

Chapter 1

Jungle Journey

In the semidarkness of early dawn the missionaries had saddled their horses and loaded the pack mule.

“Everything ready? OK. Let’s go!” Bent swung himself into the saddle. “Goodbye, Lorencia,” he said to the maid. “Take good care of the house and everything.”

“I can’t use this horse. It starts running even before I get my foot in the stirrup.” Oriani, a young Italian merchant, had tried several times to get on his horse.

“You can take mine,” said Anna. “He is real tame. He will wait for you to get on.” And with a quick movement she swung into the saddle of Oriani’s horse. “You just have to beat him to it,” she shouted back as she trotted down the road.

Oriani was not used to a missionary’s way of travel. He had been very interested in Bent and Anna’s plans for a trip down the valley into the jungle, and he had come just the day before to beg them to allow him to go along.

It had not been easy on such short notice to prepare provisions for one more person. But they consented, and Anna worked hard the day before getting everything ready. It was late before she could retire for the night. Then at four in the morning she had been up again; and as she rushed to get the last things done, she suddenly fainted. When she woke, how scared she was! She tried desperately to tell her husband by signs about her trouble. She realized that God had permitted this to remind them of their utter dependence on Him at all times.

Bent prayed earnestly to God, and then he took her in his arms. “It has just been a little too much for my brave little wife,” he said. “We must trust that as we are going out in the Lord’s work He will surely give us strength as He has promised.” And Anna soon recovered.

Now that they were on their way and all anxiety for the preparations were over with, Anna could relax. The quiet rocking in the saddle did her good. After a couple hours they stopped to have breakfast. By then she felt perfectly well again.

Sandia, the mountain town where the mission station is located, is the capital of the province of the same name. The Sandia Valley is one of the main doorways into the valleys of the eastern slopes of the

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Andes where the “green gold”-the coca leaves-grows. Here also the real, yellow gold is washed in the rivers. This valley is the doorway to the vast forest regions of eastern Peru which expand into the endless jungles of Brazil.

Before noon the party reached a narrow pass which left but little room for the road beside the river in the canyon. The place is called “La Garrita”, a sentry station, where all travelers have to register and pay toll on products such as coca, coffee, and gold as they are taken out from the forests below.

In the small caravan were five persons: old brother Condori from Quinique, the interpreter Gabriel, Oriani, Anna, and Bent. They had a mule for their baggage and a horse for each of the three gringos.

Old Condori was a converted Indian chief of the Quechua tribe, a good Christian. As head of his village, Quinique, he had worked hard to get a school building and a teacher for his people. When he heard that the missionaries were going on a trip pioneering the mission’s interest in the great valleys below Sandia, he had insisted on going along as guide. Condori talked little, but he showed himself a wise old man, and they all learned to love and appreciate him during the month-long trip.

The mule path went along the rapid river; it zigzagged up and up and over and around mountains and down and down again, to some contributing rivers. These they had to cross, sometimes in the water and sometimes over a suspension bridge made of cables and boards. Then up again the trail zigzagged, around and around and down again, and so on endlessly. It was hard but really delightful going.

How beautiful the valleys were! Gorgeous scenery stretched out in all directions from the high places. The dense vegetation in the deep shaded valleys offered mysterious beauty, with colorful orchids, brilliantly colored screaming birds, and lovely waterfalls.

The horses were not strong ones. Much of the time the missionaries preferred to walk. Bent’s horse was so skinny that they called it “el esqueleto (the skeleton).”

At sundown the party reached a “tambo”, a resting place for travelers to pass the night. It is usually just an open space where the animals can graze and where the travelers can sleep on the ground under a straw and bamboo roof.

Condori arrived first and had already built a fire and had his soup boiling.

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“Don’t come too close to the tambo,” the old man warned. “Better camp here.” He pointed to a level piece of ground near his little campfire.

“Why, Condori? What is wrong with the tambo?” Anna asked.

“Muchas pulgas [many fleas], Senora.”

“Oh, I see!” Anna laughed. “I guess you are right. We will pitch the tent at a safe distance.”

Condori cooked his own meals. Mornings and evenings he prepared the typical Indian menu—a kind of boiled soup thickened with toasted coarse-ground corn flour, a small piece of chalonga (sun-dried sheep meat), and chunos (dehydrated potatoes).

The chunos are very light, do not spoil under normal conditions, and are therefore very practical for long trips. The Indians in the highland prepare them by exposing the potatoes on the open field to the heavy frost at night and to the hot sun during the day. By this process the starchy part of the potatoes is separated from the water, which is then squeezed out by tramping on the frozen swollen potatoes with bare feet.

Every night the travelers studied the Sabbath School lessons together with Oriani, Gabriel, and Condori. They used the children’s lessons. It happened to be about the ten plagues in Egypt, how Moses and Aaron came before Pharaoh and asked for their people to leave Egypt and serve God. Oriani, who had never heard the story before, got so interested that he wanted to finish the whole quarterly the first night.

He read from the Bible: “And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh,” and then about the different plagues. Every time he came to the part which says that the heart of Pharaoh was hardened so that he did not let the people go, Oriani would get so excited and so mad at old Pharaoh that he would exclaim: “Why, that devil! Why wouldn’t he let the people go?” He would repeat, “What a devil! What a devil!” Then he would read on again.

Often the lesson would turn into a long Bible study on different doctrinal questions, and the missionaries were happy to be able to give their friend Oriani the message of salvation this way.

The roads in the foothills of the great Andes are tremendous. There are valleys so deep that it seems one will never get to the bottom. It is in your knees that the “walking brakes” are located, and when the brakes go bad on a steep hill you just feel helpless. Your knees hurt and shake. You feel like you are going to fall all the time.

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It is nice and cool, though, in the shady valley, and you rest among beauty and drink from abundance of pure clear water. But then the climb comes again.

And what strenuous hard work it is—climb, climb, climb! On the way from Sandia crossing over to the valley of Tambopata, there is the famous Huarri-huarri mountain. The name sounds like worry-worry or even better, weary-weary. It is terrible!

You see the top so very high up that you think you will never get there. And when, after what seems hours of extreme effort, you finally get there, you discover that this is not the top at all. You just could not see the top from where you started, and so you go on wearily until you reach what you think for sure is the top, only to discover that you have been fooled again.

Anna almost felt discouraged. “How long is this going to keep on, Condori?” she asked.

“Have patience, senora.” Old Condori did not seem to mind; he didn’t even seem tired. “Only five times more. When we get to the ‘top’ the seventh time we are really there.”

“Five times more! Do you really mean to say?” Anna dropped on a rock at the side of the road. “I feel exhausted already!”

In the cool of the morning, passing through the shady foliage of the deep valley, they did not feel any need of drinking—foolish they were not to take advantage of the many cold springs of water. But after struggling up the steep and rocky mule path for hours in the midday sun they certainly felt thirsty for a little drink of cool water, and in the afternoon the thirst became almost unbearable.

“Oh, if I just had a little water,” Anna complained. “I am terribly thirsty. Why didn’t we think of bringing some water?”

“You are so right,” her husband agreed. “I guess we all are thirsty. We should have drunk more of the good water down there in the cool valley. But there will be plenty of water as soon as we get over the top.”

“I surely hope so,” said Oriani, sitting on a stone while wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

Condori did not say anything. He trotted up the road and as always he kept way ahead of the rest.

After another long climb Bent stopped in the road. “Look! I wonder what Brother Condori is doing?” He pointed to a place several zigzags up where they could see the old man sitting on his knees at the side of the trail.

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“We will find out,” said Anna. The curiosity seemed to help her go a little faster.

They found Condori sitting holding his hat in both hands. Anna could not wait to see what he was doing. He had found a tiny little spring of water, where just a drop at a time came out through a crack in the rocky mountainside. In the top of the crown of his hat he had with patience gathered maybe a small cup of water. And as Anna came along he gleefully offered it to her.

“Aqui, senora, hay agua para usted (Here, Ma’am, is water for you),” he said with satisfaction.

Anna did not hesitate to accept. She did not mind Condori’s old worn homemade felt hat. She did not think of how dirty, dusty, sweaty, or lousy it was. She grabbed it eagerly and drank the precious fluid to the last drop. Condori was happy. He put on his hat and trotted off again.

What a difference in attitude a great desire makes! Anna could not help thinking of how she would have been repulsed by such a drink under normal circumstances. But now—oh, that thirst! sometimes God leads us through similar spiritual experiences so that we may sense our spiritual thirst, as David so forcefully expresses in the forty-second psalm: “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.”

After Huarri-huarri the road went over a plateau and then entered the Tambopata Valley. There the travelers came down into the real jungle again. That evening they realized they couldn’t reach a tambo before dark; so they looked for a place to camp for the night. Finally just before dusk they found a clearing right on top of a hill barely big enough for the five of them and their four animals. The ground was not sufficiently level for pitching the tent. But the tropical night was warm and clear, and so they slept in the open on their air mattresses.

What a marvelous evening it was! The sun went down in a flaming sky, and they could look over the treetops down into the surrounding valleys. During the twilight the many kinds of strange birds sang their evening songs of praise to their Creator. What strange sounds! Some screaming, some whistling, some mumbling, and some almost talking, it seemed. And then there was the “pipe-organ bird.” Other birds sounded more like screeching door hinges and others like piccolos or flutes. What an orchestra!

Their campfire burned late as they looked around with their flashlights. On their way next morning they met some local people.

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They all were much stirred up and seemed frightened over something terrible, which they were sure had happened or would happen.

"Why?" asked the missionaries.

"The spirits of the dead," they said, "have been busy during the night. We have seen fire in the cemetery and some strange lights go back and forth up there on the hill."

"How terrible," said Bent as he led his caravan down the road. He did not want to say more. Without knowing it, they had been camping in the cemetery on top of the graves!

From there on the road was smooth and moist under the trees of the dense forest. Sometimes it was so wet that it had been necessary to pave it with logs by placing them close together across the path. The frequent rain had made these logs so slippery and so dangerous for the horses that they were really afraid to walk on them. But there was nothing else they could do. There was very deep mud on both sides. Suddenly Bent's horse stumbled and flipped over headfirst, landing helplessly on his back in the filthy mud that covered the logs.

Neither the horse nor the rider was hurt. Although it could have been disastrous for both, Bent had a good laugh with the other travelers.

At one point old Condori stopped in the road.

"Please wait a little while," he said. And then he went into the brush. When he came out he did not have his sandals on.

"Where are your sandals?" asked Anna.

"I hung them on a tree." It seemed to him as the most natural thing. "No use carrying them when I don't need them on this smooth soft road."

When after a month they came back to the same spot, Condori stopped, went into the forest, and picked up his sandals. How could he remember? To the missionaries the jungle looked the same everywhere. Of course there were continual variations, but the brush, the trees, the brooks, the rivers, and the twists in the path continued in one endless monotony. How could the old Indian after thirty days know exactly which of the countless trees held his sandals?

It would probably be just as much a wonder for one of these jungle men to watch a city dweller find his way through a great modern metropolis. One finds his way by names and numbers, and likewise the other has his own way of identifying places in the vast forest.

Eight days of traveling after their visit to the village of Tambopata, and after having visited many isolated families on the way, the travelers

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finally came to the end of the mule trail. From there it became impossible to take the animals farther into the jungle. So they made camp at that place for several days.

Although important, the visit to the people of Tambopata was not the real purpose of the trip. It was the first visit there—a pioneer visit—of a Seventh-day Adventist missionary and his wife. Many friendly contacts were made. They laid the foundation for future work in this great valley. Now the mission station in Tambopata is one of the strongest and most prosperous of the Lake Titicaca Mission.

The mission station in Sandia had been established with the hope that it would be a door or an opening for the gospel message to the great jungle areas and if possible to the many savage tribes that live in the vast forests of southeastern Peru. The missionaries therefore intended to contact native tribes and gather data about penetration of the jungle. With this in mind Bent and Oriani left the camp one morning to visit a “gold washer” camp where they expected to find prospectors who could give them information about the jungle and news about Indian tribes.

They left early in the morning together with Gabriel and a young man who volunteered to show them the way through the jungle. They took only a small lunch along and some fruits, as they expected to be back at the camp in the afternoon before sundown. Anna would take care of visitors and have a good meal ready for Bent and his party on their return.

The day passed quickly for Anna. She had many visitors of the friendly neighboring people. They brought her gifts of fruits and yucca and some other jungle product much like potatoes. She kept herself very busy attending the sick, giving out medicine, and counseling the visitors. Before she knew it, the shadows of the mighty trees had covered her little camp, and it was time to get the soup ready. How nice! With all the good vegetables the neighbors had brought, she really could prepare a substantial supper.

“How wonderful! There they are already!” Anna exclaimed with enthusiasm as she saw Gabriel and the other young man coming at a distance. She ran to meet them. But—

“Where are Bent and Oriani? Aren’t they coming?”

“Yes,” Gabriel said reluctantly, “but they are coming some other way.”

“What? Some other way! There is no other way!”

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“Si, that is truth, senora,” Gabriel admitted, “but the gringo [Oriani] refused to come back the same way, and so they followed the river. They will be here soon.”

Anna knew something of the jungle. She and Bent, together with pastor and Mrs. F. A. Stahl, had spent time in the jungles of Iquitos and had trekked the famous Pitch-trail from Lima. She knew from experience that it is dangerous, especially for a gringo, to leave the known path and try to find some other way through.

How anxious were those hours that followed! Sundown came, and Bent and Oriani did not appear. She had evening worship with the boys and the neighbors. There was no lack of fervor and earnestness when they prayed that God would protect the two wanderers on their way and bring them safely back to the camp.

As darkness settled, Anna looked over the great endless sea of treetops. Somewhere in there was her husband. Her heart ached. She felt that she had never loved her good Bent so dearly as she did now. In the stillness of the evening she heard sounds she had never noticed before—mewing of the great mountain cat—the “tigrillo” (little tiger). She heard hisses she thought from the snakes. She heard the boys talking among themselves in the Quechua language:

“They have lost their way,” she heard. “A snake has bitten one of them and the other can’t carry him.” “Those crazy gringos! What do they know about the jungle?” “They probably have no matches, and how will they pass the night without a fire?”

When she could not endure more, she called the boys. She gave them matches and each one a candle. And sent them out in the dark to search. She told them to call as loudly as they could as they went along. They even took drums along in order to make still more noise.

How slowly the anxious hours passed! At about eleven o’clock the boys came back and reported that they had heard nothing of the lost missionary and his Italian friend. The night was too dark and the distances too great. They just had to give up the search. Anna went into her tent.

She felt tired and crushed. But she knelt down and put her trust in Him who had promised to be with her “always.” In response she felt the nearness of God. A wonderful peace stole over her. The fear disappeared. Soon she was fast asleep on her cot.

Later, when the story could be pieced together Anna learned what had happened.

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During the morning hours after they had left the camp, Bent and Oriani followed their guide along the narrow path through the jungle, helping as they went to keep the path open by cutting branches and vines with their machetes. The road seemed to be quite level, but they noticed that they were getting farther and farther away from the river, which they knew must be far below them.

Finally, after several hours of walking, they came to a “jump-off,” a place where the path started downward toward the river. The path was steep, with hairpin switchbacks. Before long Bent could feel the pain in his knees.

“My legs hurt,” said Oriani. “Do we really have to come back up this endless steep hill?”

After what seemed a very long descent, their guide called their attention to a place where they had a gorgeous view over the valley.

“Look down there,” he said, pointing with his machete. “Can you see the small palm-leaf huts by the river? That is the gold-washers’ camp. That is where we are going.” On the far beach they could see men like ants working.

Oriani groaned. “Oh, how are we ever going to get clear down there?” He threw up his hands. “And how are we going to get all this way up the mountain again? I just can’t do it.”

“Oh, yes, you can. You will have to.” Bent tried to encourage his friend. “We just have to press on.”

They felt exhausted when they reached the camp. But a good rest under the cool shade of a leaf roof while they ate their lunch soon renewed their strength. They talked with the miners, who were very pleased over the visit. They heard stories related by experienced gold prospectors and obtained valuable information concerning penetration routes, rivers, and native tribes in the interior.

But time for their return soon came. Oriani, a gold merchant, had had some profitable business talk with the gold washers. He had had a good rest. But he dreaded the thought of going back up that awful steep hill.

“I just can’t climb that mountain again,” he groaned. “Why can’t we just follow the river?” The camp where their tent was pitched and where they had left Anna was located near the bank of that same river not many miles up. He had good reason to figure that way and to think that they would easily get back that way. But Oriani did not fully realize that the river made many capricious turns and twists and had dangerous falls and cataracts.

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Their guide and also their new miner friends counseled them not to try to follow the river. "It just can't be done," they said. But Oriani persisted in his idea of following the river up to the camp. No matter what they said, all warnings and persuasions were in vain.

"I will rather die than climb that dreadful hill," he said. And Oriani started on his way up the river beach. Bent felt sorry. He had begged Oriani not to go that way. What could he do now? Should he just let him walk his own way alone and return with the boys? No, he could not do that. Bent waited a while hoping that Oriani would return. But when Oriani disappeared in the distance, Bent sent the boys off for home with word to his wife not to worry. Then he hurried after his Italian friend.

For some time it was fairly easy and rather delightful walking along the river. But the beach began to cut closer and closer to the bank. It became very difficult, and finally impossible, to continue. On the other side, however, the beach lay wide and open. And so they waded across and continued upstream. It went smooth again for quite a while until they found that the river had curved to that side, and so they had to cross again.

"You see," said Oriani, "this way is so much easier. We are making good headway, and we will soon be home."

"It sounds good. I wish you were right. But I am afraid we will run into more serious trouble," cautioned Bent.

The river beaches became narrower and narrower as the two men went along; and they had to cross the river often. Oriani had made himself special shoes for the trip, just pieces of leather strapped around his feet like moccasins. They were very good for walking, but not for wading. In the water the leather got so soft and slippery that only with difficulty could he get a firm foothold among the round stones in the riverbed. Often he would fall and bruise himself.

As the canyon narrowed, the river deepened. Soon, instead of wading the men had to swim across. Sixteen times they crossed. At last the banks became impossible for travel on either side. They could follow the river no longer.

"What do we do now?" Oriani looked as if he was ready to give up everything. He looked back down the river, and he looked up through the overhanging forest.

"There is only one thing we can do," Bent answered. "That is exactly what we have tried to avoid. We will have to climb the mountainside and hope that we may find our way back to the narrow

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path so far above us.” Bent wiped the water off his body with his hands.

The afternoon was still hot, but the sun was getting low. Except for their briefs they were both naked from swimming in the stream. Each carried the remainder of his clothes tied in a little bundle on the back of his neck.

“We better have a good drink of water, and then we must get going,” Bent said.

“I’m not thirsty,” Oriani objected.

“You will be, I can assure you,” said Bent. “You know we have a hard long climb before us.”

If it would have been hard to make the climb up the trail from the gold camp, it was now much more so. The brush near the river grew so dense that it was impossible to penetrate without continuous cutting. At places the ascent was so steep that the men had to pull themselves up from one bush to another. For about an hour they worked their way slowly up. Then Oriani said: “I can’t go anymore.”

“Yes, you can,” Bent insisted. “You must. We must keep on. We must make it back.” Oriani made another effort. Then he sat down on the mountain slope and almost instantly fell asleep, snoring loudly. Bent thought of his little wife lonely in her tent, anxiously waiting for them about that hour. They just had to get back. After about ten minutes he awoke Oriani.

“Come on, we must go. We can’t sit here all night.” And so they struggled on again for a while. Then they had another rest. They kept on like this, climbing and resting for some time. And every time they stopped Oriani would drop sound asleep as soon as he sat down.

Finally he collapsed. “No more,” he said. “Let me die.” Then he again fell fast asleep.

Bent sat beside his friend on the slope, the trees pressing in on them. It was almost dark. His heart went out in sympathy for his wife. He knew she would suffer more than he, not knowing where and how they were. But he realized that it would be impossible to get back that night. They would have to spend the night in the forest. Struggling up the hillside in the tropical hot evening, they did not mind that they were almost naked. But now they felt the need for cover and warmth. When Bent unwrapped his bundle of clothing, he found that the matches in his pocket miraculously had stayed dry. He thanked God for this providence. It is always dangerous to spend the night in the forest

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without the protection of fire. Bent soon had gathered sufficient branches and logs to keep a good fire going all night.

The sloping terrain was not very comfortable for sleeping. There could not be found a level place. But tired as they were they managed to sleep even sitting up near the fire. After some time Oriani woke up and found it kind of nice with that warming fire. He put his wet undershirt on a branch and held it over the embers to dry. Poor fellow, half asleep, he did not notice when it caught fire and was decorated with big holes. They had a good laugh about that. Lucky that they had fire and that it did not rain.

Before dawn the next morning, their bodies stiff and sore, they started again on their way up the terrible slope. For a good while they enjoyed the cool morning. But soon the sun shone hot through the foliage, and they perspired again.

“Oh, I am so hungry! I can’t go any longer,” Oriani complained. He sat down.

“All right, let’s rest a while. I will get us something to eat.” Bent had seen some chonta palms. And he knew that in their top he would find the delicious palm heart so very good to eat.

To bring down a chonta palm with a dull machete is not an easy task. The outer shell or bark of the palm is a very hard wood. It is this that the Indians use for making their bows. Bent was very careful, he thought, to cut the tall tree in such a way that it would fall uphill and not break off from its stump. But it crashed downhill and began to slide. Oh, he thought, how much he had to learn, and how little he knew about doing things in the jungle! Now he had to go way down there. After a long while he finally came struggling up with the heavy palm heart. Then Oriani said: “Oh, no, I can’t eat. How can I eat when I have nothing to drink? I am so thirsty!”

“If you can’t eat, I can,” Bent said as he sat down to enjoy a lonely, but very tasty palm-heart breakfast. He then understood that all Oriani had wanted was another chance to rest. But they had to go on, and soon they were on their way up again. Then suddenly Bent stood up and turned stretching both his arms in the air: “Here we are! We have reached the path!”

How wonderful it was to walk on a level path! Soon they came across a stream of water. They drank and drank for a long while. Then they washed the coats of black dirt off their bodies in the shallow water.

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Anna woke up early that morning. She looked around. There stood Bent's cot-empty. And oh! There came that terrible ache in her heart again! She found that she was all alone in the camp. Everybody had gone early to look for the lost gringos. She did not do much that morning but pray and wait. The neighbors had been planning for a little fiesta that day in honor of the guests; and, although they were not too sure now, they went ahead with the preparations anyway.

Suddenly, about ten o'clock, shouting could be heard in the distance. Soon messengers came running shouting excitedly: "The gringos are coming! The gringos are coming!" The searchers had found the wanderers bathing in the stream.

Praise to God! Everything was well again, and now they would really have a fiesta!

After a good meal-just water for Oriani-and after having told all the happenings, Oriani and Bent had a good nap, which Oriani prolonged to the next day. He really was exhausted. He just slept, drank water, and slept.

Although Bent felt very tired, he was glad that he could go to the banquet the kind neighbors had prepared. That whole experience really had served to bring the whole neighborhood closer to the missionaries in love and sympathy.

The missionaries felt sad when they had to say goodbye to these friendly neighbors of their camp. They had been so kind and good. They had enjoyed such good meetings, they said, and now they begged the missionaries to stay.

"We want to hear more about Jesus and to know more about God's message," they said. "We will give you the land you need and build you a schoolhouse, if you will only come back and teach us."

The missionaries knew that it was doubtful they would ever see these people again and that it probably would take years before others would come and teach them. And then they thought of the many many places throughout the immense jungle areas of Peru where people like these are longing to hear and receive the gospel of a loving Saviour!

The return trip to Sandia went smoother. A month of traveling and walking had made them used to it, and they did not suffer anymore from aching muscles and stiff knees. The last Sabbath they rested in Caballecocha near Tambopata, and on Sunday morning at four o'clock they started for home.

They knew they would not make it that day, but they would be close to home anyway. During the morning hours they made good

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headway. The horses were too slow, so they left them in Condori's care, and just kept on walking-sometimes even running-down the great Huarri-huarri and up and down and round and round.

That day they walked sixty-two kilometers! And they reached home in Sandia about ten o'clock that night. What a day!

Anna's fame went far and wide. "Que guapa, la senora [How brave the Mrs.]" people said. Who would believe that she had walked three tambos in one day? Sixty-two kilometers on such roads! That night they celebrated their return to the mission station by opening a can of evaporated milk. A luxurious cool drink of milk from the U.S.A. with chocolate!

But there is something more to the story about their good friend Oriani. He was a good young man. He came often to the mission station and was always willing to listen when the talk was on Bible teachings. He took counsel; and, although he did not fully become a Seventh-day Adventist, they believed he had been converted and believed in the saving grace of Christ. He even closed his store on Sabbath and shared the day with God's people in devotion and Bible study.

One day Anna needed help. She had been called to deliver a baby in one of the modest homes in Sandia; and, according to custom, neighbors and curious onlookers crowded the house. Oriani had seen Anna from his store and came over to see if he could be of any help.

"You surely can! Please get all these people out of here. And I wish I had some more light."

"I have a strong gasoline lantern which I am sure will help." Oriani left and after a little while came back with a brilliant lantern and with a friendly policeman who soon had the place mostly cleared.

"I will hang the lantern here for you," he said as he suspended it from a nail in a rafter. It illuminated completely the dark little room.

"Thank you. I certainly appreciate that." Anna could work so much easier now. It was a difficult case, but with the help of God she succeeded in her effort, and a new little baby was born.

That same afternoon Oriani visited the missionaries. "I am very happy that I could be of some help to you this morning," he said. "I felt that I had a little part in the good work you are doing for the people here."

"You surely did have! And an important part. You brought us light. And if it had not been for your good light, I might not have saved that

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woman's life." Anna smiled at her friend; then she added, "Do you know what I think? I think God wants you to be a light for Him."

"I will. Senora, I promise. If God gives me opportunity, I would like to do my part in holding high the light of truth." Oriani seemed so sincere and the missionaries felt much encouraged over his statement.

Oriani really longed to be right with God, but he loved money dearly. He had saved quite a large sum of money, but he would trust it to nobody, not even the bank. He took it out of the bank and kept it for a while. Then he asked Dr. R. R. Reed at our clinic in Juliaca to keep it for him. But every so often he came to see if it was still there in the clinic's safe. Later on he kept it with him.

Shortly after their trip to Tambopata, Bent and Anna were transferred to another mission station, and about the same time Oriani left Sandia. He had seen the truth about tithing, and he promised to follow the Lord's will also in this-but not until after he had made a trip home to Italy.

Bent and Anna never saw Oriani again, but they did hear what happened to him. He was on his way to Iquitos, where he planned to catch a boat for Italy. A companion on the trip who knew about the money Oriani carried killed him and took his money one evening as they camped in the heart of the forest. The murderer was so plagued with bad conscience that he went to the police station in Iquitos and confessed. The love of money, the Good Book says, is the root of all evil.