "But we are Mormons, and we explain our religion when we are asked about it." I had to bite my tongue to keep from reminding him that his predecessors had done their proselyting with a sword.

We left with heaviness in our hearts, thinking. The prophecies of the Book of Mormon were becoming more and more real to us, especially about the need for nursing fathers and mothers. The people here were humble children, with the depth and beauty of children, but with their weaknesses and needs also. They had been spiritually and racially and economically oppressed for so many centuries that they had lost the vision of their own worth and potential.

Men who had been treated for centuries as beasts of burden thought of themselves as nothing more than submissive animals. I remembered how I had watched Indians bow and apologize to someone in authority, all the time knowing that the authority was to blame for the problem. How could these people change without education? Families in colorful costumes growing corn next to adobe huts looked good to sociology students, but the beauty and the simplicity end where inferior feelings and the lack of vision and hope start. How could they change without equal opportunitites to learn and gain skills and then reevaluate themselves?

Ayuda had come to help. It offered free adult education classes that included reading and writing and arithmetic, and when there were qualified teachers, general and vocational education in farming, carpentry, cooking, etc. It also operated nine pre-schools to teach young Indian children Spanish, to give them CARE milk, and to help remove fears and direct them toward attending the voluntary government primary school.s

However, even though these schools were tuaght by Catholic students from the Ayuda junior high in exchange for free tuition, the attendance was falling down. The Catholics claimed that somehow we were teaching Mormonism in them, and with this excuse, forbid people from attending.

I wondered what power the priest actually had over the clinic. It was true that the load had fallen down in the spring. When Ayuda opened the clinic in 195 , it had been the only medical help available to people in an area of fifty miles in almost every direction, including four major towns and many smaller ones, and extending far back into the jungles. Then, almost simultaneously last spring, various medical facilities, including government sponsored nurses, opened in three of the towns. Naturally the clinic load had fallen, but it had been building slowly back up ever since.

The clinic was the focal point of our relationship with the people. Though it would take years for people to see the fruits of education, a penicillin shot to patients with no antibodies almost always produced a miracle within twenty-four hours. It served the people by diminishing somewhat the fifty percent mortality of their children, and much of their suffering and pain, but it solved no fundamental long range problems. But it was the clinic that built and kept and demonstrated much of the faith that the people had in us.

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However, even though these schools were taught by Catholic students from the Guyuda junior high, in exchange for free tuition, the attendance was falling down. The Catholics felt that somehow we were forcing Protestantism in them, and with this excuse, forbid people from attending.

I wondered what power had spoken actually had over the clinic. It was true that the load had fallen down in the spring. When Guyuda opened the clinic in 1953, it had been the only medical help available to people in an area of fifty miles in almost every direction, including four major towns and many smaller ones, and extending far back into the hinterlands. Then, almost simultaneously last spring, various medical facilities, including government sponsored nurses, opened in three of the towns. Naturally the clinic load had fallen, but it had been building slowly back up over since.

The clinic was the focal point of our relationship with the people. Though it could then vary for people to see the fruits of education, a beginning step to patients with no antibiotics almost always produced a miracle within twenty-four hours. It served the people in diminishing somewhat the fifty percent mortality of their children, and much of their suffering and pain, but it solved no fundamental long range problems. But it was the clinic that built and kept and developed much of the faith that the people had in us.

On Tuesday the mayor called us into his office. The only light in the room came through a small window between his desk and our chairs. It was hard to see him clearly, but between the smiles in his thin face, he would bite his lower lip and watch us closely. "Cunen is going to build an indoor market," he said. Since we are going to build it in the court behind the clinic, we will have to tear down several buildings that are standing there now."

Kim and I looked at each other. Ayuda had always tried hard to maintain the friendship of both the Ladino and Indian people, and the town, in recognizing and supporting us had provided buildings for both the clinic and the central pre-school.

The mayor laid the market blueprint out on his desk. "It will cost $38,500, and the Guatemalan government will pay half," he said. As we read we saw that it was not the Guatemalan government, but the US government that would pay half. If suddenly made us angry, not only that the US would receive no credit, but to think of what $38,500 could mean to these people. What need did they have of an indoor market?

"The only problem," he said, again smiling, "is that we have to tear down the jails. You of course understand how important jails are to the community."

We nodded.

"The only place that we can find to relocate the jails is in the space where the pre-school now stands. We're sorry, but we will have to ask you to vacate the building. Of course," he added quickly, "the clinic can stay there, right where it is." Again he smiled, but ended by biting his lip.

Kim clenched his hands together as he thought. "You know," he finally said, "we use that building not only for the pre-school, but to distribute CARE products, the wheat bank, the latrines, and the fertilizer. What can we do for all of these things?"

The mayor shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

I thought about the pre-school. It was small. In one corner was the wheat bank, from which high protein wheat seeds loaned to farmers had increased their harvests three to four times. CARE products lined the whole side wall. CARE milk, CSM (corn, soy bean flour and milk), flour and oil were given free to children and to nursing and pregnant mothers, and CARE vegetable seeds were given free to any farmer.

Kim shuffled his feet and pushed back a lock of his blond hair. The town owned a lot of property, and he named several places that could house a jail. The mayor shook his head to all of them.

Then Kim turned to me and we spoke in English. "The town took half the pre-school space last year, and the director had to fight for that," he said. "There are many other places that could house a jail. I think that they are testing us to see our reactions."

"I think there are people here who would like to see us leave, except for maybe the clinic." I said. I felt sick inside.

On Tuesday the mayor called us into his office. The only light in the room came through a small window between his desk and our chairs. I was hard to see his clearly, but between the smiles in his calm face, he would bite his lower lip and watch us closely. "When is going to build an indoor market," he said. "Since we are going to build it in the court behind the clinic, we'll have to tear down several buildings that are standing there now."

Juana and I looked at each other. Juana had always tried hard to maintain the friendship of both the Indian and Ladino people, and the town, in recognition and supporting us had provided buildings for both the clinic and the central pre-school.

The mayor laid the marco alberque out on his desk. "It will cost 35,000, and the municipal government will pay half," he said. "As we read we say that it was not the municipal government, but the government that would pay half. It amused, made us angry, not only that the ... would receive no credit, but to think of what 18,000 could mean to these people. What good will it do have of an indoor market?

"The only problem," he said, again smiling, "is that we have to tear down buildings. You of course understand how important jails are to the community."

We nodded.

"The only place that we can find to relocate the jails is in the space where the pre-school now stands. We're sorry, but we will have to ask you to vacate the building. Of course," he added quickly, "the clinic can stay there right where it is." Again he smiled, but ended by picking up his file.

Juana and I looked at each other as we thought. "You know," he finally said, "we need that building not only for the pre-school, but to distribute CARE products, the Mapee book, the lactrines, and the fertilizer. What can we do for all of these things?"

The mayor shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

I thought about the pre-school. It was small. In one corner was the small bank from which their protein meal seeds loaned to farmers and increased their harvests tripled to four times. CARE products filled the wholesale shelves. Corn meal (corn, soy bean flour and milk), flour and oil were given free to children and to nursing and pregnant mothers, and CARE vegetable seeds were given free to any farmer.

He shuffled his feet and pushed back a lock of his blond hair. The town owned a lot of property, and he knew several places that would house a jail. The mayor spoke, his head to all of us.

Then his turned to me and we spoke in English. "The town took half the pre-school space last year, and the director had to fight for that," he said. "There are many other places that could house a jail. I think that they are testing us to see our reaction."

"I think there are people here who would like to see us leave," I said. I felt sick inside.

"Do you think that the clinic is strong enough that we can call a bluff with it?" he asked. Somehow we both knew that we would have to try. Either Ayuda's dreams and goals would have to progress forward, or we might as well quit.

Kim stood up and looked at the mayor. "We are here to help all the people in Cunen, and not just with the clinic," he said. The mayor stood up and walked over close to us. "Maybe the people of Cunen do not want our projects and it would be better if Ayuda moved to another town where we are wanted. The people of Cotzal have wanted us to come there for many years."

The mayor shifted uneasily. He knew that this was true. The most serious patients that came to the clinic walked for eight hours up and over the mountain, and we saw many of them.

"Ayuda is here to help in many ways, especially with education," Kim said. "If a town does not want to accept it is better that we close down, and find a people who want us. Starting with next Monday, we will close the clinic and all the schools."

We walked back to the house without talking much. The clinic personnel had agreed that it was time to let the people of Cunen stand up and be counted, but we all felt a heaviness come over us. It was as if light did not penetrate the air, and there was a thickness all around us. It might end up that the people did not want us, at least those who had any power. Our program was a dangerous one. The education of the Indians would eventually overturn the whole setup of Guatemalan society, and those in power knew it. But where would we be if we quit now? It was so hard to make decisions and be responsible to a board of directors thousands of miles away. What would be their support?

That afternoon we talked to Don Jamie, the junior high school principal. "And so on Monday there will be no school," Kim said.

Don Jamie shook his head. Then he started to laugh. He was more stockly built than most Guatemalans, and his black hair set off a gentle softness in his face. "Fools," he said. "In other towns they tear down jails to build schools, but here they tear down schools to build jails."

Kim and I looked at each other, and then we laughed. No one had turned on a light, but somehow the air was clearer and softer. It was good to be here working.

"This is what happens when a few men think they can run the town," he said. "I'll talk to the mayor tonight. If I don't get anywhere, I'll call a meeting of the parents of the junior high students. After that, we could call a meeting of the whole town."

We left town the next day to get supplies and to leave the people on their own. We were careful not to tell anyone else about the problem.

As soon as we arrived back on Saturday afternoon, the town secretary knocked on our door. He was a short man, friendly and helpful, and we had always been close to him. "It is all settled," he said. "We are grateful for the contributions of project Ayuda in our town, and we want you to stay. The jail is going to be moved somewhere else." A meeting with the mayor, Don Jamie, and a few other town officials had solved the problem.

All that night, however, people knocked on our door, and the door of Sister Jepson, the nurse. They were organizing a town meeting, they said. They wanted the mayor to know that they wanted Ayuda here. We thanked them, and explained that it was not necessary. The problem had been solved. But still they came: bent old men dressed in white, mothers who were sending up into the mountains for their sons, and women, Ladinos, who embraced and kissed me on the cheek.

The next day immediately after church, a delegation from the town escorted us down to the town hall. Many people were standing on the veranda, pressing to get nearer to the mayor's room. They opened up and let us pass through, smiling, reaching out to touch us, trying to talk as we passed. As we entered the office, Kim and I looked at each other. It seemed strange to be involved in such a big stir.

There was a glow that came from the people crowded together under the one hanging electric bulb. The Ladinos were there, dressed in their best clothes. Many Indians were there, packed together at the back. We were given chairs at the front of the room. As the mayor explained what had happened, I looked out over the crowd. I looked into the face of the woman whose baby had been delivered breech in the clinic, and I remembered her tears when it lived--after three previous ones had died. I looked at the man whose head and face had been badly cut in a machete fight, and I remembered his pain and the blood and the stiches. I looked at the children the mothers held in their arms and strapped to their backs, and I thought of how they screamed and kicked when they were given worm medicine to drink. I thought of all the sore throats and pneumonia, the infected wounds and the parasites, the abscesses and internal infections, and the nutrition starving children that had passed through the clinic. I noticed how many junior high students and their families were there, and I smiled at a lady who had learned to read in the evening classes. Back in the corner stood some farmers who grew vegetables and wheat, sometimes with fertilizer.

Love settled into my heart for these people, a love deeper and stronger than I had ever felt for them before. I smiled at my brother and we suddenly felt close together. We were filled with feelings of thanksgiving for the gospel and our knowledge of the Lord's promises to these people. We were filled with thanksgiving for those who had founded Ayuda, and for those who had served before us and organized the programs, and for all those who were working to make it possible for us to be there.

It grew very quiet, and Kim got up to speak. "It is a privilege for us to be here," he said. "Not just today, but to live here in your town and to be a part of the progress of Cunen. Ayuda has not come here to stay forever, but to make a start. Ayuda has come here with a desire to help you, with some skills and some money to teach you how to make your own community better.

"It is true that the clinic has served you, but the schools also serve you. They are here that your children may learn to be the doctors and the teachers and the educated farmers to serve your own people, that you may be a part of the progress of your whole nation.

All that night, however, people knocked on our door, and the door of sister Jepson, the nurse. They were organizing a town meeting, they said. They wanted the mayor to know that they wanted Yuma here. We thanked them, and explained that it was not necessary. The problem had been solved. But still they came; bent old men dressed in white, mothers who were sending up into the mountains for their sons, and women, the Indians, who embraced and kissed me on the cheek.

The next day immediately after church, a delegation from the town escorted us down to the town hall. Many people were standing on the veranda, crowding to get nearer to the mayor's room. They opened up and let us pass through, smiling, reaching out to touch us, trying to talk as we passed. As we entered the office, Alma and I looked at each other. It seemed strange to be involved in such a sister.

There was a glow that came from the people crowded together under the one lamp in electric dark. The Indians were there, dressed in their best clothes. Many Indians were there, packed together at the back. As the mayor explained what had happened, I looked out over the crowd. I looked into the face of the woman whose baby had been delivered there in the clinic, and I remembered her tears when it lived after three previous ones had died. I looked at the man whose head and face had been badly cut in a mine cave-in, and I remembered his pain and the blood and the darkness. I looked at the children, the mothers held in their arms and clamped to their backs, and I thought of how they screamed and kicked when they were given some medicine to drink. I thought of all the sore throats and pneumonia, the infected wounds and the parasites, the measles and intestinal infections, and the malnutrition starving children that had passed through the clinic. I noticed the many junior high students and their families were there, and I smiled at a lady who had learned to read in the evening classes. Back in the corner stood some fruitcrates the new vegetables and women, sometimes with fertilizer.

Love settled into my heart for these people, a love deeper and stronger than I had ever felt for them before. I smiled at my doctor and we suddenly felt close together. We were filled with feelings of thankfulness for the gospel and our knowledge of the Lord's promises to these people. We were filled with thanksgiving for those who had founded Yuma, and for those who had served before us and organized the program, and for all those who were now the to make it possible for us to be there.

It was very quiet, and I got up to go. It is a privilege for me to be here, I said. Not just today, but to live here in your town and to be a part of the program of change. Yuma has not come here to stay forever, but to make a start. Yuma has come here with a desire to help you, with some skills and some money to teach you how to make your own community better.

It is true that the clinic has served, but the schools also serve you. They are there that your children may learn to be the doctors and the teachers and the educated farmers to serve your own people, that you may be a part of the program of your whole nation.

"It is the goal of Ayuda to someday leave here and go to other towns and start our projects there. We hope that very soon you will be able to join with us as a town to financially support the school, and that you will encourage and help each other to take advantage of all the programs of Ayuda that might help you and your children.

"There may be people, or organizations, or religions here in Cunen who would like to destroy us. Perhaps they will be able to, but it will not be our fault. We have come here with nothing but a desire to serve you."

There was silence in the room as he looked around.

"The clinic and the schools will all stay open," he said.

After the people had stopped cheering and aplauding, they formed themselves into committees. One committee was in charge of investigating all the possibilities of the town and the national government taking over and supporting the junior high. Another committee was to investigate the market--its location, its size, and the questionable need for it and its huge expense. And before they left, all the people there waited to sign the document of the proceedings of the meeting. Most of them signed with an X.

As we shook hands with the Mormon family, we smiled. It would be hard, and it would take a lot of time, but was there anything that could, in the end, stop the progress of the chosen people of God?

PAT AND KIM WADE.

It is the goal of Ayuda to someday leave here and go to other towns and start our projects there. We hope that very soon you will be able to join with us as a team to financially support the school, and that you will encourage and help each other to take advantage of all the programs of Ayuda that might help you and your children.

There may be people, or organizations, or religions here in Cuenca who would like to destroy us. Perhaps they will be able to, but it will not be our fault. We have come here with nothing but a desire to serve you.

There was silence in the room as he looked around.

"The clinic and the schools will all stay open," he said.

After the people had stopped cheering and applauding, they formed themselves into committees. One committee was in charge of investigating all the possibilities of the town and the national government taking over and supporting the junior high. Another committee was to investigate the market-the location, its size, and the questionable need for it and its huge expense. And before they left, all the people there called to sign the document of the proceedings of the meeting. Most of them signed with an X.

As we shook hands with the German family, we smiled. It would be hard, and it would take a lot of time, but was there anything that could, in the end, stop the program of the chosen people of God?

You Have a Beautiful Daughter

Even though Sister Dorothy Jepson was in a hurry, she noticed that six year old Juan Lux had never been to the clinic before. The way he walked close to his father's legs, and the way his large brown eyes blinked as he looked around told her.

The clinic wasn't much by American standards, but it was to people who lived in one room adobe huts. The light from the tiny window shone on the stethoscope and the blood pressure gague that hung from nails on the yellow painted walls. The shelves of medicines, the sink that drained into a bucket underneath it, and the green vinyl cover over the wooden examining table all made Sister Jepson smile as she tried to see them through the eyes of the little boy.

Sister Jepson looked at the father. There was something familiar about people from Cotzal, especially from the tiny suburb of Kakixe. Barefooted like most ~~of them~~ Indians, his shirt speckled with the holes from washing on river rocks, his pants covered with layer s of green and brown patches, there was also something different about him. He was clean, not only his clothes but his skin.

Sister Jepson looked carefully down at Juan. He sat just as clean and still as his father as he smiled up at her. She grinned ~~down~~ at him. "What's the matter with Juan?" she asked as she leaned against the table to write down his history.

"He doesn't eat well," the father said.

Cotzal patients walked for eight hours up and over the mountain to reach the clinic, and they usually only came when they were gravely ill. However, all that she and Lucas, the native paramedic trainee, could find wrong with Juan was worms, a slightly red throat, and a little fever. Sister Jepson was so surprised that she leaned back on the table and stared at the father. She felt a good familiar spirit about him as he smiled back at her.

She sighed as Lucas brought in the medicine. She wished that somehow she could have time to talk to this man, to find out why he had come. However, the waiting room was full. "Next," she called as she listened ~~THE~~ to the end of Luca's Quiche translation of her instructions.

"Wait," I have something to show you," the father said, and he walked quickly back to the waiting room. Dorothy felt a little irritated. It was getting late, and there were still many patients waiting. He came back in carrying a plump four year old girl and sat her on the chair. Even though Sister Jepson was tired, she had to smile. "This is Rosa," the father said.

Rosa was one of the cutest girls that Sister Jepson had ever seen. Being clean helped, and her long black hair combed straight out to the elbows sparkled as much as her big brown eyes. She just sat there, looking straight at Sister Jepson and smiling. Finally Sister Jepson walked over and patted her on the head.

Even Young Sister Dorothy Jepson was in a hurry, she noticed that six year old Juan-Lux had never been to the clinic before. The way he walked close to his father's legs, and the way his large brown eyes blinked as he looked around told her.

The clinic wasn't much by American standards, but it was to people who lived in one room adobe huts. The light from the tin window above on the stethoscope and the blood pressure gauge came from small on the yellow painted walls. The shelves of medicines, the stuff that drained into a bucket underneath it, and the greenish vinyl cover over the wooden examining table made Sister Jepson smile as she tried to see them through the eyes of the little boy.

Sister Jepson looked at the father. Here the somewhat irritating young people from Texas, especially from the tiny backwater of Alto, Pocotoco like most [illegible] ! His entire upper lip was black from smoking on river roots, his arms covered with layers of grime and brown patches, there was also something different about him. He was clean, not only his clothes but his skin.

Sister Jepson looked at Juan-Lux. He was just as clean and still as his father as he smiled up at her. She grinned back at the matter-of-fact "Juan" who asked as she learned another Tzeltal word to write down in her history.

"Jesus t'ot yoil," the father said.

Several patients waited for eight hours up and over the mountain to reach the clinic, and they usually brought some kind of cavity ill. So every all that Sister and Juan, the native paramedic trainee, could find was rotten tooth was gone, a gill infected throat, and a little fever. Sister Jepson was so pleased that the Indian smiled on and stared at the father. She felt a good familiar spirit about him as he smiled at her.

The Indian's Lucas brought in the medicine. He stared but Jepson knew and could never bear to talk to that man, to find out why he had come. Moreover, the waiting room was full. Next, she called on and listened till the end of Lucas' Indian translation of her instruction.

"Wait. I have something to show you," the father said, and he walked quickly back to the waiting room. Dorothy felt a little irritated. It was getting late, and there were still many patients waiting. He came back in carry among about four year-old girl and sat her on the chair. Even Young Sister Jepson was tired, she had to smile. "This is Rosa," the father said.

Rosa was one of the cutest girls that Sister Jepson had ever seen. Long dark hair down her long black hair combed straight out to the sides. Her eyes looked as deep as her dark eyes. Some hair there, looking straight at Sister Jepson and smiling. Finally, Sister Jepson looked over and noticed her on the mama.

"You have a beautiful daughter," she said to the father. Then she turned again to call in the next patient.

"You don't remember us, do you," he asked. Sister Jepson turned and looked carefully again at him. He did seem familiar, but after working here for two years, she wondered how it would be possible to remember everyone. Lucas went to get Rosa's history.

"No, I don't," she said. "I see many people."

He nodded. "You had just started working here," he said, "when we came. Rosa was about to die."

Sister Jepson looked at Rosa, her smile and the long black hair around her shoulders, and them back to the father. Suddenly she remembered. She took the history and read it, remembering back.

It was just after the responsibility of the clinic had first been dumped on her shoulders and she had wanted to run away and have no part of it. It was just after the needs of the people had descended upon her and she felt the heaviness until she could hardly breathe. It was just after she had received the assurance from her Father in Heaven that He would always be there to direct. And so she had stayed to work in the clinic.

Sister Jepson remembered her horror that day when she opened up the filthy red shawl. Two and a half year old Rosa weighed only eight pounds, and she was too weak to even move. It was routine to see babies so thin that their bones showed, but spinal and pelvic bones in Rosa's back stuck out like contorted growths. He hair had fallen out from lack of protein. Indian superstition held out strongly against bathing, especially in sickness, and the filth pealing off Rosa silently showed that she had probably never had a bath in her life.

Sister Jepson turned and attacked the father. "How could you let a daughter get this bad?" she asked angrily, not waiting for any answers. "Why do you wait until she is almost dead to bring her here? How could you let her get this way? Don't you know that she is starving--probably the only thing wrong is that she needs food? Why don't you give her a bath? Do you think living in filth like this will help her get better?"

Sister Jepson turned away because she could not bear to see the pain in his eyes as his whole body tensed up in sorrow. He did not answer her, but Sister Jepson knew the answers, and she wanted to scream and fight and vomit all at the same time. Either the mother did not produce milk, or else a younger brother or sister had pushed Rosa out of nursing. There was probably no animal milk available in Cotzal for any price. The father had probably taken his daughter to the witch doctor for treatment, and only come to the clinic as a last resort when they had failed. As she looked back at Rosa, she wondered if she herself would bathe her children if she had been indoctrinated from birth with the traditions against it. Her crying inside came out in a deep sigh.

Rosa had a hemoglobin count of three, and an infection in her ears and throat. For the hundredth time that week, Sister Jepson gave a prayer of thanks for penicillin. She felt the joy of the title "miracle drug", because she knew its power over germs and people unspoiled by its misuse. Since Rosa's veins had collapsed, it was impossible for Sister Jepson to give an intravenous feeding, even in the head. She injected the muscles with liquid, vitamins and iron, and Lucas taught the father how to feed Rosa with a nose dropper.

Rosa was too weak to cry, but she whimpered to be left alone and closed her teeth to keep the dropper out. They pushed down her chin and entered from the side to drop the milk far back on her dried out tongue. She couldn't swallow, and the liquid drained down her throat.

If this girl lives," Sister Jepson said to the father,"it will take time. You will have to leave her here for at least two weeks."

She watched him whince, then breathe deeply, thinking. If he were not in Cotzal attending his corn, the rest of his family would also starve. And at twenty-five cents a day for care in the clinic, it would cost him about three dollars. He looked up at her, square in the eye. "All right," he said. "We will stay."

It took three changes of bath water to get Rosa clean, and Sister Jepson made the father help. He moved as if he were frightened, but when they finished he held his daughter and smiled.

Lucas and the father stayed up all night with the baby, feeding and counting the droppers. With Rosa's need so great, too much protein could make her sick and vomit, and this, once started, would be very difficult to stop. By the second day, Rosa still whimpered, but whe opened her mouth to the gradually increasing feedings of milk.

On the third day, Sister Jepson was sitting on the straw mattress when Rosa opened her eyes and looked at her. She stopped whimpering and purposefully swallowed the milk. The father looked at Sister Jepson and smiled. Somehow they both knew then, together, that Rosa would live.

After two weeks, Sister Jepson was afraid to see Rosa go. Away from the care and the supplies of the clinic, it would be easy for her to slip into the same condition. "Rosa cannot live without food," she explained again to the father. "She has to have protein. She needs milk, and two eggs a week. She also needs oranges and other fruits."

"She will get them," promised the father.

Sister Jepson sighed. Where would a man as poor as he get milk and eggs? Before they left, she gave him three large bottles of liquid vitamins and iron, and five gallon cans of "Prosobe" milk-like protein formula, and some powdered milk. "If you are careful with this," she said, "it should last you several months. Don't let anyone else in the family eat this--it is only for Rosa."

"Yes," he repeated. "It is only for Rosa. And I will go to the finca and earn money for more," he said. "And for eggs."

Sister Jepson looked up from the history and into the father's face. She remembered that same sweet smile. Only now it was full of pride.

"I did what you said," he said. "I went to the finca to earn money, and we fed Rosa eggs twice a week. I saved that milk. We gave Rosa only one cup a day, and it lasted for six months. And we bathed her often."

Sister Jepson looked down at Rosa. She was still looking at her and smiling.

"We told all our neighbors about what happened," he said. "They all said that it was a miracle. And we brought Juan over here when he just started to get sick. I remember how angry you were the last time."

Sister Jepson started to laugh quietly to herself. She reached down and picked Rosa up and set her on her lap. As she looked at the girl, she remembered all the patients who had come from Kakixé, that same tiny suburb of Cotzal. She fingered the long black hair, and then she tucked Rosa's head under her chin.

"Rosa is your daugher," the father said as the tears dripped down his cheeks.

Sister Jepson turned and looked at Lucas, and he also was crying. Then she turned and tried to look clearly at the father, to tell him how glad she was, and how beautiful Rosa was, but she couldn't see through the tears that flowed down her face.

CHAPTER TWELVE

NURSING MOTHERS AND FATHERS

"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."

Sister Royline Torngrin and Gislaine Martin teaching the Indians of Patzun, Guatemala, the principles of proper nutrition.

Gideon Martin

Regina Jeffery

Elder Mario Salazar, a native Guatamalan, helps construct a new school house and then teaches the children of Patzicia how to read write, and do arithmatic. The children and parents also helped build the adobe building they called "Mormones" The modern chapel stands in the background build largely by the members.

Elder David Daines is baptizing Anacilis Per in the Patzicia font. Elder Richard Anderson, top center acts as witness. Elder Julio Salisar in white shirt was called to labor in the Indian mission soon afterwards. He is a citizen of Guatemala and brother of Mario Salazar, Marioconvinced the members of the Patzicia branch that their children should go to school and was instrumental in teaching the children of Patzicia to read and write Spanish.

Here Elder Daines recives a bag of choreque seed from Antonio Silvestre, a World Neighbors Representative and a direct descendent from the Maya. This seed will be planted in the Patzicia corn fields to provide green leaf protein for both the Indians and their animals, thus improving both diet and income.

Anacelia
Pier Ellerman

Sisters María Adelita Zuniga, left, and Ilene Draper gather green vegetables from the cooperative garden in Patzicia to teach the memebers how to cook and prepare them. This is the first time the members in Patzicia have ever eaten brocolli and they loved it.

Elder David Madson, explains to a Maya shepherd boy that his sheep need to be treated for internal parasites. Elder Madson teaches proper animal husbandry to the Patzicia Indians and has brought in many investigators. In the evenings, he and his companion teaches the Gospel.

Elder Garcia, learned carpentry from his father and found real satisfaction in teaching the Indians of Patzicia how to use power tools and make doors, windows and furniture to beautify their homes and increase their income.

Elder Jorden Rasmussen, veterinarian, delivers a bull calf after a difficult birth. This calf, later in the year, won grand champion at the Chemaltenango Fair in Guatemala. The Patzicia members took great pride in their new animals introduced by the agriculture missionaries.

Elder Dan Noorlander massages to colen of a horse the Indian thought was going to die. The horse had compaction . Good massage and a dose of salts got the horse up to the astonishment of the Indians standing around.

Later, sister John Boyden takes notes from Elder Noorlander and his plea to see if she could arrange to ship some goats to Patzicia from the Unites States. A few months later the goats arrived to furnish milk for the malnourished members. Sister John O'Donnal also takes notes.

JUNE 1973

Elder Mario Salazar towers the members of the Patzicia cooperative who were formed as a branch priesthood agriculture group to improve their economic and nutritional problems. The talents and work of Elder Salazar was indispensable in providing assistance to agriculture missionaries. ~~Pm. and Sister Daniel Noorlander~~

Eddie Schlozer + June, 1973
Co-Op members
Patricia

Irnefried F. Harder, right, Guatemala Representative of Heifer Project International, talks to agriculture missionary Elder Dan Noorlander concerning a shipment of sheep that had just arrived in Patzun to improve the living conditions of the Patzun Branch. Mr. Harder was a former prisoner of war in Russia and has devoted his life helping thoes who are in need.

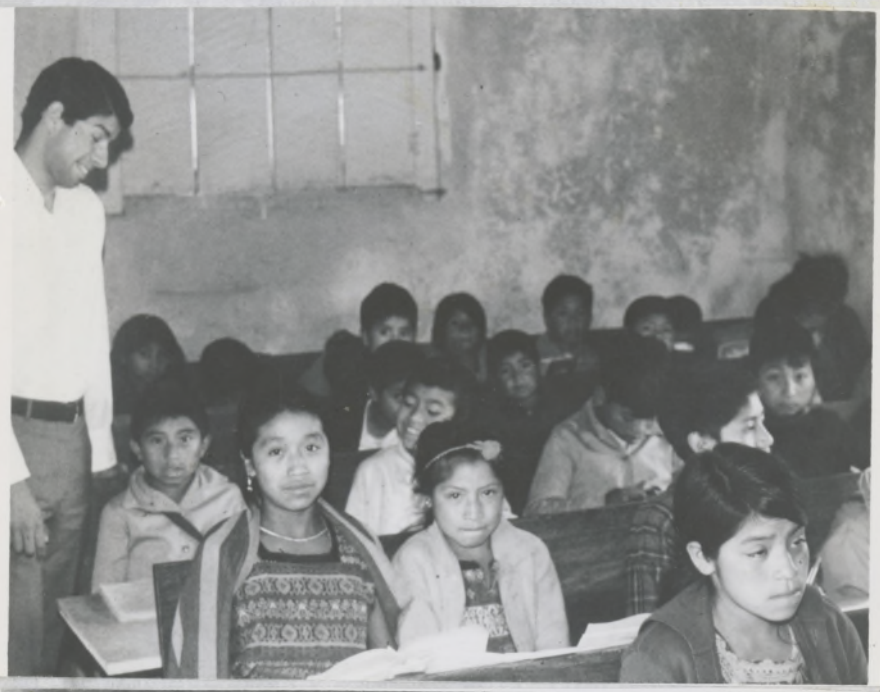
The purebred sheep Mr. Harder was responsible for importing. The sheep graze on the Patzicia Branch lawn so the grass will not be waisted. Br. Abraham Roche herds the sheep.

of Jose Roche
The new home is a vast improvement over the home he lived in as a child. Elder Lorin P. McRay towers over parents of Jose Roche when Jose was just a child standing under his mother.

Bill Leopold, a Catholic volunteer missionary and manager of the Catholic Mission in St. Lucas Atitlan digs in compost that will be used to improve soil. The Catholic and Mormon agriculture missionaries helped each other in many exchanges of problem solving ideas and efforts which resulted in a warm and rewarding friendship.

Below, Bill Leopold, far right, tells Patzicia Branch members to take the pick of his fine bred sows. Father Gregory Schaffer, who heads the mission, walked 3,225 miles from St. Paul, Minnisota to Guatemala to dramatize the plight of the Guatemala Indians. Father Gregory, although having suffered several heart attacks, is driven by a great desire to help the Indians of Guatemala.

Elder Daines, Antonio Silvestre of World Neighbors, and Bill Leopold



Elder Mario Salazar was responsible for the educational training at the Escuela Mormon adjacent the Patzicia branch. Elder Salazar and the children constructed the small school out of adobe brick. The children were eager to learn and were good students. Many of the children in the picture can now read and write Spanish.

Elder Salazar talks to Cordell Anderson overlooking Brother Andersons's fine herd of cattle. Brother Anderson and his wife, Marie, have made great sacrifices to train, heal and feed hundreds of very poor Indian families near Cobán, Guatemala.

Dr. John Clark injects an Indian in Cunen, Guatemala in the Ayuda Clinic run by L.D.S. members. Sister Dorothy Jepson, takes over doctors responsibilities in absence of doctors. Thousands of patents visit the clinic every year because there is no medical help in Cunen. Kim and Pat Wade, brother and sister volunteers for Ayuda, administrated the program in Cunen. Kim, later, became a missionary and was sent to Peru.