

NEW TRIBES MISSION

NTM@work

your connection with tribal missions



how in the world
did i get here? page 16

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How in the world...?

Missionaries share the journey of faith that took them from the familiar world of home to some of the most remote places on earth.

16 I wanted to be a part of that.

22 It just seemed natural.

26 Follow your heart, Maxine.

 **Online** ntm.org/magazine

- < Watch video of Stephen Crockett talking about his journey to the mission field.
- < Listen to Bill Hart's account of how God led him into missions.
- < Read online exclusive stories of missionaries who serve in the USA and Indonesia.

NTM@work

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[connect]

banana tree spirits

Taweta the witchdoctor called all the young men to his mountain village to hear his teaching. “The spirits of the banana trees told me in a dream that God has appointed me as the savior of the Hewa people. I have even been given power over death.”

The Hewas, like numerous other tribes across Papua New Guinea, have entrusted their spiritual well-being to local witchdoctors empowered by various spirits.

And even when missionaries came to tell the Hewas about the One True God, Taweta remained convinced that it was God who had given him the power of the banana tree spirits. He even said, “From now till the day I die, I will not go to your Bible teaching. And when I do die, I will happily go to God’s judgment fire.”

So as the missionaries taught chronologically through the Bible in one village, Taweta taught his banana spirit witchcraft in the other.

Hear more stories like this: ntm.org/magazine



“ I am old and the work that is happening here is so great.

It will be many years before the work of the Gospel will be finished in our tribe. And I do not know if my eyes will wait that long. My brother is already blind and my eyes are getting worse. I would like to have a small book with the Words of God so I could read it with my own eyes before I cannot see it at all any more. I have already appointed my sons and daughters and told them that their work will be to read to me the Words of God before I die. ”

— Thomas, Yembiyembi tribe, Papua New Guinea



hmm...

Why are there five syllables in the word "monosyllabic"?



quicklook

The **Simba Guarani** in **Bolivia** have very different beliefs about God and the world. They believe that the earth sits on the back of two frogs. They also believe that rainbows are actually big snakes in disguise and that if a pregnant woman looks at a rainbow, she will give birth to snakes. They have no concept of the God of the Bible or Christ who forgives their sins.

— *Jenny Lowery, Paraguay*

*pray

The layout for the Lauje New Testament was recently completed and missionaries Barrie and Cherri Williamson have been proofreading 1,196 pages. Plans are shaping up to have the New Testament printed in Jakarta. Please pray that Barrie and Cherri will be alert to catch any changes that need to be made.

Pray Daily:
ntm.org/magazine



Robert and Cirena Smith



Philippines

Children: Sheila Marie
Ministry: Church planting
Sending church: Pacific Coast Church, San Clemente, California

Cirena came to know Christ as Savior in 1981 while living in Juneau, Alaska. She and her first husband sold their home in 1982 and moved to the Philippines to plant churches. She was widowed in 1989.

Robert became a follower of Christ in 1990 and God stirred his heart for missions. Cirena and Robert met in California in 1992 and married in 1995. Robert graduated from Biola University in 2001.

In 2002 they were accepted to serve with New Tribes Missions as associates in the Philippines, and spent two years overseeing the mission guest home, supply buying and bookkeeping. "Though difficult at times, this proved to be a great time of spiritual growth for both of us and our passion for missions only grew."

They graduated from NTM's Missionary Training Center in 2008, and "are grateful for the privilege of again serving in the Philippines. We look forward to all the Lord has in store for us."

ntm.org/robert_smith



photo by Mariah Crockett

Nice skirt, Carolyn.

Missionary Carolyn Crockett was washing clothes on her back porch when Daokabatu approached. “Oh friend,” the Moi woman said, “I love your new skirt.” Carolyn’s “new skirt” happened to be her dirty mop hanging off the edge of the porch. The mop head was similar to the stringy skirts the Moi women wear. The two women enjoyed a good laugh together. “I love their refreshing laughter,” Carolyn wrote. “Truly good medicine.”

Prayer

is the life of missions.

Continual, believing

prayer is the secret

of vitality

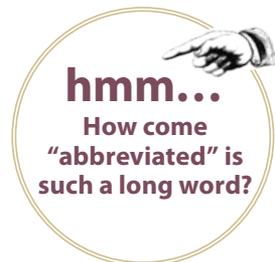
and fruitfulness

in mission work. ”

— Andrew Murray

quicklook

In the Malinke language the letters H or F are interchangeable. The name Falayi might also be said Halaye. Most words that begin with F or H can begin with either letter. One of the most unusual things about the interchange is that most Malinkes don’t recognize a difference in pronunciation. If you ask them which way is correct, they’ll tell you, “Either one.”



I don't think so.

During an oral Spanish exam I had to describe how to make cinnamon rolls. I was telling the teacher that you first mix up the ingredients and then you put the dough in a bowl and cover it with a towel and then let it breastfeed for one hour. (The word for "rise" is *agrandarse* while the word for "breastfeed" is *amamantarse*). You should have seen his face.

— *Rebecca Beachy, Mexico*

Try Brazilian Torta!

Don't have anything to make for lunch today?

Experiment with this super-easy Brazilian Torta recipe. All you need is a few basic ingredients and a blender.

Ingredients:

2 eggs
1 cup oil (I usually put less)
1 cup milk
10 T. flour
1/2 cup shredded cheese (Brazilians usually use parmesan, the kind in the shaker, but any kind fresh would probably be better)
1 T. baking powder
Salt to your liking



Filling:

The filling can be whatever you have on hand — shredded chicken, ground beef, bacon, ham, cheese, veggies. Be creative and use up some leftovers!

Directions:

Blend all ingredients in a blender until batter is well mixed. Put half of batter in a greased deep pie pan or 8x8 type pan. Put your filling on top and cover with the other half of the batter. Cook in the oven at 350 about 30-45 min. (until you can poke it with a tooth pick and pull it out clean).

Hope you enjoy!

Rachel Nunez, Brazil

Anthony and Emilie Marzett

connect with...



Thailand

Children: Zeal, Danté and Kobe

Ministry: Church planting

Sending church: Riverpark Bible Church, Fresno, California

"We both came to the Lord at an early age and served on short-term mission trips to Mexico and Australia. Several months after we were married in 2004, the Lord put it on our hearts to read through His Word, through that we realized we had a place in God's story, not just to be saved through Jesus Christ, but to join the many who have gone before us in proclaiming the Good News of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth. By the time we got to Acts and Romans, it's as if God paused what He was doing for a moment, turned around and looked at us and said, 'Want to come along?' A few months later, we were in training with NTM. This took place in 2005, and now we're in 2010, ready to join the Lord in Thailand this summer."

ntm.org/anthony_marzett

Anyone for an *anticucho*?

My friend Jenny asked me if I had tried *anticuchos* yet. I said, no, but I really want to try them sometime. She said, “Well, let me take you to the Islas!” (The Islas is a bunch of tiny food stands that open up in the evening, all lined up on one side of the street about three blocks from our home.)

So off I go with Jenny, walking down to the Islas. As soon as we got near the place, there were several ladies and girls calling out to us to try to get us to come to their stand. There were a bunch of tiny tables set out with different colors of tablecloths. If you sat at the table with the pink tablecloths, those belonged to the first stand. The green tablecloths belonged to the next food stand, and so on.

Jenny chose the first one since she had been there before. The lady came over and Jenny told her we each wanted two *anticuchos* with yucca on the side. In a matter of about five minutes, out came our plates. We each had two bicycle spokes— yes, bicycle spokes with thinly sliced cow heart on them and a glob of boiled yucca. They looked kind of like a “shishkabob wannabe.”

No silverware was served, and Jenny said you just ate with your fingers. Well, I guess it isn’t any worse than eating burgers and fries with our hands, just a bit more messy. So I dug in. Like the brave missionary lady that I think I am (actually crazy is more like it), I finished most of my food except for a small glob of sticky yucca. When we paid the bill my plate came to just over \$1.

Later on, when I was telling my Spanish teacher about it, I asked her if they always serve *anticuchos* on a bicycle spoke. She said, “What else would they use? Good question. Duh!”

— *Diana Brown, Bolivia*

“This message is not like anything that has come before. When you hear this message for yourself, your thinking will completely flip over as mine has. Before we have heard bits and pieces of God’s Word, however now we clearly see what God’s message has been for us and our stomachs [hearts] are overjoyed.

— *Sesi, Mibu tribe, Papua New Guinea*

'Is it possible? A God that loves me?'

"I only listened to the outsiders' teachings from a distance because everyone else in the village was there," Nugara explained. "I didn't want to hear the Bible lessons because they go against what our Bagwido elders have taught us. We've always believed that animals and trees and stones have spirits inside of them, and we have to keep them happy, or we'll get sick and maybe even die.

"But the outsiders talk about a Papa God. A God that created everything. A God that is bigger than all the other spirits. They even say that Papa God loves us.

How can that be? We've never heard of a spirit like this. Is it even possible? A God that loves me?"

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photo by Jack Housley

A SPECIAL HANDSHAKE

The Lingbati people have a special handshake they use when meeting someone on a dark trail at night. They start with a standard handshake but finish it with putting their middle finger and thumbs together and snapping fingers together. By using the special handshake the Lingbatis are able to tell whether they are meeting a friend or foe. One shake tells it all. Only those from Lingbati know the handshake.

—*Ace and Betty Draper, Papua New Guinea*

Jay and Briana Stokes



connect with...

Children: Eden

Ministry: Church planting

Sending churches: First Baptist Church of Upper Burrell, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; New Life Bible Fellowship, Oley, Pennsylvania

When Jay and Briana realized how blessed they were to be born in America, they also realized that even if they chose to reject Christ, there are numerous opportunities to hear the Gospel message. This brought them to the realization that there were millions around the world who did not have one word of the Bible available and no opportunity to hear the Gospel.

"We realized that we had been commanded to make disciples of all nations and we decided to be full-time missionaries."

ntm.org/jay_stokes

hmm...

Why is "phonetics"
not spelled the way
it sounds?





The Bad Moon

The Palawano people in the Philippines have a period of about six days between the full moon and the last quarter when they consider it a bad time to work. They call this time *bungél*. People work anyway, even though their tribal beliefs forbid it. One woman who was weeding during that time put her machete down to pick something up. Then she stepped on the blade of the machete and cut her foot. The cut wasn't too serious, but as missionaries were caring for her she told them she was injured because she had made a mistake—she wasn't supposed to be working during the bad moon. Later in the day she got sprayed by a skunk, and she was certain she had caused herself a round of bad luck.

—George Olson, *Palawano tribe, Phillippines*

**WE ARE ASKED TO DO AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK,
BUT WE WORK WITH HIM
WHO CAN DO THE IMPOSSIBLE.**

—HUDSON TAYLOR



photo by Dale Stroud

Life is like a ten-speed bicycle.
Most of us have gears we never use.

— Charles M. Schulz

STOP LIGHT ACTIVITY

Street corners in Chihuahua, Mexico, are alive with activity. When stopping for a red light you will be approached by those who are trying to make a few extra pesos. There are window washers and people selling newspapers, fruits, vegetables, pumpkin seeds and popsicles. You may also see someone juggling balls and fiery items, and occasionally the brave soul that will spit fire from his mouth, an especially interesting site at night.

— Ryan and Lisa Worley

* pray

Loron Bible teachers in Ivory Coast are riding new motorcycles that were provided through the generosity of donors from the USA and are reaching into new areas with the gospel. Praise God that the teachers have reliable transportation and pray that their teaching will bring more Lorons to know the Savior.

More opportunities to pray:
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Thomas and Laura Scherer

connect with...



Indonesia

Children: Noah and Emma

Ministry: Church planting

Sending churches: Open Door Baptist Church, Midlothian, Virginia; Cornerstone Community Church, Simi Valley, California

When Thomas was 15 he asked a missionary the question, "So why missions?" The missionary shared that if each believer on earth represents the light of the Gospel, and you were to look at the world from space, you would see places in the world that are glowing bright with opportunity to know the Savior, because of all the believers that lived there. On the other hand you would also see places in the world in total darkness because there is for them not even one believer who can share Christ with them. This illustration is what the Lord used to challenge his heart toward missions.

Laura was also challenged into full time ministry at the age of 15. "I talked it over with my youth pastor's wife, sharing my desire to be a part of ministry. I figured, why not overseas missions? She and her husband had attended New Tribes Bible Institute and she helped me get involved in one of NTM's short-term mission trips. I spent five weeks in Bolivia, and that was the first time it was brought to my attention that there were still people groups on this earth that have never heard the Good News. From then on I was determined to get the training that New Tribes offered and be a part of reaching the lost for Christ."

"It is the simple command of Christ to go and the promise of His faithfulness that continues to motivate our hearts to minister among those that have never heard," said Thomas. "We see it as a privilege and a grace from God that He would include our family in what He is already doing around the world, specifically in Indonesia."

ntm.org/thomas_scherer

oleh-oleh

In Indonesia it is expected that when you travel you will always bring back something special for all your friends, even if you go only a few hours away. The gift you bring back is called *oleh-oleh*, and it can be a small souvenir or food. Everywhere you go on the island of Java there are little shops with *oleh-oleh* signs that sell traditional snacks from that area.

Before going on a trip, missionary Carolyn Rowan's Indonesian friends reminded her that she needed to bring them back *oleh-oleh*. Upon returning home she had a number of them over to share the *oleh-oleh*.

"I brought sago palm crackers and sweet pepper candies from Malaysia, yucca chips, chocolate and fried onions from Palu, and Krispy Kreme doughnuts from the Jakarta airport," she wrote. "I think the doughnuts were the most popular."

—Carolyn Rowan, *Indonesia*

A group of NTM missionaries ready to go to Bolivia in 1949 on the DC3, *Tribesman I*



photo by Ken Johnston



Photo by Daniel Jaeger Vendruscolo

expect the unexpected

Teaching a class of missionaries' kids in Brazil can be atypical and entertaining.

One day when missionary teacher Linda Bailey was teaching they were interrupted when a toucan flew through a glass window. At first, no one knew what was happening as glass flew everywhere and students and teacher ducked for cover. Everyone thought a rock had come through the window, but all were pleasantly surprised to find a toucan flying around the room and eventually landing on the bookcase.

It's not often a large bird pays a visit to class. (The last time it happened in Linda's classroom, a baby parrot fell through the ceiling. That was shortly after a frightened opossum was found hiding in a student's desk.) The toucan eventually made its way back out the window without injury to itself or students.

“A Yanowamo I had just met followed me down a corridor in the hospital, and we talked as we walked along. He said he didn't know if God existed or not. I could hardly believe it! I turned around and looked at him. “Don't you ever look at yourself?” I asked. “Don't you look at your legs, or at your feet, and wonder why they move? Don't you wonder how it is that you walk, and move your arms, and use your hands? That's just because God holds you together and keeps you operating! And you don't know if He exists?”

— A Yanomami believer

*praise

Kuna believers from a village in Panama where three NTM missionaries were taken hostage in 1993 are flourishing and making plans for an outreach to other villages. Please pray for God's direction and provision for them as they take God's Word to others.

More opportunities to pray:
ntm.org/magazine



I was blind but now I see.



by **Chet Plimpton**
General Secretary
NTM USA Executive Board

Every believer can echo this testimony of the man born blind in John 9:25 and of John Newton who penned, “I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.” Like John Newton, we may have regrets because of what we once were, but along with Newton, we can only rejoice in what we are now! We all have a “once I was, but now I am” content to our life story. Once bound in spiritual darkness, hopelessly lost in sin, but now in Christ, redeemed and forgiven. The pressing question is this: “Does my life demonstrate what I am?”

ONCE NOT A PEOPLE, NOW HIS SPECIAL PEOPLE

In 1 Peter 2:9,10 Peter writes, “*But you are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, His own special people, that you may proclaim the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvelous light.*”

Peter is referring to Hosea 2:23, where God revealed His mercy to the Gentiles: “*Then I will say to those who were not My people, ‘You are My people!’ And they shall say, ‘You are my God!’”* Once Gentiles were not called His people, but now those who trust in Christ’s finished work of redemption are called “His own special people.”

What makes us special? We are special not because of our goodness, but because of His grace in giving us the joy of proclaiming His praises to those still in darkness. God’s praises include “that the Lord is gracious” (1 Peter 2:3). In Ephesians 1:6, Paul points to “the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.”

ONCE DARKNESS, NOW HIS LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

In Ephesians 5:8, Paul reminded his readers, “*You were once darkness, but now you are light in the*

Lord. Walk as children of light." The context reveals that around the believers at Ephesus were men and women living in spiritual and moral darkness. The Ephesian Christians didn't have to go far to find an opportunity to beam some light into darkness, nor do we! Paul seemed to be saying, *"You were once like them but not anymore! So don't live like them anymore! Live in such a way that those who rub shoulders with you day after day will see the Lord in your life."*

ONCE HIS ENEMIES, NOW HIS AMBASSADORS

In 2 Corinthians 5:17-20, Paul writes, *"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away."* Notice again the contrast made between what we once were and what we are now. Because God has "reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ," we are now "ambassadors for Christ." Amazingly, this means we are "authorized messengers" of God! We are approved by God to proclaim "the word of reconciliation" to those estranged and alienated from Him.

Missionary training prepares us to effectively communicate God's message cross-culturally, but it does not authorize us to be His messengers. The moment we were

made new creations in Christ, we were authorized to proclaim that God is ready to reconcile lost sinners to Himself.

The Apostle Paul is an example of "once an enemy, now an ambassador." In Acts 8:3, we read Paul "made havoc of the church," dragging believers off to prison. Once Paul thought he "must do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth" (Acts 26:9). Later, he confessed he was ready "to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts 21:13). Can you envision Paul singing the chorus of the hymn written by Rufus McDaniel: "What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought since Jesus came into my heart!"

AND SUCH WERE SOME OF YOU!

In 1 Corinthians 6:9-11, Paul describes the godless life style of the world and then says, *"And such were some of you."* Notice carefully the past tense of the verb -- "were!" Once, some of us lived in total disregard for God and the claims of God upon our lives. *"But,"* Paul adds, *"you were washed, but you were sanctified, but you were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God"* (Acts 6:11).

The content of every Christian's testimony in life and word must reflect, "This is what God has done for me!"

think about it.

- o Knowing God counts you among His special people, how would you explain what makes you special?
- o Knowing God has authorized you as His messenger, how would you respond to those that command you not to proclaim the Gospel?
- o Knowing Christ has made you His light, how do you evaluate the effect of your life on those living in darkness around you?

I wanted to be
a part of that.

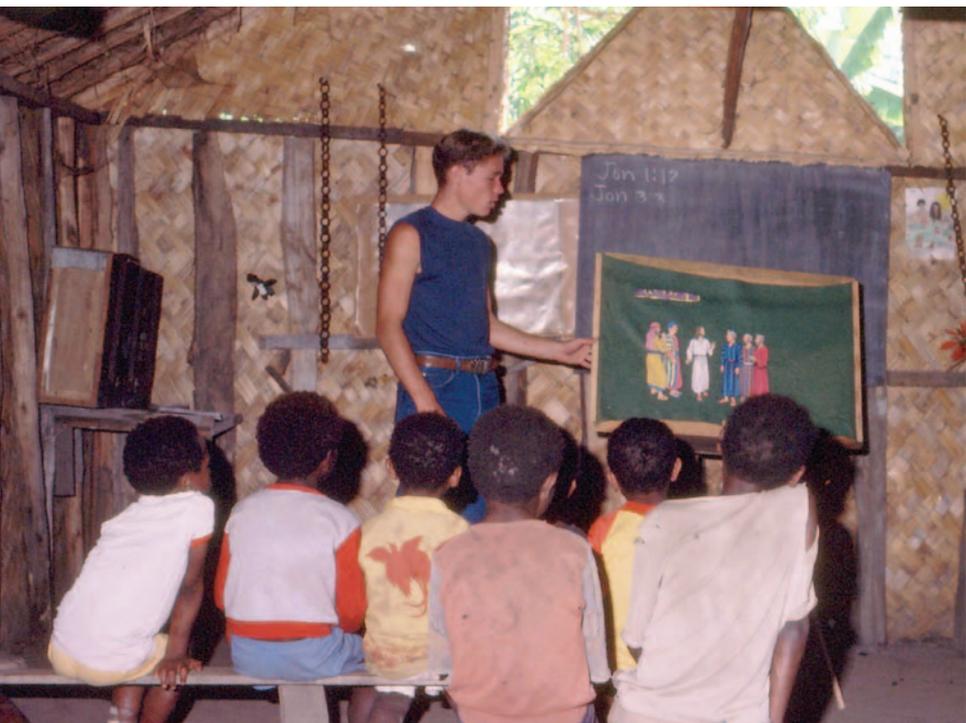
by Stephen Crockett; missionary to the Moi tribe of Indonesia





It's hard to describe the feelings I experienced when I saw the Moi people of Indonesia for the first time.

Looking at the scene below through the vibrating windows of the helicopter—the steep mountains, the scattered hamlets set in hollows carved out of deep jungle, the thatched roofs of small huts, gourd men carrying bows and arrows, women and children running for the shelter of the jungle—a nervous excitement built in my chest.



Top: Never too young to teach
Bottom: Newly graduated Steve and Tom Tanner help missionaries on six-month work trip
Opposite: Target practice with Piyando

Within minutes I would be face to face with an untouched people group. A people trapped in an age from centuries ago.

As the pilot eased the helicopter between tree stumps to land on one of the gardens, the nervous excitement now had more emphasis on the nervous. The people were clearly excited to see us. That wasn't the problem. It was the bows and arrows they were carrying that was slightly disconcerting.

Staring at the faces peeking out at us from behind the bushes, I had one of those "How in the world did I manage to get myself into this?" kind of moments. I don't even like camping. I don't like roughing it. I like comfort. I like daily routine with a roof over my head.

Most likely it was my wife's fault. My best friend, full of life, full of energy, with an unselfish zest for adventure — yep, Carolyn's fault. Definitely her idea. Of course I quickly realized I was sounding a lot like Adam who said — “It was the **woman You** gave me Lord.”

But in reality, I was there staring at this greeting party of faces with bones through their noses because of God's gracious leading, the impact of people I had rubbed shoulders with throughout my life, and the ripple affect started by my parents when I was less than a year old.

Mom and Dad had attended a mission conference and heard NTM missionary Harold Jackson give a stirring challenge to go to the unreached. Dad approached him after the service with a long string of excuses explaining why it was so impractical for him to go. One of the biggest — me!

“I've got a new baby boy,” he said. “I could never expose my family to such unsafe conditions as those found on the mission field.”

Harold simply replied, “The safest place that you can be is in the center of the Lord's will.”

A few days later, those words came into sharp focus when my dad was in-

involved in an auto accident that totaled his car. God used that sentence to change the whole course of our family's life.

Five years later, my parents and my brother and I landed in the remote mountains of Papua New Guinea as new missionaries. We immediately felt slightly out of place. Surrounded by a sea of strange faces glistening with pig grease, all the sights and sounds and smells painted an unforgettable scene in my mind. My dad was probably having one of those “How in the world did I get myself into this?” kind of moments too. But for me, it was a scene I would soon grow to love and appreciate. It became home. And always will be.

I remember in adolescence when I first started to notice that I smelled like the local people. I ran to my dad to give him the exciting news. He said, “That's fine son. But I'm afraid it's time for you to start using deodorant.” So much for fitting into culture — becoming one with the people.

My mind jerked back to reality as the helicopter settled to the ground. “I'll keep the engine running just in case,” the pilot said. No one asked for further clarification. We opened the door and stepped out cautiously. It was

photo by Mariah Crockett



a great relief to see the smiles spread from face to face. They left their bows and arrows in the bushes and came forward to greet us with empty hands. “Aba, aba, aba,” was the greeting the Moi people gave us in their language.

Yes! That’s exactly why we’re here. We’re here to introduce you to Abba, our Father. He has a message for you. One of life and love, and we hope you will listen.

The pilot said he’d be back in a couple of weeks. Then the helicopter rose noisily into the air and flew away. It left an empty, lonely feeling. So quiet. So vulnerable. It was only then that I noticed something rough and scratchy rubbing up against my arm. The guy we would fondly dub “Flakey,” because of the scaly ring worm covering him from head to toe, was standing inside my comfort zone – actually right up against me.

What in the world have I managed to...

With the excitement over, reality kicked in. The pungent smell of tropical ulcers. The unwashed bodies. The blunt and aggressive personalities. The scars covering their bodies from where they have slashed themselves in fear of evil spirits. Strange “foods.” It was all so overwhelming. So different.

At least the house we were staying in that night was fairly nice. We would be sleeping off the ground on a split bark floor with a roof overhead. Not bad for a camping trip. I remembered another trip when I was 17.

The tribal believers I was traveling with in Papua New Guinea had erected a bush lean-to in about 15 minutes and caught a supper of fish, frogs and eels from the stream flowing past our “front door.”

That night around the campfire, the

They left their bows and arrows in the bushes and came forward to greet us with empty hands.

believers had reached into their string bags and pulled out the newly completed translation of the book of Genesis in their own language. One thing led to another and I soon found myself reading aloud to them from their own Bible.

It struck me even then what a high calling it was to take the Gospel to people who wouldn’t otherwise have a chance to hear – putting the words of Scripture into their language. I wanted to be a part of that!

Now years later, here I was spreading my sleeping mat on the floor of a tribal hut in one of the remotest places in the world. I stretched out on my back in the darkness.

Not bad. As long as I lay down, the smoke from the fire stays above me—kind of. Flakey doesn’t understand that I don’t like him sleeping so close to me, with his leg on top of mine. But he’ll learn. Things are looking up! Thank you Lord for bringing me here.

Then it started raining. Then it started dripping. The dripping—three inches from my right ear—then started spattering.

Arrgghh! What in the world have I managed to...

Top: In this together: Steve, Carolyn, Mariah and Ashley
Bottom: I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.

Then I thought about Jesus, who didn't even have a place to lay His head. In leaving His home to reach the lost He gave it all up. Who was I to complain about a little drip?

Lord, I'm kind of miserable here. But if this is what it means to be Your hands and feet to the Moi,

please give me the grace. Let it not be in vain!

In February 2006, after four-and-a-half years of culture and language study, we once again faced the Moi people with nervous excitement and said, "Hear us well Moi people. For we bring you a message from the Creator. He loves you and has something He wants to say to you. 'In the beginning...'"

I'll never forget how amazing it was to watch, with tears streaming down my face, the truth of the Gospel sink deep into the hearts of the Moi people of Indonesia. I do believe in miracles for I have seen eyes darkened with sin and death, slowly dawn with joy and eternal life. Watching God redeem a people for his own, I had the surreal feeling that I was a spectator in a life that was surely not my own.

Thank you Lord for getting me into this!

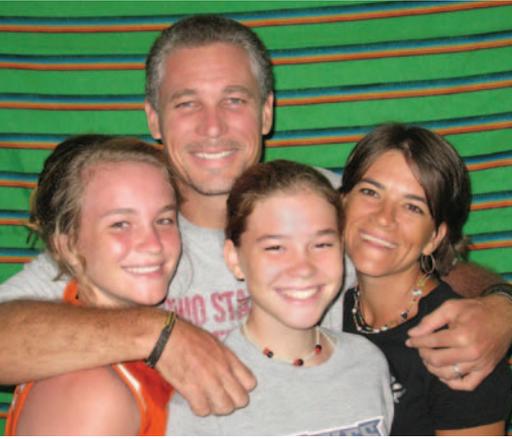


photo by Ian Fallis

“... going to far away places where people needed to hear about Jesus just seemed like a normal thing for families to do.”



It just
seemed
natural.

by Brooke Tartaglia,
missionary to the Mibu
tribe of Papua New Guinea

Whenever we go back to Arizona on home assignment, one of my favorite things to do is visit families in their homes. I think that's because when I was very young, my parents loved to have missionaries over. They would show us wonderful pictures of where they worked in the world and tell us the greatest stories.

My mom has photos of my brother and I dressed up in European costumes that one family brought. Another family sent us African wild-animal postcards for our birthdays.

So for me, going to far away places where people needed to hear about Jesus just seemed like a normal thing for families to do. The missionaries made serving the Lord overseas sound real and natural.

My grandmother also made it seem like a normal part of life. Whenever we visited her, I would sneak into her room before anyone else was awake and find her at her dressing table. It wasn't cluttered with lotions, powders and makeup. Instead, it was covered with Bible verses, photos of missionary families, and pictures of us. That's where she met God faithfully every morning.

I would sit on her lap and hold her bead necklaces while she read to me from her worn Bible. It made a huge impression on me. She never went on a mission trip, but she traveled the world in prayer.

In the eighth grade, our Arizona youth group took a trip just over the border into Mexico. I had seen only the resort side of Mexico, so it was very eye-opening to meet real families, walk through their neighborhoods and see their tiny little church and houses. Our youth leaders were just regular people, but they showed us how to reach out to these very poor people in their dirty conditions.

I quickly observed two things. One, that genuine friendliness and heartfelt smiles created wonderful small bonds of friendship, and two, the leader who knew Spanish was able to do so much more than any of the rest of us. He could show real interest, listen to

The same year that Brooke Tartaglia turned 12, another mission organization gave out the names of some remote, unreached, people groups in the Finisterre Mountains of Papua New Guinea. They asked people to come forward and commit to pray specifically for these groups. Eight people took the challenge and began praying for a very small tribe that was just a name on a map — Mibu.

All through Brooke's middle school and high school years of Girl Scouts, volleyball, band practice, babysitting, youth group and the very mission trips that touched and changed her heart, these faithful people prayed that the Good News about Jesus would be taken to this small mountain tribe. When Brooke and her husband, along with the rest of their team, arrived in that remote Mibu village, they were God's answer.

"... The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much." James 5:16

Rubbing shoulders with missionary John Wood — now missions pastor at our sending church



photo by Karen Ulmer

people's stories, pray with them and share the Gospel. I saw that being able to communicate with people in their own language was how to get to their hearts.

In high school our youth group ventured even farther into Mexico. We passed through hours of land and people steeped in fears and incomprehensible traditions. As the scenes imprinted themselves on my heart, I realized that there were hundreds and thousands of trivial pursuits that I could choose to waste my life on. But I didn't want to. I wanted to let God use me to reach out to people who didn't know Him.

My sophomore year held an exciting surprise — Joey Tartaglia. We had

“... I realized that there were hundreds and thousands of trivial pursuits that I could choose to waste my life on. But I didn't want to.”

the same ideals and God was visibly at work in his life. As our friendship grew, we went on mission trips, talked a lot about goals, and even thought about a future together. And we both became increasingly dissatisfied with what we saw as trivial. When people desperately needed the Gospel, everything else seemed like a waste of time. We were impatient to get on to something that would make a difference.

So at the end of our junior year, we decided to do something about it. We set off on foot for Mexico!

In our youthful zeal and idealism, finishing school just didn't seem important compared to the needs we had seen on our mission trips. Our 17-year-old brains naively figured we could just plug ourselves into one of the church planting efforts down there.

So one day after school we threw some stuff in a backpack and headed south. We had nobly trudged seven or eight miles before realizing the serious flaw in our strategy — walking to



photo by Solomon Tartaglia

Left: Unlocking the secrets of literacy

Bottom: An adventure worth waiting for: Brooke, Shiloh, Marietta, Solomon and Joey

Right: Made for each other — and for the Mibu



photo by Zach Cann

Mexico was going to take almost as long as finishing high school. So since it was already getting dark and we were only a half mile from my house, we decided to stop in there and figure out a better way to go.

Our parents, of course, were quite alarmed when we didn't return from school and were thankful when we finally arrived. After we explained, they told us that they didn't disagree with our enthusiasm or goals, but that finishing high school was a prerequisite. And while we were clearly over-zealous, but never rebellious, we agreed to their stipulation for beginning ministry.

I look back now and do not regret the desire to go, but see how much I needed to grow and mature before I could be used effectively. But who really sees their own immaturity at 17?

After we got engaged in our senior year, we started writing to mission organizations, asking how we could be used after graduation. We were frustrated to find out that most of them wanted us to contact them after we finished college. What? Four more years of literature, calculus and botany? This just didn't make sense to us.

Then our response came from New Tribes Mission. Instead of "Call us later," they said, "Come now!" We were ecstatic reading their letter and looking through their training literature.

They would teach us how to be missionaries right after high school. It was still a four year program — but one that got us to our goal. We would learn how to study the Bible, how to teach it, how to learn an unwritten language, and most of all, how to plant a church in another culture. We were so excited and hopeful and applied immediately.

We graduated in May and were married two weeks later. We didn't know if we were accepted at the New Tribes Bible Institute yet, but set off on our honeymoon with all our earthly possessions coming along behind us, and with nowhere else to go if we weren't accepted. We were so anxious to know that we actually called the admission's office from our honeymoon. They laughed and told us that we were.

Finally, our adventure was beginning.

In August 2001, exactly six years and three kids later, we arrived in Papua New Guinea. A survey was done to decide where we would begin our ministry. When Joey and the guys landed the NTM helicopter in a remote mountain village, it didn't take too long to figure out we were home. We have been working here with the Mibu people ever since. God took us in all our impatience, flaws, and struggles, and gave us the desire of our hearts—to take the Gospel to those who haven't heard. We feel so blessed.



photo by Geoff HUSA



Follow your heart, Maxine.

by Maxine Morarie,
retired missionary to Bolivia

"My Christian
adventure began in
the sixth grade ..."

By the time I was born—the 11th child in my family—my folks had run out of names. So they gave the job to my sisters. That's how I became Maxine Evon Bailey. With a father who loved to entertain us, six big brothers to tease me and four big sisters to spoil me, it all made for a very happy childhood.

My Christian adventure began in the sixth grade when I was invited to attend a neighborhood Bible club. Having no idea what to expect, I dragged my friend Leona along too.

Neither of us had ever heard the Gospel before. We weren't really sure what Jesus had to do with anything except Christmas. But Mrs. Abel brought Him to life for us with songs and a flannelgraph board and figures. I don't know how many times we attended before we understood the Gospel, but I do remember how emotional it was for me to accept Jesus as my Savior. Mrs. Abel then guided us to a good church in our neighborhood and explained how important it was to attend faithfully, which we did.

That next year we became more and more grounded in our faith and wanted to be baptized. My mother gave me permission, but Leona's mother wouldn't let her. Mrs. Abel interceded and we ended up being baptized on the same night—with no parents to view it. Just two scared little girls on our own.



Left: The Bailey Brigade;
I'm in the center wearing white
Top: Loyal Leona and I
Bottom: My brother Chuck and I
with an old family friend

At 16, I was really challenged when I saw a film of the five NTM missionaries who were killed by the Ayorés in eastern Bolivia, and heard NTM missionaries speak. I began to read everything I could get my hands on about New Tribes Mission. What Paul Fleming wrote really spoke to my teenage heart: “No man is too old to serve the Lord, and no man is too young.”

At the end of my junior year of high school, our youth pastor and his wife and a group of young people from our church decided to go to California to study missions with New Tribes. The others were older than I was but I decided to send in my application anyway. I figured if New Tribes accepted me, I would drop out of high school and go along. I fully expected to be turned down. I wasn't—and this caused a slight problem since I hadn't consulted my parents.

With all my older siblings grown and gone, and just my parents and I at home, I had become quite independent. And this was one of the consequences. So knowing my dad wouldn't want me to go without finishing high school, I answered an ad for the American School of Correspondence Courses, hoping I could take my senior year that way and still go.

“Now, you just wait a minute, sir. If any one has determination, Maxine does!”



After walking home one evening from the local movie theater where I sold popcorn, I was surprised to find an unknown gentleman in a suit sitting in our living room with my parents.

“What's this about you wanting to take a correspondence course, young lady?”

My daddy didn't look very happy. Fearing there would be words, the man quickly stood up with his briefcase and prepared to leave.

“I can see that she is a bit young, Mr. Bailey, and probably wouldn't have the determination to finish a correspondence course, so I'll just be going,” he said.

“Now, you just wait a minute, sir. If any one has determination, Maxine does!”

And before I knew it, Daddy and the unknown gentleman from American School of Correspondence Courses were planning the classes I'd need to finish my senior year.

After the man had gone, Daddy asked me, “Now, why in the world do you want to take your 12th grade by correspondence?”

And that's when I told my parents about wanting to go with New Tribes



photo by Howard Morarie



Left: Just arrived and ready for action: Connie Wyma, Maxine Morarie, Lucille Wyma, Dick Wyma

Top: Moraries on the move in Bolivia. Maxine, Nancy, Michael, Howard Sr., Carol Ann, Howard Jr, and Mark in front

Bottom: Ecarai and I wrestling with the words.

Mission in the fall. My folks just looked at each other. I knew they were thinking, “Whatever in the world put such an idea into her head?” But they had always taught us to follow our hearts. Well, my heart was full of becoming a missionary.

The other person I needed to tell my plans to was Howard Morarie. We had

met at church, but now he went to college quite a distance away in Fort Collins. We had been dating for a year and he wasn’t a very happy camper when I told him.

“Don’t be silly,” he pleaded. “I know you come up to graduate. Then you can come to Fort Collins and I’ll pay your way through college with my GI bill. We can think about maybe becoming missionaries later.”

“Well, I guess we’ll have to break up then if you don’t approve,” I told him. And we did.

Then just a week before our group was to leave to begin missionary training in Fouts Springs, California, I was surprised to see Howard waiting in the foyer as I walked out of church one Sunday.

“Guess what I did?” he asked, with a big smile on his face.

“What did you do?” I asked cautiously.

“I sent in my application and I’m going with you!”

So in a whirlwind, we started the training in October 1949, got married the following August, and left for Bolivia in January 1951. >>>

When the Ayoré New Testament was printed by NTM Publications, Maxine Morarie and her husband flew back to Bolivia for presentations in four different villages, including Tobité where they had worked for many years.

Next they flew into Paraguay. The Mennonite community in Filadelfia hosted the first presentation. The whole town, Mennonites and Ayorés, showed up, among them the wife of a Mennonite missionary who had been killed by Ayorés years earlier. She was presented with one of the copies.

After the ceremony, the widow requested another copy on behalf of her mother-in-law. She asked Maxine if she would write something in it, relayed to her by her mother-in-law, who was planning to give it away as a gift.

Maxine was happy to oblige.

Her mother-in-law wanted the Ayoré message to say, “This New Testament is presented to the man who killed my son. I want him to know that I forgive him and that I hope he will read God’s Word and come to know Him.”

With only our high school Spanish and a little additional study after our arrival, we were ready to launch in San José.

Howard wore many hats right off the bat. He helped the new little church in town, made supply runs and did the wiring for the new Tambo boarding school for missionaries' children that was under construction at the foot of the Andes Mountains. That left me alone much of the time. Our first two children were born in San José. I experienced fear and loneliness, and struggled to learn Spanish.

I remember the first time our son Howie smiled. Alone in San José, I wanted to tell someone so I ran to one of the ladies from church. But it wasn't until I started to tell her about it that I realized I didn't even know the word for "smile." I still don't know if she ever understood what I was trying to pantomime.

Then we were asked to move into Tobité where the Ayorés were—the very tribal people who had killed the first five missionaries. I remember thinking, "What have we let ourselves in for?" when I saw all of them running up the hill to meet us.

One of the Ayoré ladies immediately grabbed Nancy, who was ten months old, and with a grimy finger, began exploring her mouth for teeth. Up to that point, I had boiled everything that went into her mouth. So I prayed, "Lord, you'll just have to protect the children now."

"Me. A wife and mother. I would have the privilege of translating a Bible for the Ayoré people. I felt so blessed."



Top: Almost finished with the Spanish/Ayore dictionary

Bottom: Howard and I and our faithful translation team: Gabide, Rob Ketchum, Cadui, Mateo
Right: Still going ... and going ... and going ...

While Howard was busy teaching the Ayorés skills they would need—how to farm, saw lumber, cut railroad ties, understand money, etc.—I was busy having babies (six in all), helping deliver other babies, homeschooling, helping with literacy classes, teaching women's and children's classes, but most of all, little-by-little I was learning the linguistics of the Ayoré language.

And then one day, I was asked to begin translation of the Ayoré New Testament. Me. A wife and mother. I would have the privilege of translating a Bible for the Ayoré people. I felt so blessed.

Ecarai was my very first translation helper. We became very close as we worked together over the years. With his help, we discovered a term for "born of the Spirit."

The Ayoré term for “born” is “to fall.” Not at all productive for born again. Fall again? So one day, after puzzling over it a long time, Ecarai said, “I know what it is! It is like being washed into another clan. You are changed completely and all the things of the new clan are now for you to partake of. So we will say, ‘God’s Spirit will clan-wash you and you will be changed into God’s countryman.’”

After that, whenever he would write me letters, he would always close them with, “Your fellow clan-washed one by the Holy Spirit, Ecarai.”

The translation took 12 years to complete, and another three years to do the revision and see the New Testament in one volume. By the time it was finished, we had been in Bolivia for 32 years and decided it was time to go home and get to know our grandchildren. And that is one adventure I’m still on.

But who would have thought that getting a Bible into the hands of the Ayoré people in their very own language would start with a little girl invited to a neighborhood Bible club. I never would have dreamed it.



Maxine Morarie, a widow now at 77, has not just been twiddling her thumbs since leaving Bolivia in 1982 and returning to Colorado.

Having completed the Ayoré New Testament, she then began on the Old Testament. With frequent trips to Paraguay, she was eventually able to translate 16 books of the Old Testament as well.

When not working on the Ayoré translation, she helped translation projects get started in Mexico and also began training translators and checking translations in several Latin American countries.

Maxine also collaborated on the Ayoré/English dictionary, which took seven years to complete. And in 2003, she was asked to do a Spanish/Ayoré dictionary, which she expects to complete sometime this year.

What Maxine’s father said so long ago has turned out to be true. While her calling in life seems to be long projects, she has the determination to see them through.



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