

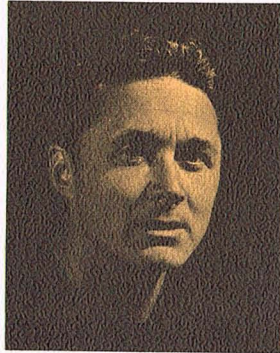
FROM SAVAGE TO CITIZEN

Mural by DOUGLAS RISEBOROUGH

FROM SAVAGE TO CITIZEN

WYCLIFFE BIBLE TRANSLATORS, INC. PAVILION OF 2000 TRIBES New York World's Fair 1964-1965

THE MURAL



Declared by one authority to be a “masterpiece of traditional mural painting”, Riseborough’s spectacular production befits the powerful true story it portrays. The life-size figure of a strong jungle chief moves dramatically through five panels of the gigantic (10 ft. x 100 ft.) composite mural. On canvas in an acrylic medium the artist has skillfully brought to life the cruelty of a ruthless headhunting chief transformed into a compassionate servant of his fellow tribesmen.

Riseborough was born in Canada. His paintings include a contemporary mural in the San Francisco Conrad Hilton Hotel. He went to Peru for extensive firsthand research preparatory to painting the jungle masterpiece “From Savage to Citizen.”

THE MESSAGE

A broken spear on an open Book in Panel 3 epitomizes the power which stopped Chief Tariri in his cruel tracks. The impact of the Word of God in his own language penetrated the Shapra Chief's murderous heart and sharply changed the direction of his hateful life. The miraculous transformation, resulting in good works and the evangelization of fellow tribesmen, eloquently depicts the dramatic change being wrought around the world in primitive tribes where Bible translators work. The Bible translated into the mother tongue of tribesmen has unlimited power to completely alter a savage way of life.



THE MISSION

WYCLIFFE BIBLE TRANSLATORS, INC. is an interdenominational, non-sectarian mission devoted to sharing the Bible with minority groups (like Tariri's tribe of Peru) by translating it into their own unwritten languages. This specialized task requires scientific training.


THE SUMMER INSTITUTE OF LINGUISTICS, with academic courses on three university campuses in the USA and in England, Australia, and Germany, prepares linguistic pioneers for the exacting but rewarding task of reducing unwritten languages to writing, and translating the Scriptures into them.

JUNGLE AVIATION AND RADIO SERVICE, the air arm of Wycliffe, overcomes geographic barriers to isolated tribal areas, like the prohibitive jungleness of Tariri's Amazonian tribe.

WYCLIFFE BIBLE TRANSLATORS, INC.
Box 1960, Santa Ana, California, USA



MASSACRE


 was an unhappy savage chief. I used to cut off heads at the shoulders, then cut down the back of the head for scalping. I loved to kill — I took many heads. We went on raids. We speared, we killed, we hated . . . We set fire to the houses . . . ”

Chief Tariri learned from his

forefathers to hate, and kill, and shrink the heads of his enemies. He plundered and murdered in an isolated corner of the great Amazon River basin. He was consumed with hatred for neighboring tribes, and the white intruders whose occasional visits troubled the waters of the seven rivers where he ruled supreme.



ARRIVAL

hen one day these two helpless girls came. They learned my language . . . ”


Little did the translators Lorrie Anderson and Doris Cox know of the brutal savagery that reigned in Chief Tariri's jungle kingdom—but they knew the power of God's Word in the mother tongue. Transported to the remote Shapra wilder-

ness in a little float plane, the girls were given permission by the sanguine chief to live in the jungle and learn the language of his people.

Puzzled by the sudden appearance of the pale foreigners and ignorant of their message, Tariri was nevertheless tolerant. “They are harmless,” he thought, “probably looking for husbands.”



CONVERSION

 he girls told me the Gospel. 'Take Jesus,' they said.

"After three years, I believed. Jesus overcame me. Christ came into my heart. The hatred went out. Now I love the other Indians and go to them with God's Word. I have gone telling them the same mes-

sage that these girls told me. Now by means of loving Jesus, I have quit killing men. In God my heart now trusts.

"I believed on the witch doctor, the boa, the war spirit, and chanting. I have now left all these things because of God. Having loved God, I left them all."



DILEMMA

We fervently loved Satan—the boa is really Satan,” says Tariri. “We used to chant to the boa when a child became ill. We fervently believed in the boa. Now that we love Jesus and have taken Him as the missionaries taught us, we have done away with boa worship. We want no more of that.

“Now we cure by use of medicines, but we also pray to God.

It is possible for God to cure. The boa just doesn’t compare with God. God helps the doctors . . . ”

Wycliffe doctors and nurses in jungle tribes reinforce the teaching of God’s Word by alleviating suffering and instructing Indians in the use of modern medicines. Witch doctors themselves are being converted through the translated Word.



METAMORPHOSIS

When we hear the missionaries speak God's Word, we like it. We determine to obey it," says Tariri.

"But we need to have it on paper and learn to read it ourselves. Then when the missionaries go away, we can teach it to others."

Tariri uses the translated portions of the Scriptures as the sharp Sword to cut the cords that bind his people to the fearful past. His tribespeople are being prepared by faith in Christ (symbolized by the cross and the printed page)

to face the shock of coping with twentieth century civilization as depicted on the left of the panel. In the center (behind the knife blade) lies a vista of the goal which tribesmen may now attain. Savagery is dying out as men are freed from the power of evil spirits. Painted by the artist (upper right) in palid colors, the demons are in contrast to those of stronger hue in Panel 3.

Tariri earnestly strives to bring to a full life in Christ a new-born, liberated tribe.



“WHY DID THEY COME?” Tariri asked himself. The regal jungle chief could not understand why the tall, white girls wanted to learn his language, but he had given his consent and his word would stand.



Thus Lorrie Anderson and Doris Cox in 1950 settled into their jungle home to learn Candoshi, the language of the Shapra Chief Tariri. As they began to speak his tongue they would talk to him of God, and the need to leave evil-doing, such as killing.

“Let them rave on,” roared Tariri in anger, for their message did not please him. He wanted to kill. It gave him prestige and power. And he even thought of killing them for daring to challenge his murderous way of life.

But the defenseless girls had spoken a magic word when they first met Chief Tariri. They had called him “brother”, one of a few words of the Candoshi language which they had learned from a trader. And in Tariri’s society a brother was bound to protect his sisters, so the girls were not killed.

In the big forest home of the jaguar, the howler monkey, chattering Indians and open huts, there was no private life for the American girls. They were the curiosity of the village, on-stage all day long.

“After the girls arrived, they would repeatedly look at a book. We wondered why they would always bow their heads, close their eyes, and talk. ‘What do they do that for?’ we asked.

“When they knew a little of our language,” Tariri continued, “they said, ‘We are talking about God’s Word, and we also talk with God.’ So I said, ‘What do you do that for? What is God’s Word, anyway?’

“My sister Doris talked much with me. As soon as she knew our language she continually warned me of what God said. Having thought it over very much, I understood and accepted it.”

Lorrie and Doris had prepared for that thrilling moment which came three years after they had entered Tariri’s domain. They had studied linguistics at the University of Oklahoma where they learned to write exotic sounds in phonetic symbols. They had mastered the principles of unraveling the grammar of unwritten





languages. Now they were speaking and writing Tariri's strange tongue. Little by little portions of the Bible were translated into Candoshi, and reading books were written. A book of hymns was even composed.

Tariri was fascinated by this new life, for he had broken his spears and no longer spent his time shrinking heads—a long and laborious process, as described in gruesome detail to the young linguists!

The converted chief now turned his attention to helping the girls translate the Bible for his people. He was eager for the day when the whole Book would be finished.

“When we hear God's Word, we like it,” said Tariri. “We want to live by it. Then the linguists go away, or we go off on a hunting expedition and we forget what we heard. We need to have the Bible written down in our language. Then we can take it with us when we go hunting. We can rest under a tree and read what God says. If the missionaries go away it won't matter, for we will be able to study by ourselves. And we will teach others as the girls taught us.”

Having heard of 2000 tribes—like his—still without the Book, Tariri wonders

why no one goes to them. He used to wonder why no one ever came to tell his father, or his grandfather, about Jesus.

Tariri now preaches the Gospel with power and authority to his own tribe. By money earned from selling cedar logs to traders he wants to buy a good boat with a motor so he can travel to distant parts of the tribe "to preach to the heathen."

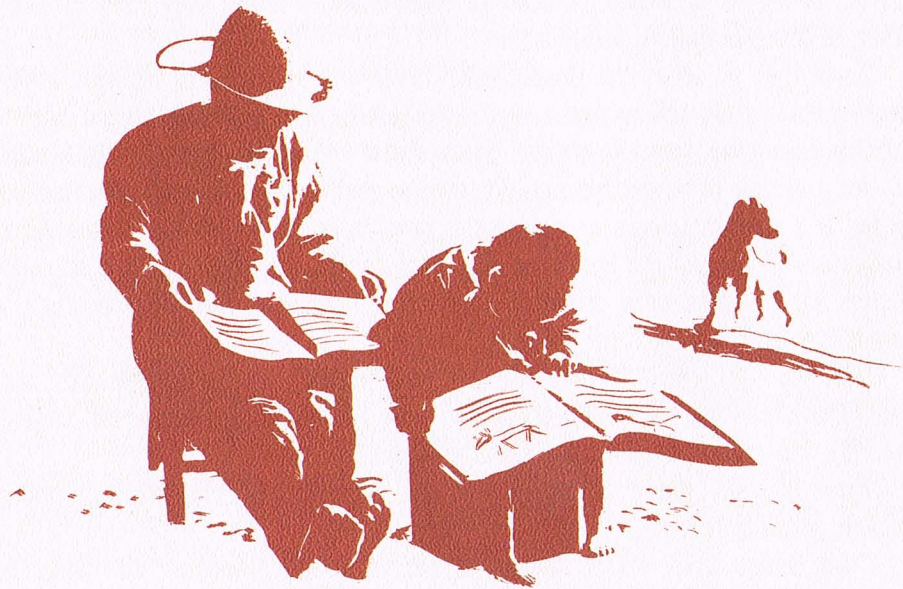
As a citizen of whom his country can be justly proud, the transformed headhunter is a dynamic force in creating a new order in the jungle of the Amazon headwaters. Chants to the boa have been replaced by the cheery chorus of children singing out syllables of a primer in their own language. The witch doctor's wail is no longer heard where Tariri lives.

Recently Tariri said, "When my wife was dying, God raised her up. God is great. That's why we love God very much. Now I'm building a house for singing to God. My son will also teach the children there."

Tariri is justly proud of his brother and his own son who are now bilingual teachers in tribal schools.

"Old things have passed away" in Tariri's jungle. Indeed, "all things have become new."





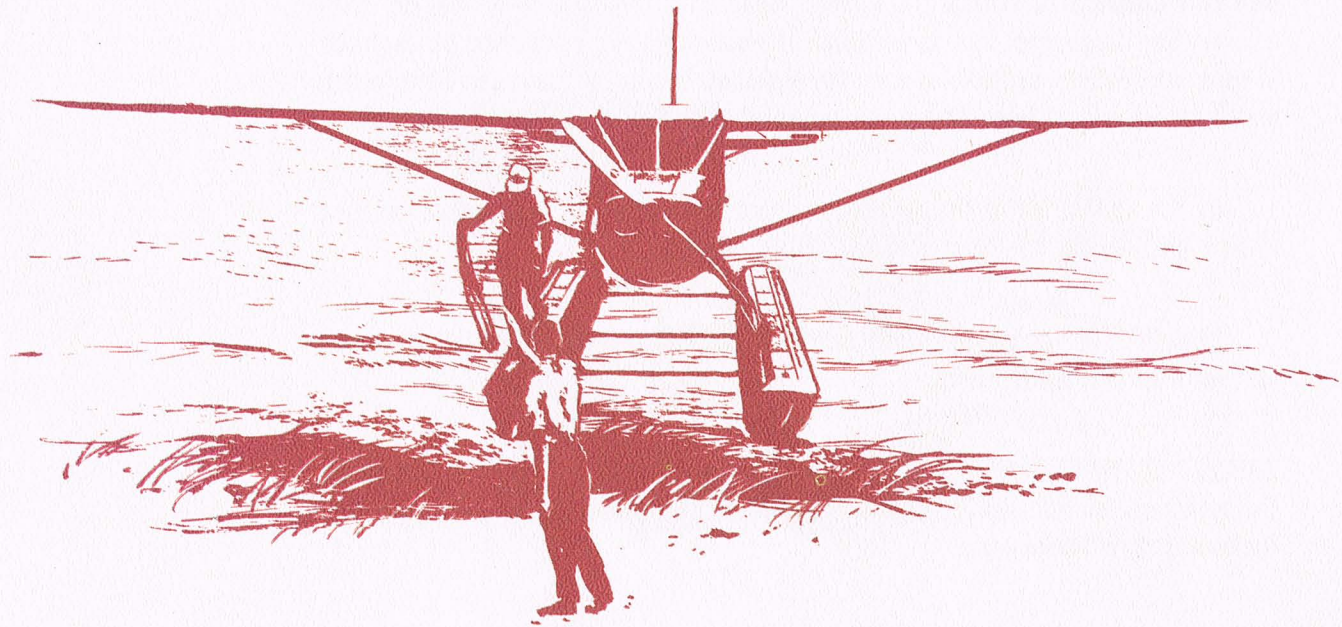
MODERN LINGUISTIC TOOLS cut a clear, clean path through the jungle-like maze of unwritten languages. And their babel of unintelligible sounds may be captured in neat, well-defined symbols of a usable alphabet. Very soon these new-born letters march in disciplined lines across the pages of a primer—or a New Testament!

By the application of the science of sound and symbol, written communication is now possible for the most primitive tribes on earth.

At least 2000 languages in the world spoken by isolated groups of tribesmen wait for their first **written** word.

SUMMER INSTITUTES OF LINGUISTICS are held each year in the United States on the campuses of the University of North Dakota, the University of Oklahoma, and the University of Washington.

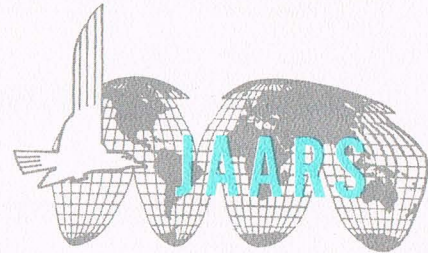




FLOAT PLANES FOR RIVERS AND TWO-WAY RADIOS for distant locations link tribal translators to Wycliffe's jungle bases. Air transportation and transmission of messages are vital factors in evangelizing isolated primitive groups.

Pilots and mechanics of the Jungle Aviation and Radio Service work side by side with dedicated translators giving God's Word to long deprived tribes. Pains-taking maintenance of aircraft, and ceaseless vigilance at radio controls insure health and safety for translators, and provide medical help for tribes where they work.

Personnel skilled in aviation and radio are needed now for jungle service in South America, the Philippines, and New Guinea.



1,424 team members of

WYCLIFFE BIBLE TRANSLATORS

are now cooperating in

330 tribes in 16 countries





BUT . . . 2000 tribes remain

*. . . 6000 translators, teachers,
and other technically trained workers
are needed to finish the task.*

*Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to
God by thy blood out of every kindred,
and tongue, and people, and nation.*

Revelation 5:9