



THE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR
MISSION
ADVENTURES IN TIME 1971-1973



NELSON & SHIRLEY



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GAYLEN SCOTT SHIRLEY

“Vaya Pues! (Va Pue!)”

—Hermano Gomez

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Book design by J. Craig Nelson

This book is dedicated primarily to alumni missionaries who have served in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. However, the book is not sponsored or approved by The Church and none of the co-authors are legally affiliated in any way with The Church or its affiliated entities. All views expressed in the book are the co-authors' own views.

Craig Nelson dedicates this book to his wife, Robin,
and their 3 beautiful daughters and their grandchildren

Scott Shirley dedicates this book to his parents, wife Jan,
five children, and their grandchildren

Both the authors further dedicate this book to
President Harvey S. Glade and his wife, Jean,
their children, and the fraternity of
elders and sisters—the missionaries of
the great Guatemala-El Salvador Mission 1971–1973

“Meditate and consider prayerfully the place the pure love of Christ occupies in your missionary life. To the degree that we manifest the pure love of Christ toward our companions, our investigators and members of the Church, we can become the great and excellent missionaries we have been called to be.”

—President Harvey S. Glade

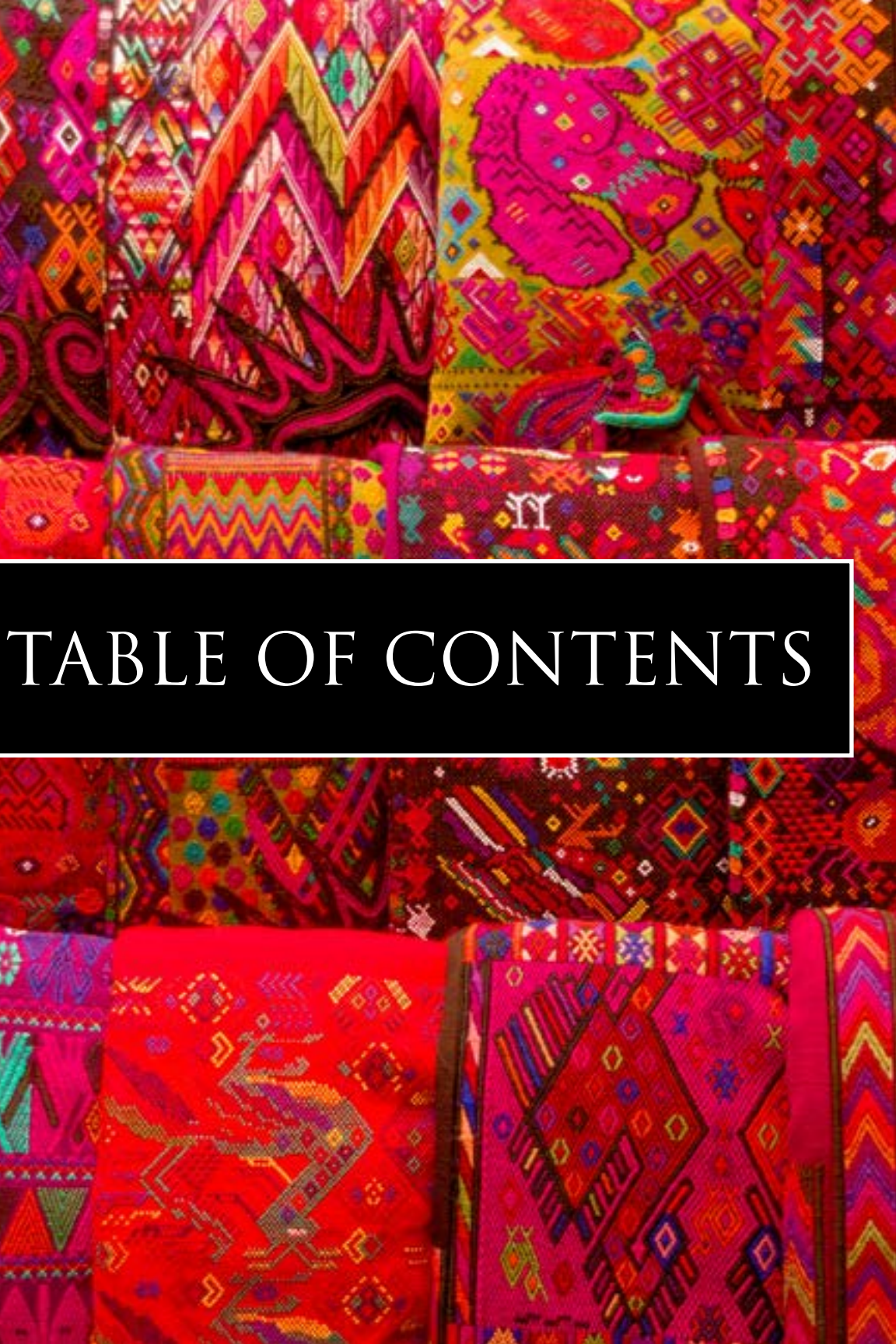


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FOREWORD



Foreword

Once upon a time, between 1971 and 1973 there were a bunch of boys and a few girls who lived in various places around the world who gathered together within the borders of the Central American countries of Guatemala and El Salvador, as pilgrims, if you will, with the intension of sharing something that they believed was the most valuable treasure on the earth. Though the pilgrims were mostly young and inexperienced in most of the ways of the world, God blessed them in their efforts. Under the leadership of an inspired man whom they called “President Glade,” they taught thousands of families about where those people came from, why they were there, and where they were going after this life. They taught the people there that God loved them so much that he sent his son, Jesus Christ, to provide an atonement for them, that they might return to their Father in Heaven, to have eternal Life. Those who listened and accepted the message of these young travelers, and put their teachings into practice and received great joy and thanked their Heavenly Father for His messengers and the wonderful truths they brought.

As the young bunch of boys and girls taught the people these wonderful things, they were being taught themselves. They learned humility and gratitude for their blessed lives and experiences, that they were not individually the center of their universe. They learned that every man, woman and child on the earth were their brothers and sisters, that they were all equal in the eyes of the Lord. In doing this great work, the pilgrims learned to value each other’s contributions and learned to love their fellows, and held each other in high esteem. And when they left the land for their individual homes, they took with them great treasure troves experience and lasting friendships that they would cherish the rest of their lives and memories which might be called upon to withstand the difficulties and challenges raising their own families and plotting their eternal lives to live happily ever after.

In some ways, we returned-missionaries might look at our memories of our missionary experiences as a sort of fairy tale. Maybe our children look at our telling of our missionary stories as such. Some forty-six years or so have passed since my experiences as a missionary began.

Sometimes my memory of those things isn't as clear as I would like them to be. It has been a great pleasure for me to go to mission reunions and see old companions and friends, whom I have wondered about for so many years.

The story in this book is a wonderful story. It is a tribute to the Band of Brothers (and Sisters), who worked and laughed together. We overcame challenges together. We built testimonies together. And we even got along together, some times. We know now that it is a miracle that missionaries in their late teens and twenties can do what we did.

The two authors of this book are two of my best friends on the earth. Craig (Razz) Nelson was the first other missionary I saw at the mission home in Salt Lake City. I had gotten to the mission that day before anyone else. He was the next person to walk into our dorm. He as my companion in the mission home and we palled around together. I immediately took a shine to the guy. We were both ex-Rock musicians, had been somewhat rebellious—this is not an endorsement of rebellion during your youth—youths, but somehow ended up as missionaries going to Guatemala and El Salvador. I regret that we could not have hauled a keyboard around with La Familia Unida, because he would have been great in that group. Our friendship has continued for these many years. When Karen and I were married in the L.A. Temple, he was one of the witnesses. When he and Robin were married, my band performed at their reception. Ironically, I have played with band members who, unbeknownst to either of us, had known him from his youth. We have also collaborated musically on a couple projects of mine and hope to do many more. He is my brother from another mother.

The other author of this book—and other brother from another mother—Scott (Wailin') Shirley, is a wonderful companion—I'm sure his wife, Jan will testify to it. We spent around 14 months as companions, in the same district and living in the same house. We even lived together in my home town of Topeka, after our missions, thinking we would pursue music careers together, until he decided Jan would really be a better partner for him in the long run and he skedaddled back to Idaho. We still meet up when we can and play music when we can. He has contributed to some of my recording projects as well.

So, sit back and enjoy this read. It was a joy for me to read and relive, in my mind, what I experienced as young pilgrim on the road. If you were there, you Elders and Sisters are the heroes in this story. You will

remember how it was, and you can show it to your spouse, children and grandchildren, and say, “See, I wasn't lying.”

Randall D. Mundy
Salt Lake City, UT
February 25, 2017

MISSIONARY JOURNAL

PREFACE

**The Missionaries of the
Great Guatemala-El Salvador Mission
1970 - 1973**

Preface

This book contains the LDS mission experiences of me, Elder Gaylen Scott Shirley, as well as contributed stories and accounts of many missionaries who served from June of 1971 to 1973. In June of 1976, the collapse of the Teton Dam in Southeast Idaho destroyed nearly all mission memorabilia collected during my mission years. I was able to recover from the debris my two mission journals in which I had recorded events from each day over the two year span. The journals were carefully cleaned, dried, and preserved to the best of our ability.

They remained undisturbed for over two decades until the advent of the Internet and the creation of a Guatemala-El Salvador website created by Elder Craig Nelson, without whom this work would not have been possible. His vast collection of mission photos and stories were critical, due to the fact I had lost so much in the flood.

I had the opportunity to experience the mission as a traveling member of the musical group, La Familia Unida. From this vantage point I have included stories of each and every city and town in the mission where missionaries were serving at the time. With the help of Craig Nelson's website, I have included pictures of missionaries as they are mentioned. Regretfully, not every missionary photo was able to be preserved.

This book has generated additional memories and stories from both missionaries who served as well as members whose lives were changed by their efforts. Because additional stories continue to be submitted into this account, this book may never be finished. It will be made available free of charge and posted online. The reader is invited to contribute additional stories and accounts which will be added to the book and updated regularly. Check the date for the most recent publication.

In retrospect, I must credit the collapse of the Teton Dam for the tremendous contribution it provided. The disaster did me a huge favor in making it necessary to rewrite in narrative form, having the advantage of additional maturity and hindsight. It also culled out so much that may have been superfluous and unnecessary.

Most importantly, I must credit my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, for the opportunity and blessing to come to know Him more intimately

through my travels and adventures in the countries of Guatemala and El Salvador. My life was shaped and transformed through my association with Him as well as with all the missionaries, members, and beautiful people with whom I came in contact. My testimony of the restored gospel is firm, having been forged through good times as well as bad. It has given me a life of happiness.

Disclaimer: This book is not in any way sponsored or approved by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The views expressed in the book are the co-authors' own views. None of the co-authors are legally affiliated in any way with The Church or its affiliated entities. Missionary rules, regulations, and guidelines were not standardized during the time periods reflected in the book. Some of the activities recorded in the book, while approved and sanctioned by our mission president, would be outside of Mission rules today. Our mission president taught us correct principles and we governed ourselves. The missionaries we knew worked long and hard hours, following the parameters outlined by mission leadership. We lovingly worked and lived after the manner of happiness among a beautiful and delightful people.



Acknowledgments

We couldn't have done it without you—

The above sub-heading may be viewed as trite and all-too-much *mucho gusto*, but it really applies here. There are so many good contributors and influencers who the authors mutually acknowledge.

Yes, all of those missionary friends, brothers, sisters, companions with whom we worked and played incredibly hard. We don't know that it was in any of our Mission rules and directives, but, an unwritten and well-followed rule was to have fun!

We also have to acknowledge and be grateful for the good people of Guatemala and El Salvador—whether church members, investigators, or community members. These who we befriended, taught the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, worked with, served, loved, and shared experiences with (many of which are listed in this book). We learned (without much difficulty) to love them, their language, food, culture, and customs.

The authors mutually acknowledge a number of specific individuals, including the following:

President Harvey S. Glade: We are so grateful for his unparalleled leadership and example as our Mission President, disciple of Christ, friend, mentor and fellow missionary companion. He had the capacity to make you want to reach higher and stretch beyond your current comfort zone. He loved us and we returned that love with love and respect. We never wanted to disappoint him. Always a true gentleman; his grace, charisma, and finesse was experienced by us all. Back in the day, as missionaries, and through the many years after. We also acknowledge the love and contributions of his wife (our Mission Mom), Jean, and their children.

Bryant Glade: Contributing author.

Gary H. Glade: Contributing author.
Randall D. Mundy: Forward & contributing author.
Rick Ardmore: Contributing author.
David Dwayne Williams: Contributing author.
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The following are personal acknowledgments of J. Craig Nelson to:

G. Scott Shirley: Historian, writer, co-author, punster extraordinaire, friend, fellow musician, missionary companion. Scott, through the years, has been possessed of a talent to tell stories in a very understandable, entertaining and attention grabbing way. It has been a blessing to have worked with him through the years.

The following family members: My forebears, many of whom served as missionaries since the 1860s in Denmark, Sweden and other parts of Europe. My Grandpa Obed (Southern States Mission 1909–11, and Northwestern States Mission 1928–29) and Grandma Tina (Western States Mission 1913–15). Ellery and Leslie F. Nelson (British Mission 1939, Texas Louisiana Mission 1940–42), my Mom and Dad—goodly parents who raised me to love God and fellowman, and serve the Lord. They also financed most of my Mission experience. Robin Nelson; for loving me and being my sweetheart since before our marriage in 1982. I also thank her for her editing help, support, praise, and encouragement while co-authoring this book. Chrissie Nelson Tsaturyan (and husband Svak who served in the California Sacramento Mission 2003–05); for outstanding grammar and punctuation coaching, love, support, and praise. Megan Nelson; for legal counsel and support, editing review, love, and praise. Paige Nelson Smith (and husband Zach who served in the Nevada Las Vegas Mission 2009–11); for her editing help, love, cheer-leading, and cuteness.

Mission Reunion Committee Members: Through the years there have been countless—you know who you are. The locations have been

mostly in Provo or Salt Lake City, UT but wherever two or more GES RMs get together, it's a blessed event!

Mission Reunion Committee Members 2008: Joe Lowry, Kyle Blacker, Ralph Bower, Craig Nelson, Bob Kellett, Dave Boydston, Randy Mundy, Dorian, Nye, Derrell Mangum, Stan Jackson, Gilbert Marquez, Rick Koplín, Frank Jorgenson, Ryan Tew, Eric Monson. Also to La Familia Unida which performed (with Craig Nelson and sans Scott Shirley). President Glade and wife Jean and all children attended.

Mission Reunion Committee Members/Participants 2011: This was a wonderful reunion, punctuated by the dedication of the Quetzaltenango Temple. Committe and Attendees follow—they were: Kent Hatch, Doug Gwilliam, Kim Henrie, Craig Nelson, Steve Borgquist, Duane Cheney, Jim Martino, Dalila Marini, Argentina Rivera Hatfield, Ligia Celeste Arevalo (De Guerra). Extra special thanks to Kathy Rittscher for her royal treatment, loving care and logistical support while we were in the Xela area. President Glade attended—it was a joy to be with President Glade in Guatemala again!

Mission Reunion Committee Members 2013: Kent Hatch, Doug Gwilliam, Craig Nelson, Steve Borgquist, Ralph Bower. President Glade was in attendance, as were his children. This would be the last earthly reunion with our beloved President Glade as he passed away within the next two months on December 10, 2013. God be with you til we meet again President Glade!

Doug Gwilliam: Long time friend, missionary companion, contributing author, and founding member of the 2011 Mission Reunion at the Quetzaltenango Temple Dedication.

Kim Henrie: Long time friend, missionary companion (who I continue to serve with), roommate, contributing author, and founding member of the 2011 Mission Reunion at the Quetzaltenango Temple Dedication.

Steve Borgquist: Long time friend and founding member of the 2011 Mission Reunion at the Quetzaltenango Temple Dedication.

Kent Hatch: Long time friend and founding member of the 2011 Mission Reunion at the Quetzaltenango Temple Dedication.

Gary Lippincott: Missionary companion, long time friend, innovator of my nickname (Razz), content provider, and contributing author.

My assigned missionary companions: Elders Steve Wright, Jim Mahoney, Paul Nielson, Larry Stanley, Charley Bumstead, Jerry Twigg,

Fred Sellick, Rai Cammack, Kim Trejo, Mike Evans, Jeff Roundy, Marc Reintjes, Doug Gwilliam, and Richard Mack. I learned from them all and the experiences I had with them served as a foundation for this book.

Avante contributors: Les Mercer, Avante Page Sorters, Office Commissarians and other pioneer contributors to keep us all on the same page (pun intended).

Contributing photographers: The majority of graphics and photos are my own but considerable others made contributions. They are: Chris Crosby, Jeffrey Clason, G. Scott Shirley along with others probably too numerous to mention.

The following are personal acknowledgments of G. Scott Shirley to:

J. Craig Nelson. Co-author, Editor & publisher, art & design, webmaster, historian, Mastermind, etc.

The following family members: Parents; Ross and Margie Shirley. Jan Shirley; love of my life and wife since 1974. Missionary-minded children who are raising all 19 grandchildren in the covenant:

- » Jenna, my favorite daughter, & husband Blake Scoresby (Netherlands Amsterdam Mission).
- » Jeff, (Tulsa, Oklahoma Mission).
- » Brett, (Czech Republic Mission).
- » Brandon, (Sofia, Bulgaria Mission), married to Anna, (Czech Republic Mission).
- » Jason, (Milan, Italy Mission).
- » Conner Blake Scoresby, (Grandson, called to the San Salvador East Mission) who inspired the final push to complete this book.

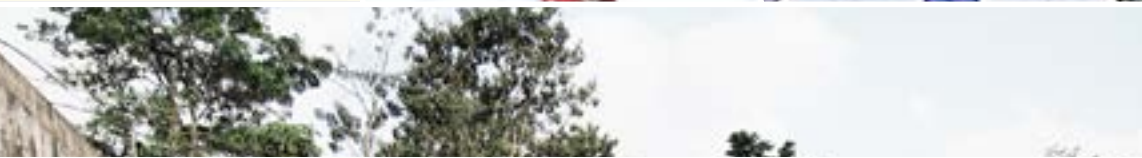
Companions: Rick Ardmore, Jeffrey Harold Woodman, Donald K. Davis, Paul F. Nielson, Gilbert Marquez, David Williams, Randy Mundy, Phillip E. Miller, Donald Lee Dodge, Val Steed, Gary Wilmore, Richard Arlan Baria, Matthew F. Hilton

La Familia Unida Experience Companions: John Cameron, Randy Teel, Randy Mundy, Scott Eddo

Mission Mentor: Layne Thompson; street display innovator and personal mission role model.



GAYLEN SCOTT SHIRLEY
 June 17, 1971
 June 8, 1973
 Sugar City, Idaho



INTRODUCTION



JOHN CRAIG NELSON
 August 26, 1971
 No. Hollywood, California



Introduction

The title of this book is “Adventures In Time,” which was chosen to convey the fact that it contains multiple mission adventures from a specific time and place. For the sake of continuity and context, I have rewritten the storyline from the journals I maintained throughout the time I served in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission. It is not intended to be the story of “my” mission, rather a mosaic of historical threads woven together in the running context of time. Hence, the title, “Adventures in Time.”

Hopefully, each reader will identify with the chosen topics and smile as similar memories are revived and relived. It is the intent of the authors that this work be considered to be the story of every missionary who served in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission in the early 1970’s. These were our adventures, these were our times, these were our adventures in time.

*Scott Shirley
 Rexburg, ID*

What he said. After almost 20 years home from my Mission, I had lost my journal and started getting a bit rusty on names, places, companions, investigators, members, and my experiences. So, I sought to correct that by setting up a website where returned missionaries and friends from the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission of our era (1971-1973) could connect and share experiences.. Little did I know it would become a lifelong avocation. From the website, a natural next step seemed to be social media. So, I set up a Facebook Group page and now—the eBook!

It has been a joy to work with Scott as missionaries, musicians and friends through the years. I’ve found some of the best friends I’ve made (and certainly the most faithful), are those I’ve made while serving together and while working on preserving the memories of that service.

Sure, you can read this book starting from the first page until reaching the back of the book—I’d recommend browsing around though. You can stop at any point and drill down to anything that you find of interest.

I do recommend Chapter 9, as one of the first stops, if you choose

that approach. It contains the account of a very unique undertaking. Missionaries, forming a musical singing group to tour the entire Mission. LA FAMILIA UNIDA was a group of five talented missionaries who formed themselves into a singing group in the summer of '72 to present an important message to families of Guatemala and El Salvador.

If you just like pictures, there are plenty of those for your enjoyment. If you are one of us that served in our mission at that time, you may wish to peruse the Appendices to see photographs of your friends and missionary companions from that time.

What pure joy it was living the times and adventures recorded in this book. If you capture even the smallest part of that joy while reading this, it may well have great and eternal consequences in your life.

Craig Nelson
Granada Hills, CA



Chapter 1 — The Mission Home

June, 1971: Mission Home Blues

Some of you are here because your mothers want you to be here. Some of you are here because your fathers want you here. Some of you are here because your girlfriends expect you to serve a mission. Some of you are here to get out of the Vietnam draft. Well, whatever your reason for being here, you've made the right mistake." Those were the first words I heard from the first speaker in my first meeting on the first day of the Mission Home in Salt Lake."

We heard talk after talk, but much of it went over my head. The most memorable memory was from a senior missionary who told about being a prisoner of war in a concentration camp in World War II. He talked about being locked in a railroad boxcar for several days, standing room only. One can only imagine the difficulties involved with trying to sleep as well as all the other bodily functions that come into play. He was going on yet another mission. I believe he said it was his seventh mission. I was humbled by his strong testimony.

Life in the old mission home in Salt Lake City was quite different from anything I had ever seen. Elder Craig Nelson recorded the experience as follows, "Arose today at 6:00 AM. We were awakened by a ship's whistle and an, 'all hands on deck.'. Later we spent a good part of the day on memorization of discussions. The Guatemalan Elders are planning to get a pizza delivered to the Italian Elders...Mama Mia! We had a scientist address us on, 'Science and Religion'. Elders were falling asleep left and right. Not because of the speaker (alright, he was a bit dry), but because nobody got any sleep last night."

I checked into room 317 and got to know my new comps. Everyone had a hard time adjusting to the new underwear. The first morning I stepped out my door to see an elder proudly walking down the hall, towel over his shoulder and his garments on backwards. Funny how the

Lord trusts the spreading of his church into the hands of such weak and feeble of mind.

We heard talk after talk and stood in line after line, going here and there and everywhere. Sitting too long at one time induced deep though temporary snoozing in the hot summer weather, but the pep-rally-type hymn singing usually brought us all back to life.

Most of us had never done laundry before. After the first go-around, many had garments that were other-than-white. Mom had made it look so easy. What went wrong?

We were there Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, then left for Provo on a bus on Wednesday.

“...Well, whatever your reason for being here, you’ve made the right mistake.”



Chapter 2—LTM

June, 1971: The LTM, or Language Training Mission, or “The Rock” or “Es verdaderamente un placer, Señor Gomez. Le dije que...”

We unloaded at Knight-Magnum Hall and met our new comps. Mine was Elder Wright, waiting for a Mexican visa, as were many others. There were four of us to a room and the senior comps always took the bottom bunk (I don’t know why, but when I became I senior I moved down also). I roomed with Wright, Sweazy, and Willis. Everyone had an alarm clock and everyone insisted on using all four. They would never go off all at once.

They rounded up us strays like a bunch of cattle and told us because we were all going to different missions in Central America, that we would be called the “De Todo” district. I thought he said “Toto” so I knew I was no longer in Kansas.

My comps were Taylor, Jackson, Hodgekinson, Atkinson, Boyakin, Carrol, Landon and Baria. Some of us had taken a lot of Spanish in college or high school so we thought we knew it all, but pride cometh before discussions (or distruction, same thing).



Baria



“LIVING YOUR LANGUAGE”

Living your language was no way to live. It meant speaking nothing but your target language, even though it was pathetically bad and incorrect. I was not sold on it, so naturally I was called as Live Your Language Chairman. Go Figure. “Living Your Language” meant no English and a lot of frustration. It was a rule no one but Monks taking upon themselves an oath of silence could actually do one-hundred percent of the time. The intent was good, but the result was we all got on each other’s nerves. That was why my older brothers who had served on missions told me, “If you can get through the LTM, you can get through your entire mission. They were correct.

PIETY IN PERFECTION.

The scriptures say there are only a few translated beings over the history of time. However, there were many in the LTM who thought they already had experienced the rapture, at least they acted that way. Our Zone Leader, Brother Belnap, told us to stop praying about which girl we should marry when we got home. Others claimed to have seen visions, inspirations, etc. We were constantly being told we were not humble enough. Can anyone really be humble enough, especially at age 19?

FASTING IN THE SLOW LANE

I had never been a fan of fasting, and it seemed they wanted us to fast about most everything. I hated to see all that food go to waste. We went for a double session in the Manti Temple and fasted before we went. I felt particularly close to the other side because I actually thought I was going to die from thirst.

DEAR JOHN

One of the Elders got a “Dear John” from his girlfriend, so he stood up on the table at lunch and read it out loud to everyone. Interesting touch. He put a humorous tone on it and everyone laughed in the lunch room, but I noticed he went straight to his room and when I walked by the partly closed door I could see him on his knees in prayer.

VISAS IN PIECES

The Elders going to Mexico had to be ready to go at any time their visas might be approved, because Mexico was not approving visas at the

time. This caused long delays and much frustration for those assigned to Mexico in the early 1970’s. We didn’t get much of a chance to say adios to anyone. Elder Wright, my first companion, left for Mexico and I got yet another Elder Wright, also going to Mexico. I promptly moved to the bottom bunk, where all senior comps go when they sleep. There was no particular reason for doing so, it was simply what senior companions did at the LTM.

STAND AND DELIVER

Our instructors were Elders Davis and Salazar. They would stand us in a semi-circle and we would repeat the Spanish over and over and over again, all day long, along with various grammar classes. It didn’t take long to start dreaming in Spanish. The evenings were spent in “retention” which was a time for reviewing lessons. We would walk, talk and mumble to ourselves as we placed the flannel board characters in their proper places on the flannel board. It turned out to be a skill that was left at the LTM, because no one in our mission actually used flannel boards or the characters, rather they glued them on sheets and laminated the pages into a flip chart. That would prove to be a huge step forward.

**MUCHO GUSTO, SENOR GOMEZ OR
DON’T WORRY, BE HUMBLE**

July, 1971

We had passed off the first lesson which was about the organization of the church, the need for apostles and prophets, authority, and Joseph Smith. The second was about the Book of Mormon. The third was about the Word of Wisdom and the fourth was the wages of sin and physical and spiritual death. The fifth covered life after death, or the Plan of Salvation and the sixth tied it all together showing how Christ overcame both physical and spiritual death. There was much competition to be the first to “pass off” the lessons to the instructors. I was the first with lesson one, then another guy beat me with lesson two. I was determined to be first in all the others so much that I would read and memorize at my desk using the light from the street lamp, long after everyone else was asleep, and even get up early to memorize. I missed the true spirit of why I was there. Memorizing was all I was interested in. What a monumental mistake.

DRAFT-DODGING DUDES

They marched us all over to the football field to see an Independence Day show, complete with fireworks. It was the first of two years of holidays I would spend differently than I ever had before. I thought patriotism and dedication was a little higher among our group than it was, because when news of the Vietnam draft being ended was announced, some of the elders were upset. Some complained that they could have stayed home and now they were locked up for two years. I couldn't relate to that, and I hoped and prayed I would not ever be companions with any of them.

PRACTICE, PRACTICE, AND MORE PRACTICE

We practiced giving lessons to “escuchantes,” (Spanish for listeners, native Spanish speakers on whom we practiced giving lessons) actual living, breathing, Latinos! We really thought we were something, because after all, how hard can this really be? One of the instructors, Elder Crocket, was good at inducing and demanding humility. Elders Cloward and Alsop were very kind and patient with our energetic yet inadequate attempts at the King's Castellano.

STRESS FRACTURES

One of the Elders went home. The stress of it all just got to him and he got a medical release. I will miss him. He simply couldn't seem to remember the Spanish and it seemed to me that he was aging before my eyes. We had many prayers in his behalf, but the pressure took center stage and he went home. I wish the emphasis could be as it is now, listening to the Spirit, rather than plotting memorization progress on a spreadsheet. Perhaps he could have survived if the focus were as it would become forty years later.

WAITING FOR VISAS

We had a “visa scare” for the Mexican Elders. This term was used when word came that those waiting for Mexican visas could possibly be leaving. It was a “scare” because it was often called off by the Mexican government. They got all ready to go and then it was called off, so they are still here. It seems there is a Jehovah Witness convention plugging things up. Elder Lunt has been here for 22 weeks. I have noticed over the years that the Church would change that policy and get the missionaries

teaching “anywhere” rather than insisting that because they were called to a certain place, nowhere else would do. The drain on some of these missionaries going to Mexico was tremendous as some were there nearly a quarter of their mission.

IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH

If I got up earlier than I was supposed to I could beat everyone else to the laundry room and still have breakfast in time to get to class. I had never done my own laundry before, but I found that I could actually do it, and it would turn out OK. Again, how hard can this really be? Right?

LATINO MISSIONARIES

Hermanas Barrera and Alba were assigned to go to the LTM as well. I wondered why. They already knew the language, so what was the deal? I never really did comprehend the big picture of the LTM. It was all about memorization, passing off lessons, and competition.

GG SHOTS

Gamma globulin shots were a pain in the, well, rear. They were affectionately referred to as “GG shots.” Someone spread the rumor that the more you weighed the more serum had to be put in the needle, and thereby the pain would increase. One gullible missionary fasted for days in preparation for the dreaded “needle” which got longer in his mind each time a group returned from the ordeal. One Elder tried to scare the others to the point of standing all through lunch because he claimed he couldn't sit down from the pain. His actions contributed to many others beginning a prolonged fast.

**CHECKING THE LIST, CHECKING IT TWICE OR...
HOUSTON, WE HAVE A GREEN LIGHT FOR GO**

August, 1971

We packed and re-packed several times trying to get our baggage weight down, then did not sleep much as we spent our last night in Provo. Was it actually happening? Were we really going to Guatemala and El Salvador? As my father said as each of my older brothers left for their missions to Brazil, “This is getting serious.”

THE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR MISSION



Chapter 3—The Promised Land

August, 1971: On to the Promised Land or Are You Sure This is the Place? What now?



One of the Elders saw his girlfriend at the airport and decided it was as far as he would go. I think he had been planning it all along. Several Elders were rather chummy with their girlfriends but most stayed within mission guidelines. We were told that we could give our girlfriend the same kind of kiss we would give our mother. One Elder asked if he could write his mother and tell her what to expect. When I learned that my girlfriend was coming to see me off. I mentioned to my parents that I was not going to kiss her good-by.” At the airport my father took me aside and said, “That little girl came a long way to see you. I don’t think a little kiss would be out of line.” I smiled, looked at him and said, “OK, Dad, I’ll do it for you.” It was worth it. Four decades later we would have five children and 19 grandchildren. Thanks, Dad.

We flew to Los Angeles, stayed overnight, then took a rather crowded 707 to Guatemala. We pretended not to watch the in-flight movie. Elder

Baria and I got involved in a religious discussion with a woman who was a daughter of a Southern Baptist preacher. We found that particular field not so white, nor ready for harvest.

The plane came in for a landing on a runway that was littered with old crashed airplanes on both sides. It was like landing in a junkyard. I guess they used the old planes for parts. We stepped out of the air-conditioned plane into the moist tropic heat I had ever felt. It was like sticking your head in the oven on Thanksgiving.

PRESIDENT GLADE & FAMILY

We were driven to the mission office and met President Glade. I was assigned to Santa Lucia in El Salvador so I had to stay the night at Brother Overson's, the director of church construction. Another Elder was going home and wanted me to go downtown with him to do some shopping. He had a huge black eye. I asked him about it, but he wouldn't say anything. I'm not sure, but I think there was an interesting story there somewhere.



We flew to San Salvador in only 30 minutes. A ticket agent asked me if I was in transit. Not understanding his genuine Spanish which seemed so different from Provo Spanish, I just smiled and said "si." Brother Overson told me that I would be staying and that he was the one in transit, so I had to stay.

THE ROOKIE ARRIVES IN TOWN

Wednesday, August 11, 1971



The term "rookie" is defined as "a new recruit, especially in the army or police." It is also "a member of an athletic team in his first full season." I was definitely "new," I was for sure in the Lord's army, and this was my first season. Therefore, guilty of being a rookie on all counts was the verdict. The official word in Spanish was "novato." Guilty in both languages.

MEETING THAT FIRST SENIOR COMPANION

Wednesday, August 11, - Friday, October 8, 1971

I was met at the airport by my new comp Elder Ardmore. He was there with Woodman, Ross and Lippincott. It was much hotter in El Salvador than it was in Guatemala City. It seemed the oven had been turned up about double.



I was loaded into the back of a pickup and we headed for Santa Lucia. The road went down under the end of the airport runway and a huge plane was taxiing above us as we drove through. I was expecting some kind of joke to be played on me, but it never happened. We put the suitcases in my new room, then walked down some railroad tracks to small meson, or collection of one-room huts or shacks surrounding a common area with a tap for water and a hose for bathing. A woman was bathing while wearing a dress. She would get all wet, then "soap-

up” under her dress with a bar of soap, then use the hose to rinse off. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention. It was in this humble setting I was to present my first of many lessons in the promised land. It was a one-room shack papered with pictures cut out of magazines. It was common for people to cut pictures out of magazines because they looked like people they knew. They did not have enough money for luxuries such as professional photographs. Ardmore asked me if I knew the first discussion. I told him I knew it in the LTM. He then asked if I knew it in Central America. Then, my first lesson in Central America was underway. I would spout out the memorized Spanish to the guy and he would reply. I would then look at Ardmore and he would either nod or say something to the guy, then I would spout the next memorized line. We continued in that manner until I was half-way through, then I was able to relax and let the master take over. Why don't the people here speak Spanish???

We then went to the weekly M.I.A. I spent the time at mutual trying to communicate with the young people. They jabbered at me and I would smile and say “si.” Some young ladies asked me what my name was, and I couldn't catch what they said, because they leave the letter “s” off most every word. I just smiled and said I was nineteen years old. They found my response hilarious.

OFF AND RUNNING

Ardmore was an excellent teacher and did not let grass grow beneath his feet. My first day in the field and we had already taught one lesson to the guy by the railroad tracks and showed two more film strips to Daisy, the girlfriend of the host family's son.. I was getting excellent training in being not only busy, but busy teaching.

POLITICS CENTRAL AMERICAN STYLE OR HOW FAST CAN YOU RUN, GRINGO?

Elder Ardmore and I went downtown, San Salvador, and had the good fortune of being let off in the middle of a political riot. All the teachers in the country were striking for higher wages. Ardmore and I stood out like sore thumbs with our white shirts and even whiter skin, caused by the serious lack of blood to our pale faces. Suddenly the entire group of rioting and protesting hostiles headed towards us, shouting and screaming something about North Americans. I caught a glimpse

of Ardmore going around the corner and I followed close behind. Somehow we slipped through them undetected and made our way down the crowded street, all the time being chased by a mob with clubs.

In a clearing by the park Ardmore spotted a bus that was stalled in the mass of humanity that filled the park. He shouted to me to follow him. We fought our way through the crowd toward the bus, wondering if at any moment we would be grabbed from behind by the mob. Miracle of all miracles it was the bus that regularly went by our apartment and the driver knew us. He opened the bus door and we slipped inside and hid under the seats, totally out of breath.

Evidently they did not see us disappear into the bus. Ardmore was mumbling something about how this was not good. I figured, “Fine, all the martyrs in the world and I have to be one more. Don't we have enough already?” I discovered that prayers said under such situations are extremely sincere. I thought about my family and wondered if I would ever see them again. Outside the bus was a sea of angry people shouting and waving clubs

Suddenly, the bus slowly began to inch forward through the crowd. Miraculously, no one had seen us get on the bus. As the crowd thinned out the bus gained speed and was soon out of the city and onto the highway. We got back to our apartment where we found a note from the zone leaders telling us to stay home because there was some kind of problem in town. No kidding. I found out years later from Elder Ardmore, that a woman who had been there that day had been warned by her brother not to go. She went anyway, and when things went totally bad she quickly left. Several people were shot and killed that day by riot police. We were blessed to not have been two of them.

For the next several days there was a heightened military and police presence because of all the talk of revolution, accompanied with violence, rioting, and some killings as well. We were told to not go into San Salvador unless it was absolutely necessary. Still, we went about our business doing what we needed to do.

HONEST ARDMORE

Elder Ardmore was very direct in some of the things he liked as well as what he did not. He told me that my Spanish needed work and that I was speaking too fast and not concentrating on precision. Though I did not always appreciate those comments, I found that they did have value.

It helped me become a better speaker.

VILLACORTA FAMILY & SALVADOR HUESO

You would think that there would be some time to reflect on nearly being mobbed in San Salvador, but we arrived at home and left to go teaching. We first went to the Villacorta Family. The mother was a large woman who did most of the talking. She talked to me very slowly as if I were mentally handicapped. Then she would laugh and talk to Ardmore as if I had disappeared. We also gave a lesson to Salvador Jueso, a single guy that lived alone. Both lessons were taught in the most humble of circumstances. People do not seem to realize how very poor they really are.

INTERVIEWS

We had another interview with the President in one of the chapels. The electricity was out and there were candles all over. Perhaps the Catholics had a good idea, at least one that we could steal during a power outage.

GRINGO LINGO

“Dross” is defined by Webster as, “scum on molten metal. Refuse, rubbish.” This word had developed another use among missionaries to describe, or should I say express the equivalent of the English “crap”, “dang”, or the more formal, “damn.” It was used along with the word “flip” to give the missionary the simulated sensation of swearing without really committing the full-blown sin. It was also used in sentences that almost expressed its original meaning, such as “Don’t give me that dross,” or “those guys were giving me a bunch of dross.” Everyone said it, almost all the time. “Dross, dross, dross.” We used that word more than most any other, yet it did not appear on our vocabulary list in the LTM. It was also common to say that “So-and-so couldn’t do such and such for Jack” or “he doesn’t know Jack.” I didn’t know who Jack was but thought it must mean So-and-so’s performance was sub-par. It was also said that certain Elders were “pieces of Junk,” which meant they were “riding their bags” or were “baggie” or in other words, non-productive. A “hole” was a part of the mission that was less desirable, a “cherry” was the opposite. A hole was also “the pits” which was what was left over from the cherries. If the President was “down on you” he would

send you to a hole. If he was “up” on you, then you could count on “moving up” in leadership where you could become more “pious” which meant doing what we were actually supposed to be doing but didn’t want anyone else to notice. It was not cool to be too pious, so of course, most everyone wanted to be cool in such a hot climate.

ZONE CONFERENCE

Friday, August 13, 1971

Zone conferences were interesting events. Every-other monthly zone conference was a testimony meeting. Most of the testimonies were actually a combination of show-and-tell stories, and “Thank-timonies.” It was refreshing when there was actually a genuine testimony comprised of statements of belief. There were those who frequently told their companions that they “loved” them. I wasn’t one of them. Yes, I did love and care for my companions, but I was not one who felt comfortable saying it. It seemed to lose its meaning if said too often. The vast majority of my companions felt the same way.

Another part of conferences was getting a GG shot, or gamma globulin injection every other conference, to keep possible parasites at bay. I soon learned to look up ahead of the line to see who was giving the shots. If it happened to be some of the Elders who were being trained to give shots, then I would get into the line where the sister nurses were administering the medication. I saw one Elder being trained actually let go of the needle like a dart before entering it into an Elder. The needle went in part way and then hung down on the arm of the poor guy, who was writhing in pain. The Elders in his line quickly evaporated.

<Elder Nelson here...> The above reference to a trainee Elder using the “throw it like a dart” method forshadows my personal experience near the beginning of 1973 while serving as a Zone Leader (ZL) in Santa Ana. It was typically the ZLs who were selected and trained to give the GG shots. My first shot as a ZL was to Elder Mark Bake of Parma, ID. I sedulously followed the “throw it like a dart” method yet didn’t maintain hold of the syringe. There was a dangling needle, more pain than necessary AND blood. The good side to this was; I learned quickly and mastered this task to the point that missionaries would routinely ask for me by name and avoid all other lines (including the sister nurses) when getting their shots.<Nelson out.>

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

I spent most of each Sunday at church talking with the little kids because their Spanish was more on my level. People would talk about me in my presence as if I did not understand a word they were saying. Senora Villacorta, a newly baptized member, invited some of her friends for us to teach. She thought I had the gift of tongues when I gave the lesson, rattling off my memorized dialogue. She didn't realize that the Spanish I knew was memorized much like a tape recorder which may as well have been switched on and off between Senor Gomez' responses.

FIRST BAPTISM

Saturday, August 14, 1971

Elder Ardmore knew how to teach and baptize. My first participation in a baptism was with a man that I taught only once, but was able to contribute in some small way. The average missionary in the mission baptized approximately thirty people in two years. I would find during my mission that there were many that I would help prepare for baptism and then get transferred, and there were others that I came and helped right at the end. So it all averaged out. I never kept track of just how many baptisms I helped with, because I did not want to know. They were not "my" baptisms, but they belonged to a higher power.

TESTIMONY TWO-STEP

After the baptism we visited several families, then went to a dance at the chapel. There was a teenager there named Carlos Perez, who told me he had never heard of Joseph Smith. He had just happened to attend to see what was going on. I talked to him the best I could and got his address. I sure did long to be able to communicate fluently.

1st SUNDAY, 1st CONFIRMATION, 1st BLESSING

August 15, 1971

I was very nervous about confirming Brother Jueso, but Ardmore convinced me I could do it. With his help I made it through the ordeal. The best part of church is talking with the little kids who are not as critical and much easier to understand and practice on when it comes to language acquisition. We then went out into the jungle to teach a lesson to the boy I talked to Carlos Perez, the boy I talked to at church previously.

We had fasted that day for the Villacorta family. Their daughter had polio. It was the first time I had ever anointed anyone. Ardmore sealed the anointing. There were additional blessings poured out upon us and the family that day. Ardmore explains more of this below in his summary of our time together in El Salvador.

BORDER CHANGES, COMPANION EXCHANGES OR PARTIDA HUNTS & OTHER STUNTS



"Border changes" had to be made every few months if you were serving in El Salvador. A border change meant going to the Guatemala border, checking out of the country, then checking back in. Ardmore had to make such a change, so I went with Elders Benion and Hawkins to give a lesson to Lopez Sanchez, in Colonia Delgado. He is an elderly man of seventy-one years and was a member of the Church of Apostles and Prophets. It was an interesting lesson. We then gave a follow-up lesson to Salvador Jueso who just got baptized. Greenies often view their first senior as a parental figure. I found out I could indeed give a lesson without the umbilical cord intact.

"Partida hunts" were always fun. A "partida" was a birth certificate. It meant we had someone ready for baptism and it also meant we got to play detective by trying to find birth certificates so the couple could get baptized. It seemed no one was married, just living together with nine or ten kids, so we would have to get them married first before they could get baptized, which meant we had to have a valid birth certificate. We went to Guazapa which I thought was a one-horse town, but I was wrong, because there were two of them tied up in front of the courthouse. We got back in time for MIA, where I played a piano solo for everyone. Lots of fun.

ACTIVATION FRUSTRATION

Much of what we were doing involved reactivation of members who had fallen away from the church for one reason or another. We spent a lot of time with him. We also set up a Family Home Evening with the

Villacorta family. Ardmore knew how to be effective when we were working.

DIVERSION DAZE OR... WORKING TOO HARD AT HAVING FUN



Elder Balls

We were allowed to see movies in the mission field but we were supposed to choose wisely. But many times the Holy Grail was not so wisely chosen. The movies were not rated so we had to be careful. We had to get 65 hours each week, which meant that if we played hard on Mondays (former D-Days) we had to work a bit longer for the rest of the week which was fine with us. It seemed the harder we played on D-Day the harder we worked the rest of the week. Elder Balls was our district leader and Woodman was his comp. We all seemed to get along fine.

MONETARY CRISIS

Pres. Nixon declared a monetary crisis in the United States. We were somewhat concerned about it, but it did not keep us from doing what needed to be done.

WEDDING BELL BLUES

The son of the lady of the house got married and invited us to the wedding. After we gave a second lesson to the Lopez Sanchez family we made it to the festivities. There was excellent food and they asked us to play some music for the wedding, which we did. It was fun to entertain. We played guitar again at home. Ardmore said I couldn't "sing for Jack," which meant I was sub-par in his mind. Opinions are like armpits, everyone has at least two of them and they all stink.

TAKING UMBRAGE WITH UMBRELLAS

Ardmore and I were waiting for a bus. To pass the time we were trying to throw our umbrellas so that the point would stick in the ground. Ardmore accidentally stabbed mine with his and made a nice little hole. Gracias, Hermano.

SAINTS DAY, SAN BARTOLO, SAN SALVADOR

Aug. 24, 1971

San Bartolo was a small little colony east of Santa Lucia. It took a while to get there by bus. When we got there they were having their Saints Day celebration, which consisted of one truck with girls sitting on it followed by a small brass band. There were also the obligatory fireworks and rockets. It seems fireworks are an integral part of every Central American celebration.

A TICKET TO RIDE

Riding buses in Central America was more of an art than a science. People would crowd onto buses and even hang from the windows if necessity demanded. Getting "on" the bus did not guarantee there would be a place to sit. The aisle was always crowded with standing passengers with one hand holding onto the overhead rail. Many times we would spot an empty seat and fight our way back to it only to find out a drunk had regurgitated all over it. Suddenly, standing wasn't so bad.

Women in Central America did not shave their armpits. That was quite evident when it came to riding the bus and seeing standing passengers hanging onto the overhead rail. The young ladies did not shave their legs, rather often wore short skirts with curled hair matted under their panty hose. Definitely not an attractive fashion statement.

Ardmore and I waited for a bus only to find there was just enough room to ride on the bottom step. I was behind Ardmore, both of us hanging onto the hand rails along the side of the steps. I only thought I was the last one to get on. Suddenly, a woman's huge leg stepped to the right of my right foot, then another huge, overweight foot plopped on the step outside my left leg, and two huge arms grabbed the vertical hand rails on either side of my hands. The large woman, securely anchored behind me, pulled herself forward, which completely engulfed me between her gigantic bosoms and successive layers of fat. I couldn't have fallen out of that bus if I had tried. It was not until the next stop that I became a born-again Christian. I learned much more about human anatomy that day than I care to think about.

SEÑOR GOMEZ: PRIMITIVE JUNGLE MAN

Thursday, August 26, 1971

Ardmore and I went east of Illopango to give a guy a lesson, clear out

in the jungle. We got off the bus in the dark in the middle of nowhere, then struggled through the moon-lit trees toward the small shack where we were to give the second lesson. We set up the chairs outside in the glow of the full moon.

I gave the first part and was holding a candle in front of the flip chart. Meanwhile, out in the jungle, was one of those large awkward insects that are about two inches in diameter and can hardly fly, and when they do they sound like a small outboard motor. They are so heavy that they often bump into things because of excessive momentum. The bumbling insect saw my candle and headed straight for it. Suddenly, out of the dark I heard what sounded like a Suzuki 650 heading straight for me. Instantly I was struck between the eyes by the insane insect which fell at my feet trying desperately to get his motor re-started. I was so shocked I forgot what little Spanish I knew. Senor Gomez just looked down at the struggling beast and quietly crushed its outer shell with his bare foot, then looked at me as if to say, “and then what happened to Joseph Smith?” I was so unnerved that I just handed the flip chart to Ardmore who was quite amused by my misfortune.

I never knew what those insects were called, but I often saw children tie a string around the insects and hold it above their heads so it would fly in circles, orbiting the laughing children. It was amazing what the kids used to amuse themselves.

GAMBU THE GREAT OR PASSING MORE THAN TIME

Did you ever think you were going to die and were afraid you wouldn't? Ever get ready to leave the house only to return to take another shower? Did you ever wonder how half-digested food could exit from both ends with such force and at the very same time?

If you have answered yes to any of the above, you did indeed serve a mission in Guatemala and El Salvador.

One day I asked the lady who cooked for us what the strange meat we were eating really was. She answered, “Caballo.” Horse! Really? I knew enough Spanish to realize what it was and also not to ask any more in-depth questions about native cuisine. I also learned to be extremely sincere when it came to blessing the food. I finally did learn to like pupusas, which was a Salvadoran dish consisting of tortilla dough stuffed with chopped pork or beans, but my favorite was going to Pop's in San Salvador and having sherbet ice-cream banana splits with whipped

cream and caramel topping. Now that's real food!

It is a well-known among all of us that Coca Cola was actually developed for Central American missionaries who believed, or at least claimed, that it was good for beating the boo, AKA, “Gambu, or dreaded diarrhea. Some Elders actually looked forward to being sick so they could drink a couple of cold ones. “I'm feeling kind of queezy, so I guess I'll have a coke.” “Me too, I haven't been feeling well either.” It must have worked because we prevented a lot more gambu than we ever really got.

A MOVING EXPERIENCE

Wednesday, September 8, 1971

The President gave approval for us to move to a new and much better apartment. We moved into the Sanchez house, which was a great improvement. The conditions were better and the food was as well. It required many trips to get everything moved over and took much of the day.

CANDLELIGHT CONNECTION

We took the bus out to San Martin to give a lesson to a guy and his brother. We saw him on the same bus heading home with his brother. Somehow, giving a lesson by candlelight creates a welcoming spirit. Very memorable.

ANOTHER ONE UNDER

Saturday, September 11, 1971

Ardmore baptized Tomas today, that is, after forgetting his white baptismal clothes. I had still not actually gotten in the water to baptize anyone, but I figured my turn was coming. The next day I was asked to confirm him, and I remembered everything but to give him the Gift of the Holy Ghost. It was very embarrassing that I had to do it over again. Ardmore said, “So, you blew a blessing, so what?” I can see from my writings at that age that I was very much a perfectionist, which meant I was too often much too hard on myself. I can see the progress over time that enabled me to be more comfortable with my imperfections.

FLEAS RELEASE ME, LET ME GO

Did you ever wake up in the middle of the night and realize you have been scratching in your sleep? I was used to Idaho mosquito bites which

healed rather quickly, but fleas were indeed sent from hell to inflict and torment man. They would inhabit your bed and bite you, then move along your leg a few inches and then bite again, and so on and so forth. To remedy the situation we would spray down our beds in the morning with an old spray can with a pumper handle and hope the critters were dead by evening. I often got so desperate that I would spray down the bed at night and then pull the sheets over me. If I was going to die I was determined to take a few hundred of the little devils with me, it was worth it!

FLIP CHART FANDANGO

Because we didn't have official flip charts and did not use the flannel boards we were trained on in the LTM, we had to design and build our own flip chart. It was the custom among most missionaries that the Jr. comp would carry the flip chart. It was rumored that one Jr. threw the flip chart at a rat he saw going down a drain pipe by a side walk. His senior companion carried his own flip chart after that. We had things sent to us from home that we could cut and paste in order to have our flip charts done before "going senior." Many of them were rather shoddy, but the baptisms came anyway.

STINKING IN THE RAIN

I never really saw it rain until I went to Central America. Ardmore's umbrella fell completely apart in a rather heavy storm. No big loss because it leaked anyway. I got one of my pairs of shoes wet and instead of drying them out, I just slid them under the bed. Three days later I pulled them out and green fungus was growing in the bottom about 1/2 inch deep. Nothing seemed to ever really dry out. The rain started every evening at about the same time and we could plan our visits accordingly. Each night it would begin about 10 to 15 minutes later than the night before. Within a few weeks we were into the dry season.

I CARE FAMILIES OR WORKING SMARTER... NOT HARDER

September, 1971

President Glade designed a program where we would work with member families to find people for us to teach. It was called "I Care Families." Certain families in each branch were called to attract and

fellowship other families, whether or not they were members of the church. It was very effective, much more so than proselyting door-to-door. It also began the fellowship process by members after a convert baptism and the missionaries were transferred. Let's face it, some people got baptized because the missionaries wanted them to. The ones converted to the missionaries soon fell away. Those really converted and fellowshipped stayed firm.

TRANSLATIONS AND SPARKLING SPIT

The Dona, or lady who owned the house, often watched TV which consisted of re-runs from the U.S. Flash Gordon did not seem to be quite so dazzling with dubbed-in Spanish. The most humorous were the ones from the series "Combat" featuring WWII U.S. soldiers sneaking through the brush speaking Spanish and shooting German soldiers, who also spoke Spanish with exaggerated German accents. The Three Stooges were also hot items (Los Tres Chiflados). The most popular Latin show was a puppet called Topo Gigio. It was a small mouse and it seemed every kid had a T-shirt with Topo on it. The little kids usually wore a T-shirt and no pants because diapers were too difficult to deal with. We went over to visit an "I Care" family and the lady was watching her Spanish soap opera on TV. Suddenly she turned her head and spit in the corner against the wall. Without blinking she returned to watching her soap. Normally my eye-balls would have rolled out of my head, but I was learning to be surprised or shocked about very little.

MAIL MANIACS

Checking the mail was more than an event, it was a religious experience. The post office was on the corner and we always had to go past a beggar sitting on the steps to get in. He would take our coin (when we gave one) and then put his hands together and offer a prayer in our behalf. I figured it couldn't hurt. It was common knowledge that valuables were not to be sent through the mail. Customs agents were often seen wearing things that were intended for the Elders. One Elder got some candy that had been sampled, so he told his girlfriend to send an Ex-lax cake, which he never intended to pick up. He wished the postal workers "good health."

OUR DISTRICT.

Palmer, Dominguez and Whipple were also in our district. We would meet for weekly district meeting and have short trainings as well as hand in our weekly reports. There was a wide spectrum of “dedication,” not so much in our district, but



Palmer

Whipple

with several missionaries I knew, because some were there to get out of the Viet Nam draft, but the majority were there for the right reasons. Some were simply marking time until they could go home. Most knew why they were there. They were the most fun to be around because they were the happiest. Working hard as a missionary does that for a person.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

September 15 is Independence Day in El Salvador, so we worked on Monday because there would be no one to teach on the following Wednesday, a national holiday.

BAPTISM BLUES AND WHITES

It was expected that we have at least one baptism per Elder per month. It was a little disappointing to go to a service and not have anyone ready for the big-dipper. Ardmore was an excellent baptizer and we were blessed with a lot of success. Of course, being a greenie and still having the lessons memorized word-for-word, I took it upon myself to straighten the old man out. Fortunately he was a veteran and did not pay any attention to my pious zeal for perfection. He just quietly moved forward in his own way baptizing people like crazy.

BUS TOKES: LIFE IN THE FAT LANE OR... ?

We did not have cars not did we have bicycles. We either walked or took the bus everywhere. We would get on the bus and then get a bus token or ticket from the driver, which we referred to as “tokes.” We would immediately look at the six-digit number on the ticket. If it happened to be a copicudo or a reversed number, such as 123321, then your comp had to buy you a gaseosa (soda).

It was rather disconcerting to sit on a bus with a tied-up iguana looking

through the holes in a net at you from across the aisle, or see a sign at the front of the bus prohibiting spitting. I saw a sign down one of the alleys between some buildings which said “Se prohíbe defecarse aqui,” (No defecating allowed here). I wondered if anyone who would actually do that in an alley would be able to read the sign in the first place, or what the punishment would be for doing so. Strange place indeed.

BAPTISM DAY,

September 24, 1971

What an exciting day. I went down into the cool water in the baptismal font. This was a big part of what all this mission stuff was about. Elder Ardmore was an excellent trainer, though we did not use the word “trainer” at that time. He arranged it so that I could get wet and baptize some people we had been working with. I baptized Amadeo Zavala, the father of the family. I then baptized his wife, and three of their children. Amazing. During the baptism a grasshopper jumped into the water with us. It seemed everyone was trying to get baptized that day.

BAPTISMS, PART 2

September 25, 1971

We had a district baptism service tonight. The one the night before had to be arranged according to the different schedules of those being baptized. We baptized nine more people the following night. It was amazing. What a strong spirit was present. Ardmore was good at getting people in the water. I found it interesting that one of our investigators who was not yet ready for baptism said he did not like the idea of more than one person being baptized in the same water. Is there such a thing as residual sins? Regardless, the following day we confirmed nine people members of the church.

MONEY HUNGRY

We cashed a check once a month and had to live on it until the next. We averaged \$110 a month, that is, if everything went well. That left no wiggle room for emergencies. Ardmore made it one month by selling his camera to Woodman. We often loaned money to each other trying to live within our means.

I SAW HIM, TOO

I was giving a lesson to a single lady and bearing my testimony about Joseph Smith. She said, “I believe you, because I saw him, too.” I asked a little about it and she said, “He appeared here by the stove, just looked around, and then he was gone.”

AN EVEN TRADE

There were several homes we went to teach lessons where we would make an unspoken trade. Hopefully, we would leave the spirit, and regrettably we took some fleas with us. Just part of the job .

WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY

Ardmore locked himself out of the office at the church. I was small enough to fit through the window so I climbed through. In the dark I could see someone on their knees, most likely the branch president, praying. I said nothing, but simply slipped back through the window, sorry to have intruded on a special moment.

A MOVING EXPERIENCE

We were at the chapel when we ran into President Glade. He told Ardmore that he was going to be moving to the office in Guatemala. It still surprised me that President Glade knew who I was, but he certainly did. He knew each and every one of us.

TAXI TERRORISM OR...**HOW MUCH TO TAKE US ACROSS TOWN?**

I had never taken a taxi before going to Central America. Southeast Idaho had little need for such luxuries. We would hail a cab, and the bartering would begin. We would ask how much to take us to a certain place after which the driver would tell us much more than what was fair, and we would then reply with much less than was fair, and we would either walk away or settle on a reasonable middle-ground. We would then crowd into the small Japanese cars and speed away.

We met Peterson and Kellet in town on D-Day and hit a flick, which is what we called a movie. Peterson was daring, so he paid the taxi after we already got where we were going. There were mission legends about elders who did that and had guns pulled on them until they paid a fair fare.

HITCH-HIKE HEROICS OR TWO THUMBS UP

Monday, Oct. 4, 1971

About the only way we could reach the wealthy was to hitch-hike. We could almost never get into their homes via tracting, so whenever we traveled we would stick out our thumbs (or motion with our hands in the local custom). Those who had cars usually knew some English, so they would pick us up to practice on us, which was all right with us. Then when their English was about exhausted we would switch to Spanish and start telling them about the church and getting names and addresses. We always thought it was great if we could get a BMW to stop. That was first class. Subarus and Toyotas were the standard, and now and then all we got was the back of a flat-bed truck headed for market. “Any port in a storm” was the motto of the day. Balls and Woodman were picked up by a drunk who then proceeded to hit the side of another car. Balls ended up with stitches in his arm and a bruised foot. He had also bitten through his lip. Their cameras did not fare well in the episode. Somehow they made it out alive.

**MISSIONARY LEGENDS OR...
FAITH-PROMOTING RUMORS
& OTHER ASSORTED LIES**

For the most part, missionaries are a paranoid lot, subject to speculation, rumor and gossip. Stories were told and retold and magnified and distorted until they were so unbelievable that everyone believed them. There was the legend of the missionary who wanted to break the mission baptism record so he baptized all the 7-year-olds he could find. Another consisted of two missionaries who bought a jeep that had been stolen. One story told about two missionaries who made out their weekly reports two weeks in advance and then flew to Florida. The maid got confused and sent in both reports at the same time. The story goes that the president met them at the airport and sent them home. It was not important that such stories were true, it was just fun to tell them. We would often joke that we did not know if such accounts were true, but they sure made a good story.

CHU-CHINE ME-STAIR? OR REGALAME CINCO & OTHER SIMILAR DROSS

Shoe-shine people were everywhere and it was always possible to get a pretty good buff from the boys. Beggars would put out a hand and want money. Later in my mission I asked a beggar what he would do with the money and he said he would buy bread, so I took him to the corner panaderia (bakery) and bought him a large sack full of rolls and bread. He was not happy. I think he had liquid refreshment in mind. Little kids would always practice their English on us as we walked by. I heard a lot about various “sunny beaches.” I wonder if they were commenting on my beautiful tan.

OUR TIME IN EL SALVADOR

By Rick Ardmore

A lot has changed in my life since we met last. I built a large mortgage business, made some serious money, lost the business in the Great Recession and barely made it to retirement with God’s help. Five kids have grown up and now we have 13 grandkids. I served as a bishop. My wife and I recently returned from a Senior Mission in the Houston TX area, Spanish speaking. She learned Spanish. We then moved to Texas permanently.



There is actually more to the (above) mob chasing story than you know. While serving a Spanish mission here we went to a Spanish stake choir practice and afterwards I spoke with an older man to be friendly and he asked where I learned Spanish. After telling him he said that his wife was from El Salvador and introduced us. I shared with her the anti-American mob experience and she said that she was actually in the mob. She said that she was just 17 years old at the time and that at one point she felt a very strong impression to leave the mob and go home and so she did. She said that when she got home her mother was so relieved because she had just heard on the news that 17 people in the mob had been killed when the police opened fire on the mob. She said later that spiritual impression experience helped her join the church. So, how about that for an add-on to your story in the book?

So, I think that you (Elder Shirley) were my companion the last month that I was in El Salvador but either way here are a few stories from that

month after reviewing my journal. Some I had forgotten about.

We learned of a woman that was due to give birth and needed a blood donation because of some complications that would require surgery but the doctor was holding off because there was no blood for a transfusion that would be needed as part of the surgery. My companion (you?) suggested that I donate it. I had never done that before but there was very little time and it was urgent so I donated the blood, which I don’t remember anything about, and the woman successfully gave birth and all was well. But, she named her new son after me. I wrote in my journal that I told you that I was going to write it in journal and you said to be sure and include that it was your idea, which obviously I did.

We went to an investigator’s home to give a 4th lesson and you gave the first half and then it was my turn. I didn’t feel good about the spirit in the home and I told them that I didn’t want to give the rest of the lesson because I sensed that they had been fighting. They were surprised that I could tell and so was my companion. In fact, they were so surprised that they immediately started fighting again right there in front of us. I told them that we should postpone the lesson for another week and made an appointment for the following Wed.

We were caught in multiple rain storms on the way to visit people and give lessons that soaked through our rain coats even though we were also using umbrellas. I did not give much detail about these only to mention them and that we were soaked to the bone. But, by their context it was obvious that we were busy going places and doing things even though I mentioned doing things with the other elders that seemed like a conflict of focus from the missionary work. We, or I, seemed to have 2 sides, one revolving around socializing with the other missionaries and another side that just kept right on doing missionary work like I was on auto pilot. We saw the same thing in the young missionaries here in Texas when we served our senior mission. We would be in zone meetings with the most spiritual lessons being taught by 19 year olds and right after the closing prayer they would be throwing M and M’s across the room at each other and catching them in their mouths. It seems like such a contradiction. But, at the same time it is such a testament that the church is true. The Lord sends a child to do a man’s work and the miracle is that the child rises up and does a man’s work but is still a child in between the work. That was us.

My last month in El Salvador was my last month in a proselyting

position. I spent a remaining month before my departure assigned in the mission office to help prepare a church booth in the World's Fair held in Guatemala City. I guess because I was an art major.

The last month in El Salvador was when we baptized the Villa Corta family. They were a large family that lived out in the country and it was a 30 minute bus ride after which we walked into the jungle on a back road and trails. Sometimes we did it in the dark.

They lived in a hut with a dirt floor and I think that he had a job at a local factory. The mother was heavy set and the father tall and lanky. I don't remember how many children they had but it was a lot. But, one child I will never forget. Maybe you remember her too. She was confined to a wheel chair. She had huge ugly scars running the length of each leg and each arm with a pattern of stitch marks on each side of the long scars where the original cuts had been stitched back together.

The mother explained that her daughter had a condition or defect in which the bones in her arms and legs never hardened and that they had seen multiple doctors and done various things to try to help the daughter including cutting open each limb I guess to put something in the limbs to harden the bones but it didn't work. On one visit the mother had to leave the room to check on some cooking and the other kids were laughing and asked us if we wanted to see something funny. They walked over to the girl in the wheel chair and took one arm and tied it in a knot. We nearly threw up on the spot it was so gross. But, all the while the little girl had a huge grin on her face like she was appreciative to just have the attention. She always smiled the whole time we were ever there. The mother came in and mildly scolded the others and untied the knot.

The whole family came to church and was warmly received by the other members. They brought the little girl in the wheel chair and we knew that it must have been a major production to get her and her wheel chair and the rest of the family to the church meeting. They rode the bus.

They ended up getting baptized that month and all together we baptized 15 people, which was the most in the mission that month. I recall that the other elders kept asking us about our projected baptisms on our reports if they were all coming through. It didn't occur to me most of the month until the end why they had so much interest in our baptisms. It was because the projection was the highest in the mission. Usually everyone has fall out from their projections and I guess I just assumed that everyone had high projections. But, we were so busy getting

marriages performed, teaching lessons, tramping out into the jungle and getting rained on that we lost ourselves in the work and didn't think about the numbers.

On a follow up visit to the family with the rubber armed girl, as I referred to her in my journal, the mother pointed out that they were now members of the church and that we missionaries held the priesthood, which carried the authority to give blessings to the sick as we had described in the lessons, and now that they were baptized members they would like a healing blessing for their invalid daughter.

I remember that I was a little surprised because I wasn't expecting this. I told them they were right but that we would like a chance to fast first before giving the blessing and could we come back the following week. They seemed pleased and they agreed. It turned out that we ended up having other reasons to fast, perhaps for other investigators I didn't see in my journal. We ended up fasting 3 times the week we went back to the Villa Corta family to give the rubber armed girl a blessing. I don't remember anything that was said in the blessing.

Some time passed. I think that it was another week. We went back to the Villa Corta family to see how they were doing. They all greeted us with huge smile. They told us to sit down because they had a surprise for us. Sitting across the room from us was the little girl in the wheel chair beaming as always. The mother urged her and said go ahead. Show them. I had no idea what this was about or what to expect. The little girl slowly stood up on her feet and tentatively walked toward us taking wooden steps, her smile decreased just a little as she turned her entire focus to miraculous feat that she was performing before us.

I was really surprised. I had almost forgotten about the blessing. I asked if she had ever done that before and they said no, it was the first time she had ever walked. I had some moisture in my eyes and silently I was saying how grateful I was to God for letting me be a part of this great blessing.

As is the sad case with all missionaries I was transferred not long after this. My journal details show lots of people came to say good bye to me and gave me gifts. I gave gifts too. I gave my only pair of blue jeans and a tie to Bro. Villa Corta. Less than a month later I went home never to see almost all of these people, and the missionaries, ever again. It was all like a dream. I corresponded with the Villa Corta's for a long time by mail after I got home. They told me that their daughter was walking like all of

the other children at that point and that she would walk down the trail and the road and catch the school bus like all of the other children and was going to school. I could hardly believe it. I went into the military and eventually got married and the correspondence ended and time slowly blurred the past.

About 5 years ago I got a phone call from someone in Canada. She asked a lot of questions of me at first and about El Salvador. She turned out to be one of the children of Sis. Villa Corta. She had immigrated to Canada and was married with a family. Her mother wanted her to look me up and establish contact again. She wanted to know if I would ever make it back to El Salvador. I didn't know. I asked about the family. The mother of course was old now. All of the children were grown and had families of their own. The father had died. He had become part of the drug cartels for want of work and was killed. I asked about the sister in the wheel chair. She said that her sister was married and had children and was living a full and productive life. I told her how happy I was to hear from her and I encouraged her to friend me on Facebook. I pointed out to her that I was no longer the young missionary that they knew years ago. I had gray hair and wrinkles. She seemed surprised. Her mother still had a picture of me as the young missionary and the whole family remembers me that way. It was such a wonderful experience to make that contact with her and hear of her family. We talked one more time by phone but that seemed to be the end of it so far. I still have some contact information and I anticipate making contact again.

This last account is a pretty long one so feel free to shorten it as you wish. I mainly am sending it for your benefit so that you can know the rest of the story and in case you don't remember this story.

I have another story of my companion who went to jail in Guatemala and another that got sick and had to be hauled to the hospital and another occasion when a US embassy official hit a girl with his car and was put in jail and we were called to translate for him. I have quite a few more stories.

I read in my journal something that I had forgotten. When I got to the mission office that last month Pres. Glade invited me into his office and explained to me that the reason I was never called to be a district leader or a zone leader was because in some past area when it was transfer time I had asked to be allowed to remain there a little longer so that I could get 4 more baptisms that I was working on and it threw my transfer

timing off for the rest of the mission and I was never on one area long enough to be available when district leader decisions were made. I didn't remember this until I read it in my journal this week. Elder Stapley, an apostle, came and spoke to us one time in the mission and told us that our lives would go as our mission had gone and so I assumed that I had been cursed to never hold a leadership position in the church and after I was married I prayed for some time that the curse would be lifted. Maybe there wasn't a curse, I don't know. But, most of my life I have been in some kind of leadership position so I guess the curse was lifted.

By Rick Ardmore.

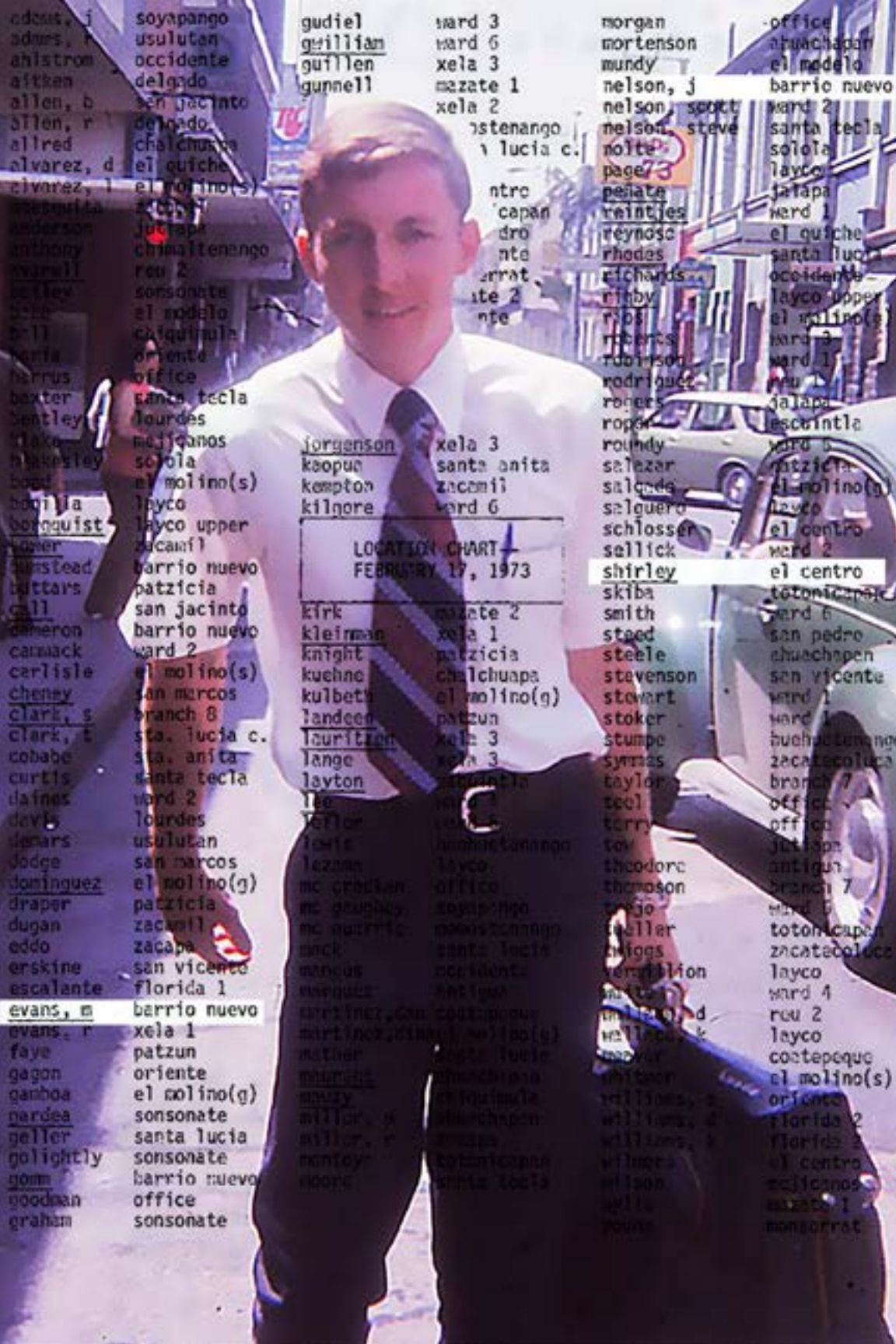
END OF GREENIE-HOOD: A ROOKIE NO MORE

And so, the time with Elder Ardmore in Santa Lucia came to an end. We worked together from Wednesday, August 11, 1971, until Friday, October 8, or 58 days. How is it that in just over eight weeks it is possible to develop a life-long friendship with someone? Ardmore and I shared an attack from an angry mob, good food and bad, crowded buses, hungry fleas, sickness and health, rain pounding on the roof at night as well as during lessons until we could hardly hear each other, but most of all we shared a lot of convert baptisms. Never again in my mission would I baptize as many people in so short a time. It was a great way to end my time as a rookie, or "greenie," and gave me first-class instruction on how to train greenies of my own. Well done, Elder Ardmore. Well done!

SHAKE ON IT, OR...

HOW FIRM I FOUND YOUR SALUTATION

Just a thought on new missionaries—they were way too enthusiastic when it came to shaking hands. Most had never experienced the softer, gentler touch of greeting often rendered by locals. It took time and experience to keep from dislodging hands and arms completely from a potential investigator. Ammon was the first to do just that. Could it have been that instead of a sword and sling he simply used the "new missionary handshake" and ripped their arms completely off? Many a senior comp had to temper green zeal with soft and tender touches of warmer tones, many so subtle they could hardly be felt at all. The typical handshake may have been somewhat less than firm, but it always came from the heart, and it was firm and unshakeable in faith.



jorgenson xela 3
 keopue santa anita
 kempton zacamil
 kilgore ward 6

LOCATION CHART

FEBRUARY 17, 1973

kirk mazate 2
 kleinman xela 1
 knight patzicia
 kuehne chalchuapa
 kulbeth el molino(g)
 landeen patzun
 lauritzen xela 3
 lange xela 3
 layton xela 3
 lee ward 2
 yeffor ward 2
 lewis huchuatenango
 lezama layco
 mc cracken office
 mc grubbs soyapango
 mc gurria mexisteningo
 mack santa lucia
 manous occidenta
 marquez antigua
 martinez, con coatepeque
 martinez, diana el molino(g)
 mather santa lucia
 mchughat chalchuapa
 mury el molino(g)
 miller, a chalchuapa
 miller, r chalchuapa
 monroy totonicapu
 moore santa lucia

morgan office
 mortenson apuchapan
 mundy el modelo
 nelson, j barrio nuevo
 nelson, scott ward 2
 nelson, steve santa lucia
 nolte solaia
 page layco
 peñate jalapa
 reainties ward 1
 reynoso el quiche
 rhodes santa lucia
 richards occidente
 rindy layco upper
 ribs el molino(s)
 roberts ward 3
 robinson ward 1
 rodriguez ward 1
 rogers jalapa
 ropo escuintla
 roundy ward 5
 salazar patzicia
 salgado el molino(g)
 salguero layco
 schlosser el centro
 sellick ward 2
 shirley el centro
 skiba totonicapu
 smith ward 6
 staed san pedro
 steele chuachapan
 stevenson san vicente
 stewart ward 1
 stoker ward 1
 stumpe huchuatenango
 symas zacatecoluca
 taylor branch 7
 teal office
 terry office
 toy jalapa
 theodore antigua
 thomason branch 7
 togo ward 5
 waller totonicapu
 wiggins zacatecoluca
 vermillion layco
 walters ward 4
 weller, k rou 2
 weller, k layco
 werner coatepeque
 whitson el molino(s)
 williams, a oriente
 williams, b florida 2
 williams, c florida 3
 williams, d el centro
 wilson mexicanos
 willis mazate 1
 young sonsonate

Chapter 4—Changing of the Guard

That very first move (transfer)—a brand new senior!

Changing of the guard or...companions for now, friends forever. ArdmoredotamoveandWoodmanwent senior. I was Woodman's first junior.

The time Ardmoredot and I spent working together was a wonderful growing experience. We had more successes than failures, more good times than bad, more laughing than sadness. It was a time that only comes once if we are lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time. I talked to Ardmoredot a quarter of a century later and he still remembered the people we taught and the baptisms we had. It seems that we are both still crazy after all these years.



THE WOODMAN ERA

Saturday, Oct. 9, 1971 - Thursday, Nov. 18, 1971

I had known Elder Woodman since I arrived, but only as a missionary in our district. He had the looks and charm of a movie star and reminded me of a younger Robert Redford. He was the quintessential California Kid, except that he was always immaculately dressed and impeccably groomed. I remember feeling particularly out-classed. He was good natured and always treated me with dignity and respect. He was a bit nervous about being a first-time senior, but I had confidence in his ability. We began our time together with him playing the harmonica while I played the theme from Midnight Cowboy. That pretty much described our future time together.

HOMERUN DERBY*Sunday, Oct. 10, 1971*

One never knew when the dreaded gambu, or diahrrhea, would hit. I was standing there listening to Woodman talk to some youth members when my stomach registered a 9.5 on the poop scale. I hinted to him that we needed to head for home. He didn't get my body language. Finally I just said in English, "Got the boo, heading for home." I turned and ran for home as fast as I could. I sailed into the house, ignored everyone there and safely slid into home plate. It was a true homerun.

STUPID CUPID

It was not unusual for young member girls to be smitten by North American missionaries. One of the members told us there were some in the branch with their eyes on us. That was definitely not something on my agenda. I kept a picture of Jan, my girlfriend and future wife, in my wallet and whenever it was obvious that girls were flirting I would pull it out and show them, telling them we were much more serious than we really were. It was my self-defense mechanism.

**PLAYING THE JUNIOR ROLE***9/71-3/72*

Being a good junior comp required faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, goodness, charity, humility, and diligence. Unfortunately I did not have any of these qualities to which all my senior comps will attest. I had suggested to President Glade that I would like to work with Elder Woodman, so that is what happened. I was his first junior, he was my second senior. We were off and running.

BUS CONTACTING*Oct 14, 1971*

Up to this point I had been content to sit on the buses and enjoy the scenery rather than talk to people. Today I wiggled out of that part of my cocoon and forced myself to talk to the guy sitting next to me. Surprisingly, I found that it was remarkably easy, much more so than I had imagined. It was a day of growth because I found that not only

could I talk to people, I enjoyed it as well. What a discovery.

SENIOR COMPANION REQUIREMENTS*10/71*

The road to senior-hood was a difficult one indeed. There were many skills to be mastered, skills absolutely imperative in order to be a successful senior. These skills were not taught in the LTM because "on-the-job" training was the best way to acquire them. I had no idea those skills required such in-depth "body language." Here are a few:

FINGER SNAPPING

Any self-respecting junior had to be able to snap his fingers, the way Latinos do. The art consisted of placing the thumb against the middle finger, then flipping the wrist so that the index finger would slap against the side of the middle finger and make a snapping sound. Latinos would use it to suggest being in a hurry. Missionaries often perfected the art into a nervous tick that resembled what psychologists would call "stemming." Some took great delight in developing this important "proselyting" skill and even developed the double-barreled technique requiring both hands.

BOTTLE CAP FLIPPING

One could not even begin to contemplate "going senior" without being able to do the bottle-cap thing, which consisted of flipping or throwing a bottle cap by placing it between the fingers and then snapping the fingers, causing the bottle cap to fly forward. I never really mastered that skill but faked it in order to become a senior. Some of my juniors suspected a lack of ability on my part, but still I continued the facade. No one really knew for certain that I was a failed flipper. Yes, now I can admit it. I was a crappy cap-tosser.

LIP POINTING

The real missionaries didn't point with their fingers, they did the "Latin-lipper," which entailed pointing with the lips. Because my lips did not stick out that far I often sent people off in the wrong direction. Some missionaries were "ambi-lip-sterous," that is they could actually point around corners. I never mastered that skill. I just ended up looking like I had just suffered a partial stroke.

RE-TREADING YOUR SOLE

You could not consider yourself a real missionary until you had your shoes re-soled with genuine Goodyear steel-belted radial tire rubber from a cobbler. They wore like iron and weighed about the same. The heels on the stateside shoes would get rounded off quickly, but the Uniroyals just kept on rolling, that is if you could lift them.

CAPIRUCHO FLIPPING

Someone, somewhere, with a sadistic, satanic sense of insanity, invented that blasted little toy consisting of a thimble-like thing tied with a string to a small three-inch piece of wood. The trick was to swing the thimble up on top of the little stick. Sounds simple enough, but nearly impossible to accomplish. I never mastered the trick, but some missionaries were high achievers. They could be seen waiting for buses, popping the cap on the stick, back and forth in a kind of ritualistic epileptic seizure. I hated that little piece of wood and string to the point that I purposely forgot what it was called. I believe it is referred to as denial in psychological circles. The blasted little beast must be possessed because in 1976, when the Teton Dam collapsed in Southeast Idaho and proceeded directly through my home, the only recuredo (souvenir) that survived was that cursed little curio: A reminder of my inability to flip a thimble onto a stick.

COLD SHOWERS

I am quite certain that there was no such thing as cold showers in the Garden of Eden. There must have been some kind of geo-thermal hotpots like up in Yellowstone for bathing. That is why Adam and Eve did not want to leave, because cold showers were the greatest threat awaiting them in the wicked, cruel world.

I would turn the ice-cold shower on and let it run, as if it would perhaps warm up a bit. No such luck. Taking a deep breath I would step immediately into the frosty mist, then jump back out almost as quickly so as to resume some semblance of normal bodily function. I would

then grab the bar of frost-laden soap and lather up. The suds clung tenaciously to all the goose-bumps. Taking another deep breath and summoning all possible courage, I would then dash back into the froth scrubbing frantically to rid myself of the soap before running out of air. I'm sure the frigid temperatures contributed to effective sanitation in the area of personal hygiene.

The hard part was shampooing my hair. I would squeeze out a generous portion onto my hand and attempt to lather my hair before it gelled from contact with the cold water. Then, taking another deep breath, I would stick my head into the spray and rinse out the frozen crystals. If we were not awake before our showers, we certainly were after.

ZONE CONFERENCE

Friday, Oct. 15, 1971

We had interviews with President Glade at Zone Conference. I was not sure how the interview went because I still did not know exactly how to read the president. Later in the day he told Woodman that I was very likely “leadership material.” At first I let that go to my head, then after the initial swelling I realized the real fun of missionary work was talking and working with people, on the streets, in their homes, and also in the baptismal font.

GROW WHERE YOU CAN

Woodman and I went to look up a reference and the person was not home. Nearby was a canyon-like gorge that we decided to explore while waiting for a bus. We walked down the steep trail and found primitive huts and make-do shelters that people were actually living in. They would grow corn and other crops wherever they could find a place to put a seed. We often saw corn fields planted in the freeway cloverleaf interchange area. They did not let that ground go to waste. In the U.S., people just let the ground in the cloverleaf area of freeways go unattended, but in Central America it is somewhere they can grow crops. We also saw terraced levels of farm land high up the sides of volcanoes. Necessity is the mother of all invention.

FLYING HIGH



The Salvadoran air force had no jets, but they did have a fleet of P-51 airplanes left over from WWII. Woodman was fanatical about flying and knew all about them. The planes would have practice dog-fights right over the city and go spiraling straight up through the clouds. We often stood watching with wonder at the aerial dogfights taking place directly over the heavily populated capital city of San Salvador. Amazing!

ENGLISH CLASSES

I think most every stateside missionary I ever knew had at one time or another taught an English class, regardless of where they were called to serve. It was a way we could reach some people that would otherwise not be possible. They wanted to learn English because it was the language of money and opportunity. It was interesting how many missionaries who never paid attention to English grammar in high school suddenly found themselves scrambling for teaching ideas.

MUSICAL AMUSEMENTS, OR...

“CAN YOU PLAY ANYTHING BESIDES THE RADIO?”

Woodman was a harmonica player. There were actually times when his harmonica and my old Japanese guitar I bought for 30 Colones (\$12.00 U.S.) were in tune. We thought we had hit the big time when the Dona (landlady) came in and recorded us on a little tape recorder. I don't think “The Theme from Midnight Cowboy” ever sounded quite like that on the original soundtrack. Perhaps it lost something in translation. Woodman

must have had confidence in my ability to play the guitar because he later gave me his before he left.

BOSOOM BUDDIES

It was hard for me to get used to all the casual breast feeding that went on, especially in public. It was not uncommon to see women feeding their babies while shopping in the markets or riding on a bus. It even happened in a couple of lessons where children who seemed much too old to be nursing would walk up and pester their mother until they got their way. One lady even forgot to “put things away” when her baby fell asleep in her lap. She just sat there and looked intently at us as we taught her the gospel. It was a perfect time to maintain eye contact with intense purpose.

DON'T BANK ON IT

Each month we would go into town and cash a check at the Banco Hipotecario. The building was beautiful and modern, but just outside the building, things were not so wonderful. The sidewalk was often littered with street people. I saw a drunk passed out on the sidewalk. Someone had stolen his shirt and painted “pina” (homophobic slur) on his forehead. A couple of street kids were standing near him. I asked them who had done that to the man and they answered, “His friends.” I didn't ask any more about what kind of friends he may have had.

The rate of exchange was one colon to 40 cents U.S. We had to be careful about carrying large bills because no one outside the city ever seemed to have change for anything above a five-colon bill. We would walk out of the bank with a wad of bills so large they would not fit in our wallets. It seemed briefly that we were rich, but it did not last long.

MORNING COMPANION STUDY, OR... YOU'VE BEEN TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP

Each day would begin with companion study, which in our case was conducted while both of us were still somewhat comatose. We would pick a lesson and mumble through the memorized Spanish trying not to doze off while the other guy was reciting. Our “study” was often interrupted by street vendors walking up and down the sidewalks announcing their services or advertising their wares. “Aaaaaaaaaaaaaareglo zapatos!” (I fix shoes), “San-DEE-a, llevo san-DEE-a!” (Watermelon, get your

watermelon), “Diario, Diario, Diario de Hoy!”, (Daily News). And of course there was the albino guy that sold lottery tickets in town. Local citizens thought it was good luck to buy a ticket from him. All of those colorful characters contributed to the practice of keeping us awake during companion study.

INTERVIEWS WITH PRESIDENT GLADE, OR... BEST FOOT FORWARD



President Glade was a great guy and smiled all the time. Even when I would tell him what a rotten missionary I was he would just smile and start asking me about the people I was teaching and when we expected to baptize them. When I would “get down” on myself he would ask me about the branch, the people, my comps, etc. I tried very hard to get him to be as depressed as I, but to no avail. I simply had no choice but to live up to his expectations. It was impossible to let him down.

COCKROACHES, SPIDERS, & BUGS

Turning on the light in the middle of the night was always an adventure. Critters would dash for cover under beds, inside shoes, wherever they could. Some missionaries swore cockroaches could fly, but I never saw it first-hand. The bigger ones were really slow and made quite the crunching sound when stepped on.

What is small, very ugly, has eight legs and is very dangerous? If you said four missionaries cramming into a Subaru taxi you are right. If you said tarantulas, you are only partly right, they are not small.

Political advertising in Latin America is unique. Old cars would be mounted with public address systems and then driven slowly up and down the streets touting the virtues of the good guys and the vices of the vile opponents. It was not uncommon to have airplanes fly over the city showering citizens with propaganda. I wondered if they knew how few of the people actually had the ability to read.

SUPREME CUISINE, OR... REVOLTING REVUELTOS (SCRAMBLED EGGS)

Any senior comp knew the correct way to speak was not to say, “How would you like *YOUR* eggs?” The proper way was to say, “How would you like *THE* eggs?” There was a difference. The latter referred to the common use of chicken eggs. The former referred to a male person’s reproductive system. Trust me: The latter way of saying it is much less embarrassing.

Rice and refried beans were the order of the day. We had it for at least two of a possible three daily meals. We lived with members of the branch or trusted landlords who in turn hired maids who worked from sun-up to sundown for about fifty cents gold (U.S.) a day (We always said “gold” to distinguish between U.S. currency and the local version). The most I ever paid for room and board was \$65.00 a month, and that was without hot showers. Did I already mention the cold showers? How could anyone forget them?

One dish I could not learn to like was platanos, or plantain bananas. Imagine taking a large green banana-like thing that doesn’t taste anything like a banana to start with, peeling it, slicing it lengthwise, and cooking it in grease...and then eating it. To me it seemed all they used it for was to have something to soak up the grease. They would have been much further ahead to just go directly to the can of lard and bite off a hunk. Of such was the “Cholesterol Kingdom.”

APOSTLES’ PARADISE, OR MONSON’S MISSION

Elder Thomas S. Monson came to San Salvador to see if we were ready to become a stake. The conference was a success with 988 sitting, 160 standing, and 332 kids out playing in the back. The verdict: We were not yet ready. The only stake in the mission was in Guatemala City. As of this time, the church structure in El Salvador was entirely branches and districts.

Some of the elders who were riding in the mission van when Elder Monson was being driven to the conference said that he saw a couple of missionaries hitching a ride. He said, “President, that needs to stop.” President Glade just nodded, but he never told any of us to stop because that was the only way to get to know the rich people. Maids would never let us in, but a lot of gospel got preached while hitching a ride.

SOME WHO’S WHO AND WHERE IN EL SALVADOR

Nov. 1971



Woodman was my comp in Santa Lucia, east of the capital of San Salvador. He reminded me a lot of Robert Redford only without the environmental hang-up. Palmer and Morgan were down in Zacatecoluca where Palmer was branch president. Palmer looked a lot like Fess Parker, the guy who played Daniel Boone. Morgan was a great piano player and played “A Time For Us” as a piano solo in church. Crest and Ghomm were also in the city. Crest had some kind of leadership position and the landlady we lived with used to love to say Ghomm’s name and then laugh. Of course she also laughed when she tried to say my name. Perhaps she was not all there, who knows. We worked splits with them for a while.

Peterson was working with Mauzy. Elders Francis, Cornish, Thompson, Galbraith, Phillips, Osborn, McDonald, myself and a host of others put on a play about Joseph Smith’s martyrdom for a zone conference. When it came time for McDonald (playing the part of Joseph Smith in Carthage Jail), to get assassinated, the explosive used to make the gun-shot sound did not go off. McDonald did a quick job of improvising that seemed to work out fine. I played the part of Hyrum in

the play. It was a very moving experience and other than street displays it was my first performance in Central America.

“President Glade was a great guy and smiled all the time. Even when I would tell him what a rotten missionary I was he would just smile and start asking me about the people I was teaching and when we expected to baptize them. I simply had no choice but to live up to his expectations. It was impossible to let him down.”



Chapter 5—Street Displays

Street Displays—The Thompson Legacy

My first move (transfer) was to Santa Anita and my new comp was Don Davis. I was DLC (which stands for “District Leader Companion). Woodman’s new comp was Whipple. Thompson was with Mundy, Cheney with another Elder Davis. Peterson was with Hegerhorst and Osborn and Call were the zone leaders. Dominguez was with Kellett.

It was at this time that three very remarkable missionaries came into the mission, all at the same time: Elders Mundy, Nelson, and Cameron.



Davis



Thompson



Mundy



Cheney



Davis



Hegerhorst



Kellett

All had previous experience in performing, both in musical bands as well as on stage. They brought with them the seeds of what would be known as the traveling missionary musical group known as “La Familia Unida. Though Elder Nelson was not assigned to be in the group, I believe he would have, had we access to the portable keyboards we have today. Regardless, he has been an ad hoc member of the group to this day, and also performed with the group at a mission reunion. It was more than coincidence that these three would enter the mission at the same time and prove to be profound influences, not only to the mission at that

time, but many decades later. My life would not be the same without their influence.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day in Latin America was November 2nd. Local citizens would go to the cemetery and paint the cement headstones as a token of respect to the departed. The fresh coats of assorted colors certainly “livened” things up. The beautiful and varied rainbow colors reminded me of the promise of a future life yet to come.

DOUBLE DUTCH SPANISH

A member taught me how to double-talk in Spanish. It really was not that difficult and I enjoyed it. It consisted of taking each syllable and putting a letter “P” with the same vowel previously used. It was meant to communicate when you didn’t want someone present to be able to understand. An example would be, “Be careful,” which would be “Be-pe car-par-ful-pul,” only in Spanish. A lady once used it to say something rather derogatory about us thinking we would not understand. She was subsequently embarrassed when I responded with a “Co-po-mo-po no-po” or (“Right” or “Of course”). It came in handy a time or two.

DEMENTED DENTISTS

A member that was a dentist agreed to take a look at my teeth. Without telling me what he was going to do he drilled and filled several, without any sedative. He just kept telling me that he would be done shortly and that it was all OK.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Anyone who could play the piano was a valuable commodity indeed. I could play a few hymns and made the mistake of volunteering. The members mistakenly believed that I should be able to play them all. Not so. They got offended when I tried to explain that I could play as long as they would choose from among the ones I could play. They found that unacceptable. It led to more than a few misunderstandings. The District Presidency would later send out a proclamation that as of March, missionaries could no longer play the piano, and that members would have to learn to do it themselves. Good luck with that.

SANTA ANITA CAPILLA (CHAPEL)

The chapel in Santa Anita had a flat roof where we could go and have dances, meetings, etc. It was fun to look out over the neighborhood and watch the stars at night. The roofs all had red and copper-colored tiles to keep out the rain. I loved that building and especially the activities on the roof.

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

We were having companion study early one morning when suddenly our beds began to bounce around along with the rest of the room. There was a low rumble that lasted for a few seconds then everything returned to normal. It seemed to be a way of life, but going through your first one is something you do not quickly forget.

BORDER CHANGES



Renewing visas every couple of months was required by the Salvadoran government. It meant going to the border, checking out of the country, then checking back in again. I made a border change via San Salvador, through Santa Tecla, northwest to Santa Ana, then west through Chalchuapa and Atiquizaya, southwest to Ahuachapan, then northwest to the Guatemala border. Border changes were an exciting time because we never knew if we would be able to hitch rides or if we would meet some great people that would turn into good references. It was a challenge we looked forward to each time.

SISTER COURCELLES

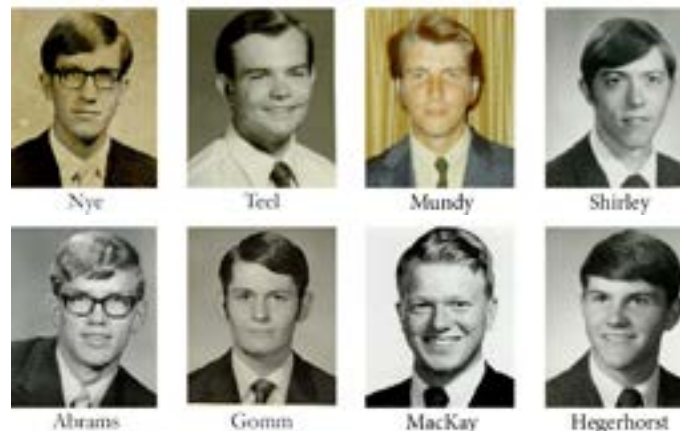
Sister Courcelles was a Belgian woman from Flanders that had somewhat adopted the missionaries in the Capital. She often invited them over for visits and other assorted social events. She spoke excellent English, along with several other languages. I think she saw herself as a grandmother figure for the missionaries. She was not a member, but loved the attention she received from the Elders.

PET PIGS

We went out in the boonies to give a lesson and the people had a pig tied up outside the house. I thought that was odd until I later observed that some people actually kept the swine inside their homes to prevent possible theft. That was a little bit of a culture shock for me that I found difficult to understand. After more time in the country it was no shock at all, just part of the territory. It was not unusual to be giving a lesson and have a farm animal come parading through the door and into the house. This did not happen every time, just often enough so that we became shocked at nothing.

THANKSGIVING: CALLING HOME

The highlight of Thanksgiving was the opportunity to call home. We went down to the phone company and placed our order. After waiting for several minutes they told me the call was ready. The line had considerable static but I was able to talk to my family in Sugar City, Idaho, for about three minutes. It cost about \$20.00 gold. It was worth it to hear their voices. Yes, we were still alive, and, yes, we were happy.

ASSORTED WHO'S WHO FOR DECEMBER, 1971

Nye and Evans stayed over one night on their way to somewhere. Whipple was with Teal. Mundy was with Thompson and Abrams with Gomm. Davis and Cheney lived with us. McKay was DL with Hegerhorst.

STREET PEOPLE

Street people comprised an oddity to which I had difficulty accustoming myself. A mentally disturbed guy we called “The Stander” could be seen every day. We never saw him walking, but the fact he showed up in different areas on different days suggested otherwise...he was indeed ambulatory. He would just stand there and blankly stare. We never did find out why. I knew very little about mental illness among the homeless.

MUNDY, MUNDY, CAN'T TRACT THAT DAY

Elder Mundy and I were blessed to work together as comps twice during our missions and to spend fourteen months of our missions as either companions or in the same district. One night our comps had to



“work district,” which meant the senior companion of one set of missionaries would spend the day working with the district leader, so Mundy and I had to find something to do by ourselves as a team of junior companions. To say we were green was an understatement. I had been in

the country four months, Mundy for about two. We had no visits set up and likewise had no clue on what we were to do while our comps went elsewhere. We “prayed out,” which meant we had a prayer before we left, and then stepped out into the cruel world, the blind leading the blind. We picked out a street and decided to go knocking. We thought that might pass the time in a productive way.

We knocked on the first door we came to and were absolutely shocked when we were invited in. We whispered to each other as we went inside as to what the heck we were going to do. Never had we imagined we would be successful. There were no senior companions to lean on. I had a couple of months more in the country than Mundy, so he said he would take the first part of the discussion and leave the rest to me. We went through the first discussion and gave the entire thing and even got the people to pray at the end. When we got through they said they had enjoyed it but that they did not want us to come back again. We said good-by and left.

By then it was time to go back to the apartment. We didn’t dare tract anymore for fear that someone else would let us in. I had my first experience at being “almost senior” and I was very certain I was not yet capable of being one. I had always had a senior to depend on and believed nothing could possibly go wrong in a lesson. I knew we had been lucky. Mundy was very cool about the whole thing, of course, for nothing ever seemed to fluster him. The above picture is the actual house where Mundy and I gave our first lesson as greenies. I went back later when I was in La Familia Unida and took the picture.

THOMPSON’S STREET DISPLAYS



Thompson was somewhat of a legend. He was big and tall and had Spanish that was better than many Latinos. He had no desire for leadership positions, rather only seemed to want to beat the streets. Thompson was the kind of missionary I wanted to be. He had developed a portable street display made of wood that was much more successful than knocking doors.

The first time we went as a district to work the display Thompson got out in front of the inquisitive passers-by and gave the presentation. I watched intently as to how he did it and hoped that someday I would be able to do it as well. After a new group had assembled, Elder Thompson got out in front of the crowd and welcomed them. He said he would like to introduce a special guest that had come all the way from North America with a special message from God. I wondered whom he was speaking about. Then he announced my name and pulled me out in front of the group. The people moved closer to me to see what I would say. I wondered as well just what I would say.

I nervously went through what I could remember of what Thompson had previously said and tried to keep my heart from coming up through my throat. I finished, got some names and addresses, and I was hooked. I knew street displays would be the way I would conduct missionary work from then to the end of my mission. That is exactly what happened. I was never as fluent in Spanish as Elder Thompson, but he lit a fire that burned in my heart to this day. I was blessed with no fear whatsoever in getting out in front of people. This day changed my life, and taught

me lessons I would later use at an even higher level as a member of La Familia Unida. Mundy had no problems with street displays either and was cool about the whole thing. It was another form of performing, and we were comfortable doing it. The photo above shows me several months later with Elder Cuff teaching in front of my street display at Antigua, Guatemala during Semana Santa, or Holy Week. Note: Same as above, regarding the inserted photo.

TOILET TRAUMA, OR LOOK OUT BELOW!

We were about to leave the apartment when the landlord came running down the hall with a rat wrapped up in about fifteen paper towels. The radical rodent was still alive and not happy about his predicament. The animal was put in the toilet bowl and frantically flushed. I looked over the man's shoulder only to see the last of the water swallowing the paper towels but the "rascally raton" was clinging tenaciously to the sides of the porcelain prison. The man quickly returned with what he believed was the solution to the problem: A plunger. From that day on I always approached that particular commode with the utmost caution. I always raised the lid slowly, and from a distance, to make sure no unwanted intruders had emerged from the murky underworld. I could not afford a sneak attack from the rear.

TOP TEN MISSIONARY SKILLS FOR DEC., 1971

- » Kicking rocks down the road ahead of you. #10
- » Kicking cockroaches down the road ahead of you. #9
- » Kicking your companion down the road ahead of you. #8
- » Dropping your senior's flip chart down the rain gutter so he'll carry it himself. #7
- » Making coherent phone calls in Spanish. #6
- » Learning where to buy state-side peanut butter. #5
- » Playing football without taking out all frustrations on other missionaries (exactly how did Teel sprain his ankle?). #4
- » Learning how to negotiate with hostile insects. #3
- » Staying away from political riots during elections. #2
- » Checking for rats in the toilet. #1

CUSTOMS KYPING, OR...

IF THE SHOE FITS, THE CUSTOMS AGENT WILL MOST LIKELY BE WEARING IT

When someone state-side would send us a package, we would get a notice saying it had arrived. The note was always received with great apprehension because we immediately wondered if all of whatever had been sent was still there or had been stolen. One of the elders got a box of chocolates which had been generously sampled. He wrote his girlfriend and asked her to send an "Ex-Lax" cake deluxe. He never went in to pick it up. He just wished them "buen provecho," or "Good Health."

CHRISTMAS CHAOS, OR...

BOMBING THE OLD, BLOWING AWAY THE NEW

Christmas and New Years were celebrated to the accompaniment of fireworks and other explosives. Street vendors began setting up displays weeks in advance. When midnight approached the sky exploded in bright lights and thunderous bursts of colors. Debris from the fireworks littered the streets and fell on us from the sky. We had been out caroling as a zone. We went from house to house singing and reading the story of Jesus' birth.

MY FIRST NOEL, OR NAÏVE NAVIDAD

Elder Davis and I went to see a woman who lived by herself in a small one-room apartment. In one corner I spotted an old guitar and asked her if I could play her a song. She said it had not been played in years. I could barely turn the knobs to bring the ancient thing into tune. I began to play Silent Night and I must say I was surprised. I had been in several musical groups and played in many different places. I have since played my guitar in concert, performed on stage, and made a few non-professional recordings in some very fine settings, but I must admit the spirit that was there in that humble setting, amid poverty and financial destitution, far away from bright lights and fine acoustics, that very spirit carried the sound to our hearts and softened our souls. When I finished we all just stood there with moist eyes, reluctant to say anything that might disturb the moment. We quietly prayed with her and then left. Every Christmas I recall that night in San Salvador when I played guitar better than I ever had before.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1971

Elder Davis and I had decorated a small twig that we found and fashioned it into a Christmas Tree with a couple of lights. It served its purpose well. On Christmas Morning I opened my gift from Elder Davis. I got a jar of peanut butter and a miniature toy John Deere tractor (something that spreads smoothly and something that spreads manure). What more could one ask for in life? They were ideal gifts for one who spreads sunshine wherever he goes.

“...he had developed a portable street display made of wood that was much more successful than knocking doors. Elder Thompson got out in front of the crowd and welcomed them. He said he would like to introduce a special guest that had come all the way from North America with a special message from God. I wondered whom he was speaking about. Then he announced my name and pulled me out in front of the group.”



Chapter 6—Almost Senior

Almost Senior — Still More To Learn

Kellett and Graham made a border change. Buttars was working with Beutler. Beutler was playing zone football at La Curacao when he hit the goal post, knocked himself out, broke his tooth, cracked his cheek bone, and broke his nose (just a friendly little game of missionary football, I guess). Mundy got transferred and Thompson was with Jenks. Shelley, Lee and Morgan were somewhere in the city. Paul F. Nielson was my new senior. MacKay was our district leader (we used to wrestle every chance we got) and Heggerhorst was his companion. I was Nielson's first junior and he was determined to be successful, so needless to say, he worked my buns off. He had a great sense of humor and made working hard enjoyable.



TOP TEN JANUARY JESTS OF 1972

- ▶ Seeing a guy wearing blue stretch pants, ruffled shirt, dark glasses and high heels, and then finding out the meaning of the word "maricon." #10
- ▶ Vendors in the open-air meat market swatting flies off the merchandise. #9
- ▶ Getting bounced out of bed by yet another earthquake. #8
- ▶ Looking for my contact lens in the grass (Teel actually found it, he was probably the one who knocked it out anyway during our

football game. #7

- ▶ Performing first aid on Beutler at the zone football game. #6
- ▶ Hiking up PCN Mountain to Boqueron. #5
- ▶ Playing “Samuel, The Lamanite” at Tazumal. #4
- ▶ Finding a Catholic cathedral that was not under constant construction. #3
- ▶ Looking up the address of a referral that was actually legitimate. #2
- ▶ Staying out of the ocean at the branch party at Libertad. #1

FAST AND FRIVOLOUS

We made a typical missionary mistake of getting the idea that if a little fasting was helpful, a lot of it would be better. Going without food and water in the frigid temperatures of Idaho was one thing, doing the same in the tropics was quite another. We found that ruining our health in an attempt to elevate our spirituality was not only foolish, but down right stupid. Dead missionaries tell no discussions. We found that moderation was the wiser course to take in that regard.

IN THE FLICK OF TIME

We did not have our own projectors, so when we wanted to give a flick we had to go to the district leader’s house to get one. We would put the film strip in and then turn on the cassette tape player. We were allowed to see movies on Mondays and were expected to use discretion because the flicks were not rated. We had to walk out of more than one, but fortunately “Fiddler on the Roof” came out and I loved it. It played for a long time down there and I saw it more than once. The funniest ones were the Chinese karate flicks with the Spanish sub-titles. They were very popular among the gentry.

STREET DISPLAY – ANOTHER TOOL OF THE TRADE

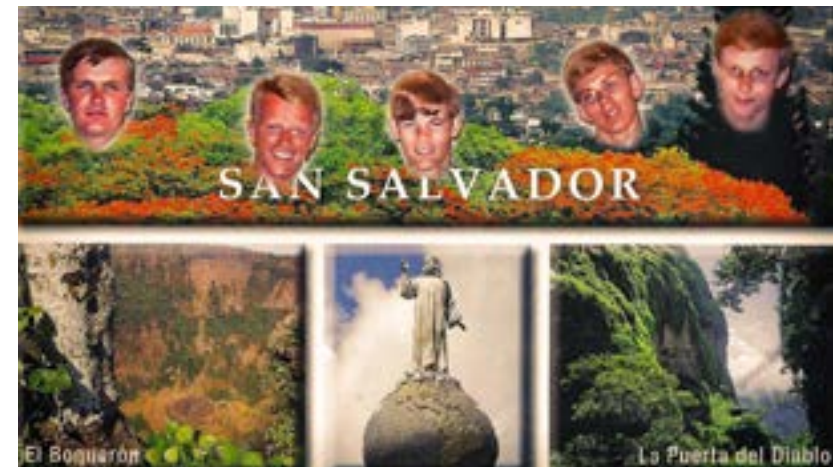
My last two seniors, Davis and Nielson, had to put up with the mess I created from building my street display. The apartment was knee-deep with papers, pictures, construction paper, magic markers and glue. I spent every possible moment cutting and pasting. It was quickly becoming an obsession of sorts.

MEDICAL MIRACLES

Hospitals at that time were inadequate at best. A person had to put his name on a waiting list due to the shortage of beds and other facilities. We were fellowshipping a woman who had been bitten by a dog. She wanted a blessing from us. I looked into the infected hole in her leg and could see the bone. I did not think she would lose the leg as much as I thought she would surely die. I had gone with another Elder a few weeks before to see her. He told her that he would give her a blessing when she started coming to church or show some interest. Elder Nielson had a different opinion. We blessed her on two different occasions. I must admit my faith was not sufficient, but hers was. By the time I left the first week of March the wound had not only healed, but she was walking as well. I learned a little more about what faith can accomplish.

ASSORTED WHO’S WHO & WHERE

February, 1972



Pictured above left to right; Elders Nielson, MacKay, Jenks, Abrams, and Martinson. These were my District members in San Salvador, with MacKay serving as the District Leader.

Elder Beutler still couldn’t remember what happened at the football game we had last month. Otherwise he seemed to be recovering from his encounter with the goal post. My comp, Elder Nielson, talked in his sleep, but I could never get anything intelligible out of whatever language he was speaking. Heggerhorst and I were wrestling and I accidentally poked him in the eye aggravating a previous injury. His eye turned black

and puffed up. Teel was playing sports and sprained his ankle. Isn't it wonderful what can be accomplished when missionaries are "doing the work of the Lord?" Thompson got a move to Guatemala. Jenks worked with Machula. Clark and Martinson flew in from Guatemala and Jackson went home to Canada. Mauzy was working with Diehl. We worked street displays in the park with MacKay, Nielsen, Cornish and Jenks. Heggerhorst went to Mejicanos with Galbraith.

TOP TEN ODDITIES OF FEBRUARY, 1972

- » Family pictures cut out of magazines because they look like family members. #10
- » Popsicles sold by street vendors. #9
- » Being accused of being spies for the FBI or CIA. #8
- » Two-minute testimonies at zone conference that lasted for half an hour. #7
- » Teaching someone who could actually read. #6
- » Jehovah Witnesses selling Atalyas. #5
- » Military conflicts caused by soccer games. #4
- » Presidential elections. #3
- » A missionary pasting Joseph Smith's name in the bible. #2
- » Neilson pouring out a dead cockroach in his corn flakes (I wonder what killed it?). #1

THE RAIN AND PAIN GOES MAINLY INSANE, OR... ASSORTED SALVADOR STATS

Rainy Season: May until October. February 17th was the first rainfall that year.

Average Yearly Rainfall: Salvador, 60-85 inches. Guatemala western highlands 30-60", eastern highlands 20-30", northern plain 80-150".

Average Temperatures: El Salvador, 80 degrees on the coast to 73 in Santa Ana. Guatemala, lowlands and plains 80 degrees, mountain valleys 60-70 degrees, higher valleys 40 (occasional frost).

POLITICS, PIETY, AND PASTIMES

February 20 was Election Day. Molina was the army general running for the military party. Members told us the army would always win. Duarte was running from the Communist Party, and Medrano, the local chief of police and hero of the Honduran War, was another candidate. Tono

represented another party known as the "millionaire party." The only viable candidates were Molina and Duarte. Election day was a Sunday, so Sacrament Meeting was held early so as to keep people off the streets and away from danger. The zone leaders told missionaries to spend the night together as districts for safety. We played cards until midnight, then I got to sleep on the floor with a host of friendly fleas who kept me scratching all night. There was a dispute as to who had won the election. Both Molina and Duarte claimed victory. Representatives from both parties flew over the city raining propaganda pamphlets claiming victory down upon the populace, most of whom could not read anyway. When it was all said and done, Molina won. The prediction of the outcome was correct.

Politics also played a part in mission life. As mentioned above, missionaries are a paranoid lot. For some reason it was not considered desirable to be "pious." The word had been redefined by missionaries as being "self righteous" which would, by that connotation be a negative term. The missionaries I admired were the ones who walked the walk more so than those who talked the talk. They did not indulge in mission politics, they simply worked their tails off when it was time to work, and played hard when it was time for diversion. Elder Thompson was a legend in that regard and was the model for many of us.

CAMPFIRE CLOWNING & SEEDS OF LA FAMILIA UNIDA



We had a zone paseo, or party, at Los Planes. We enjoyed the sights and then built a fire and got out our guitars. It was the first time Elder

Teel and I ever played guitar together. Everyone joined in and we dug out every old song we could think of. Teel was a master guitar player and was responsible for improving my own playing considerably. It has been a quarter century since those days, but I can still play those songs he taught me.

Little did I know at the time but the workings were in play for a traveling musical group that would tour the mission. The president did not want to have auditions, rather Elder Cameron had been asked to keep an eye out for those who could possibly fit best into a group of musicians that could sing, play, and put up with each other for a considerable length of time. I did not realize it at the time, but I was indeed auditioning. I held no secret aspirations to be ...

ILOBASCO POTTERY



We took a paseo, or short trip, to Ilobasco to buy some pottery. Martinson nearly got hit by a brick that was thrown at the bus. I asked him who could possibly know him that well.

BAGGING OUT

The hit flick, or movie of February was “Little Big Man.” We also caught another showing of “Fiddler on the Roof.” A member invited Neilson and me to their house on Monday evening. We went out into the courtyard, each of us in hammocks, and listened to Karen Carpenter records to the light of a full moon. We should have known better because such things could really “bag you out,” which was a term used by

missionaries to describe doing anything that would cause homesickness. The voice of Karen Carpenter could make most anyone homesick. Well, almost anyone...I would come to find Elder J. Craig Nelson was one who didn't much care for The Carpenters.

AN INVESTIGATOR/ASSISTANT

I was a compulsive-obsessive street displayer. I was addicted to the rush of the challenge. We never knew what was going to happen or what type of people we would meet. One young man was particularly interested, so we wrote down his name and address. Suddenly we had more people than we could handle, so we asked that same young man if he would help us get names and addresses from people in the large group. He said he would be glad to help. The next thing we knew he was talking to people and writing as quickly as he could. We thanked him and invited him to mutual and he came with us. Yes, we never knew what would happen at a street display.

TIME FOR A TALK

Most of my previous senior companions had told me it was important to have at least one church talk prepared and outlined, and to have that talk on your person at all times, because some members of the church who had been asked to speak would not always show up for the meeting. It was then up to us to fill the time. Because I enjoyed the excitement of risk and challenge, I never did keep an outlined discourse. It was much more fun to get up and see what I had to say.

LAWN MOWER MAN

One form of mowing lawns consisted of local peasants wielding sharp machetes at the desired length of grass. They would bend over and chop it with a repeating wrist action. Consequently, every missionary wanted a machete as a keepsake. The grass was not like Idaho's Kentucky-bluegrass. It was thick-bladed and not soft at all.

OVERSON'S CAMERA CONNECTION

Brother Overson worked for the church and would travel throughout Central America. He would pick up cameras, etc. through free-port on his many trips. My camera died on me, so I had him get one for me. He supplied many missionaries with the means to record their experiences.

TRASH-TALKING STREET DROSS*March, 1971*

North Americans were - and still are - a rather egocentric lot. We seem to think the rest of the world should speak English. Latin Americans required English to be taught in the schools and felt no hesitation about practicing on us. “Walks-tie-mee-zeet?” (What time is it?), seemed to echo from every nook and cranny, along with “Gooze-bye-my-lung” (Good by my love). I don’t know why I let those things bother me, I don’t think anyone meant us any harm. It must have been I was still somewhat of a cocky 19 year-old egocentric Northamerican. Once again, time for another dose of humility.

PIANO BLUES

As of March, missionaries were no longer to play the piano in church. It was an effort to get members to depend on themselves. It was not easy to suffer through some of the songs - and at times do without piano playing entirely - in order to press the point. I was grateful my mother had forced me to take those terrible piano lessons. I’m glad I had one of those “mean” moms.

HITCHING RIDES AND HITCHING HORSES

We took a Monday Paseo, or excursion, to the beach and encountered some kids with a few horses. We offered them a few coins for the privilege of riding down the beach for a little ways. The horses were very small and my feet nearly touched the sand. Galloping along the beach and

splashing through the water reminded me of similar times on horseback in Idaho. We hitched back home with the same guy that gave us a ride there, and Elder MacKay and I ended up riding on top of a load of wood all the way back. We often ended up riding with farm animals, iguanas, or various loads of produce headed for market. A ride was a ride and we took what we could get.

SENIOR AT LAST, ALMOST

With over 40 different Elders going home there was a serious need for senior comps. I really figured I would finally make it. My district leader, Elder MacKay, greeted me the morning of my 20th birthday with the words “Happy birthday, you’re senior comp!” I was leaving El Salvador and going to Escuintla, Guatemala, to work with Elder Marquez. It is funny how things work out, because decades later Marquez now lives just a few miles from me here in Rexburg, Idaho, and we see each other now and again.

ONE DOOR CLOSED, ANOTHER OPENED

My junior days (or daze) were now over. I had survived my first seven months in a strange country, living with strange people and eating even stranger food. I had received some excellent training from Ardmore, Woodman, Davis, and Nielson. I knew I still did not know enough, but I was ready and willing to start making mistakes at a higher level.

“Most of my seniors told me it was important to have at least one talk outlined and on your person at all times, because members would not always show up for church. Because I enjoyed the excitement of risk and challenge, I never did keep an outlined discourse. It was much more fun to get up and see what I had to say.”



Chapter 7—Welcome to Guatemala

Welcome to Guatemala—Roast on the Coast

March–May 1972

don't care what you say, El Salvador smells differently than Guatemala (My nose's perspective in '72). Neither one is necessarily unsatisfactory, just different. El Salvador smelled heavy. Perhaps it was the thicker air, but it smelled heavy. It also smelled like the combination of tortillas and diesel fumes. Guatemala smelled like Tabasco sauce and chili peppers gently accented with DDT.

POLITICAL UNREST

The morning I left El Salvador there were some political problems in the capital (surprise, surprise). Things concerning the election were not settled. It was only the beginning of the coup that was to come later on. Molina was in power, but as Boris Yeltsin said, “You can build a throne out of bayonets, but you can't sit on them long.”

The businesses in town would pull down metal garage doors over their storefronts at night. One of the businesses had been burned and the metal door was bulged outward from the heat of a fire, or perhaps an explosion.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN, OR...

ARE WE THERE YET, ELDER?

I got on the bus with Elders Lee and Jenks and we headed for Guatemala. We picked up Elder Nye in Ahuachapan. The bus was an old yellow one, similar to the old crate that used to transport me to elementary school across the potato fields of Idaho. It had to be the same one because it is highly unlikely that anyone could duplicate such a venomous vehicle.



Lee



Jenks



Nye

However, it had been slightly changed from the predominately LDS culture of Southeast Idaho. The Madonna had been painted above the driver. Where it used to say “capacity 65” it now said “Jesus Salva,” or “Jesus Saves.” There was also a painted scene of the crucifixion which made me a little disconcerted when the bus lurched forward and all the passengers crossed themselves in reverent gratitude for having survived, or perhaps it was an expression of fear regarding the rest of the trip. As we bounced northward, many small white crosses could be seen at the side of the road, especially on dangerous curves and corners. It kind of made me go, “Hmmmmmm.” And why was there a fringe of hangie-down-like stuff about three inches in width strung all across the top of the windshield? It couldn’t possibly improve the driver’s vision, on the contrary those bangs were much like those on my sixth-grade girlfriend’s forehead which didn’t improve her vision much either.

SPEAK & SPAN

After nine months as a missionary I was now functionally multi-lingual. I could speak three entirely different foreign languages: Missionary LTM Spanish, understood almost uniquely by “hard-r” gringos; Salvadoran Spanish, which always seemed to leave the “s” off every word that normally had one; and Guatemalan Spanish, in which any word ending in “r” was fluttered. There were, of course, the Indian dialects which I could understand only when they interjected the Spanish numbers required for transactions in the market. The language of love is surpassed only by the color of green (or in this case pastel pink and gray).

MISSION HOME MADDNESS

Have you ever kicked an ant pile and watched the activity taking place to put things back in order? That was my impression of the general appearance of the mission home, except that the only order appeared to be in Sister Glade’s home. As someone said, being a mission president must have been like going on a campout with a bunch of priests. My impression of the mission home was that it may have appeared as an attempt to herd cats, in reality it functioned very effectively. To me, it was pure, effective, and organized chaos.

ESCUINTLA, GUATEMALA



POPULATION COMPARISONS

Idaho is 97% larger than Guatemala, with only 1.65 million people as of 2015. Guatemala has 15 million people and El Salvador has 6.13 million. That’s less than 20 people per square mile for Idaho, 349 for Guatemala, and 768 for

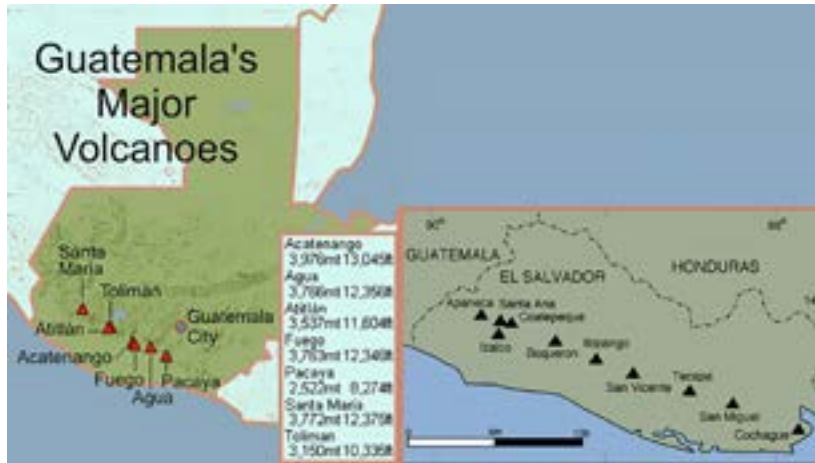


El Salvador. Is it any wonder we did not have cars, nor did we have bicycles for missionaries to use in the mission? It seemed we had plenty of neighbors.

About 40 miles south of Guat City is the little town of Escuintla. It was a railroad hub for shipping coastal products to Guat City. The town was small, rural, and conservative, not nearly as much street dross, or negative comments from hecklers as in San Salvador.

The police did not like hippies and it was reported they would block off a street, round up the teens, and if anyone had hair that was longer than what the local powers considered acceptable, “barberism” was enacted. I didn’t believe such reports until I saw some of the local victims myself. Their heads were partly shaven with tufts left here and there in a haphazard fashion. It was a warning to the youth that long, radical hair

would not be tolerated.



Three volcanos could be seen in a line ranging from the northwest to the northeast. Volcan de Fuego was to the northwest and put out smoke all the time. Volcan de Agua was straight north and was nearly perfectly cone-shaped, but dormant. East of them was another one that just smoked all the time.

NEW COMPANION –

My new companion was Gilberto Marquez, from El Salvador. He would be the only Latino companion I would have on my mission. We were assigned as co-seniors. It didn't much matter because we decided what to do and just did it. Years later he would move to Rexburg and become a neighbor and friend.



D-DAY

Missionaries nowadays are wimps. Anyone who has an entire 24-hr period of time called a "P" day has to be a wimp. Real missionaries had "D" days, capital D for D-iversion, D-elightful, and D-elicious. They helped us increase our sense of D-uty and our D-education. None of these words start with the letter "P." What the heck does "P-Day" stand for? P-ooped out? P-rocrastination? The term "D-Day" is heroic, it inspires mobilization of monumental proportions. We would have lost WWII if the invasion would have been called "P-Day." Imagine Helman marching his 2000 into battle and telling them they would be attacking

on something called a "P-Day." Real missionaries had "D-Days". Today's missionaries are wimps.

THE FIELD IS WHITE

I worked the city area of Escuintla along with the bordering barrios of El Progreso, El Recreo, Los Naranjales, Palmeras del Sur, Finca San Luis, Zona 3, Las Grutas, San Pedro, and Augas Vivas. I don't remember exactly where they were in relationship to the city center, but I wrote in my journal that we would go "up" to San Pedro, "down" to Los Naranjales, and "over" to El Progress. We also went 15K up the road to Palin to ride bikes all the way downhill back to Escuintla on one of our Monday D-days (that's "D" for D-emolition and D-ehydration).



THE "PAD" OR...

A MAN'S CASTLE IS OFTEN HOMELY

We moved into the second floor of "El Taquito," a small "greasy spoon," (small diner) on main street with a jukebox that constantly played "American Pie" over and over and over. I wondered if that was the only record in that crazy machine. The room was a large one with a balcony across the front overlooking main street to the south. The balcony continued around the corner on the east side. We often sat with our feet up on the balcony after work watching people go by and listening to (of course) "American Pie" and getting steeped in the aroma of Tabasco sauce rising from the bar below. The side of the building had a large painting of a rooster advertising "Gallo" beer. Being on Main Street meant there was a lot of noise outside, especially at night. We would keep the windows wide open in hopes a breath of cool night air would somehow filter in. There was a bus stop just outside and trucks came and went all night long. We somehow found a way to sleep between verses of "American Pie."

We moved there because the first place we had was the back room of a dungeon. It was the darkest, dreariest place I ever lived. My first day

there we had the worst food of my mission, then I mistakenly put what I thought was catsup all over it (Tabasco sauce bottles looked remarkably like catsup containers). I was immediately sick and stayed that way for two days. I didn't think it was humanly possible to vomit through my nose. I kept my fingers in my ears just in case it decided to discover an alternate route out of my body. I thought I was going to die and was afraid that I wouldn't (dying would have been a great improvement and much preferable). As soon as we recovered we moved to the Taquito. At least now we could put our feet up on the balcony when we got sick.

THE BRANCH

Back then we had church services twice a day. We started with Priesthood Meeting, then Sunday School, then after a few hours for spiritual R&R we came back for a separate Sacrament Meeting. My first Sunday in Escuintla there were four people on time for church. The bread we had to prepare for sacrament was so hard we almost had to redefine the term "breaking bread." President Morales was the branch president and mutual was on Saturday nights.

In a branch that small there was plenty to do. I blessed the sacrament, set a guy apart, and ordained a deacon the first Sunday and that was only the beginning. We often got called out of the congregation to speak.

ASSORTED DISTRICT WHO'S WHO



Lloyd

Cuff

Eddo

Quantz

I replaced Elder Lloyd in Escuintla and was co-senior with Marquez. Cuff was DL with Luftler, who was a great piano player and was soon to get a move. Cuff also had a street display. Luftler soon got a move to work with Cheney for his last two weeks. Luftler copied down the plans for my street display before he left. Baria had just been made senior in Guat City. I saw Woodman at the gymnasium in Guat City. That was the last time I talked to him until I found him on the Internet in 1996. Dominguez had also just been made senior and was in our district. I also ran into Lippencott in La Tejana restaurant in the capital. Whipple was

also there. We went with Elder Balls to see "Fiddler on the Roof." Balls was responsible for teaching me to speak "vos" or the "street" version of Spanish, not that we used it for more than amusing and annoying each other, rather it helped in knowing what was being said in the street. Of course we also spoke now and then to each other in "vosotros" form, which was equivalent to the Bible version of "Thee and Thou," just to balance out the street lingo. We had a conference in Guat City and I saw Baria for the first time since the LTM.

President Glade spoke of course and so did Cornish. Luftler got a move out and Elder Eddo replaced him in Escuintla with Cuff working up in Quetzal which was nearby. We saw nearly everyone in Antigua at Semana Santa but I did not write down their names. I saw Quantz and his guitar, Peterson and of course my good friend Martinson. My very first comp in the LTM was Elder Wright who appeared briefly in a film strip we used called "Making a Better World."

STREET DISPLAYS: PREACHING, TEACHING, EXPOUNDING, AND CAVORTING



When I first got my move to Guatemala I was told that streets displays could not be used successfully there, that it was not "display country." I took that as a personal challenge, and we were determined to change that perception. Perhaps it was not even true to begin with, for there were missionaries who hated street displays. That's OK. I got a real rush out of the challenge. It must be part of my various personality disorders.

The central park in Escuintla was right in front of the Catholic church, which was par for the course in all of Central America. There was a stage there with electricity. Marimba bands would often play there. We would set up our displays on Sunday evenings which usually gave us enough names and addresses to work with for the entire coming week. Eddo had only been down for two months but took to street displays like a duck to water. We took the street display to the park in Guat City to see if it would fly, and we had a great time. We didn't get any references for Escuintla, but we did for the other Elders in town.

One of our strategies was to always be watching for potential investigators who either just got married or experienced a death in their family. We referred to them as the “newly-wed” and the “newly-dead.” These were significant times in a person's life when they were much more receptive to gospel teaching.

SEMANA SANTA: PUTTING ON THE “RICH”

On the way to Antigua, I was crammed on a small mini bus next to a drunk. He fumbled around and pulled out a cigarette. I was mashed so close to him that we were wearing the same aftershave. He smelled like a seven-day accident. He pulled out a match to light his stogie (cigarette) as we were bouncing down the road. Not wanting to smoke it along with him I blew from the corner of my mouth and extinguished his match without him noticing. He struck another match and I succeeded in doing the same. We hit a bump and his cigarette fell from his mouth to the floor. As he fumbled around to find it I spotted it on the floor and “accidentally” crushed it with my foot. Oh, that's a shame.

Antigua, Guatemala is the Mecca for all Catholics in Central America. We decided to take our little band of street preachers to the “big dance” to see what we could do. We immediately got some opposition from some of the other missionaries that were there at the time sightseeing. Some thought we were being tacky, or behaving in bad taste. “How would you feel if someone did that at general conference?” Obviously they had never been to Temple Square during conference. We had so much criticism from some of the other missionaries we almost decided to bag it (forget it) and just enjoy the sights like everyone else. We were determined to go ahead with our plan. We worked the display for over four and a half hours and had great success getting names and addresses. Some hippies from the U.S. saw us and said they did not know people

like us even existed. Being from Idaho I didn't know people like them existed.

After working the display at Antigua, everything else was pretty much a piece of cake. Our confidence level increased and we were more at ease in front of people. I took the first turn, then Martinson took the second. Cuff and Eddo also worked their tails off. Some missionaries were not comfortable speaking in front of the group, but joined in and circulated through the crowd getting references.

Whether or not it was tacky or in bad taste, you be the judge. All I know is that it was one of the most exciting things I had ever done and I do not regret having been what some would call “politically incorrect.”

FREEZING IN ANTIGUA

Most all the missionaries in the mission were there for the big celebration and we stayed the night in a big house sleeping on mats on the floor. One missionary had not brought a blanket, so I gave him one of mine. After failing to sleep at all, Marquez and I went out and got in the mission van and slept in there. Peterson came out at 2:30 in the morning and we let him in. We all froze in the van until morning. I later found out that the missionary I gave my other blanket to used it for a pillow. Gracias, hermano.



The Catholic celebration was the largest single collection of people I ever saw in Central America. After we finished the display we went into the various cathedrals and did some sightseeing. They would take out all of the images in the church and carry them around the city on

long platforms. The images depicted the various scenes from the Savior's passion. The images were somewhat like storefront mannequins. One such figure had two left hands. I bet there was a story there somewhere.

The images would be placed on platforms and paraded around the city in a procession. It was said that you had to pay a certain amount of money to be able to have the privilege of participating. In return, you would get forgiveness of your sins for an entire year. What a deal.

TOP TEN MOST ABSURD THINGS ABOUT MISSIONARY LIFE

March, 1972

- » Getting caught in the rain without umbrellas. #10
- » Getting caught in the bathroom with only the newspaper. #9
- » Realizing that no amount of milk or water can wash down the taste of chili peppers. #8
- » Trying to give lessons above the mind numbing roar of rain pounding on the roof. #7
- » Trying to give lessons while mothers breast-fed their babies. #6
- » Looking up fake addresses gathered at street displays. #5
- » After a gambu attack, “deciding if you were well enough to dare leave the house. #4
- » Getting bounced out of bed by earthquakes. #3
- » Spraying your bed for fleas with DDT. #2
- » Two words: “American Pie.” #1

DAILY ROUTINE, OR...

RAT RACES ARE ALWAYS WON BY RODENTS

We started out each day with individual study while the other guy took his turn at the ice-cold showers (did I mention the showers?). Then we would have comp study over one of the lessons, taking turns being Senor Gomez, who was the fictional investigator in our memorized dialogue of lessons. We then left the house to walk a couple of blocks away to have breakfast. The food in Escuintla was the worst I had in my entire mission and I spent more “down-time” there than at any other period. It was easy to get homesick when you were sick at home.

The next order of business was to check the mail. That was like a kind of religious experience. It was hard to get many lessons scheduled in the morning, so we spent the time either tracting or looking up

addresses harvested from the street displays. Much of the day had to be maneuvered around when we guessed it was going to rain. We often got caught without our umbrellas.

THE RAIN ON THE PLAIN IS MAINLY INSANE, OR... DUST THOU ART, UNTO RUST THOU SHALT BECOME

The average yearly rainfall in Escuintla was about 60 inches. Idaho averaged 16 inches, so I thought I was going to rust. Most everyday had to be scheduled around the unfriendly skies. Those were not like the misty rains of the Pacific Northwest that you could walk through and still function, rather more like a smothering avalanche of precipitation. Everyone would stand under the nearest shelter and just wait for 15 or 20 minutes, then go on about their business. I was amazed at how quickly things could dry out, except of course for my shoes.

WALK, DON'T RUN, OR STAND BY YOUR MAN

The comps I got along with best were the ones that walked the same speed. I learned as a junior that if you walked just ever-so slightly behind and to the side of your comp you would know when he was going to make a sudden turn. Missionaries are not equipped with turn signals. I don't know how many times my comp would be walking to my left side and we would have major collisions when I wanted to make a left turn. The same was true for the right side. Either we would bash into each other, or I would trip over his feet trying to go behind him without slowing down, which often caused major injuries, besides losing precious tracting time. There were many people who did not find the true religion simply because junior companions were guilty of heinous hindering of their senior companions. Walking to the side and slightly behind facilitated the left turn by the senior and would have greatly increased the membership of the church at the same time had we done so.

On the other end of the “walking continuum” was the junior guilty of speeding. Eddo was one of the few that could out-pace me. The faster I would go, the more he would speed up. We ended up sprawled on the cobblestones several times from getting our feet tangled together.

ASSORTED MARCH AMUSEMENTS OF 1972

We hitched a ride in a Citron that developed a flat tire. The guy pushed a button and all the weight shifted to the other tires and we drove home

on three wheels. A marvelous invention indeed.

March 18 was a holiday in Escuintla. Everyone dressed up like local public officials and paraded down the street looking ridiculous and telling jokes. We have the same thing in the U.S., we call them election campaigns.

One Sunday evening we were presenting a street display in front of nearly a hundred people. I noticed one man who seemed very anxious to challenge us. Turned out he was a Seventh-Day Adventist minister, and so the games began. He said Revelations 22 said we were not to add to the scriptures. I said Deuteronomy 4 said the same thing, and that if he was right everything in between Deuteronomy and Revelations should not have been added. I felt blessed that night that he happened to hit me on one of the things I remembered from my Ricks College missionary approach class. No, we didn't convince him, none of the "Bible bashes" I got into ever did.

We had a zone conference in Guat City on March 14, which was a Tuesday. It was good to see some of the missionaries I hadn't seen in a long time. We went to the market and bartered for recuerdos, or souvenirs.

Escuintla had a great train depot. We kept looking for an opportunity to make a partida hunt, or birth certificate search, but never did one by train, at least not in Escuintla.

Peace Corps workers lived further down the coast near Coyuta. A guy named Jim Eggleston came to church one Sunday. The members couldn't believe I didn't know who he was. They thought all white guys from the United States knew each other.

SEEDS OF LA FAMILIA UNIDA



I worked district (trading companions for training purposes) for several days with Eddo while Marquez worked with Cuff. It's funny how Teel, Eddo, Mundy and I had worked together so many times in the same districts before we were ever assigned to do La Familia Unida thing. It was

during this time that Cameron was developing the idea and was bouncing it off President Glade. Cameron had been in "The Young Ambassadors" at BYU and wanted to develop a traveling group to promote the family home evening program. I heard rumors that I was being considered for the job. I thought it was a pie-in-the-sky type of thing and that I would believe it when I saw it. I honestly did not believe it would ever happen.

THE COUP OF '72

On March 25 we were having a district meeting in our apartment above the Taquito when we received word that there had been a coup in El Salvador. My heart sunk when I thought of all my friends down there. After being in a city riot my first day in San Salvador, I imagined the worst for the Elders and Sisters still working there. The word from "Rumorville" was that those working in El Salvador would be brought out and the country closed, but for now the borders were sealed. No one could enter or leave. General Molina had fled to Japan and Medrano had engineered the take-over. Accurate information was scarce. We said a lot of prayers that night.





Chapter 8—My First Greenie

April 1972

A FEW WHO'S WHO FOR APRIL 72



Lippencott



Morgan



Williams



Lippencott was membership secretary in the mission office. Elder Alvin R. Dyre spoke at a conference in Guat City. Baria was working in the capital. Morgan helped me get a ficha stamp (official record) for my passport. I had dinner with Mundy in Guat City. The official “faith promoting rumor” as of April 24, was that Cameron, Mundy, Teel, Eddo and I were to be in a group called La Familia Unida. Fat chance. I met Hawk who was from Idaho Falls. Marquez got a move to Xela to work with Elder Lee. David Dwayne Williams was my new greenie in Escuintla. Peterson was one of our zone leaders. President Glade was shopping in Escuintla for land for a new chapel. For the first time in my mission I finally found and gave a lesson to a ...“Senor Gomez.”

QUOTABLE QUOTES FOR APRIL, 1972

- ▶ “I don’t believe you missionaries because I know that the plates you are talking about were given to Moses, not Joseph Smith and some guy named Moroni.”
- ▶ “Eddo, does your parakeet always eat your cornflakes out of the same bowl as you?”
- ▶ “If we fill the font and don’t drain it after the baptisms on Saturday,



it will be warm enough for a hot-tub by Monday.”

- ▶ “Elder Shirley, come down off the roof, you’ve been playing your guitar long enough.”
- ▶ “Is it normal for a maid to steal \$110?”
- ▶ “I can’t understand why Elder Marquez, a Salvadoran, would get so mad when I called him a ‘Guanaco’ in front of some Guatemaltecos.”
- ▶ “No Elder, that’s not penicillin gone bad, it’s just fried platanos with cream.”
- ▶ “Your contact lens popped out and you caught it in your hand? It’s time to leave the monastery, Grasshopper.”
- ▶

MY FIRST REAL GREENIE

Elder David Dwayne Williams was a husky guy from Arizona. He was called out of the small congregation of 25 members to speak. My first impulse was to “save” him, but he didn’t need any help. He spotted a guy standing in front of his apartment and confidently asked him if he was interested. The next thing I knew we were giving him a lesson back behind his house. The guy had been working with fish and his hands smelled like tuna. After shaking hands with him we all smelled like tuna. I wondered why all those cats followed us the rest of the day.



Williams

We also found an entire group of loggers from Chiquimula who would stop their work to have a lesson whenever we came around. We would teach them right there in the mill, sitting on logs in the middle of sawdust in the warm spring sun. What a life.

We walked by another guy who said something and I thought he was giving us a hard time. Williams went back to talk to him and the guy had seen us at a street display and couldn’t give us his address in Aguas Vivas because he had no address, so he took us to his house to show us where he lived. Williams was on the ball. He even got me doing push-ups in the morning. I hated push-ups, especially in the morning.

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

Elder Williams was a natural “street freak” when it came to doing the display thing. I saw in him the same compulsive-obsessive drive that brooded in my own little brain. I felt like a proud new father. Williams

soon had the apartment filled with papers, glue, markers, etc. He was determined to build his own display.



Cuff

Eddo

Eddo and I went down to the park in front of the Catholic Church to work the street display. Williams went on splits with Cuff. We usually worked as a foursome, but this time we were alone. Suddenly there were a couple of rowdy teenage drunks in the crowd pushing people around. One approached me and blew smoke from his cigarette in my face. I asked him what he wanted and he said he wanted Eddo and I to prove to him and his friend that there was a God. My first thought was to send him to meet his creator personally, so he could gain a first-hand testimony. Everyone gathered in to see what would happen. I spoke loudly so everyone could hear and told the crowd that the man wanted me to prove there was a god. I then looked at him and told him I would not prove to him God existed, but all the rest of us present certainly did believe, and I wanted to talk to believers only. The crowd then joined in, shouting at them to get lost. They wandered away and the crowd moved in closer.

I then said, “Now, those of us who believe in God, let’s talk.” I’m glad those guys came by, we got some good contacts that night. The good Lord sure helped us keep our cool on that one.

The rainy season was well underway and presented serious problems for those of us involved in curb-side clergy (street display teaching, that is). We did our best to schedule street displays around the rain, and most of our prayers involved asking the Lord to help us out. Once it quit just as we started, another time it began just as we were leaving. Probably just a coincidence.

SENSELESS CELEBRATIONS & ASSORTED ANNIVERSARIES

We were awakened at three in the morning by a procession marching down the street in front of our apartment. We went to the balcony and watched them go by, wondering what it was all about. We went back to bed only to be awakened again an hour later by yet another equally confusing procession. We never did find out what it was all about, but there was no great need for a reason to have a celebration.

April 28 was Red Cross Day. People dressed up like wounded victims with crutches, etc. and staggered down the streets carrying sheets held by the corners into which bystanders threw money. Interesting fund raising, especially by the Red Cross. I wondered how many people were injured by a curve-ball coin to the cranium.

TOP TEN APRIL ANTICS OF ESCUINTLA, 1972

1. Tanning on the roof on D-day.
2. Local boys skinny-dipping in the river.
3. Getting shoe shines in the park.
4. Finding yellow ants at Las Grutas caves near Finca San Luis.
5. Wearing “water mustaches” (or sweat buildup on the upper lip).
6. Trying to give at least three lessons by noon.
7. Trying to give lessons above the crying of babies.
8. Trying to give lessons above the roar of pounding rain.
9. Checking out the witches and warlock worship stones at Santa Lucia Cotzmalguapa.
10. Making a musical tape with Eddo until after midnight.

ASSORTED ANNIVERSARIES, OR...

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT’S BEEN A YEAR SINCE...

Missionaries seem to be fascinated by the passage of time, as if they were amazed when it actually does go by. It started in the LTM when we used to sit around and marvel that “an entire month” had actually gone by. Amazing!! This was my month to say I could not believe it had been a YEAR since I sent in my papers and got my call. Time was moving along and I still did not feel like I had accomplished anything. I entered the mission with the attitude that we would hurry and baptize everyone so we could go home early. In the meantime I had encountered a few who were reluctant to comply with that goal.

A SLIP AND A FALL

We got word that a missionary had fallen (in temptation) in El Salvador, had been excommunicated and sent home. I had met the guy only a time or two but still felt personally effected. We all were saddened.

HIGHWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND

I got a letter from my parents saying they had received a request from a guy I baptized in San Salvador wanting them to sponsor him in coming to the U.S. I knew nothing of the matter. I quickly wrote them and told them to not do anything without talking to me first. Now and then people would join the church with the private agenda of getting a ticket north. I couldn’t blame them though, because living conditions were not the best in Guatemala.

SOME WHO’S WHO & WHERE FOR MAY, 1972



Teel got a move to Guat City, Eddo became his comp after he learned the new area well enough. I met Rappley at zone conference. Williams was my comp, Cuff was DL with Eddo as DLC. When Eddo got his move, Cuff was supposed to get a greenie, but the guy saw his parents at the airport in L.A. and called it quits, so Roundy got moved to work with Cuff in Escuintla. Weaver, Mundy and I set up our three street displays at the mission office to compare notes. Cameron, Mundy and I were to be moved to Guat City the first of June to begin La Familia Unida. It was actually going to happen. I had given up starring in the summer theater at the Westgate Playmill in West Yellowstone to put performing on hold while I served a mission, yet the call to perform while on a mission had

followed me. I embraced the opportunity and looked forward to the challenge of being a member of La Familia Unida.

TOP TEN QUOTABLE QUOTES FOR MAY, 1972

1. “What do you mean we ran out of baptismal clothes?”
2. “How far do I have to stick my finger down my throat until I throw up?”
3. “Why would I ever need a hot lemon juice laxative?”
4. “You gave the most lessons, why wasn’t anyone baptized?”
5. “I don’t have anything ready for the mutual talent show, so does walking on my hands count as a talent?”
6. “Not only did our lesson bomb out, but a bird just bombed me on the head.”
7. “What do you mean our district leader doesn’t have a phone?”
8. “You mean we can get up at 3 a.m., climb a volcano and watch the sun come up? Naw, I’ve seen the sun, seen volcanos, wake me when you get back.”
9. “Any respectable missionary must have a copy of the Popul Vuh, Quiche Bible.”
10. “Why do those mosquitos hook up this time of year, and which one gets to fly backwards, and how do they do it?”

GAMBU BLUES

Did you ever actually hear things sloshing around in your stomach? Did you ever feel the vile bile turning corners through your intestines? Did you ever wonder how far you have to stick your finger down your throat before anything can be coaxed to daylight? Did you ever have trouble remembering what it was like to not feel sick and nauseous? If you answered “yes” to any of the above, you probably know just what I am talking about.

I suffered more “down time” in Escuintla than any other time in my mission. Because we ate at another house my comp would lock me in the bathroom from the outside and go have meals with a member. It wasn’t so bad, there wasn’t anywhere else I dared go under the circumstances. One day as I sat pondering, a huge cockroach ran in under the door and scurried around in erratic circles around me feet. I lifted up my foot and waited for the right time, then permanently disabled him. I was so sick I just left him there. When I came back for another “meditation moment”

I spotted a line of tiny ants moving along the wall, some coming and some going. The highway curved under the mirror, above the sink and down the wall. The ants had found the cockroach and were disassembling him and packing him away, piece by piece. Just another day in paradise.

In spite of all the success we were having the continued illness was getting to me. For the first time in my mission I began thinking more and more about going home. I thought it would be just as easy to die there as in the jungle. Just about the time I would be at my lowest I would get better and have a few days of reasonable health. Because I was in bed for so long, Elder Williams would split with some members. I turned an entire day over to Elder Williams. He did a fantastic job, more so than would have been expected of a greenie. He never needed much help in anything. One day I over-corrected him in a lesson and when we left he stormed up the road ahead of me. I didn’t think I had done anything wrong, then I remembered how I had felt as a greenie when I was “reproved with sharpness,” not necessarily moved upon by the Holy Ghost. I apologized. He was quick to forgive.

ASSORTED SPECIAL EVENTS FOR MAY, 1972

May 1 was Labor Day in Escuintla. We were awakened at 4 a.m. by a marimba band playing from the back of a dump truck. It didn’t seem to matter that no one was watching, nor that the sun wasn’t up yet. I wonder whose idea it was to do that?

On May 8 there was a currency scare in the country. The U.S. currency was on the flux so we couldn’t cash checks until things settled down. We managed by borrowing money from each other for a few days.

We had zone conference in Guat City and Elder Rappleye asked me to translate the conference for a guy that couldn’t speak English. I was a little nervous but things went rather well. I enjoyed translating. I would whisper in the guy’s ear and try to keep up with the speakers. If I got behind or I did not agree with what the speaker was saying, I just exercised the right of “poetic license” and made up a bunch of stuff. No one ever complained, so I must have been pretty close to what was actually said.



Rappleye

SIGHTS & SOUNDS OR... BIKING, HIKING, AND PSYCHING



We rented bikes on Monday and went to Las Grutas which was nearby. There was a waterfall and it was beautiful. It was downhill on the way back when I found out I had no brakes. Somehow I made it back, with no breaks from having no brakes.

We tried our luck another Monday by putting the bikes on top of a bus and going 15K up the road to Palin (I made sure I had brakes this time). There was a huge tree in the middle of town that covered the road and dwarfed the bus. The bus stop was directly under the tree, as was everything in town. The huge tree covered the entire central square and provided shade for everyone sitting and resting below.

We started down the road and the grade was rather extreme. Elder Williams loved to bike and he would really lean into the curves. I was a little more conservative, especially when I would zig-zag around the switchbacks and see the drop-out vistas below. Williams was rather impatient with me and kept waiting for me every mile or so. The trip back took me about 25 minutes. Williams could have made it in about 5.

Williams and I often walked down the railroad tracks to give lessons. Once we were giving a lesson by the tracks when an old steam train boiler came thundering by, emitted a wall of smoke and shrilled an ear-piercing scream from the whistle. It was like watching something from an old John Wayne western.

Across the street from our apartment was the Panaderia Orellana. We enjoyed buying hot loaves of bread straight from the ovens. On Mondays we would buy some of the 18 cent loaves and 8-cent soda pops, take

them up on the roof, listen to the radio and make tape recordings to send home to family and friends. What a life.

There was only one good restaurant in town, called La Sarita. It featured shrimp and other fancy food. We only ate there occasionally.

GRINGO LINGO

Missionaries often tried to take slogans or phrases from English and translate them directly to Spanish, assuming members would know exactly what they were saying. Williams and I used to joke about it by saying “Cinco arriba,” which was supposed to say “high five.” Many times I would see the puzzled looks on the faces of members when missionaries would say things like “Que esta arriba? (What’s up?)”, and “Puedo relatar con eso (I can relate to that).”

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BRANCH...

The branch was lots of fun. One Saturday night, mutual consisted of 2 missionaries, 4 members, and 8 investigators. At another MIA we had a banana-eating contest, which I won, but paid for it the next day when I got sick. Perhaps I should have chewed it a little before swallowing.

There was a big district conference in Guatemala City, so the members rented a bus to travel the 40 miles together. The conference was a good one. I guess they thought that was all the meetings for the day because no one came to Sacramento meeting except Elder Williams and myself. We packed up our street display and spent the evening teaching in the park.

WE ALL MUST WORK, DON'T BE A JERK... YOU'RE A SOLDIER AT THE WHEEL

A new senior and an excellent greenie make a darn good team. Williams was as obsessive as I about what we were doing, so it was never a problem keeping him busy. We were getting between 25 to 30 lessons a week and literally running from lesson to lesson. Getting that many lessons brought us a few problems with some of the leaders. They wondered if we were padding the numbers. Williams and I talked about it and decided not to change our strategy, for we kept meticulous records of everyone we taught and when we taught them so we did not concern ourselves over such criticism. We were told that we would come out “smelling like a rose” if we got a lot of baptisms. We were not interested in smelling like anything, rather thought the innuendo itself stunk. I had

learned from Elder Thompson not to aspire for leadership positions. He had mastered doing the right thing for the right reason.

We had some fantastic investigators. We stopped in to visit the Viator family and they were reading the Book of Mormon. Another time we were walking down the road and there had been an accident. A car had hit the back of a truck and taken off the top of the car. There was a large number of people standing around. The man inside was dead. There was a guy who just happened to also be there at that time we had met at a street display, so we got to talking with him and set up a visit with him at his house. Opportunity often knocks at strange times.

Often our lessons would be interrupted by the pounding of rain on the roof and lightning crashing outside. It added a strange challenge to what we were doing.

SLEEP-OVER

We stopped by to give another lesson to a lady and there was some man in bed with her asleep. There was only one thing to do. We woke him up and gave them a lesson. Timing is everything.

CANDY MEN

The word “candies” referred to member children taking the lessons before baptism. We always tried to get the members to baptize them. It didn’t seem right counting them on the stat sheet.

DO THE RIGHT THING

As I mentioned, Williams was a husky fellow. One day we walked by a car and he bumped the mirror as we went by and ripped it off. There was no one around, but we went back and made it right.

YOU DO YOUR THING, I DO MINE

We often corresponded with friends in other missions. We compared stories, techniques, miseries, etc. It was good to get letters from them. We were glad to be where we were, as I suppose they were also.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR ESCUINTLA, APRIL, 1972

“Wet and continued rain followed by occasional dry periods of up to five minutes each. Continued rain followed by showers of monumental proportions throughout the week and coming month, expected to

continue for the entire rainy season.”

STREET PREACHERS

As mentioned above we were avid street displays, which practice was not always compatible with rain showers. We tried doing anti-rain dances, but found out that sincere prayer worked a lot better. It rained daily but we consistently had strange things happen, such as it would stop just as we began teaching at the street displays, or it would start just as we finished. It seemed at times that we had extra help.

POWER FOR THE PEOPLE

One night we just returned for the evening and lightning was popping all around. I found a candle and lit it just in case the power went out. Suddenly there was a flash and we were in the dark, except for our candle. We took it downstairs and helped the customers in the El Taquito diner find their way around. They wondered how we knew the power was going out. We just smiled.

SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS

Our “luck” was not 100% favorable in other departments. Lightning struck right in front of us just as we were leaving the house. It once rained so hard we couldn’t leave the house for an hour. One day Williams and I got caught a few blocks from home without our umbrellas. We saw a wall of water coming toward us like so many curtains. Before we knew it we were soaked. We started laughing and just kept walking down the middle of the road singing “Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head.” People were huddled in store fronts and doorways looking at us as if we had lost our minds, but we did get lots of smiles. Life was too short to worry about a little drenching.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, STREET FLICKS

We were giving a “Plan of Salvation” flick (film strip) to some people outside their house using the side of their house for a screen when neighbors showed an interest also. We got the idea to try the same thing in the park because there was electricity on the outdoor stage. We went to the courthouse and bought permission to plug in, then tried it out. We put a sheet over the display and showed the film strip, then pulled it off and used the lights from the projector to explain the street display about

the Book of Mormon. We usually worked in fours, some teaching and some working the crowds. It was also good to get the members involved in helping to get addresses. Most every Sunday night we would be down in the park in front of the Catholic cathedral with our street display. Attendance at the display always picked up when Evening Mass let out.

The weather cleared on the 19th and we could see the moon for the first time in weeks. Word was getting around town about what we were doing and people began identifying us as street preachers. There were a few who actually invited us to come to their house. The Lord works in mysterious ways.

BIG DIPPER

We had the most wonderful problem missionaries could possibly experience: Not enough baptismal clothes. We had some members do some baptizing, then I had to put on wet baptismal clothes and take my turn. Williams also got a couple of baptisms. It was a fantastic night for everyone.

CHANGE: THE ONLY CONSTANT

My transfer came at the end of the month and my time at Escuintla was over. I was being transferred to Guatemala to work in La Familia Unida singing group. I left with no regrets. We had worked our tails off and done our very best. As the bus rolled out of town I was not thinking about the bad food, the cockroaches, fleas and the rain. I was thinking about the great people who shared their lives with me for 84 memorable days. I hoped that somehow we had made a difference.

OUR TIME IN THE SUN – ESCUINTLA, GUATEMALA

by Elder David Dwayne Williams

“April 20, 1972 Well I’m now in Esquintla, Guatemala and my companion is Elder Gaylen Scott Shirley who has been out here for about a year. He is a hard worker and he wants to make me the best Elder in the field.

I gave part of the fourth



Williams (1972)

Williams (Present)

last night to an older woman and her daughter. Today we gave five regular lessons and two lessons we to brand new members. On my first lesson, we gave it outside in the yard and then it started raining. So we got under a tin roof where they could cook and wow it was hard to hear a thing; but it worked out.

It is just so cool to really be here and doing all this work. I love the people already. The Lord is really blessing me and my comp is using a program that is centered around using a street board on Sunday in the park. He talks to a lot of people. They then come up to him and he offers to give them a free book if they’ll leave their name and address. So we get a lot of names and addresses. Then we go around contacting these people and we get a lot of first lessons that way. Then we lend them the book on the second lesson and give them a certain period of time to read it. It really beats tracting, I think, and we’re kept busy all the time. We are working to get 20 lessons taught this week and we have 12 as of right now so today and tomorrow will be busy. It is really so great; I can’t wait to go to it.”

I feel like because you (Elder Shirley) were so inspired and anxious to do a good job I didn’t have any worries about jumping in and speaking in Spanish in lessons and with the street board and even bearing my testimony and giving a talk in church. Our experience gave me a testimony that the Lord helps his ignorant servants.”



Chapter 9—La Familia Unida

*Experience La Familia Unida—A complete GES Mission Tour
June, July, August and September, 1972*

In May of 1972, Elders Teel, Shirley, Cameron, Eddo and Mundy were assigned to develop a musical show promoting the Family Home Evening program of the church. We had the opportunity of visiting all 29 cities where missionaries were assigned and their individual areas on a 101-day tour performing a total of 78 times. I will attempt to relate a few of the highlights of each area along with a brief description of each city. I welcome any additional information/interesting stories anyone might have concerning this particular period of time and the cities visited. So sit back, relax, and enjoy my own personal biased view from inside La Familia Unida.



The above photos were taken from Pres. Glade's collection of pictures from the transfer board in the Mission Office:

LA FAMILIA UNIDA

The UNITED FAMILY was a group of five talented missionaries who formed themselves into a singing group in the summer of '72. This group proved to be an outstanding proselyting and public relations tool for our mission. The central theme of "La Familia Unida" was, of course, the family and the Family Home Evening program of the Church. Because everyone has a genuine concern for their family, the Family Home Evening resonated with non-members of the Church.

The hour and a half program appealed to old and young alike. Almost 14,000 contacts were made through the show's live performances,

and some 2,318 references were obtained by the use of a reference questionnaire. This does not include contacts made by television and radio presentations. The script was designed so that the audience could participate as much as possible. The use of sing-alongs and questionnaires helped to include the people, thus increasing enthusiasm and the number of references. Several families were baptized as a result of their fine efforts. President & Sister Glade.

NOTES ON LA FAMILIA UNIDA, BY RANDY TEEL

September 10, 2016

Well, as I sit here reminiscing about La Familia Unida, I do so without the benefit of my written diary which I gave to my daughter for storage and safe keeping. I'm going on sheer recollection, which is not an easy thing to do at age 66, trying to recall anecdotes of almost 45 years ago.



Teel 1972

Teel Today

I've got to go deep and entice those memories out of those long term memory caverns that have been untouched for so many years. They're probably crusted over. But, here we go . . . And, that just about does it . . . Just kidding.

It was a special time filled with great memories and associations. The entire mission experience was the foundation of my life and career. I got a great start on learning Spanish which I had to spend the rest of my education and life perfecting. Spanish got me into International Business for 25 years and then I hung up my passport and have enjoyed 16 years teaching Spanish Language and Literature. The mission taught me that great truth that true happiness comes from serving others.

Back to Spanish . . . in the first home in which I lived there was a 2 year old girl. She was my best Spanish teacher. Every time I would attempt to say something, she would laugh so sweetly and shake her head and say, "No, no Elder Teel that's not how it is said" and then she would say

it correctly. She kindly pointed out that the house parrot could speak better Spanish than I could. I wanted to kill that smart bird. But learning Spanish opened up an area of my brain that I didn't even know I had and changed my view of the universe forever. I met some wonderful people. Although I spent 2 months on the road with La Familia Unida and 6 months in the mission home, assistant to President Glade, I still got to teach and baptize more than 200 kind souls.

In my second assignment, my companion decided to move us directly into the poor colonia, "El Milagro". It was a miracle that we survived. I got my first taste of tripe and learned that we had to take our clothes off outside our home before we went indoors because we were covered in fleas. I got so sick that I passed out and slept for 3 days. Probably should have gone to the hospital, but my companion had a great deal of faith. While teaching a mother and daughter in a 10 by 10 shack with a dirt floor there was a little baby girl who was covered in flea bites. The nursing mother's milk had dried up prematurely and the family was starving. We couldn't give them money, but I remember accidentally dropping the equivalent to a \$20 bill under my chair. Then, the drunken, estranged husband started beating the door down with a machete. That's what happens when you break the gifting rule. We wrapped our suit coats around our arms, picked up a chair and prepared to battle. Luckily, he stumbled off before killing us. I was soooooo happy to get out of Milagro.

For having survived El Milagro, President Glade gave me a special assignment. There was a young Elder that was trying to go home and was doing everything that he could to get him sent home. He was my senior companion and President Glade's instructions to me were, "just don't let him fall, Elder". "Stay with him, every minute and do whatever you have to do, to not let him fall." So, I would negotiate with him our daily schedule. If he would go with me for a certain number of hours, teaching and doing missionary work, I would go with him to do whatever he wanted. It became clear that what he wanted was to visit one particular family that had a very pretty young lady. We would go for walks at night and he would do all that he could to lose me.. But, having been an avid coon hunter prior to my mission chasing dogs through the woods at night, he couldn't shake me. Finally, he decided to try and kiss the young lady in my presence. I got between them (as she was willing) and told him that if he was going to kiss her, he was going to have to go

through me. He just smiled and came toward me, but luckily the girl got embarrassed and ran back home. Those six weeks were very interesting, though not too productive. President Glade was glad that we got a little work done. In any case, the Elder did get to return home. But, he didn't fall on my watch.

Next stop, Elder Kyle Blacker. He was a great guy, soon to be the assistant to the President. We worked hard and played hard. We had a lot of laughs. It was a glorious time, doing the things that missionaries should do and loving every minute. However, all good things must come to an end. It was time for another challenge. I made senior companion and was given a young elder that no one else seemed to get along with. He wore a nice pair of Florsheim wing tips and liked to show them off to the poor people of Santa Lucia, El Salvador, comparing them and their construction to the foot wear of the locals, pointing out every flaw and laughing at how much better his shoes were than theirs. That was just the beginning. This guy made marriage look like a cake walk. It was a long couple of months. He liked to pass by the local house of ill repute and taunt the young ladies in the windows with the golden questions. What a guy. We survived and even managed to convert a few, in spite of the ugly American routine.

There were so many lovely, spiritual experiences teaching good families on the mission that made all these escapades worthwhile. The spirit was present much of the time and lead our teaching of hope. Love abounded.

I feel very grateful that I was able to participate in La Familia Unida and to have had the privilege to perform with such a multi-talented, diverse group of young men.

I remember when President Glade called me in to ask what I thought of the idea. Of course, it sounded amazing when compared to 70 hour weeks, knocking on doors. He mentioned this guy named Elder John Cameron who had the idea and also had participated in a few musical groups in College. He also mentioned that he had spoken with several other Mission Presidents around the world who almost unanimously tried to convince him not to do it. They all agreed that to take a group of young men out of their regular missionary duties and give them the life of performers was almost tantamount to spiritual suicide. They all had a story that proved to be not very productive and not very spiritual. President Glade, however, had a feeling that this particular group of

young men could make it work, under the right circumstances. He was willing to give it a try. I think he was inspired to let it happen. He probably knew that if the glamorous life of rock stars was to ever go to our heads, certainly the chicken buses would bring us back to reality.

So, he put me on notice and said that he would be bringing us all in soon, to get started. It was interesting and fun to meet everyone. First impressions can be deceiving, but not in the case of these open books. Cameron was, from the beginning and true to the end, the artist, our director, the actor, the one with all the creative juices flowing. The show was his baby and he knew exactly what he wanted and how it would work. He brought the life-blood, direction and energy to the group and he was right on target. Without Cameron we could have had some fun jam sessions, but only through his creative genius was La Familia Unida a production with a great message. He also knew the level of artistry that would be required and he held the bar high for us all to meet.

I remember that once the script was written and translated that we received some good coaching from the local members on pronunciation. Thank goodness. We started out pretty slow and those initial practices were, in fact, pretty sad. Even our first debut . . . perhaps a little premature. Our musicality was down, but prayers were up and we were all giving it our best shot. We all wanted to make this a success for all the right reasons and we had faith that God/Cameron would show us the way.

Elder Scott Eddo had that Bohemian look in his eye and I knew that he would pour his soul into the show. He did and he was a great contribution to the vocals and guitar. What a nice guy. He was very handsome and so pleasant to be around. (Everyone was). He would do whatever you asked him to do and do it very well. He gave his heart and his all to the show. I think that his and everyone's persistence had a big part in pulling it off. You could see his artistry in his eyes and it has served him well throughout his career.

Elder Randy Mundy let us know from the get-go that this was just a stepping stone for him. He had dreams of being a professional musician, a true rock star someday. Words are cheap, but when we heard him do "Jumping Jack Flash", we knew he meant it and we could see it happening in his future. And lo and behold, it has happened. He's a blues man, even today and still cranking out the hits. The Music Man. Mundy could sell a song with lots of soul and charisma. He also had a great sense of humor and it came through on stage. He really connected

with the audience.

Then, there was that Elder Scott Shirley guy. Scott was our spiritual compass. He was dedicated to the show, to the Lord and to the music. He picked up in a few days all the hot licks on the guitar that I had spent years honing. He was a student of the music and worked hard to perfect his every part. I can still hear him harmonizing on, “I am a child of God”. So angelic, right on pitch, never missed a beat. Kept his diary and wrote letters home religiously. He was a great example, always looking for ways to share the gospel. He even carried along with all the other equipment his Lesson Board which he used in the parks on several occasions. Having him in the group was like having one of the original twelve apostles. He was so genuine, so refreshing. His heart and his music were pure. He was always positive, energetic, bounced out of bed and hit his knees to get things right for the day. He was and is truly a Christ-like man.

We got to choose our own solo songs that we wanted to perform and I researched some popular romantic ballads. They turned out to be good choices and songs that the audience could identify with immediately. When I heard the first swoons from the young ladies at a performance, you can bet that I was inspired.

I remember that we weren’t that good in the beginning, but that practice makes perfect and we got a lot better as time went on. We began to perfect our craft. There were lots of obstacles along the way from the rain to just lack of preparation at the local level for events. It seemed like a lot of things went wrong, but in the end, I think that President Glade’s and Cameron’s vision and inspiration were right on target. We brought in hundreds of contacts, humanized the image of the church and created a lot of enthusiasm.

We also worked very hard, sacrificed, got very tired, hot on the coast and cold in Indian country. Sometimes these extremes caused our emotions to get the best of us. Yes, even La Familia Unida had a few disputes and some regrettable tensions. But, all in all, I look back and see that we all kept the faith, with our eye on the prize and we accomplished what President Glade and Elder Cameron had hoped we would, in spite of being human from time to time.

To my four companions, thank you for the honor and the privilege to serve at your side. You are all great, gifted men. You were all great missionaries. We were a family, mostly unida. We did a good thing and

I’m proud to have been a part of it. Good job to all. May God bless you for your continued service to mankind and for your hearts of gold.

Randy Teel

NOTES ON LA FAMILIA UNIDA, BY JOHN CLARENCE CAMERON

I actually came up with the idea of creating a missionary band years before I went on a mission. And it certainly wasn’t original to me. When I was in high school I read an article in the Church News about a missionary performance group in Germany? I can’t remember where



it was, but in my head it’s Germany. (I think) I knew immediately that I wanted to try and do that. And there was never any idea in my head that I wasn’t going to go on a mission, so it seemed a done deal. It stayed with me until I received my call. Then, at BYU, I got involved with a couple of touring variety groups, like the Young Ambassadors and a State Department Tour to Germany, and I learned a lot about putting a show together. So, when I arrived at the Mission Home in Guate City, I was read to make a pitch. In my usual impatient manner, I proposed the idea to President Glade in my initial interview. To my amazement he was immediately interested and encouraged me to put together a proposal of how I would do it. He even told me about Randy Teel and how talented he was. So it all started to roll.

I began to ask around about who had experience as singers and guitarists. I knew Randy Mundy was very talented. I found out later he had the same idea, but I think I just jumped first. I was also learning about how the mission worked and how things were organized and I began to generally figure out a timeline and how the show would function and tour. As the cast became clear, (I can’t remember when or how I came

to learn about Scott Shirley and Scott Eddo), but it all came together. President Glade brought us all to the Capitol to begin rehearsals. It was so much fun and really hard work and very inspirational. I know we garnered some resentment from other missionaries. They thought we were pampered in some way. But they just didn't know how exhausting it was, which is completely understandable. Going back to a regular missionary routine actually felt restful by comparison.

Personally, the whole experience was formative for me. I learned what performance can do in an active outreach context. It had a great deal to do with the career path I have followed. The memories still linger and still bring a smile.

I hope this helps you in your efforts, Scott. I wish I remembered more and could be sure that the memories I have are accurate, but my life since Guatemala and Salvador has been a truly crazy journey with a lot of big ups and downs and things kind of blend over the years. To be honest, I've never been a person that connected well with the past, other than images and good feelings. La Familia Unida was definitely a good feeling.

John Clarence Cameron

LA FAMILIA UNIDA, BY RANDALL DEAN MUNDY



Mundy 1972

Mundy Today

My Reminiscences of La Familia Unida: I have some very good memories of La Familia Unida. I suspect that the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission of 71'-73' was somewhat different than one might expect. We were able to go to movies, listen to popular music, and keep musical instruments. In essence, it was the perfect place for me to be as a Mormon missionary.

I grew up in Topeka, Kansas, and had never been on an airplane or seen an ocean or been to a foreign country. I was, what my first missionary companion in the SLC mission home, Craig "Razz" Nelson, would describe as, a "Hick." And, I believe he did, and, he was pretty accurate. I was the first one in my group to arrive at the mission home in Salt Lake City. I had a trunk, instead of the normal suitcases that normal missionaries had, and I was wearing square-toed cowboy boots. I kept both through my mission but only wore the boots on D-Days (Diversion Days) when we would go see the latest movies from the States and listen to our favorite tunes—yes, it was not P-Day (Preparation Day), as they have it today. What can I say? President Joseph Fielding Smith was an inspired prophet to call me to the Guatemala/El Salvador Mission.

Though I had a strong testimony of the Gospel of Christ—I had helped the local missionaries in Topeka teach and baptize there of my friends from school—I've got to admit that I was pretty sure that I wasn't going on a mission. At least, until I received my patriarchal blessing which told me I would. So, I thought I better go. When the missionary call came, I had to go look at a world map to see where those countries were. The prospect of having to learn Spanish was a little daunting, but I already knew a couple Spanish words: "Si" and "No." I probably should admit that I didn't actually know that "No" had the same meaning in both English and Spanish. Be that as it may, I eventually got the gift of

tongues and did fairly well.

Before my mission, I had been the front man in some rock bands and had been writing my own songs for about four years, some of which were about God and his plan for His children. So, my plan was to break into the biz and be outspoken about my faith, and be an influence for good. Since my Father in Heaven said that I was going on a mission, I felt that the mission call would be a good place to start that sort of thing. I didn't know how to go about it, but I thought a "missionary band" of some sort would be a cool thing to do.

I met future Familia Unidan, John "Clarence" Cameron, that first day in the SLC Mission Home. There were seven of us going to Guatemala/El Salvador and we all talked about our experiences prior to our missions and why we were going. John had been in some BYU entertainment groups and was keen to do something along that line as a missionary. I was a rock and blues guy, but I thought that that would be a cool endeavor too. We may have talked more about such stuff during the Language Training Mission days, prior to flying to the mission field, but he was assigned to Guatemala and I was sent to El Salvador, so we didn't have an opportunity to discuss it again for a few months.

I met fellow Familia Unidan, Scott Shirley, in my first area, he and his comp being in our district. He was a couple months earlier in the mission but still a junior companion at the time. We got to go out some, just the two of us, without our trainers (translators) and knock some doors and embarrass our selves (myself), repeating rote discussions. The thing I liked about Wailin' (Scott Shirley) was that he played guitar like me. He had a classical acoustic guitar with nylon strings that he had bought in Salvador. I think I may have asked to play it—I almost always did when confronted with a guitar—and played and sang one of my originals. We struck up a friendship that would last throughout our missions to the present day. We served together as comps and in the same districts—we swapped positions as district leader at one time—the biggest parts of our missions.

Well, I had to get a guitar. I purchased a steel-string acoustic that I kept with me throughout my mission. I remember we played together at a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner for the missionary zone, and I believe I performed one of my originals and had a good response. Scott and I also discussed a possible missionary musical group, but it was still a pipe dream of sorts.

I think it may have been at a missionary zone conference or on my area change when I came up to Guatemala for the first time, when I heard that Cameron had made some headway in that regard. He apparently had been in the mission home a lot and had been sweet-talking President Glade on the missionary musical group idea, and that it might actually be happening. I thought, "Well done, Cameron!" Of course, my vision was one of "drums, bass, guitars and keys, but that wasn't what John was selling, and, understandably, what President Glade was buying. So, when it came together, the group line-up was John "Clarence" Cameron, Scott "Wailin" Gaylen Shirley, Randy "Don Bowman" Teel, Scott "Fester" Eddo and me, Randy "Ralph Emery" Mundy. We were set up as a district with a twosome and a threesome; Randy Teel was the district leader and Scott Eddo as "junior companion" were comps and Cameron, Shirley and I were "Co-seniors" –Such designations meant nothing, as we were all interchangeable parts for the following 3 months.

As I recall, we were to spend half the time proselytizing and the other working on our show. I'm not sure that was the actual time break-down, but we tried to stay reasonably close to it. My vision of equipment that we needed to do it right was never realized, of course. We ended up with a cheesy little PA that had six inputs. We relegated three to acoustic guitars, with cheesy little instrument pickups, and three to mics. Teel, Eddo and Shirley had very similar classical styled acoustic guitars and mine was steel-stringed, so I bit the bullet and didn't play mine during the performance. Cameron and I did vocals only, during the performances, except when we did our little self-gratifying pre-show performances to the area missionaries, where we would do songs not included in the show for the public. I enjoyed those about as much as the real performances, because we could let our hair down, so to speak.

Our show was a combination local Spanish hits and show tunes translated to Spanish, stirred together with some livelier hymns in Spanish and international pop songs and Cameron doing a dance with an umbrella while Shirley and I crooned "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head." Did I mention there was comedy? Oh yeah, and for some reason, we did a tamed-down acoustic guitar version of "Jumpin' Jack Flash," in English, which I took the lead on. I know, pretty weird, but you had to be there.

The whole thing was wrapped around the importance of family and the Church's Family Home Evening Program. La Familia Unida was a

great time for me. I got to play and sing, and spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ at the same time. Sometimes we played to pretty small crowds at Church meeting houses and other times we performed in big crowds in theaters. When we were good, we were very, very good, and it was great fun. But, when we were bad, the audience never seemed to know it; and we still felt blessed, because the Spirit was very, very, good.

We had a lot of fun together. The first night together, we stayed up late telling jokes and getting to know each other. We played in virtually every town that was open for missionary work; most of the time on public busses—sometimes we rode on top of the busses for comfort's sake—carrying our little PA and guitars and a suitcase with us. Often we would get to a town and go around with the missionaries to attract people to the show, perform our show, go to bed, get up and catch a bus—sometimes we would even hitchhike—to the next town, to do it all again.

The others were and are great guys—very funny and fun-loving. And I love 'em. I wish we could all get together again for old-time-sake. We shared a bond that only five missionaries in the history of missions in that area of the world have. Since my mission, I have moved around the States, from L.A. to Nashville, and areas in between. In those different places I have had many encounters with members of the Church, from Guatemala or El Salvador. I will ask them where in their countries they lived and how long they might have been members of the Church. If the dates work out, I will ask them if they remember a missionary musical group called “La Familia Unida.” If they say yes, with a smile on their face, I own up to being a part of that fine group. It makes me smile too.

Randy Mundy

LA FAMILIA UNIDA, BY SCOTT HARRISON EDDO



Eddo 1972

Eddo Today

Guacamole!! “Where is that?” Asked my young ‘Aunt’ Dottie...

I arrived in Guatemala in January 1972. My first assignment was in La Florida with Elder Gillespie. He had six weeks left before returning to Phoenix Arizona. He was as we put it, ready to go home and very, very baggy an expression we used to describe those who were “riding their bags,” or anxious for mission service to end). After my short stint in La Florida I was sent to Escuintla to team up with Elder Cuff. It was there that I met Elder Scott Shirley, who to the best of my memory was teamed up with Elder Marquez.

How is it that so many of us had issues with our journals? Mine disappeared in 1985 when I fled a bad relationship leaving them in a garage. When I realized I left them behind, she had already disposed of them... Not nearly as tragic as floods, but lost just the same. Hence, my memory isn't much to go on.

Elder Scott Shirley, from Idaho, impressed me as a studious and rule abiding man. He was my first “friend” in the mission, jovial, spiritual and also very talented on the guitar. I immediately took to him and felt a quick friendship.

Elders Shirley and Marquez lived above a café that had a jukebox. When we went thru that restaurant the young waitresses always pleaded that I sing along with “American Pie” on the jukebox, nothing like getting a big ego boost and a chance to hear one of my favorite songs too. It was at this location that Elder Shirley and I learned that we each played the guitar. That was the beginning of our musical relationship. Who knew at the time we would eventually become part of “La Familia Unida.”

Elder John Cameron had the vision to create a singing group and bring the message of the Gospel to the people of Guatemala and El Salvador.

The first impression I had meeting him was “teddy bear”, big in stature and a big, big smile. He was the ringleader and most accomplished at entertaining and singing.

I can't remember when or where I first met Elder Mundy, but he was a ball of energy. I never met anyone from Kansas. He was our rock and roller. As it turns out, he brought to the group a taste of U.S. pop music that captured the young audience, and boy there were times we needed all the help we could get.

Glen Campbell was the last member of the group I recall meeting, known to other missionaries as Elder Randy Teel from Texas. Honey for a voice, full high cheekbones and the signature sweeping hair, definitely Campbell undercover. I guess I summed him up pretty well: Talented singer, guitarist and dang good lookin!!

We were set. I feel I got a free ride. I was the greenest, least accomplished on the guitar, but able to carry a tune, most of the time.

Our first group dwelling was in Guatemala City, Zona 9. An elderly German couple owned the home and we had two adjoining rooms. Although we developed our “wings” there, I to this day, implement a lesson learned from the old Señor of the home. He taught us to put avocado in soup. An avocado tree in the backyard made it easy to grab bunches. I had doubts at first but now I think of him many times while adding avocado to all kinds of soup.

The program we created was based on the Family Home Evening and the value of the Family. We put together songs that gave us a chance to sing individually and as a group. Church hymns to Pop songs, a Broadway musical number and some popular Latin songs of the day. It was fun and heartfelt.

We set out and never looked back. We had good shows and not so good shows, spiritual experiences and growing experiences. No matter what adversity confronted us, we marched on and at the end of our Tour gave thanks and had gratitude for the rare experience that was bestowed upon us. What a treat to be chosen to be a part of “La Familia Unida” and to have met and worked together through thick and thin.

My vocation has done the same. I've seen this lovely world and its beautiful people by invitation of others, never expecting to travel and live in and around the entire world. My life since then has been so unexpected and a gift day after day. Just like the rare opportunity given to us to see the entire mission, city by city.

My heartfelt thanks to President Harvey Glade for permitting us to create “La Familia Unida.” To my companions; John Cameron, Randy Teel, Randy Mundy, and Scott Shirley...

*All my love and thanks,
Fester*

REMEMBRANCES OF LA FAMILIA UNIDA BY BRUCE KUSCH



Kusch 1972

Kusch Today

This is all from memory...mission journals (pretty limited in the first place) were lost in a July 2014 flood in our home during our service in Mexico.

I met first Elder John Cameron in Retalhuleu in October 1971. After spending six months there I had been moved to La Florida in Guatemala City, with plans to be there for six weeks before beginning service in the mission office as Financial Secretary in early December. Several weeks before leaving Reu I was companions with Elder Alan Burke (not sure of the spelling).

I'd been in Florida for 10 days when a group of us went to Tikal for the day and we stopped by the office to check mail when we got back. You can imagine what I looked like – dirty and smelly. We picked up the mail and one of the office elders said, “Hey Kusch, the President is looking for you.” I found President Glade in his office and he said, “Elder Kusch, we are sending you back to Reu tonight.

I got back to Reu about 3 or 4 in the morning. Elder Cameron and I started getting acquainted the next morning. From the very minute we met, we clicked. To my recollection I do not recall missing a single day of work during those six weeks because of sickness or any other reason. We went to work, we were happy, and loved working together.

In early December 1971 I was transferred back to Guate City and the office. I don't remember who took my place in Reu, but I was grateful for the additional time in La Capital del Mundo with someone who really was a great companion.

A couple more pieces of context that have relevance...before my mission I sang in a folk group called "The Uphill Road." I confess to being a Peter, Paul and Mary junkie – so The Uphill Road consisted of my best friend, me, and the best female singer we could find in our high school (in the Los Angeles area). We were never famous, but we did have a good local reputation, played for a lot of local functions and even a couple of times at Knott's Berry Farm. During my freshman year of college, I also sang in an Institute of Religion singing group – patriotic music – and besides singing I also became an associate producer, writing scripts and stuff like that. So, singing, and producing shows was in my blood before mission life. Now, the specific dates are a little fuzzy for me, but I think it was late spring 1972. I knew my time in the office would soon be coming to an end, that sometime in June I'd be sent somewhere to finish the last four months of my mission. Word was spreading about a traveling singing group and my interest was certainly piqued. One day, Elder Cameron was in the office, telling me about the plans, and he was pumped! "Kusch, you have got to be a part of this!" Now, I don't know if he had the blessing of the other potential members of La Familia Unida to even talk to me, but John really wanted me to be a part of the group. I was in a quandary. I really DID want to be part of what I knew would be an amazing experience. BUT, I didn't have a guitar with me and I only had a little more than four months left in the mission. I had really missed teaching the gospel. Mike Keate had been my companion in the office and he and I had taught and baptized a family during our time together, but I wanted to finish my mission teaching. I knew I couldn't do both because there just wasn't enough time. It was either going to La Familia Unida or being assigned to an area. In the end, I decided that as much as I really wanted to be part of La Familia Unida, I wanted to finish my mission teaching more.

I let President Glad know of my decision and when I left the office I was sent to Santa Ana, El Salvador as ZL with Steve Wright, from Anchorage, Alaska. My time in Santa Ana proved to be a very sacred part of my mission. When I arrived Elder Wright told me about a family they had been teaching – an amazing family – that we taught and baptized. My

mission would not have been as rich had it not been for the experience with this family. As much as I would have loved to be part of La Familia Unida, there were other things the Lord needed me to do.

My only in-person experience, that I can recall, with actual La Familia Unida performances, was a magical night in the Santa Ana chapel. I remember it was packed with screaming fans. I remember seeing everyone on stage. I remember Cameron doing some goofy dance. I remember great music from great missionaries. And, most of all, I remember feeling the Spirit touch the hearts of those who were there. Again, dates are fuzzy, but John Cameron was assigned to the other branch in Santa Ana and we lived in the same house until I went home.

We went on divisions one day, which led to one of the funniest experiences of my mission. We visited a less-active woman and her teenage daughter. I really tried not to pay attention to the opposite sex in the mission field but this girl was pretty cute. We visited them about a week before my birthday, had a pleasant visit and invited them to come back to church. My birthday the next week was a non-event until we were eating dinner. My comp was Mike Evans. There was a knock at the door and there stood this teenage girl with her mom. She was dressed like she was going to the prom. She had cake in one hand and a wrapped gift in the other. "Feliz cumple, Elder Kusch!" I didn't know what to do but we invited them in, quickly ate a piece of cake and then I opened the gift. It was a doll – like a Barbie Doll with dark hair. The girl had fixed her hair just like the doll's hair. Now, here's what really stunned me – the doll was naked! I tried to thank them and then told them we had to leave for Mutual. "OK, we'll walk with you." "Uh, OK."

Off we went and this girl started talking about the soon-to-be end of my mission. She told me she had cousins in the United States – New York I think – that she had plans to visit them soon and maybe she could come and see me (California was home for me then). As we were talking I looked around and my comp was nowhere to be found. I looked behind me and he and the mom were about a block away. She was deliberately walking slowly so her daughter and I could have some "alone time." I stopped and waited for them to catch up. We said our goodbyes, went on to mutual and that was the last time I ever saw them. After we got home the doll and the cake went into the trash. We all thought this was about the funniest thing we'd ever experienced. I still tell the story about my naked doll birthday present. Had I been a member of La Familia Unida

I would have missed out on this!

Bruce Kusch

LA FAMILIA UNIDA MEMORIES FROM CRAIG NELSON

Missionary in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission Aug. 1971–Aug.1973



Nelson 1972

Nelson Today

In the first half of 1972 I was serving as a Missionary in El Salvador. I heard rumblings of a band, comprised of Missionaries, being put together. Since I was a former Rock Star (pre-Mission) who sang and played the keyboards, I was very interested. I played and sang together



with my first companion while in the Mission Home in SLC, in August 1971. When I heard this first companion, Elder Randy Mundy, was on the short list as a member of the Mission band...I was even more interested!

As fate would have it, I did not make the cut...instead I was called to serve as Branch President of the Zacapa Branch of the Church in Zacapa, Guatemala. The members of the group, Familia Unida, turned out to be Elders Teel, Cameron, Shirley, Eddo, & Mundy.

I made the transition to my assignment in Zacapa at the end of May 1972. I was disappointed since I had jammed with Elder Mundy even before we arrived in Central America and wanted to play with him and the others. My first Sunday as leader of the Zacapa Branch we had maybe 25 people out to Sacrament Meeting. There was no program planned, my Counselors were not in attendance so it fell on me to preside and direct the Sacrament Meeting (my companion, Elder Bumstead, and I were the only speakers). I presided and conducted and when it came time for the opening song, I led the music and played the piano accompanying the congregation. So, I didn't make the Familia Unida group but did get to use my sweet keyboard and musical skills with Gospel music at Church while serving in Zacapa! (Above, Bumstead & Nelson).

After serving a couple months in Zacapa, the big day for the arrival of La Familia Unida was almost upon us. I've got some notes in my journal about this, which I'll share...my journal reads:

"8/8/72 Tuesday - We got back to Zacapa about 11:00am (We had been in Guatemala City for leadership meetings) after a long ride in the back of a pick-up. I got the financial report made; we did quite a bit of work on publicity for the "Familia Unida". We put up more posters and checked on other things, including going to the Lions' Club and inviting the big boys and their families out." (Below, Theater in Zacapa where the performance was held).



"8/9/72 Wednesday – We left the house early this morning, about 8:30am. We got quite a bit accomplished today. We invited quite a few people personally to the performance of the 'Familia Unida'. We also got the Teatro al Aire Libre all squared away with luz (lighting) and everything and beds for the members of the group. We also got a loud

speaker through connections...a friend of Chepe. We got in Chepe's car and went around announcing, throughout the city, the upcoming event. Tonight we had a musical type program in Mutual. Elder McDonald and I did a funny fake Opera."

"8/10/72 Thursday – Today, being the day of the "familia unida" show we all pitched in and went to work making last minute arrangements. The first thing we did was make sure the Teatro Al Aire Libre (miniature Hollywood Bowl) would be cleaned up and ready for the evening. We all got a kick out of playing with the toads and frogs that abounded in the water that surrounded the stage. Those who were with us helping were Elders McDonald, Henrie, and McDonald's new greenie Elder Wallace. I worked with Elder McDonald most of the day, and my comp, Elder Twiggs was off tracting and passing out flyers for the show with the other guys. The Elders from the group finally came and we had all preparations done. (Below; Shirley, Eddo, Teel & Mundy, pre-show publicity in Zacapa).



We started help them set up equipment...P.A. and such when it started to rain. We had to take it all in to where it wouldn't get wet. All of us knelt down and said a prayer about the rain and after a little bit it did stop raining. We set up again and quite a few people had come but it rained again even harder. We had to put it off but they will come back next month."

My last entry for the day of August 10th was, "I jammed with Elders Mundy, Shirley, and Teel a little on the piano tonight before going to bed." I did the same a couple more times before ending my Mission. I jammed with Elder Mundy and Shirley several times, including once

with electronic equipment. This belonged to a band that let us jam in their meson/studio while we were serving together in the Santa Ana, El Salvador Zone less than 6 months before I ended my Mission. I love these guys and was able to perform with them in a reprise of La Familia Unida at a reunion in 2008.

As previously indicated, the Familia Unida show was re-scheduled for Zacapa a month later. It was a very successful show albeit fewer people attending. Here are some entries from my Missionary Journal:

"9/5/72 Tuesday – Got back early to Zacapa as we started out early and got a ride all the way in. We started immediately on the publicity for the "Familia Unida" in the afternoon, Elder Twiggs and I painted the 2nd manta (street banner sign) and got them both ready to hang up for tomorrow." (Below, McDonald in Zacapa).



"9/6/72 Wednesday – First thing in the morning we started to get the mantas (banners) hung. We hung one downtown close to the parque central (park). We did this with the help of the Empresa Electrica (Power Company). Afterwards we went near the entrance of the city and hung up the other banner. In the afternoon we hung up more posters and talked with the radio about an advertisement."

"9/7/72 Thursday – After working this morning again on publicity, Elders McDonald and Hone arrived from Guate. City in the afternoon and we split up. It was Elder McDonald with me, and Elder Hone with my comp. We worked hard on getting things prepared. Elder McDonald and I went with Chepe in this car with a loud speaker advertising the show tomorrow. This evening Elder McDonald and I gave a Family Home Evening with the Morales family and a few investigators."

“9/8/72 Friday – After some thought, this morning we decided to change the place of the show to the Teatro Al Aire Libre instead of the Pre-Vocacional. We had to talk to the Mayor to get the permission to use of it and then we went to the Empresa Electrica and the theatre to talk to the janitor about getting the place ready. We had a pleasant visit with the Mayor and his secretary. We got everything arranged and the Familia Unida came in the Mission van with Elders Mahoney and Lippincott. The show was great, the audience was real nice, even though it wasn’t too big. The members had a good time and we got 80 referencias (referrals)!”

So, that was the extent of my experience with the singing quintet of the Missionary/Entertainers—La Familia Unida”.

ON WITH THE SHOW!

Craig Nelson

GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA GETTING OUR ACT TOGETHER

Thu, June 1, 1972

I bounced into the mission home from Escuintla to meet the other elders. A load of greenies had just arrived. I remembered some of the



older missionaries saying to me on my first day, “If I still had 22 months left I’d slit my wrists!” Most of the ones who said those kinds of things were the ones everyone else wished they really would. I thought many times about offering razor blades to a few of them myself. The new group of greenies included Elder Don Dodge (above) who would later be my junior companion up in San Pedro.

Guatemala City had a population of just under 700,000, about 45% Indians, 55% Latinos. It is up on the plateau about 75 miles north of the Pacific Ocean. The original capital was set up by Spain in the city of Antigua in 1570, but when an earthquake destroyed the city the “Audiencia” or court of judges was moved to Guatemala City in 1776. The dominant religion was Roman Catholic

Guatemala City had the coolest temperatures I had experienced during my mission so far. It reminded me of the summers in the Idaho mountains, with the exception of not having many palm trees in Idaho (they just don’t grow well in the snow).

A ROOM WITH A VIEW OR... ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO’S NEST

We moved into a house directly in the flight path of incoming aircraft by the airport. Flights of 747’s had just begun and we would run up on top of the flat roof to watch the monsters gliding in. We were often

shaken from deep sleep by the screaming thunder of the giant jets just a few hundred feet above. The best part of the house was HOT SHOWERS! I had forgotten they were even possible.

The five of us were to be a district with Elder Randy Teel as our DL. He was a big Texan that played guitar better than anyone I had ever seen. I had known him since the previous November back in San Salvador. Eddo, from Sepulveda, California, was his junior companion. I had been in the same district with him in Escuintla. Elder Randy Mundy, from Topeka, Kansas, was a great singer/guitar player/drummer, etc. I had been in the same district with him the previous October in San Salvador. Elder John Cameron was the architect of the group. He had received permission from President Glade to organize the group. He was from Lyndhurst, Ohio, and had been a member of “The Young Ambassadors” at BYU. All of us had been in various rock bands and groups which presented a problem: Can five egos that large co-exist for any reasonable amount of time to any degree of harmony? The common answer of course was absolutely not, but we did it anyway and lived to tell about it. The good times outweighed the bad, the successes outnumbered the setbacks, the memories are still embedded in our bones even after many decades. What a trip.

We began practicing our songs, did errands and then went with Teel to interview some baptisms. Mundy threw up in the street. Not a good sign.

REHEARSALS

Elder Cameron’s main effort was to teach me how to sing. I had sung in rock bands, but there was a difference between singing and what I had been doing. Singing well was hard work for me

GUATEMALA CITY, LONELY HEARTS CLUB

June 5, Monday

I received word from home that my girlfriend was anxiously engaged in a cause other than myself, though she insisted such was not the case. In my righteous indignation I decided to write her off (before she wrote me off). I announced to the others what I had done and suddenly I noticed them with their heads together. They were all bigger than I and jokingly crowded me into a corner and said, “Elder Shirley, we have decided that you’re stupid.” Then holding up her picture that I had not yet disposed of, added, “Anyone who looks like you that would write off

someone who looks like this is definitely stupid.” Then they just walked away shaking their heads. At first I did not know what to think, but then



I began to wonder. I decided to write her another letter as if nothing had happened. To my surprise she wrote back, we were married in 1974, and we have 5 children and 19 grandchildren. Thank goodness for friends who are willing to tell you the honest truth about yourself.

GUATEMALA CITY, LA FLORIDA

June 6, Tuesday

While we were practicing at the Stake President’s house lightning knocked out the power. We got soaked in the rain and had to take a taxi to Colonia La Florida to do a show. We had our first taste of hecklers when a couple of teens took our guitars and would not give them back. Elder Dodge, a world-class wrestler, convinced them to give the guitars back. He could be very persuasive when the need arose.

GUATEMALA CITY, EQUIPAJE VIAJE , OR... THE QUEST FOR EQUIPMENT

June 7, Wednesday

We beat the streets trying to find appropriate equipment for the show. It was not clear if we should go electrical or acoustical. There were pros and cons about both. We also could not agree as to what we were to wear. Because we could not agree on materials for matching ties we returned with nothing. Nothing egotistical about that particular group!

GUATEMALA CITY, STRANGE DUDS FOR STRANGER DUDES

June 8, Thursday

Three heads can arrive at a decision faster than five, so Mundy, Cameron and I picked out the ties, shoes, and belts. With our little tennis shoes we looked like rejects from Gilligan's Island.

GUATEMALA CITY, CAPILLA BARRIO DOS (2nd Ward Chapel)

June 10, Saturday

We were asked to sing at the funeral of Ruth S. Jacob who died of cancer while working among the Guatemalan Indians in the Union Church. An Indian choir sang and did an excellent job. We had tried to put together a song none of us had ever heard before. We had little time to practice and it was evident such was the case. We regretted we could not have sung better for Sister Jacob. We spent the evening practicing much harder. Funny how a wake-up call can provide impetus for more intense rehearsal.

GUATEMALA CITY, PARQUE ZOOLOGICO

June 11, Sunday

We took my street display to the zoo and began teaching about the Book of Mormon. Zoo security guards came and asked us to leave, so we went outside the park and set up by the huge statue of the Indian next to a pond. It was good to be a missionary again.

GUATEMALA CITY, REHEARSAL

June 12, Monday

“What if the upcoming performances at the zone conference don't go well? What if the other missionaries don't buy into supporting the tour? What if the entire project falls flat? What if we keep worrying about it and waste time we could be practicing?” Hard work dispels worry every time.

GUATEMALA CITY, COMBINED GUATEMALA AND XELA ZONE CONFERENCE

June 13, Tuesday

We felt extremely odd in our double-knit blue pants, matching plaid ties, matching leather belts, and slip-on boat shoes. Gilligan would have been proud.

We were so nervous about what the other missionaries would think



we completely blew our guitar duet. President Glade just smiled and asked us to play it again. We needed a good humbling.

I saw Elder Dominguez and had a great visit with him. We have followed each other around ever since the LTM.

ON THE HOMEFRONT

It seemed one thing after another was happening to make me humble in the midst of all the show biz and glitter. I received a letter from my family saying my sister-in-law had just had a baby and that things did not go well. The baby did not survive. They had decided to give the baby my name as his middle name and they hoped I would understand. I excused myself from the rest of the guys and went up onto the roof of our apartment. It was just getting dark yet the last remaining rays of sun outlined the tops of some distant thunderheads. The tears flowed like they had never done before. Then came the peace I had hoped would come, the peace that cannot be explained. Funny how it took something like the death of a child to help me begin to understand a little more why I was there, the meaning of what we were all involved in, and the joy of serving others. The view from that roof cleared my vision and calmed

my soul.

SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR, ZONE CONFERENCE

June 15, Thursday

We left the mission home at four in the morning and headed for the land southward. We spent the entire trip either sleeping or practicing our songs for the conference. We seemed to blow some of our songs again and it was most discouraging. We wondered if it was all worth it. The trip took about seven hours.

POP'S WAS TOPS

Any visit to San Salvador was not complete without a visit to Pop's Ice cream emporium. My personal favorite was a banana split with three flavors of sherbet covered with caramel and whipped cream. I never could figure out why no one else ever ordered the same thing nor why the employees would giggle and nudge each other while preparing my personal delicacy.

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD

The Pan American highway from San Salvador to Guatemala City required seven hours of sheer endurance. We left San Salvador at eight in the evening and got home at three in the morning. I understood why the President flew home. We needed seven hours of humbling that can only

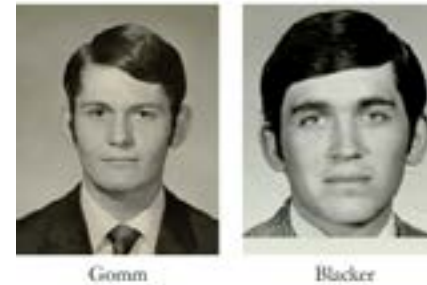


come from driving seven straight hours through Hell. I wish I hadn't needed so much humbling. On the lighter side, we told jokes all the way back and somewhere along the way ran over a dog. I'm sure he felt much

better the next morning that we did.

GUATEMALA CITY, RECORDING STUDIO

A member made arrangements for us to do some recording for a tape at a local recording studio. We were a little in awe about the entire thing. We didn't stay serious for long because Gomm and Blacker were on the other side of the glass windows of the recording booth making faces at



us. I didn't realize someone could get their finger that far up their nose. Anyway it helped ease the tension.

GUATEMALA CITY, CUCKOO'S NEST

June 17, Saturday

We listened to the tape we made yesterday and it was so absolutely horrible we erased the entire thing. We must have been in denial because we refused to believe we really sounded that bad. How accurate can a recording studio be anyway?

ASSORTED MOVES AND TRANSFERS



Rumorville reported that Elder Golightly went lightly to another area. Dominguez went from Chimaltenango to Esquintla Quetzal, and my former greenie Elder Williams left Escuintla to work with Elder McDonald in Guatemala City. Reintjes made senior and went to work with Mack in La Florida

DOES “PR” STAND FOR “PROMOTING THE RIDICULOUS?”

We thought we might be more successful taking pictures of ourselves



for public relations than we were in making tapes. At least the pictures didn't make any sound. Bryant Glade took his camera and we took some shots at the Camino Real. We used the pictures to give to newspapers, etc. Bryant did a great job considering the subject matter he had to work with.

GUATEMALA CITY PARK

June 18, Sunday

We took our street display to the park to do a little street preaching. There was a small cement wall behind the display and Cameron got the idea of standing on it and teaching from over the top of the display. It worked rather well and we attracted quite a crowd. One guy told me he was not interested because he believed it was Columbus who discovered America, not the Nephites. I tried to explain but the brain was closed for the day. I'm glad Columbus did discover America. Can you imagine every October 12 celebrated as “Nephi Day” or the capital of Ohio being “Laman?” It just wouldn't have been the same.

“FILLING” THE SPIRIT

I went to a dentist who said he would give me a good deal on my teeth. He started poking around and before I knew it he had drilled and filled four teeth, without bothering with the nuisance and additional cost of Novocain I might add. After all, it takes much too long for the numbing to go out of your face anyway.

GUATEMALA CITY, LA FLORIDA

June 21, Wednesday

Notice the equipment that we carried with us. Eddo is at far left, Cameron is talking to Mack, and Mundy is looking in my direction as I



took the picture. This was much of what it was like on the road.

One of our better shows was in La Florida. We took the bus over there and played our guitars on the bus and sang all the way. We had a

captive audience and had a great time entertaining the people on the bus. We got to the show late and had no chance to tune up, so we just jumped right in and started. We had a great time, then went to P&P restaurant to celebrate, compare notes, and make plans.

**ASSORTED MISSIONARY FLORIDIANS
GUATEMALA CITY, GOLD AND GREEN BALL**

June 24, Saturday



Shelly (DL)



Barnus



Dodge



McGaughey



Mack



Reintjes

The ward had hired a band for the Gold and Green Ball. Looking at all the equipment they had led us to some serious coveting. We just knew if we had the proper equipment we could sound so much better. We asked the band members if we could play during intermission and they said it was all right with them. Keep in mind we had not practiced anything using electronic equipment, but we simply believed we could do it. There was some hesitancy due primarily to wondering what it would do to our reputation if we did not do well, but when decision time came Teel said, “Go.”

Teel played the electric guitar and I played keyboard. Mundy played the drums and sang at the same time. Lippincott played electric bass. We played for some time, I played an organ solo and Mundy played a drum



Lippincott

solo. It was something like a live jam session that we were fortunate enough to live through. The verdict: Reconsider the use of electric equipment and consider practicing before any public performance.

GUATEMALA CITY, WARD 6, STRINGING THINGS ALONG

June 27, Tuesday

We were still not seasoned performers in that we were still reacting to the audience and how things were going in general rather than acting proactively. In the middle of the performance I broke a guitar string. There was no opportunity to restring, so we just continued hoping Teel and Eddo could play loud enough to cover, then Teel broke a guitar string. Other than the fact our guitars were all out of tune we lost the spark and the spirit of the show and it went so far south everyone was speaking with a twang. We officially pronounced the show DOA (dead on arrival).

GUATEMALA CITY, FIRST & THIRD WARDS

June 30, Friday

We looked through the curtains before the show and rather than seeing the 136 people in attendance we could only see the chairs that were still empty. We were still somewhat shaken from the last performance in Ward 6. We thought it was going to be so much easier than it was. We were beginning to wonder if the entire project would fold. We knelt behind the curtain in prayer and asked the Lord to help

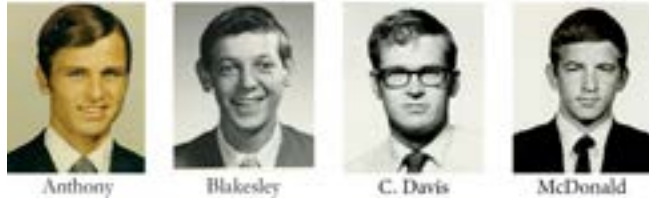


LA FAMILIA UNIDA. La Familia Unida, un grupo de voluntarios que se reúne regularmente en el templo y se está volviendo rápidamente uno de los grupos más numerosos del área. El éxito de ellos se debe a un amplio conjunto de talentos apostólicos para producir una presentación "dramática" en cualquier lugar en que se reúnan sus servicios.

us put on a good show and that everyone there would be lifted from the performance.

Cameron started the show by sitting on Mundy's lap pretending to be a ventriloquist's dummy. It was so bizarre and hilarious it set a relaxed tone for the entire show. The performance was such a success that people were asking us for autographs after the show.

ASSORTED FIRST AND THIRD WARD WIZARDS



Elder McDonald operated the spotlight for the show. Elder Richard Adams was also there.

TOP 10 RECUERDOS (MEMORIES) FOR JUNE, 1972

1. Hot showers.
2. Playing songs on the bus on our way to do a show.
3. Getting rumbled out of bed by approaching jet aircraft.
4. Movie of the month: Let It Be.
5. Trying to decide between electrical or acoustical equipment.
6. Talking to my parents on the phone on my dad's birthday.
7. Paying \$65 a month for room and board (Do you missionaries really need a clean white shirt EVERYDAY?).
8. Finding my lost contact lens in Mundy's boot.
9. Working street displays in the park and at the zoo.
10. Pushing a stranger's car three blocks to a service station.

GUATEMALA CITY, ZONE FIRESIDE

July 2, Sunday

I found it interesting that missionaries (including myself) were often more critical than the members and people in general. Latinos were so loving and accepting of mistakes we made in our grammar while some missionaries took it upon themselves to save everyone else whether or not they wanted such rescuing. We were more nervous about performing for small groups of missionaries than for entire theaters full of strangers. Why was it we were so concerned about what the other missionaries would think of us? I have noticed that with age and maturity comes the ability to not be so concerned about peer perception. Perhaps it is senility. Yes, that must be it. I must be getting older. Now, what was it I was writing about??

In spite of our worries about performing for missionaries the show went very well. We knelt in prayer before the show which calmed our nerves. Elder Dominguez offered the closing prayer which left everyone with a special spirit. We felt good about the show.

GUATEMALA CITY, WARD 2

July 4, Tuesday

The mission had supplied us with \$60 to buy some equipment for the show. We tried to get it on line for the show in Ward 2 but did not have time. We were not about to do another performance without proper rehearsal. We had learned not to do that from the Gold and Green Ball on June 24.

In spite of our best intentions we started the show without much enthusiasm and energy and went downhill from there. The best part of the show was when it was over. It was yet another opportunity to learn humility.

CHIMALTENANGO, GUATEMALA*July 7, Friday*

A little over 20 miles to the west of Guatemala (as the buitres, or vultures, fly) was a small town of under 10,000 called Chimaltenango. Elders Heggerhorst and Maurent were working there. We also saw Dominguez, Roundy, Lemus, Stumpe and Cheney.

We arrived at the theater and set up all our amplifiers and speakers. When it was time to start the show the seats were almost completely empty. Elder Teel got upset with the whole thing and told us to follow him. When a Texan that large gets upset, you had better do what he says. Teel, Mundy, Eddo and I went outside and crossed the street over to a little park in front of the police station that looked like an old castle. We sat on a stone fence and started playing “Jumping Jack Flash.” People gathered around as Mundy sang and then shouted an invitation for everyone to follow us to a free concert across the street. We felt like the Pied Piper as we started playing and everyone followed us to the theater. I went out in front of the curtain to play guitar solos while Mundy and Teel went out to gather in more people.

Elders Dominguez and Lemus had persuaded the local Catholics into letting us borrow their PA system. We needed it because the theater was packed. It turned out to be a tremendously successful show. It can be very beneficial to get a Texan all riled up.

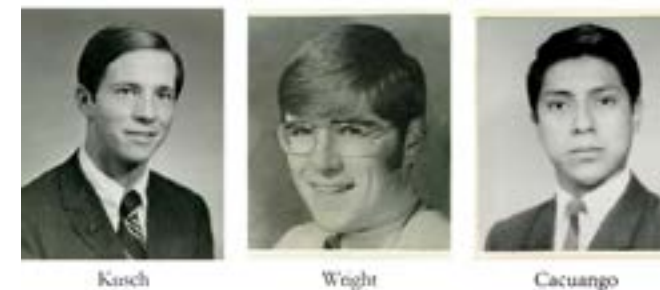
GO SOUTH YOUNG MAN

We went back to the nest then grabbed a TICA bus for El Salvador. It was a nice Greyhound-like bus. “TICA” most likely stood for “This Is Costing Alot.” After bouncing up and down the long roads the name was changed to “This Is Coming Apart.” We checked into El Salvador at the border then on the road again to Santa Ana.

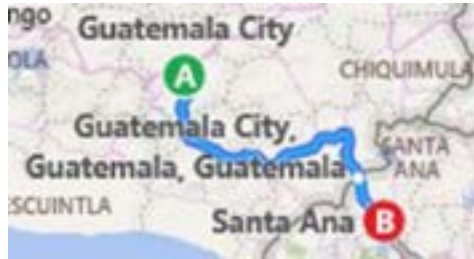
SANTA ANA, EL SALVADOR, ZONE FIRESIDE*July 8, Saturday*

Santa Ana was always one of my favorite places. I finished up my mission there ten months later. It had the coolest temperatures of any place in El Salvador. I had the opportunity of working. The only place colder was up in the highlands of Guatemala. It was one of the larger cities in El Salvador with a population of under 100,000. It is located about 80 miles to the southeast of Guatemala City.

Kusch and Wright were the zone leaders and we stayed with them



at their place. Cacuango was the district leader. The zone fireside went rather well.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Teel and I left the others in Santa Ana the following morning because we wanted to get to San Salvador early and visit some people in our old stomping grounds. We hitched a ride in the back of a pickup and ended up laughing, playing our guitars and singing our way to the capital. We spent the afternoon with the Sanchez family in Santa Lucia. It was great to be back in my first area.

LAYCO CHAPEL, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

July 9, Sunday



Keate



Paulson



Bowen



Haack



McCracken



Martinson

San Salvador was the largest of all the cities in El Salvador. The population was somewhere around 380,000. Keate and Paulson were the ZL's. Other assorted Layco-Psychos consisted of Bowen, Haack, Johnson, Keate, McCracken, and Martinson.

We tried something different at this show that ended up being a

trademark of all the rest of our shows. The final number was “I Am A Child of God.” Cameron and Mundy went out into the audience and gathered up as many little children that would come and brought them to the stage. We played and sang surrounded by those precious little ones. It is hard to describe the feeling generated by those innocent smiles and loving spirits. The spirit was stronger than it had ever been before. We were congratulated and praised, and to some degree thought the show was a great success. We often tended to judge the success of a show by the number of people in attendance, not realizing that the real power was in the message, not the messengers.

SPEAKING “SPANGLISH”

Each of us had only 730 days or so to learn and be fluent in Spanish. Those who had the opportunity of working day after day in the towns and pueblos learned the language much better. We had spent the previous month singing, playing, and conversing primarily in English and were beginning to lose some confidence in our conversation skills in Spanish. We seldom, if ever, spoke very much Spanish. I found myself envying Elders with superior skills.

We stayed overnight with the Sanchez family in Santa Lucia. It was great to speak Spanish again.

NORTHERN MIGRATION

July 10, Monday

We boarded a bus in San Salvador and began the 120-or-so-mile seven-or-so hour trip back to Guatemala City. I sat by Elder Bowen who



was taking Cornish's place as First Assistant. There were several others who were on their way north that day for transfers.

PURSE OR SCRIPT - YES, CAR OR VAN - NO



Cornish

Bowen

We had interviews with the President and were told we were not going to be provided with a car. We would be going by bus, taxi, whatever we could find. We found that hard to believe and were not happy about it, but in retrospect it was one of the best things that happened to us. We would have missed out on hitching rides with so many nice people, visiting on “chicken busses” with people we otherwise would never have met, talked with others at bus depots and had time to visit with street kids. I'm grateful we were not provided with a car.

Realizing there was no appealing the decision about transportation there was only one thing we could do: Go to the Camino Real for baked Alaska. Now there's true comfort.

GUATEMALA CITY, ZONE CONFERENCE MARATHON DAY

July 11, Tuesday

The day started off with zone conference. President Glade gave a great talk then Brother Arnold spoke. He was Seminary Coordinator and also Mission Representative for all of Central America and some of South America. The five of us were asked to bear our testimonies at the end of the conference (we did not mention the fact we did not get to use a car).

GUATEMALA CITY, ROTARY WIVES LUNCHEON

After conference we were whisked away to do some numbers at a luncheon for the Rotary Wives. Teel was getting a cold and his voice was

not its usual high quality. The purpose was to audition for a performance at the Conservative of Music. I had never been to such a swanky place before. I wondered why a person would need more than one fork to eat a meal.

ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA

We left the “luncheon ladies” and headed for Antigua. It lies about 15 miles west of Guatemala City with a population somewhere around 17,000. Cheney and Kuehne were working there. They had booked a huge auditorium and we were expecting to be a huge success. The



Cheney

Kuehne

place was almost completely empty for the first show with what few people there were scattered around the auditorium. The attendance was such a disappointment we had a quick meeting of the minds to figure out what to do. The missionaries then roped off specific areas for the second show. All the missionaries that had come for the show scattered themselves throughout the audience to initiate applause and laugh at the appropriate places. We went into the audience to gather children for the closing number and it was a great success. The heroes of the show were the other missionaries, not the five of us. After the show we traveled back to Guatemala City and hit the sack.

GUATEMALA CITY, COLONIA CIPRESALES*July 12, Wednesday*

This was a rather tough neighborhood, or at least it had the reputation of being so. Hardy, Henrie, Hone, and Stapel were working there. We did the show in a school hall and the crowd was tough. One of the rowdies passed gas so loud the entire audience heard it. We did manage to get some good references from the 90 or so people there.



Hardy

Henrie

Hone

Stapel

GUATEMALA CITY, COLONIA JOCOTALES*JULY 13, THURSDAY*

McDonald and Williams were working this area. We performed in a barn-like place with very few seats. We arrived in a taxi and had a very difficult time tuning up. No one but members were in attendance.

There was an outside balcony on the theater, so we went up there and began to play some songs to attract attention for the show. We used



Cheney

Kuchne

the theater's public address system for additional sound. We managed to attract a few additional people.

McDonald had developed a great lighting system. He had learned a few tricks in his theater training before the mission. The attendance was sparse but the spirit wasn't. We had a great time.

LA PRENSA LIBRE

Our picture came out in the paper and a blurb about what we were

doing and where we would be performing. We did not get the coverage we anticipated but it was OK. We did not make the front page, so I cut and pasted the paper into my journal so it looked like we did. I never could figure out why the other guys in the group always accused me of being vain.

GUATEMALA CITY, WARD 5*JULY 14, FRIDAY*

We took a taxi out to Ward 5 for the show that night. Two of the "Ward Five Fanatics" consisted of Gwilliam and Nielson. They had the stage all decorated with posters of the group on the wall. They had worked very hard to get ready for the show.

We decided not to use our electric equipment and discovered we actually sounded better. We did not have access to mixer boards and



Nielson

Gwilliam

the technology that would come years later, nor did we have a sound technician necessary to run the equipment. Simple was better, and believe me, we were simple.

Once again the closing number was crowned by singing "I Am A Child of God" with the stage filled with children brought up from the audience.

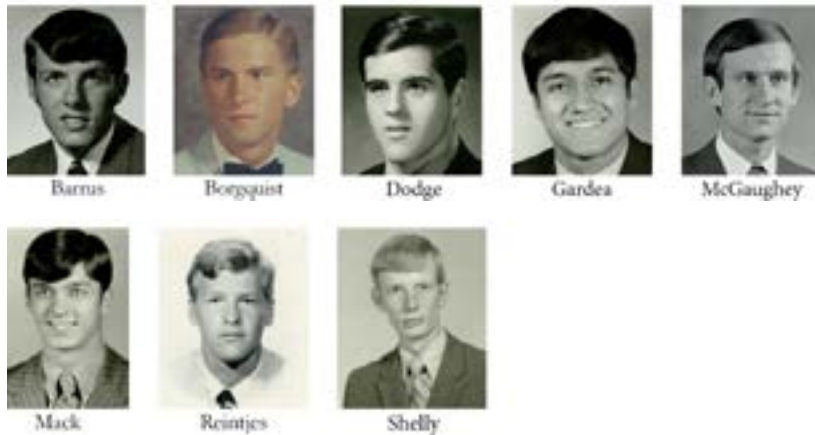
GUATEMALA CITY, COLONIA LA FLORIDA

July 15, Saturday

Performers are an odd lot indeed. I don't know how many times we arrived late for performances. I wonder if we got an additional adrenaline rush from the challenge of the moment, of improvising. Who knows. Perhaps we were just not as organized as we should have been.

The chapel at La Florida was packed. The missionaries had built a portable stage that was very effective. It was the same stage we used the night before in Ward 5.

Some of the local Floridians were Barrus, Borgquist, Dodge, Gardea,



McGaughey, Mack, Reintjes, and Shelley. After the show some hecklers were fooling around with our equipment. One of them took Elder Dodge's pen. Big mistake. Dodge was 2nd in the nation and 4th in the world at 191 lb. wrestling. It was nice to have a bouncer like him around.

A pregnant lady got rather excited at the performance and went into labor after the show was over. Elder Dodge went for an ambulance while Shelley and another elder gave her a blessing. A large crowd had gathered to see what would happen. She was given a blessing that the baby would not come at that time. The bomberos (fire department, or emergency personnel) took her to the hospital where the doctor said it would be a miracle if the baby was not born that night. It was indeed a miracle because the baby was born the next morning. Due to complications and the fact the baby was so premature it died shortly after birth. We were humbled beyond measure. All things teach of Christ. A child was born, then in dying brought us to our knees...the mission of the Son of God.

**GUATEMALA, QUETZALTENANGO, XELA ZONE
NOSEBLEED HEAVEN**



July 17, Monday

Xela was about 70 miles straight west of Guatemala City. Unfortunately you could not go straight west, rather around, up, over, down, and through mountain passes. Though we were riding on a TICA bus we were nevertheless nauseous from motion sickness by the time we arrived. It was a city of around 50,000 people nestled high in the western highlands of Guatemala.

We did the show for the missionaries, then had a zone volleyball game and some refreshments. We boarded the bus and headed back for Guatemala City. Mundy got some good references from some French tourists on the bus, tourists we would have missed had we been traveling in a private van.

GUATEMALA CITY, WARD 4

We all felt like we had been dragged through a knot-hole backwards after traveling the roller coaster bus ride to Xela twice the same day, but



we still had another performance ahead of us at Ward 4.

Two of Ward 4 Fantastics were Gunnell and Hillery. Their entire

district also helped in getting references for the show. Things went well and we got some good references, then home to rest a bit.

GUATEMALA CITY LEAVING THE NEST FOR GOOD

July 19, Wednesday

The day had finally come to leave our “permanent” living quarters. We would now be on the road, sleeping at various apartments of other elders or staying in hotels as we could find them. Goodbye to hot showers and continuous roaring of incoming aircraft and regular meals. Hello to doing our laundry wherever and whenever we could, to irregular meals, sleeping on busses and in depots. Ah, that was the life. Just another day in paradise.

PASEO ITINERARY

The overall plan was to leave Guatemala City and go west through the highlands to Xela, then down to the coast and back to the capital, then swing east around Zacapa and down through the border to Santa Ana working our way to San Salvador, then west down along the coast and up through San Vicente. At least that was the plan.

GO WEST YOUNG MEN SOLOLA, GUATEMALA



July 20, Saturday

Due primarily to our superior planning, we promptly missed the bus to Solola and had to wait for another. We and all our equipment were let off the bus at Los Encuentros in the middle of a rainstorm. Luckily we got a ride into the city arriving too late to get into our performing clothes and had to do the show in our levis.

Solola was a small Indian town nestled on the north shore of Lake

Atitlan. It is often featured in travel brochures. It is about 50 miles straight west of Guatemala city.

We performed in an old theater to a very polite audience of primarily Cachiuel and Quiche Indians. I'm not sure how much of our gringo Spanish they could understand but they smiled and seemed to enjoy the show nonetheless. We gathered some good references.

Gomm was there with the mission van. Why we did not ride with him



I do not know. We stayed with McQuarrie and Landeen.

PATZUN, GUATEMALA



July 21, Friday

We left our equipment in the mission van with Gomm and traveled the 15 miles east to Patzun. It was a small Indian town of less than 3,000 people situated about 30 miles straight west of Guatemala City. The city was typical of Indian culture with narrow unpaved streets, multi-colored miniature houses and even shorter people. At about six feet in height I felt like a giant. The people all dressed alike in red and yellow typical clothes. The Sister Missionaries wore long skirts. The cool temperatures of the highlands reminded me of Idaho in the summer.

Telephones were scarce so we had to use the telegraph to send some messages to the district office. We spent the afternoon sampling something called chuchitos which consisted of some kind of mystery

meat wrapped in tortilla dough and fried in oil. We learned to be very serious and sincere about blessing our food. We also learned to drink lots of Coke (something about faith without works being dead, you know).

When it was time for the show to start we had to go outside and play again to drum up an audience. Once again the closing number with all the children on stage was the best part.

We got up the next morning and went to a public shower. Now that was certainly different. I felt like I was back in high school.

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME

Mundy and I were to travel together so we went down to the bus depot to wait for the next ride out. We sat there on the curb of the cobblestone street talking, laughing and joking. We noticed some little Indian children eyeing us a little way off. We smiled and with that assurance we were suddenly surrounded by a group of little people. We laughed and joked and played with those precious children. It was indeed the single-most memorable part of the trip for me. When I think back to those days in Indian country I can still see Mundy and myself sitting on the cobblestone streets of Patzun playing and joking with the children. We came from different countries, different cultures, were of different ages, yet the kinship of youth spoke fluently the language of love.

PATZICIA, GUATEMALA



Elder Teel



July 22, Saturday

Patzicia was a small town of less than 3,000 people about 7 miles southwest of Patzun and 25 miles to the west of Guatemala City.

We got off in the middle of the town and began walking down the

road toward the chapel. Fields on both sides of the road were filled with towering sugar cane plants. We were shocked to see in a clearing in the middle of some corn fields the white spire of one of the newest and most modern chapels in the country. It was absolutely gorgeous and highly revered by the members. Nothing like it existed in the entire city. In back of the chapel was a basketball court where some Indian girls were playing basketball in their long typical skirts and braided hair. We leaned over the fence and sampled some sugar cane which we chewed on for hours, sucking the sweet juice and spitting out the woody pulp. What a life.

We walked back to the main plaza in the center of town and started playing our guitars and singing. Almost instantly we were surrounded with a crowd of curious onlookers. We invited them to the show and then sang as we walked the half-mile back to the chapel followed by a small crowd of people. The show seemed to lack spark which forced us to work harder. Sometimes working harder is not as good as working smarter. We could have done better but got some good references anyway.

QUEEN OF DENIAL

There was a city celebration that day, so Salazar talked a drunk member of the city committee into letting us perform at the coronation of the Queen of the city. A local radio station was covering the big event and the crowd was enormous. The stage was set up outside. We played a few songs as loud as we could but I was sure they could only hear us three-



Salazar

fourths of the way back.

When we finished playing, the candidates for Queen came parading across the stage in front of us. Suddenly fireworks went off and the Queen herself entered the stage in a cloud of smoke. Everyone cheered as the bombs exploded. I could hear Bert Parks singing in my mind,

“Here she comes, Miss Patzicia.”

HARD DAYS NIGHT, COLD NIGHT’S DAZE

We spent the night sleeping in the chapel kitchen on the floor. It was so cold in the night that we had to keep getting up to turn on the gas stove to prevent hypothermia. I never imagined anywhere in Central America could be so freezing cold.

PATZICIA, GUATEMALA

July 23, Sunday

Cameron and Eddo were so uncomfortable sleeping on the cement floor that they went into the chapel and curled up on the benches. When Elder Salazar got there early he quickly got them up and out before the members came in. He explained that the chapel was held in such high regard by the members that it would be a great disgrace for anyone to be seen sleeping in there. We figured we would not have any problem because we certainly hadn’t been doing any “sleeping.”

When it was time for Priesthood Meeting to start no one was at the piano, so I sat down and started with some preliminary music. Most of those little places had no members who could play. I guess my piano teacher “Mean Old Mrs. Mortensen” was right when she forced me to learn all those hymns I hated so much. Darn her anyway. They treated piano players with great respect and dignity. I felt ashamed that I had taken the opportunity of having access to music so lightly.

A SPRINKLE IN TIME

In order to get something to eat we had to do a little traveling, so we walked in the rain over to the bus stop and hitched a ride in the back of a Volkswagen pickup truck. Did I mention it was raining? Did I mention we were in the back of a VW pickup? We got so soaking wet we were freezing to death. Eddo tried to cover himself with a red plastic bag and started clowning around sticking his head above the cab of the pickup and over the sides of the truck to the point we thought he was going to fall out. The drivers of the truck must have thought we had lost our minds. At least we weren’t the ones hauling around a truckload of laughing, freezing, soaking wet gringos.

We finally got to the restaurant and warmed up with some good food. The clouds hung down around the mountains like huge grey curtains. It



Gomm

McQuarrie

Landeen

was beautiful.

We got back in time for Sacrament meeting, then I found a roll-away bed on the stage behind the curtains and slept like a rock for three hours before someone found me. Sisters Magyar and Draper took pity on us and prepared us a tuna casserole. I had never been fond of tuna casserole in my pre-mission days, but I gladly consumed every ounce of that delicious dish. My compliments to the chef-ettes.

AT PEACE ON THE PISO

Contrary to popular belief it is possible for a floor to become soft if one is sufficiently exhausted.

PATZICIA, GUATEMALA PIONEER’S PROGRESS

July 24, Monday

The first of the Shirley’s arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in the 1850’s and promptly boiled some water for a hot bath. There I was, some 120 years later, in the mountains of Guatemala, boiling water on the stove for a hot bath. Some things never change.





Buttas

Sanders

TECPAN, GUATEMALA

Elder Salazar guided Mundy, Cameron and myself to Katok, the fancy roadside inn at Tecpan. Mundy and Eddo wanted to take their chances hitching, so we crowded onto a chicken bus with all our speakers and equipment and headed for El Quiche. We picked up Buttas and Sanders who were going there to help work the show. Buttas and I had a great time conversing about Idaho, our favorite native state.



Cammack

Kellett

EL QUICHE, GUATEMALA

We traveled up one hill and down another to the little town of El Quiche 30 miles to the northwest of Patzicia and 50 miles west-northwest

of Guatemala City. It had a population of somewhere around 7,000 people. Cammack and Kellett were two of the missionaries working there at the time.

THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN QUICHE

The local fire department were the sponsors of the show. We were scheduled to perform at a local theater. The firemen gave us a ride to the show house in the fire truck with the red lights flashing all the way. We started the show and the power promptly went off. We asked them to drive their fire truck up to the front door and shine the lights up onto the stage. We used their hand-held loud speaker as a sound system. Fortunately the power came back on after we had suffered through only two songs and we were able to complete the show in a more appropriate fashion. It certainly gave us an opportunity to improvise under adverse conditions.

PULGUITA LINDA

We spent the night in a little pension getting well acquainted with the “Pulga” family (a pulga is a flea). They weren’t much for conversation but had us for dinner nonetheless.

TOTONICAPAN, GUATEMALA



July 25, Tuesday

“Toto” was only about 20 miles southwest of El Quiche, so we decided to take a taxi. It ended up costing us \$10 which was much more than the bus would have been. The city had a population of somewhere around 8,000 and was situated about 60 miles west-northwest of Guatemala City.

A REAL CLIFFHANGER

On our way to Toto we were bouncing up and down a dirt road on the edge of a deep canyon when we came to a sharp turn around a corner and came face-to-face with a jeep coming the other way. There was nowhere to go for us because the drop off was to our right and he was in the lane closest to the mountain. Our driver hit the skids and we slid toward the edge of the cliff coming to a stop a few inches from going over. We nearly had to change our name from “La Familia Unida” to “La Familia Partida.”



We continued driving into a rainstorm that continued throughout the night. We arrived at Elder Adamson’s house. Marsh, Reynoso, and Tueller were also in Toto-ville. Adamson cooked us some chicken and dumplings. He even had pie for desert. Such hospitality was unparalleled. As the rain drizzled outside, the warm chicken and dumplings sizzled inside of us. How delicious.

TEATRO MARAVILLOSO

The theater in which we were to play was absolutely gorgeous. It was a Shakespeare-type design, being round with several layers of balconies up above. I expected to see John Wilkes Booth come jumping from one of the box seats just above the stage.

Attendance was low again so we went outside the theater and started playing to attract a larger crowd. Some street punks tried to give us a bad time but it didn’t bother us much. The show went very well and we walked in the rain back to the pension. When we got there the owners of the boarding house had given our beds away but arranged for some others.

WHAT CONDITION OUR CONDITION WAS IN

Up to this point in time we had worked primarily out of Guatemala City. Now we were on the road and things were a little different. The weather was cold and we were not accustomed to the food. We were

often able to eat only one meal each day along with the few snacks we could find along the way. We were not used to sleeping in a different place each night, not to mention spending nights on the floor. It was getting harder each time to get excited about the show. It was also getting more difficult to get along with one another. We had expected a little more glamour. What we were finding was work and lots of it. Some of the other missionaries told us they wished they were in the show instead of us. We were finding it easier each day to agree with them.

TOTONICAPAN, GUATEMALA, STATE OF CONFUSION

July 26, Wednesday

We thought the night before that we had told each other when we were going to leave in the morning, but Teel and Eddo left early without telling us. It turned out they thought we had already gone without telling them but we had told them nothing because we were still there. They told each other what they thought about us for apparently leaving early and we told each other what we thought of them for really leaving early and Sisters Marsh and Tueller told us to knock it off and they would fix us eggs and pancakes. We told them we thought that would be fine. That’s what we told them, I think.

The sisters then guided us to Cuatro Caminos where we waited for a bus in a heavy rainstorm, then off to Momos.

MOMOSTENANGO, GUATEMALA

July 26, Wednesday



Momos was only about 10 miles in a straight line to the northwest of Toto but it was impossible to go in a straight line from one place to another. Much more distance was covered going up, down, over and around all the mountains. Momostenango was about 70 miles northwest

of Guatemala City and had a population of about 3,000 or so.

SUGAR, SPICE, AND THE SALT OF THE EARTH

We arrived too late in Momos to see the typical dancers scheduled to perform that day at some type of celebration. Everyone was a little upset about the miscommunication that morning, so Mundy tried to fix things by preparing everyone some hot chocolate. He accidentally grabbed the container of salt instead of sugar. It was not until we tried to drink it that the mistake was discovered. Sometimes even the best of intentions backfire.

MISSIONARY WEDDING BLANKETS?

No missionary souvenir collection was complete without a wedding blanket from Momostenango. They were specially made blankets with Quetzal birds woven around the edges and the words “Los (insert your family name here) por las eternidades.” I suppose it focused attention on where the missionaries intended at some future time to be married. What I found disconcerting was me actually buying something for my marriage! I found it very useful later in life.

The show went rather well but was really beginning to be a drag. We were in need of some kind of spark.

CUATRO CAMINOS, GUATEMALA

July 27, Thursday

Cuatro Caminos was basically a transportation hub where four major roads met. We waited there for the next bus from Momos to Huehue. There were a few Indians there also and suddenly Mundy and Eddo decided to have some fun. There was a rather steep grass embankment going down from the edge of the road. They pretended they were in a movie and began to have a rather lame argument. Mundy then pushed him and Eddo rolled and rolled and rolled down the hill to the bottom, much to the amusement of the spectators. Eddo got up speaking as if he were a super hero and narrated what he was doing as he struggled to the top of the hill where Mundy stood like Superman. Just as Eddo got there, Mundy pretended to punch him. Eddo sprawled backward and rolled once again all the way to the bottom of the hill, only to return in much the same fashion only to, once again, be struck by a hay-maker, sending him back to the bottom of the hill. The Indians laughed, applauded and

cheered the struggling Eddo on. It was some of the best entertainment we had seen on the tour. It is no wonder Eddo ended up in the motion picture business after his mission.

HUEHUETENANGO, GUATEMALA

July 27, Thursday



Huehue was a small town of around 11,000 in population about 20 miles to the north of Momostenango. It was about 80 miles northwest of Guatemala City and 40 miles from the Mexican border. It was about 35 miles north of Quetzaltenango. There were some ruins there, but we were unable to find time enough to go visiting. Jones and Symmes were two of the way-out Huehue's.



Symmes

Our first performance was at a high school and it was very successful. We did an evening performance that was not that well attended. We were competing with a popular movie at another theater.

HUEHUETENANGO*July 28, Friday*

We got up early to take an ice-cold shower at the Branch President's house. What a wonderful way to start a day. It must have been a combination of strange food and hypothermia for I got stomach cramps and so much internal gas I thought I was going to explode. By the time we dropped a few hundred feet in elevation to Xela bouncing along on a bus I felt much better. I guess atmospheric pressure does have its merits.

QUETZALTENANGO A.K.A. XELA, GUATEMALA*July 28, Friday*

Xela had a population of about 50,000 making it one of the larger cities in Guatemala. It was 70 miles due west of Guatemala City.

XELA PREP SCHOOLS

We spent the afternoon performing at two all-girl's schools and two all-boy's schools. The girls were rather awe stricken with Teel and started screaming when he began singing. He didn't do much for the boys.

MILITARY MADNESS

We did another show for the army generals and recruits at a military base. When we finished our first song everyone waited until the generals started applauding before they would begin. After the show we were invited to the officer's bar. They found it amusing we would only have soft drinks. They had a ping pong table and we played a few games. I loved ping pong and was rather proficient, but I also learned that when playing against generals and other officers in Central America it was prudent to know when to lose.

IT'S A GAS, GAS, GAS

It's strange how things happen in patterns. On the way to the theater in Xela the van we were riding in ran out of gas. The show was not one of our best and we seemed to run out of gas on stage even though one of the songs we sang was "Jumping Jack Flash" which has the line "it's

a gas, gas, gas." After the show the van that was taking us home ran out of gas. We stayed the night at District President Mesaia's house drinking - you guessed it - gaseosas.

QUETZALTENANGO A.K.A. XELA, GUATEMALA*July 29, Saturday*

Not as many people came to the show as did the previous night, though the show went smoothly and we were able to get some promising references for the missionaries to follow up on.

We stayed once again at the stake president's house which was still under construction. We were provided with great beds and had candles for lights because the house was still not wired. Very homey.

QUETZALTENANGO A.K.A. XELA, GUATEMALA*July 30, Sunday*

We went over to the ZL's to shower for the first time in over two days. Zollinger and Purdy were the ZL's. We attended church then got a ride with the branch president's brother to El Quiche for another show.



Zollinger



Purdy

EL QUICHE, GUATEMALA, SHOW II*July 30, Sunday*

Cammack

Kellett

Kellett and Cammack were working the city. They had done a great job arranging the hall for the performance. The last time we were there the lights went out on the entire show. This time I forgot my contact lenses as well as my glasses and had to do the entire show guessing where I was. The show went very smoothly and was one of our best. Too bad I missed seeing it.

We headed back for Xela, got into our beds at the branch president's house, blew out our candles and hit the sack.

OUTSKIRTS OF XELA, GUATEMALA*July 31, Monday*

As our bus was leaving Xela we were suddenly stopped by a roadblock. Everyone on the bus was ordered off by military soldiers with rather imposing weapons. We were lined up and had to put our arms up leaning against the bus while we were searched. It seemed someone had escaped from the local prison so every departing bus was suspect.

**SAN MARCOS - SAN PEDRO, GUATEMALA***July 31, Monday*

The twin cities of San Marcos/San Pedro were up in the nose-bleed part of the mission at an elevation of 7289 feet above sea level. It was 20 miles west of Xela and only 25 miles from the Mexican border. If you could have seen in a straight line to the east you would have seen Xela, Solola, Chimaltenango and Guatemala City, one behind another with Guate City 90 miles to the east. The population of San Marcos was about 5,000 people. The two cities were very picturesque. Practically every road was paved with cobblestones. San Marcos was famous for its San Marcos Lion.



Gonzales

Smith

Rigby

Aitken

We arrived in the twin cities and the bus dropped us off at the home of Gonzales, Smith, Rigby and Aitkin. We ate supper with them then headed out in the rain for the theater. The show went well and afterwards a policeman was giving Rigby a bad time. He wanted to see our license to perform. Teel told him we didn't need one. We figured he was upset because he did not get a free ticket to see the show.

We stayed that night in a small hotel. I worked in San Pedro later in my mission and never had any difficulty sleeping there at night. The cold temperatures reminded me so much of my native Idaho.

COATEPEQUE, GUATEMALA*August 1, Tuesday*

By the time we had traveled from San Marcos/San Pedro at 7289 feet above sea level to Xela and down to Coatepeque on the coast my ears refused to adjust to the elevation change and were killing me.

Coatepeque was about 25 miles southwest of Xela, 25 miles from the coast, and 20 miles from the Mexican border. It was 90 miles straight west of Guatemala City and had a population of about 15,000. We were greeted at the city limits by huge clouds and buckets of rain.

When the rain stopped we went out to the theater by the railroad tracks to set up for the performance. The local fire department was our

sponsor and the place was absolutely packed with people but we only managed to get 30 references or so. There were member-kids wearing Familia Unida T-shirts. I bought a few of them and still use them today.

RETALHULEU, GUATEMALA

August 2, Wednesday

This is the most difficult city name to pronounce. I love hearing those who are not familiar with it trying to say the word. It is “Ray-tall-LAY-oo,” as nearly as I can write it phonetically. We always called it Reu, or “RAY-oo.” We caught a bus for Reu and traveled the 20 miles to the southeast of Coatepeque. The City was 30 miles south of Xela and 80 miles west-southwest of Guatemala City. The population was somewhere around 18,000. The small coastal town reminded me so much of Escuintla where I had worked earlier.



Jenks

Both Mundy and Cameron had worked in Reu before so they left to go visit people.

I went with Elder Jenks to do some advertising for the show. He had the idea of walking around playing a tape of our songs. We quickly found out that was not very effective. We went back to the house and suddenly a huge rainstorm hit. I wondered if that was all it did in Reu was rain.

We played in the Rex Theater. Not too many people were there but we did manage to get a few references. We then took a taxi to the church and it was packed for the performance. There were a lot of members there but they needed to know about the family home evening program also. We had a great time.

We then celebrated by hitching a ride to the movies to relax a little.

MAZATENANGO, GUATEMALA

August 3, Thursday



Cuff

Nye

Gomm

Mahoney

After breakfast and lunch in Reu we grabbed a chicken bus (what we called the buses that looked like school buses because farmeres would use them to transport animals as well as people to market) for Mazatenango. It was about 10 miles east of Reu and 70 miles west of Guatemala City. It had a population of somewhere around 20,000. Cuff and Nye were the seniors working there. Gomm and Mahoney came by in the mission van to deliver mail. It was good to hear from home.

We performed in a small theater inside a radio station owned by a member. Cameron and Eddo had put on a show in Mazat several months earlier that did not go very well. Many members had the idea that it was just another singing missionary thing. We were determined to redeem ourselves.

The entire show was broadcast live on the radio. Everything went rather well with the exception of running out of pencils necessary for writing down references.

GUATEMALA CITY PREP SCHOOL, GUATEMALA*August 4, Friday*

We got up early and traveled the 70 miles to Guate City. We went straight to the Biltmore for some first class grub, a haircut, shave, etc. We then took the mission van out to the school where President Glade's son was going to school. We were somewhat nervous about it until Cameron and Mundy started hamming it up on the stage and got everyone laughing. Things went much smoother after that. The show went well except for the fact we were not used to seeing young



ladies in hot pants and mini skirts. We found that a little distracting to say the least. We played a little basketball with the kids then grabbed some fried chicken for supper.

**COLONIA SANTA LUCIA COTZMALGUAPA
GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA**

We arrived at the theater just before it was supposed to start. Both the balcony and the main floor seating area were packed. It seated somewhere around a thousand and many people were standing. The show went smoothly and we had a great time performing.

Elder Lemus delivered some mail to us which included a tape from my girlfriend. I always did like Elder Lemus.



Lemus

GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA*August 5, Saturday*

We stayed with some members in Guate City. I learned never to be surprised about what I might see. In a tub of water by the shower where the clothes were washed were live fish swimming around in the wash water. I'm still not sure what that was all about.

ESCUINTLA, GUATEMALA*August 5, Saturday*

We got a bus to Escuintla which was about 30 miles southwest of Guatemala City. It was a coastal town of about 30,000 people about 25 miles from the Coast. I had worked there prior to being in the show. It was good to be back home.

We had lunch at La Sarita restaurant, then off to visit members and old investigators. We had planned a quick trip to the beach but thought it would be better if we didn't, so we just lounged around listening to tapes until the performance.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

The theater was large and looked even bigger with so many empty seats. The electricity kept going off during the show. My guitar cord broke and we decided to put Eddo's cord on my guitar and he faked it

for the rest of the show. I stepped on Teel's guitar cord and pulled it out. Some kind of strange bug lit on my face while I was playing a song and would not get off. I finally got it to fly away when a moth landed on the back of my neck. The audience was noisy. I couldn't blame them. I wondered what strange insects were landing on them also.

UNDESIGNATED DRIVER

After the show we got a taxi back to Guatemala City and soon discovered the driver was drunk. The good part of the trip was he did get us home safely, and the better part was that he was so tipsy he didn't charge us much. We spent the night in a small hotel.

VILLA NUEVA, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

August 7, Monday

We got to take the mission van to Villa Nueva which made the trip much easier. The mission staff were asked to drive and were not too happy about it because they had just climbed Pacaya Volcano and were still exhausted. They were good sports anyway.

The performance at Villa Nueva went very well. At the end we had little kids sitting all around us from the audience as we sang "I Am A Child of God." The little girl sitting next to Teel started turning the knobs on his guitar string. Everyone laughed. It was one of those magical moments that put everything into perspective. Again, it took a child to show us the way. "And a little child shall lead them." It still brings tears to my eyes decades later thinking about the innocent dark eyes of that tiny girl who felt confident enough in our presence to turn the knobs on Teel's guitar. What a precious and tender moment.

THE GRASS WAS ALWAYS GREENER SOMEWHERE ELSE

Several of the missionaries wished they were in our singing group. We were growing tired of the show. Mundy talked about going into the Indian program after the show had run its course. Cameron wanted the public relations job in the mission office. Eddo wanted a greenie in his own area. Rumor had it that Teel was going into the office as 2nd assistant. I didn't really care. I just wanted to do something different, something quiet, out of the limelight, where I could teach and baptize.

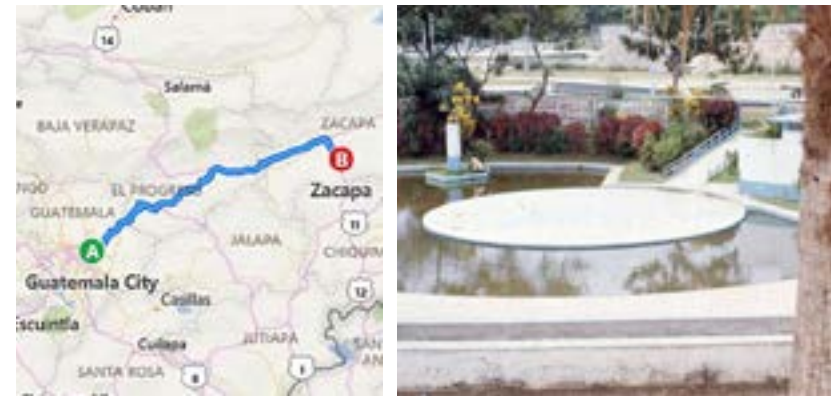
*As a rule, man's a fool.
When it's hot he wants it cool.
When it's cool he wants it hot.
Always wanting what it's not,
Never wanting what he's got.*

Author unknown.

ZACAPA, GUATEMALA

August 10, Thursday

We had something to eat in the P&P and then hopped a mini bus for Zacapa some 70 miles east-northeast of Guatemala City and 80 miles



from the Gulf of Honduras. The population was somewhere around 11,000. We went down out of the mountains and followed the river at the foot of the Sierra De Las Minas mountain range. It was a long horrible trip and I was sick when we got there.

The theater in Zacapa was outdoors. It was a round theater with a cement stage nearly surrounded by a pool of water about 12 feet wide between the performers and the audience. It was as if an orchestra pit had been flooded with water.

RAINDANCE



LA FAMILIA UNIDA. La familia Unida, un nuevo y exitante grupo coral, va velozmente al éxito y se está volviendo rápidamente uno de los grupos más comentados del año. El éxito de ellos se debe a un amplio conjunto de talentos agrupados para producir una presentación "bombástica" en cualquier lugar en que se requieran sus servicios.

Theater Area Libre
10 de Agosto 7:30 p.m.



We hadn't worried about being rained out because it almost never rained in Zacapa. We got ready to start and the rain that never fell in Zacapa began to fall. We went into a small backstage area and Elder McDonald led us in a special prayer that the

rain might stop. We waited 10 minutes and sure enough the rain ceased. We hurried out, set up, began playing, and the rain started again. We hurried back inside again and amused ourselves playing songs for some of the member kids. The rain did not stop, but we did. It ended up being our only no-show.

SPOOKY STORIES

We found a giant moth with about an eight-inch wing span. It looked rather spooky which seemed to intrigue Elder Teel. He loved to tell stories and started telling all kinds of evil-spirit type accounts he had heard. Some of the other missionaries we were with joined in, some in fun, some fully believing the absurd, the bizarre and the strange. Though it was meant to tease and amuse I noticed there were some lights left on that night.

CHIQUIMULA, GUATEMALA

August 11, Friday

We had breakfast, then jammed into a mini bus and headed down the winding road for Chiquimula some 15 miles straight south of Zacapa. It was about 60 miles east-northeast of Guatemala City with a population of around 15,000.

Eddo and I hiked up the mountain to the west and had a wonderful view of the area and the entire pueblo.

It was a picturesque little town but much more arid than what I was accustomed to. It was more like desert Mexico than the typical jungles of Guatemala and El Salvador. Various varieties of cactus struggled for life in the arid climate. There were also strange looking trees with flat tops. I never knew what they were called.

The advertising had been excellent but nevertheless few people were in attendance. We went to the park and played some songs to attract more people, but still had very little luck. Another band was playing in the park so Mundy asked them if he could play a drum solo. They thought that would be fine and Mundy went to work. When a crowd came to see what the crazy Gringo was doing we invited them to the show and filled many more seats.

The timing of the show was off but it got worse as we went along. Elder McDonald was running the lights for the show and very tactfully told us the show stunk. We agreed. We hadn't had a real good performance since we played back in Cotz.



“GUATEMALA, WE HAVE A PROBLEM....”*August 12, Saturday*

We boarded a bus and blasted off for Guate City, then within about an hour of the city limits the bus broke down and we were stranded. We changed busses and thought everything would be fine when the second bus blew a fan belt and we were stranded again. We were getting anxious because we were supposed to play at Ward 6. Finally a member came by, spotted us and took us right to the house where we were to stay. We had time to eat, then off to the show.

WARD SIX, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA*August 12, Saturday*

We were about as discouraged as we had ever been on the tour. We were wondering if it was even possible to have an above average show. We were in for a surprise at Ward 6 because the show was an overwhelming success. Things went so well we actually thought someone else was performing. We learned that we simply could not do a good performance every time we wanted. Without the Lord's help we had no show, and we knew it.

JALAPA, GUATEMALA - EDDO'S BIRTHDAY*August 14, Monday*

Evans

Call

We spent the morning in Guate City celebrating Eddo's birthday and doing some errands, then took a taxi to Jalapa and promptly had a flat tire on the way. Jalapa was 35 miles straight east of Guate City and had a population of around 12,000. The show went very smoothly. The rain did not start until after the show had begun.

The Elders in Jalapa were most accommodating. Not only had Call and Evans worked hard for a successful show, they even moved out of their beds so we could have a good night's sleep. We certainly did not deserve such consideration.

The following was written by Oscar Argueta, who saw our show that night in Jalapa and became interested in the church. He was baptized by Elders Evans and Call shortly after. Here is his story:

It was August 14, the place was Jalapa and the location where La Familia Unida was to perform was el Auditorio. I was seventeen and was hungry of purpose. I come from a very broken home and until now I have never experienced a real family life. Most of my life I spent it on my own until now. So the title La Familia Unida impressed my heart deeply. There was a good and noisy feeling on the air about some

group of musicians coming to perform a musical in our home town. It did not take much of me to get interested in such a well-advertised show. I went and while I watch it I become in love with the message and with the performance. It was clean, it was very imaginative. The young



performers were clean cut and very happy guys. I saw myself wanting to be somehow like them. I felt myself very privileged or blessed to be part of the audience. A strong desire to reach the state of happiness shown during the show fired my heart. There I found what I have been looking for all my life. That was so far the best and most happy afternoon of my life.

How can I forget the song, Viva la Familia las hay dondequiera que vas. Con más gente a favor del prójimo en cada pueblo y en cada ciudad habría menos gente difícil y más gente con corazón (Up with, or long live the family, the ones you see wherever you go. With more people in favor of their neighbors in every town and city, there would be fewer difficult people and more people with heart). Those words have remained with me for more than forty years now. So such was the impact of the message of La Familia Unida in my young heart in August of 1972.

I was baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Days Saints by Elder Evans from Canada. I wonder if Elder Call and Elder Evans will



ever know about the precious gift they gave me and the dramatic changes that that knowledge have produced in my life.

In that blessed year of 1972 I made a commitment that I will follow and keep the commandments for the rest of my life, mainly the one about getting married in a Temple and raising a strong and good family, with many children. So far God has given me 9 children and 22 grandchildren. They are active in the gospel and in the church. They are also raising their own family in the gospel.

I served a mission in El Salvador. While there I was an instrument in the hands of God and with his help I helped to bring about 70 souls into the Gospel of Jesus Christ. At that moment there was no MTC in Guatemala or a Temple. So I went on my mission without being endowed or trained to be a missionary. It was really on my mission when I received the crown of my testimony of the restored gospel in Jesus Christ.

I was married to my wife Arleta Turley in the Logan Temple May 20th 1980. I worked at the Salt Lake Temple for five years washing dishes. Then I went to work in the Guatemala City Temple in 1984. In 1990 I became a Temple Recorder of that Temple.

I have been a publisher for 16 years now here in Mount Pleasant, Iowa. My newspaper is distributed in 30 cities of Iowa and Illinois. I go 3 times a year to Guatemala and help the people in my hometown. In six years I have helped 40 students with scholarships, and advised political and religious leaders. I helped poor people remodeling their houses and work in cultural matters. About a year ago, people kept asking me if I belong to a church. Those questions were answered and the church is now officially organized in my home town. There are about 30 members baptized now.

The message of La Familia Unida has been in my heart these many years and will remain with me forever. I cannot say in words the feelings I still experience when I hear in my mind the nostalgic voices singing, Viva la familia las hay donde quiera que vas...

Thank you Familia Unida for all of your sacrifices made while you were part of that group. Those sacrifices have made me and many others happy and blessed.

JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA

August 15, Tuesday



Teel and Cameron were not ready to go when we were so we left them there and headed for Jutiapa some 25 miles to the south. It was about 50 miles southwest of Guate City with a population of around 7,000.

At the edge of town was a large hill with a huge cross on top. Eddo and I liked to hike, so we made our way to the summit and had a great view of the little town and the surrounding landscape. We were enjoying ourselves rolling large rocks down the sides when the guy who was paid to guard the hill told us we should think of doing something else. We thought that was a good idea.

We played in a small hall and the sound was very good. We had a special prayer and dedicated the performance to the Lord. Everything went very well. Our stage presence was good and our timing was finally clicking the way it was designed. The show was really fun to do.

RADIO SHOW, JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA

August 15, Tuesday



Later that afternoon the city was having a celebration of some sort. There was a marathon radio broadcast being made from the city park. Andelin and Lee had arranged for us to be on the broadcast. We did a live 15-minute show in front of several hundred people in the park. Everything went very well. I think the marathon announcer was glad to have a break.



RUN FOR THE BORDER

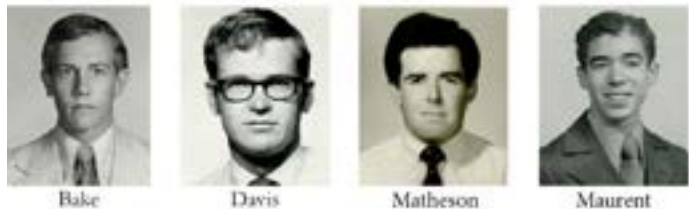
August 16, Wednesday

We got out of bed in Jutiapa, had breakfast and then headed for the border about 20 miles south. The bus took us half-way there then we had to wait for another. We thumbed a hitch that would take three of us and all the equipment, so Eddo and I stayed to thumb some more. We got a ride in a sports car that zoomed right along but left us still short of the border. A TICA bus came along but wanted more than we were willing to pay, so we ended up getting a chicken bus to the border. It took 45 minutes to check out of Guatemala and into El Salvador, heading for Ahuchapán.



AHUCHAPAN, EL SALVADOR*August 16, Wednesday*

We traveled the remaining 10 miles to Ahuchapan, a city of about 18,000 people some 65 miles southeast of Guatemala City and about 50 miles northwest of San Salvador. We had forgotten how much more street dross (negative comments and slurs from detractors) there was in El Salvador. Guatemala had been rather tame compared to what we were hearing in El Salvador. Nonetheless I felt comfortable in



Guanacolandia (a Guanaco was someone from El Salvador, a Chapin was from Guatemala). Something about it seemed like home.

Eddo and I got off in town and saw a marching band coming up the road. Eddo said he thought it would be funny if the band was promoting our show. When the band came by some girls in front were holding a banner announcing our show. Bake, Davis, Matheson and Maurent had done a wonderful job of promoting the show. We left our bags at the theater then looked for a place to eat. The other elders had sent a car back to find us, but we weren't lost, we knew where we were all the time.

The show went smoothly and the references seemed promising. The charging of ticket prices always seemed to keep attendance lower.

CHALCHUAPA, EL SALVADOR*August 17, Thursday*

The morning paper had our picture and a small write-up about the show. I cut out the picture and pasted it into my journal so that it looked like it was on the front page. It wasn't. Did I mention the other guys kept accusing me of being vain?

Eddo and I grabbed a bus and bounced the 12 miles east-northeast from Ahuachapán to Chalchuapa, a town of about 20,000 or so people 10 miles west of Santa Ana and 35 miles northwest of San Salvador. A member drove us to where the Elders were staying. We quickly grabbed our cameras and went to see the ruins of Tazumal. It was fun climbing all over them and imagining what life would have been like so many centuries earlier.



Elder Avarell got out his guitar and we had a great jam session. He and Teel both made me look like I had never played guitar before. We had a great time playing and singing. I learned much more about the guitar and even more about myself.

We played at the Lions Club and the show went very well. Elder Kilgore was the bouncer and had to bounce a few rowdies out the door. I found it rather ironic that someone with that particular last name would be the bouncer. It was obvious they didn't want any trouble and that they had picked the right person to keep things in order.

CHALCHUAPA, EL SALVADOR - SNEAKING OUT*August 18, Friday*

The lady of the house we were staying with said she was going to San Salvador and would be able to take everyone and all our equipment except for two of us. Eddo and I decided to have some fun and sneak out early so that we would not have to decide who would have to hitch and who would get the "cushy" ride.

We stuffed blankets in our beds to make it look like we were still in

bed, then just as we were almost outside Mundy started talking in his sleep and nearly woke up. We froze in our tracks and waited until he had finished his soliloquy, then slipped out the door.

We managed to hitch a good ride and traveled the 50 or so miles to San Salvador. The population of the city was somewhere above 350,000. We got there in time to have breakfast at the ZL's, then when Teel, Mundy and Cameron got there we went bowling, shot pool and then out to McDonald's for burgers. Sounds like a tough life, verdad? (Right?).

COLONIA SOYAPONGO, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 18, Friday



Nielson

It was great to see some of my old friends from Santa Lucia at the show. I also saw Elder Paul Nielson, one of my old senior comps. He was the DL and was worried about the show being well-attended. His concerns were all for naught because the applause was more enthusiastic that we had been accustomed to. They made us do our comedy number twice. Up to this point we had never had any curtain calls. Does that reveal more about the audiences or the quality of our performance? I wonder.

COLONIA SANTA ANITA, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 19, Saturday

The Elders from the Santa Anita area wanted us there early to do some promotional activities so we worked splits with them to cover more territory. Later we stopped over to leave the equipment at the theater but it was locked. We had to huddle under a shelter to keep out of the rain.

PARQUE SAN SALVADOR, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 19, Saturday

The elders had arranged for us to do a short performance in the park where we used to do street displays when I first started the mission. I had a hard time keeping on pitch so Cameron sang right in my ear. The result was I couldn't hear myself to see if I was on pitch. It was not one of our greatest performances. I worked splits with the Santa Anita Elders after the show. They were conducting a special fast.

IBERIA THEATER, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 19, Saturday



We had excellent facilities for the show but did not fare as well with the weather. Due to rain not many people were there. We also used some new electrical equipment we were not familiar with. In spite of all that the show went rather well and we got some good references.

LAGO DE COATEPEQUE HOTEL, EL SALVADOR

August 20, Sunday

The ZL's got a call from the guy who owned the hotel at Lago Coatepeque wanting us to perform even though it was Sunday. He said he could guarantee two- to three-hundred people, so the decision was made to go. Big mistake.

A driver was sent from the hotel for our convenience. The hotel was very posh. I did not feel comfortable. There were young ladies in bikinis everywhere.



We were fed a three-course meal. I was given a hot bowl of crab soup. I had never eaten crab soup before. It was not one of the more common dishes in southeast Idaho. Anything prepared with potatoes was just fine with me. I discovered a complete crab in the bottom of the bowl. One of the other guys was happy to take it off my hands. We were both happy until the waiter came by and refilled my bowl with more little crab bodies. I was not impressed with his kind service.



When the time came for performing we went backstage for a prayer. Kusch and Wright, the ZL's from Santa Ana were there along with Avarell and Lloyd to help get references. As we were performing everyone just ignored us and kept eating, so we left the stage and moved over by the tables. The wine at the tables was beginning to take effect on the customers. One guy that looked just like Shemp on the Three Stooges kept coming up to us during our performance giving us a hard time. Elder Lloyd convinced him his conduct was not appropriate and ushered him away. Things got increasingly worse until there was no applause whatsoever.

Kusch really felt bad about the whole thing but it was not his fault. We decided to try and salvage things by going from table to table doing individual numbers for selected customers, that is those who appeared interested. We even got Avarell into the act talking him into displaying some of his superior guitar playing abilities. We still did not realize the show had gone so far south we were somewhere in Antarctica. The audience was just as cold.

The owner of the hotel then asked us to go to the other side of the hotel and do another show. Our masochistic tendencies knew no limits. We set up and began playing but only about 20 people or so were in attendance. We got half-way through the performance when a big band back on the other side of the plaza started playing loudly, drowning us completely out. Our small audience jumped up and started dancing. We finally acknowledged the fact that that particular “dog was not going to hunt.” We packed everything up and called it a very bad day. The guy who booked us gave us all kinds of free ice-cream, etc., and even said we could come back anytime and stay for free. I wonder if he will still make it good after all these years.

It was the second week in a row I had not been able to go to church. Strange how a missionary could feel inactive. We finished the show and went back to San Salvador. Live and learn.

TEATRO CAESS, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 21, Monday

The theater we played in was the fanciest and most elaborate we had played in on the entire tour. The show went very well in spite of the fact Teel broke another guitar string in the middle of the show. We had to make the best of it and continue, trying to quickly tune the remaining strings during the applause between songs.

I was able to spend some time with Elder Baria, one of my buddies from the LTM. It intrigued me that his Texan accent was reflected in his Spanish as well as in English. We had a great time reminiscing about the past.



CHANNEL 2 TELEVISION STUDIO SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR



August 22, Tuesday

The local elders had arranged for us to go to the TV studio and do some taping for an upcoming show of “Buscando Estrellas” (Star Search) which was one of the

top shows on the two channels serving El Salvador at the time. It was somewhat like the “Star Search” format used by Ed McMahon years later.

I was somewhat intimidated by all the cords, cameras, lights, etc. We taped the songs “Primera Cosa Bella” as well as “Jumping Jack Flash” and “Impossible Dream.” It was much more work than I had imagined. The lights kept reflecting off the scratches in my contact lenses.

ZACATECOLUCA, EL SALVADOR

August 22, Tuesday

We left the recording studio in time to catch a bus for Zacate some 30 miles southeast of San Salvador and some 15 miles from the ocean. The population was somewhere around 20,000. We were greeted by a rainstorm. How unusual.

In spite of the rain the place was packed. We had a very successful show and the local Elders had done a fantastic job promoting. We spent the night with them and once again got into telling spooky stories. There was always someone who thought it was hilarious. Most everyone else didn't.

DEDICATION MONTH

The month of August was “dedication month” but we never would have known it. We had set goals and failed to attain any of them. Perhaps the change of routine had something to do with it, who knows.

SAN VICENTE, EL SALVADOR

August 23, Wednesday



We arrived at the train station in Zacate too late to catch a train for San

Vicente so we had to take the bus some 15 miles north to San Vicente on the other side of a volcano. The weather was so incredibly hot we got up on top of the chicken bus with the luggage on the roof rack and rode the rest of the way to San Vicente. It was by far our most memorable ride so far. We had a fantastic view of the countryside as well as a bit of cool air. The only down-side of the ride on top was the fact we all got sunburned.

San Vicente was about 30 miles east of San Salvador with a population of around 20,000. Only eight members were in the entire town. I had heard rumors the missionaries had been invited to leave some years before and now the city was being re-opened.

We performed at the big show house in the center of town. We were surprised at the large turnout. The show was a big success. We visited with Elder Martinson & Co. It was great to see him again.

Our mail finally caught up with us again. It was not easy keeping in touch with home while going on tour.

The following morning we went over to the central park where there was a huge tower with a clock. You could see the tower from all around the town. We climbed the stairs to the top and got some great pictures.

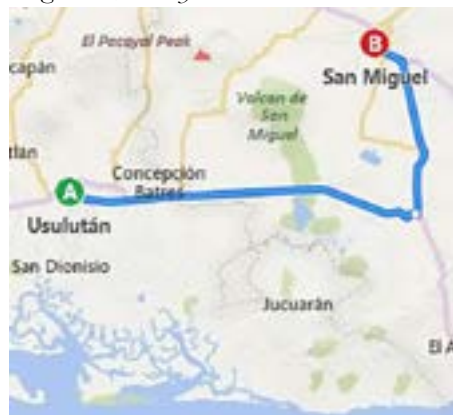
USULUTAN, EL SALVADOR



August 24, Thursday

We left San Vicente and traveled east along the coastal plain toward Usulután. It was about 60 miles southeast of San Salvador with a population of around 23,000. The ocean was just visible on the southern horizon and to the north huge volcanos towered above us.

We performed at a school where the kids had just finished their final exams and were rather rowdy. A few families attended and the performance went well. Abrams was working there and had done a great job getting things ready.

SAN MIGUEL, EL SALVADOR*August 25, Friday*

We traveled the 25 miles by bus to San Miguel some 75 miles east-southeast of San Salvador with a population of about 70,000. It was the eastern-most point of the entire mission.

We arrived at the theater and the show went very well. We played to a full house. Now we would start the final swing back toward Guatemala City.

COLONIA SANTA LUCIA, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR*August 26, Saturday*

We took the bus 75 miles west-northwest back to San Salvador. We stopped off in Santa Lucia to leave our equipment, then off to McDonald's for some fine cuisine.

We did an outside performance in the afternoon behind the chapel in Santa Lucia. There was not a very large crowd but we had a great time anyway.

CHANNEL 2 TELEVISION STUDIO, SAN SALVADOR*August 26, Saturday*

After the show in Santa Lucia we grabbed a taxi and hurried over to the TV studio downtown. We met with the host of the TV show "Buscando Estrellas." We had previously taped the show, so now we would be

interviewed and then they would play the recorded performances we had already done. He briefed us on what he was going to ask us during the show, but when we were on the air he asked us none of those questions.



We were featured as "guest stars" on the show. Teel was the most "silver tongued" so he did the lion's share of talking which was fine with the rest of us. The MC would visit and joke with us, then go to a tape of one of the numbers we had recorded back on the 22nd. It was by far the easiest performance we had done because we just got to sit back and watch what we had already done.

The MC kept telling jokes we did not understand but we laughed anyway. I was not paying much attention to what he was saying when he suddenly asked me where in the U.S. I was from. My mind went totally blank. I couldn't remember where I was from nor which language I was supposed to answer in. Such a mental condition has now been identified as "mentis gaseosis" or "brain gas." I found it was better to keep my mouth shut and have people think I was a fool than to open it and remove all doubt, at least on TV anyway.

**CHILDREN'S ORPHANAGE
SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR***August 26, Saturday*

We left the studio and prepared for our evening performance at the orphanage. Teel and Eddo went to get hamburgers and forgot the address of the orphanage. The time to perform arrived but Teel and Eddo did not. Mundy and I got up and started improvising. It was kind of fun because Teel had all the good songs we wished we could do so we gave it a shot. It was not the same without him or Eddo.

When we were half-way through the show Teel and Eddo came.

We had a quick huddle and improvised a continuation of an already-determined-sub-par performance. Even Mother Nature did not approve of our performance because it began to rain with such force the noise did not permit us to continue. The show was called on account of rain: No hits, two runs, and five walks.

TICKET SELLING, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 27, Sunday



Elder Curtis was working a threesome so I split with him to go to church in Santa Lucia. Some of the members were excited because they had seen us on TV.

We had dinner with Elders Gomm and Curtis, then to sacrament meeting with Mundy in Monserrat to visit some old friends. We then went selling tickets with Elder Keate who outsold me by one. Mundy wouldn't quit until he had sold what he thought to be sufficient. I spent the evening with Baria because his comp was on a border change.

PUERTA DEL DIABLO, EL SALVADOR

August 28, Monday

Baria and I bought some kite string and headed for Puerta Del Diablo just outside of San Salvador. A street drunk was giving us a bad time but we just ignored him. Then he made the mistake of slugging Baria who held a brown belt in karate. Baria held his cool rather well. When the guy came at him he just put a foot on the guys chest and shoved him back. The street drunk decided on



his own that it was time to leave.

Puerta del Diablo was up in the mountains. The view from there was fantastic. We launched our kite but the low hanging clouds quickly soaked it with rain and it flew no more. The Elders from Santa Anita were there also. When the rain hit we had to run for cover. Elder Clark put on quite a comedy show trying to stay out of the rain.

DE CAMARA THEATER, LAYCO, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 28, Monday

We got back in time for the show at the theater. The place was packed and we had a very successful show. It was getting increasingly more difficult to maintain enthusiasm for the show.

ZACAMIL THEATER, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 29, Tuesday



We arrived at the theater in a pouring rain. The theater was huge and modern compared to many of the other places we played. The large spotlight had a difficult time cutting through all the rising cigarette smoke.

The show went very well and many good references were collected. We celebrated by hitching in the back of a truck to McDonald's for some burgers, then off to Pop's for ice cream. We had a great time joking with Elder Rhodes.

CENTER FOR SPECIAL EDUCATION SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

August 30, Wednesday

I was dubious about performing at the Center for Special Ed. I

wondered if there was any real point to doing the show for the mentally impaired. I had thought the object of the show was to strengthen families and get references from people interested in the church. Fortunately my doubts were not valid. The show had a special spirit about it, one that was different from the other shows.

We did the show outside for all the mentally and physically disabled children. Looking into those distorted yet innocent little faces, the half-closed eyes, the deformed little bodies had a profound effect on all of us.

The final number, “I Am A Child of God,” was the most simple yet powerful performance of that song we had ever done. All of us had tears in our eyes following the singing of that beautiful song.

It was finally beginning to dawn on me that the real purpose of the show was not to conduct a public relations tour, not to advertise, not to do radio and TV shows. It was about love. Pure and simple love for other people. The love of sharing, lifting, offering hope. Those little children provided all of that for us. We were the recipients of their pure and innocent love. Suddenly it was not as difficult to get excited about performing. It didn’t seem so much like work anymore.

COLONIA SANTA TECLA, SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR SHAKING AND QUAKING

August 30, Wednesday

People started entering the theater as soon as we began setting up the equipment. The place was filled in no time at all. We expected a peaceful and solid performance. We were wrong.

We had just finished a number half-way through the show when suddenly the floor started shaking accompanied by a low rumble. The shaking quickly intensified and multiplied in strength it all seemed quite unreal. The sound was deafening as were the screams of people pushing and shoving for the exits. I looked up at the ceiling and saw dust and dirt falling from the ceiling.

Though it only lasted a few seconds it seemed much longer. For some strange reason all five of us remained unusually calm. One of the guys in the group stepped to the microphone and said he hoped everyone enjoyed our special effects. People started calming down. A few left realizing aftershocks would undoubtedly occur. They were wrong. We finished the rest of the show without further incident and the show was a success. We hitched a ride home and hit the sack. What a day.

FORESHADOWING

The five of us were coming out of a restaurant when some teenagers stopped us on the sidewalk. “You guys are in that band, La Familia Unida.” We visited with them for a few minutes before starting again on our way. We talked about the fact that people were noticing us as being members of a band rather than as missionaries. Those teenagers taught us, without fully realizing it, that it was time for the show to end. We each knew it, and we discussed it at length. To everything there is a season. This particular season had run its course. It was time for a change, and each one of us knew it as well as we knew anything.

SONSONATE, EL SALVADOR

August 31, Thursday



Woodman

We had our last meal at McDonald’s then got things ready for the trip to Sonsonate. Mundy and I had the idea that we could hitch a ride with all our equipment. The other guys said we were crazy. We already knew that, so we accepted the challenge. We got lucky and hitched a ride on a truck and then another car that brought us all the way into town. Never tell Mundy he can’t do something.

Sonsonate was about 40 miles west of San Salvador out on the coast about 12 miles north of the ocean. About 36,000 people lived there. Mundy had worked there before and was anxious to look up members as well as former investigators. We often got the opportunity to follow up on people we had taught before to see how the seeds were progressing.

A local band asked if they could be our opening act. Oh, how I wish we had said no. The theater showed a movie before we were to perform and the people waiting outside for our performance got soaked in the rain. Then the drummer for the warm-up band did not show up, so they

wanted us to warm-up the audience for them until he got there. Imagine that. Imagine we agreed to do it.

The band started playing, then refused to quit when we asked them to. I guess they were trying to stretch their 15 minutes of fame. The audience was still wet and very tired by the time we took the stage at 9:30 p.m. Then our PA amplifier burned up and we had to borrow the warm-up band's equipment which we were not familiar with. The best part of the show was when it was finally over. We then returned to San Salvador.

My second senior in the mission, Elder Woodman, came down from Guatemala to see the show. He had missed each and every performance until that night. How I wish he had missed that particular show.

SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

September 1, Friday

Because we had played for a hospital fund raising project the hospital had paid for our stay in a rather fancy hotel. We took advantage of the air conditioning and left it on as long as we could. Did I mention we also slept as late as possible?

We then carried all our equipment to the outskirts of town where we got a great hitch all the way to Santa Ana some 35 miles northwest of San Salvador.



SANTA ANA, EL SALVADOR

September 1, Friday



Kusch

Eddo

Shirley

Santa Ana was about 25 miles north of Sonsonate with a population of around 100,000. Kusch took us to the courthouse where we put on a

short show for the government employees. Kusch also took some slides for us with my camera.

We ate some hamburgers then on our way to the church for the next show we heard a sound behind us. We looked back and saw a curtain of rain rushing toward us. We had to run for cover and just made it to the chapel before the rain hit us.

The chapel where we played was a new modern one. We were surprised at the support of the members, the acceptance of the audience, and the smoothness of the show itself. It went off without a hitch and was one of our most successful shows of the entire tour. It felt great.

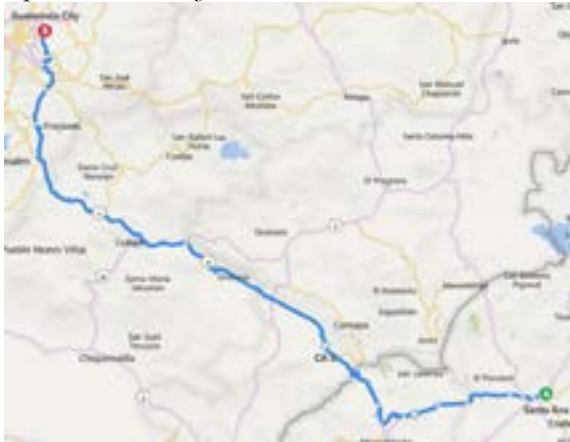
While walking home after the show we got soaked in the rain. We relaxed with the people we were staying with and played some songs for them. We also watched some of the 72 Olympics on TV. Eddo and I then played a late-night game of chess, then off to bed.

CON-MAN - SANTA ANA, EL SALVADOR

September 2, Saturday

Mundy and I had to do some errands and noticed we were being followed by a rather mysterious looking guy. When it became obvious we turned around and asked him what he wanted. He said he had an address that he knew was very important to us and for a certain amount of money he would let us have it. Mundy told him to forget it because we were “in the FBI and already knew everything we needed to know about addresses.”

We then did yet another show at the chapel, but the janitor had changed the settings on the electrical circuits and the sound was terrible. We finally had to stop in the middle of the show to make an attempt at rectifying the situation. The janitor meant no harm but things always seem to turn out fine. He sold me his mandolin for \$6.00. It was worth a bad performance to get a good mandolin for \$6.00.

GOODBY EL SALVADOR*September 3, Sunday*

We left Santa Ana at 4 a.m., met the others at the church, packed our equipment for the last time in El Salvador and headed northwest back toward Guatemala City. We did not have any luck getting a hitch but then a TICA bus came by and we rode in style to the border and on to Guatemala City. When we got there the lady we were renting from had rented out our room so we stayed with the Arnolds.

FIRESIDE, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA*September 3, Sunday*

We got into the office in time to perform a few numbers for a fireside. It went rather well, then we had interviews with President Glade. He told us Teel was to be the new second assistant. The decision has been made not to continue the show. It had served its purpose. I looked forward to getting back to regular missionary work and speaking Spanish again.

After sacrament meeting we went to the Biltmore for chef salads, then back to the Arnold's to listen to Bro. Arnold talk about the recent conference in Mexico.

EL TEJANO, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA*September 4, Monday*

We celebrated our last D-day together at the local bowling alley, then off to see the show "Mary, Queen of Scots." Then off to El Tejano, one of our favorite places to eat. We were now in the process of saying good-

by and had mixed emotions: Mostly joy and happiness. We had enjoyed what we had been involved in for the past three months but we were all the type of individuals who looked forward, not back.

CHURCH NEWS STORY - GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA*September 5, Tuesday*

Some reporter from the church news was doing a story of our tour. Teel suggested doing a film strip. President Glade approved of the idea.

EXTRA BAGGAGE

With the show now completed, what was there to do with five extra Elders? This was a rather difficult part of the tour for we were accustomed to being on the road and at least doing something. Now there was nothing to do but spend the days doing errands, bowling, shooting pool, going to movies, all the things we thought would be so much fun but were now hollow and meaningless. The good side of this particular time was that it made us even more anxious to "return to the mission field."

We could not stay at the Arnold's anymore so we made arrangements to move to the Ashford home. He was a military man who had been baptized three years earlier. Their stories about their conversions were just what we needed to hear at that time. Sister Ashford said her only regret was that her family had not been able to benefit from the church much earlier. I had always taken for granted the fact that I was a fourth generation LDS on both my father's as well as my mother's side. Sister Ashford wished she could have been so lucky. I felt very ungrateful.

TRANSFER DAY, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA*September 7, Thursday*

We went to the office to get the moves. Not knowing what was going to happen to us was wearing on our nerves. We were surprised to find out that Mundy and I were to continue as companions in San Vicente, El Salvador. Mundy and I had known each other since we were greenies back in San Salvador nine months earlier. Before our missions were over we would spend almost the entire 22 months either as companions, in the same district, or the same zone.

Cameron would be going to Barrio Nuevo, Eddo to Ward 2 in Guatemala City, and Teel was the new second assistant. We were all

excited to know what directions we would be taking. We still had some loose ends to wrap up before we would be shipping out next Monday.

TAKING SOME SHOTS - GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

September 8, Friday

We dressed up in our uniforms and then went downtown to the recording studio to take some pictures for the Church News. The reporter then interviewed us on tape to get some additional information. I was uncomfortable being interviewed and was relieved when it was over.

We then hurried back to the mission office and got into the van to head for Zacapa to redo the rained-out performance we almost had back on August 10.

FINAL PERFORMANCE - ZACAPA, GUATEMALA

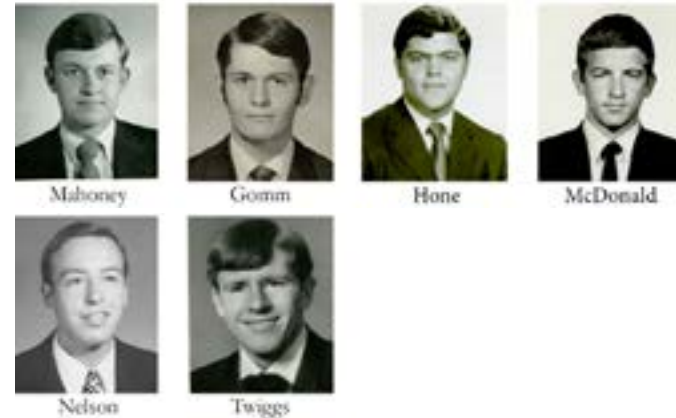
September 8, Friday



We rode the 70 miles east-northeast of Guate City in the mission van. It was a much more enjoyable trip than the previous one in the chicken bus. We set up on the same outdoor circular stage with the water pond between us and the audience. I wondered if the purpose of that was to keep us safe from hostile spectators.

There was a different feeling about this show. As we finished each number we knew it was the last time we would ever be performing it

in front of a live audience. As spectators applauded for each number we would look at each other with a different kind of smile, a look reflecting a sense of accomplishment, of memories both good and bad, of challenges as well as successes.



Nelson and Twiggs served in Zacapa and helped set the show up. Their District Leader, McDonald and his companion, Elder Hone, were also there. And from the office...Mahoney and Gomm came in the Mission van to be there too. I was glad that I had the opportunity to say a final goodbye to Elder Roger McDonald. He would be leaving soon for his home in Woodland Hills, California. I had come to know him as a greenie back in October of 71 when we were in a play together in San Salvador. He was one of my mentors whom I greatly respected.

RECORDING STUDIO, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

September 9, Saturday

We spent the morning making tapes in a recording studio where a member was employed. We made one final tape of our songs on professional equipment and finally did a decent job. When the Teton Dam collapsed in 1976 and took out my house I lost my copy of the tape we had made. It was sad losing so many of these things, but in the long run it was a blessing. I had too much, too many slides, too many recordings. Sometimes, less can be more.

A LETTER FROM THE BOYS

from the September 1972 Edition of Avante

Dear Fellow Missionaries,

As "La Familia Unida" comes to the end of the tour, we would all like to express our sincere thanks for your hard work and hospitality. We feel like the tour was a great success and we accredit that success to the hard work put forth by you in your respective areas.

There were approximately 13,600 people that saw the show and approximately 2,318 references were received, not counting radio and television appearances. Already reports are coming in from missionaries that have had baptisms from the show and there are many who have baptisms proposed for the coming months. The fact that thrills us the most is that the quality of references that were received is of the highest. Families are being baptized and the individuals that are coming in are golden.

Of course, some areas had much more success than others. We feel that in all the areas, where the show was well advertised, success can be obtained, whether looking up references or merely tracting, asking people if they saw the "La Familia Unida" show. If they didn't see it, you can tell them what it was about, tell of the great response it received here in Central America, give them the purpose behind the show, and ask them if they would like to have a family home evening.

Probably, the most success seen in all the mission was in San Vicente. For a town that hasn't had a baptism since it was opened and few investigators, we're sure that the 172 references received will be a welcome treat. One fine man made the comment to us after the show, that he and his family had felt the spirit of the show and he knew his family would be benefited by the family home evening. Humbly asking to be visited right away he proclaimed, "I know we have received this blessing from the Lord".

We hope that you will all go to great extreme, as we intend to do, to make sure that the references received are given every opportunity to have a family home evening and eventually the lessons.

We know that there is much success to be seen from the show and we once again would like to thank you for your hospitality and congratulate you on the success you've had and also on the success we know you'll be having.

Sincerely,

Elder Eddo *Elder J.C. Cameron* *Elder Mundy* *Elder Sh...*
LA FAMILIA UNIDA

P.S. T-Shirt prices and sizes:

Size	Make	Price
8-10-12	ZAGA	\$1.20
	B.V.D.	\$1.10
28-30	ZAGA	\$1.25
thru	or	
42-44	B.V.D.	\$1.15

SAYING GOODBY - GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

September 10, Sunday

Teel, Cameron, Eddo, Mundy and Myself went to church together then out to a small steak house for a last meal. We had a little awards ceremony and I received the "Vanity Award." I can't imagine why.

Our final meeting was exciting yet somewhat nostalgic. We had worked together, traveled together, helped each other through sicknesses, laughed, quarreled, as well as testified of our common belief in the truthfulness of the church. I remember President Glade telling us that the bonds we were forming as missionaries would bring us joy and happiness throughout our lives. He said we would always have a common sense of belonging and that whenever we would get together we would almost instantaneously revive old friendships, that our conversations would be accompanied with smiles and remembered joys. He was right. I never imagined the Internet would be one of the means for realizing his prediction.

We had our own private awards ceremony to celebrate the new beginnings we were now making. We had always called Elder Randy Teel by the name of Dobb Allwood, a southern radio announcer. He was our district leader as well as my individual guitar teacher. He taught me flamenco style guitar playing as well as more Cajun songs than the average person would care to listen to. All these many years later I can still play all the songs he taught me. Perhaps someday I'll master them. He still performs as well as teaches. He was my teacher, my companion, my fellow-performer, my mentor, and my friend. He was the calming influence when any of us got cross with another. He had that southern charm that made everything better. Quick with a joke, even quicker with a smile. He exuded a quiet confidence that put everyone at ease. Come, sit down, grab your guitar, let's sing a bit, and talk.

Elder John C. Cameron was nicknamed Clarence, his middle name. He was a genius at organizing and directing, using his stage experience to benefit of all of us. He was the architect of the entire project and raised each of us to an unbelievably high level of performance beyond our wildest expectations.



When the rest of us had become exhausted of either practicing or hauling equipment, Cameron was always on the job. He was the workaholic, the idea man, the creator and the dreamer. He was born for the stage and came alive when the lights were on. He knew how to help those around him become better performers. No one gave the Familia Unida project a chance of being realized but Cameron and President Glade. They were, indeed, visionary men.

Elder Scott Harrison Eddo was given the name of Fester Harrison. We first called him Festus, then he cut his hand and when it got infected we changed it to Fester. He was born to be in show business and continued to make his mark in the motion picture business as a make-up specialist in countless major motion pictures. He was the suave and sophisticated member of the group. He was not intimidated or surprised by anyone or anything. He was as comfortable talking to the rich and affluent as he was to the most humble and poverty stricken of peasants. Even today he moves among countless movie stars and personalities, yet has remained grounded with common sense. La Familia Unida was an effective training ground for his future life. We served together in Escuintla, Guatemala, in the same district, then again in the show. Whenever we visit, it is as if no time at all has gone by. He is truly a brother.



Elder Randy Mundy was given the nickname of Ralph Emery, also a southern radio personality. I have yet to know anyone as determined and, yes, stubborn as Mundy. When he decided to do something there was no turning back. We were in the mission field at the same time over the course of twenty months, eighteen of which we were either companions or in the same district. We worked together in the show as well as in San Vicente. He has performed and recorded countless records with his band, Mundy Morning Blues. After our missions we attempted to form a band in Topeka, Kansas, and spent about three more months trying to get it off the ground. My road would take me in another direction. We have stayed in touch and our friendship continues. Something tells me we are not through being on stage together again.



I had enough of show biz and longed for a quieter life. I returned to Southeast Idaho and married the girl Teel, Mundy, Cameron and Eddo told me I was a fool for dumping and we have been married since May of '74. We have five children, one daughter and four sons, and eighteen grandchildren. Imagine if those four fellow-performers had not said what they did. I may have lost the love of my life. I often wonder how things might have gone for me had I not chosen the way I did. Looking into the eyes of my wife, children, and grandchildren, I know I chose right.



I still perform locally on the guitar, but only when it fits my schedule. I am as famous as I want to be, and that is not very much. I have been an educator and Elementary Principal for nearly three decades. I have been blessed to spend my days doing what I enjoy, so it really isn't what I would call "work." It is more like pure joy. I spend the summers with my children and grandchildren, swimming in the irrigation canals and simply enjoying being with them. I often wondered how my parents could just sit and watch us play. Now, I know. My first priority is being a full-time father and grandfather. I am one of the richest people I know. After exploring so many roads, I took the one less-traveled, and that has made all the difference.

The words penned by Alfred Lord Tennyson captured the feelings of Ulysses as he looked back and contemplated his life. For much of my life I have been so captivated by this poem that I memorized it word for word, in both English as well as Spanish. I close this story of La Familia Unida with selected parts of Tennyson's poem. To me, it tells it all:

Ulysses, through the words of Tennyson, summed my thoughts completely:

*I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known,— cities of men*

*And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all,—
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.*

*There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me,—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,— you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends.
'T is not too late to seek a never world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

LA FAMILIA UNIDA SCHEDULE PERFORMANCE DATES

June 6 La Florida Guatemala City Guatemala
June 10 Ruth S. Jacob Funeral Guatemala City Guatemala
June 13 Zone Conference Guatemala City Guatemala
June 15 Zone Conference San Salvador El Salvador
June 21 La Florida Guatemala City Guatemala
June 27 Ward 6 Guatemala City Guatemala
June 30 First & Third Wards Guatemala City Guatemala
July 2 Zone Fireside Guatemala City Guatemala
July 4 Ward 2 Guatemala City Guatemala
July 7 Chimaltenango Theater Chimaltenango Guatemala
July 8 Zone Fireside Santa Ana El Salvador
July 9 Layco Chapel San Salvador El Salvador
July 8 Zone Fireside Santa Ana El Salvador
July 11 Rotary Wives Luncheon Guatemala City Guatemala
July 11 Antigua Theater, Show 1 Antigua Guatemala
July 11 Antigua Theater, Show 2 Antigua Guatemala
July 13 Jocotales Guatemala City Guatemala
July 14 Ward 5 Guatemala City Guatemala
July 15 La Florida Guatemala City Guatemala
July 17 Xela Zone Fireside Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 17 Ward 4 Guatemala City Guatemala
July 20 Solola Theater Solola Guatemala
July 21 Patzun Theater Patzun Guatemala
July 22 Patzicia Chapel Patzicia Guatemala
July 24 El Quiche El Quiche Guatemala
July 25 Totonicapan Totonicapan Guatemala
July 26 Momostenango Momostenango Guatemala
July 27 Huehuetenango Huehuetenango Guatemala
July 27 English High School Guatemala City Guatemala
July 28 Xela Girls' School Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 28 Xela Boys' School Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 28 Girl's School Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 28 Boys' School Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 28 High School Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 28 Military Base Quetzaltenango Guatemala
July 28 Xela Quetzaltenango Guatemala

July 29 Xela Theater Quetzaltenango Guatemala
 July 30 El Quiche Theater El Quiche Guatemala
 July 31 San Pedro/San Marcos San Marcos Guatemala
 Aug 1 Coatepeque Coatepeque Guatemala
 Aug 2 Retalhuleu Theater Retalhuleu Guatemala
 Aug 2 Retalhuleu Branch Retalhuleu Guatemala
 Aug 3 Mazatenango Mazatenango Guatemala
 Aug 4 Prep School Guatemala City Guatemala
 Aug 4 Santa Lucia Cotzmalguapa Guatemala City Guatemala
 Aug 5 Escuintla Theater Escuintla Guatemala
 Aug 7 Villa Nueva Guatemala City Guatemala
 Aug 10 Zacapa Theater Zacapa Guatemala
 Aug 11 Chiquimula Chiquimula Guatemala
 Aug 12 Ward 6 Guatemala City Guatemala
 Aug 14 Jalapa Jalapa Guatemala
 Aug 15 Jutiapa Jutiapa Guatemala
 Aug 15 Jutiapa Radio Show Jutiapa Guatemala
 Aug 16 Ahuchapan Ahuchapan El Salvador
 Aug 17 Chalchuapa Chalchuapa El Salvador
 Aug 18 Soyapongo San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 19 San Salvador Park San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 19 Iberia Theater San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 20 Hotel Coatepeque (1) Lago De Coatepeque El Salvador
 Aug 20 Hotel Coatepeque (2) Lago De Coatepeque El Salvador
 Aug 21 Theater Caess San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 22 Tv 2 Studio Taping San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 22 Zacatecoluca Zacatecoluca El Salvador
 Aug 23 San Vicente Theater San Vicente El Salvador
 Aug 24 Usulután Theater Usulután El Salvador
 Aug 25 San Miguel San Miguel El Salvador
 Aug 26 Santa Lucia San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 26 Tv 2 Broadcast San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 26 Orphanage For Children San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 28 Layco, De Camara Theater San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 29 Zacamil Theater San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 30 Special Education Center San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 30 Santa Tecla San Salvador El Salvador
 Aug 31 Sonsonate Sonsonate El Salvador

Sept 1 Alcalde De Santa Ana Santa Ana El Salvador
 Sept 1 Santa Ana Branch Santa Ana El Salvador
 Sept 3 Ward Fireside Guatemala City Guatemala
 Sept 8 Zacapa Theater Zacapa Guatemala

**“...78 performances in 101 days; 51 in
 Guatemala and 27 in El Salvador; covered
 29 different cities; 9 in El Salvador and 20
 in Guatemala”**



Chapter 10—Back to the Basics

Back to the Basics—San Vicente, El Salvador

ROAST ON THE COAST SAN VICENTE, EL SALVADOR

September–October 1972



Mundy and I packed up our stuff and hit the road for San Vicente. We were anxious to get back to “real” missionary work, where we could actually do some one-on-one teaching as well as baptizing again.

Fitting five seniors back into the regular mission companion cycle must have been a tough one for President Glade. Teel was to be one of the new assistants, Cameron was off to Barrio Nuevo, Eddo to Ward 2 in Guatemala City, and Mundy and I would be companions in San Vicente. I thought that was a very good thing because Mundy and I could work together anywhere and make it work.

There was much inclement weather in San Vicente, but storms have a way of bringing people together.”



A CLOCK IN THE TOWER

There was a six-story tower in the park in San Vicente which looked out over the entire town of hot streets and multi-colored houses connected in continuous rows on each block. Green plants and thick trees grew everywhere along with a wide variety of beautiful flowers.



The tower looked down upon the young shoeshine boys in the park as well as men pushing the two-wheeled “Canada” popsicle carts through the sweltering streets. Young toddlers played in those same cobblestone streets wearing “Topo Gigo” T-shirts and no diapers. Teenage “toughs” passed the time playing soccer in the streets and giving Gringos a bad time shouting obscenities as well as practicing their high school English.

Within the shadow of that tower lived street people, beggars, mentally ill, some with no place to call home. A few children were purposely deformed by their parents from birth preventing them from leaving their aged and helpless parents when grown. This practice also improved and enhanced the revenues brought in through begging. The poor truly seem to become even more so.

I saw a one-armed youth begging in San Salvador. One of our missionaries had only one arm. One day, the boy was begging, holding out the stump of his arm. The missionary bent down and put his stump next to that of the beggar. The two made eye contact for a few seconds while silent messages were sent. The missionary said nothing, just put a few coins in the beggar’s pot and went on his way.

Less visible from within the tower’s shadows were the wealthy, those who were fewer in number yet powerful in clout and influence. They comprised the minority who ruled over the vast majority, who insulated themselves by hiding behind large gates and maids who insisted the owners were not home. To their credit, they seldom let us into their homes, yet they consistently picked us up when we were hitching rides. What an interesting inconsistency.

There were eight members of the church in this town of 20,000, some 30 miles east of San Salvador. A large volcano to the south rose high into

the sky, the Pacific Ocean lying on the opposite side.

We could see the tower from our apartment where we enjoyed all the amenities of typical missionary living, such as cold showers, soft beds, strange insects, and specially made porcelain seating accommodations. Paz, the maid, was wonderful. Most all the maids in the mission worked from sun-up to dun-down for around \$15 a month, meals included. They were happy to have the work.

EXTRA BAGGAGE

Martinson & Bumstead were already working there. Martinson was the district leader. He and his companion were in the next room. Both rooms opened to a corridor with a table for eating and an open courtyard full of plants. It was so nice to have a place we could



call our own. Living on a bus was an adventure I am glad we were able to experience, but having a more permanent home base was wonderful. Yet, in the back of our minds we knew that this was only temporary. President Glade was still trying to work us back into regular missionary work and we felt we would soon be moved yet once again. We were somewhat classified as extra baggage.

Our room was equipped with hammocks which provided no end of amusement as we would swing back and forth punching the neighbor to the side. I guess you would have to have been 20 years old and been there to appreciate the skill necessary to “disem-bunk” your opponent. We invented our own fun.

The tower in the park had a huge clock which measured our time. We would spend a total of 34 days working there. The moments marked off on that clock tower were few in number, but eternal in consequence.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE REST OF THE WORLD...

We were somewhat shielded from the rest of the insanity going on in the world. We knew that the Olympics were going on, but we did not know Arab terrorists had massacred 11 Israeli Olympians in the Munich Games. On the positive side we also did not know Mark Spitz had won

7 gold medals. Bobby Fischer defeated the Russian chess champ Boris Spassky then showed up an hour late for the awards ceremony. He seemed like my kind of guy.

At the same time the Familia Unida singing group was created, five burglars were caught in the Democratic headquarters of the Watergate hotel. I had heard absolutely nothing about the alleged scandal. The Oakland A's beat the Cincinnati Reds in the World Series, all without us knowing or caring about any of it. I find it interesting that we were able to work so effectively without being constantly bombarded by the plethora of news events that have since become so much a regular part of our lives. Perhaps we were effective because we were not bothered by concerning ourselves with events over which we had no control. During the 2-year media blackout in which missionaries function the world seems to be very capable of functioning without us worrying about it.

CAN WE MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

We really wondered if we could make a difference in the town with the big clock. We also wondered if we were being warehoused until a real area opened up. With these doubts it is no wonder we were so ineffective at the beginning. We had to make a conscious effort to work as if we were going to be there forever, knowing full well we would not be there long enough to harvest any significant success.

GHOST TOWN

San Vicente had been tracted out three times before we got there. Why were four elders placed in a town where there were eight members? Why were we there? We found ourselves asking so many “why” questions we got very little done in terms of effectiveness. Any area can become a ghost town of your own making if you create that very image in your mind. The clock in the park seemed to tick very slowly when we were doing so much doubting. It was amazing how fast the hands of the clock would go when we were working diligently.

“I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW THE RAIN IS GONE”

The dry season in El Salvador begins in November, so we were suffering from Mother Nature's last gasps at trying to baptize everyone by sprinkling. One of the top songs of the year was Johnny Nash's song with the line “I Can See Clearly Now, The Rain Is Gone.” But we were

not blessed with such distant vision due to the curtains of rain that pelted us on a daily basis.

We staggered around the rain-soaked streets trying to find the address of the Cornejo family. As we were giving them a lesson we soaked their tile floor with puddles of water dripping from our clothes. A single candle provided what little light it could muster as our shadows danced against the plain cement walls.

Suddenly a street drunk entered the door seeking shelter from the torrent. He muttered a half-intelligent “hello” as Senor Cornejo made a place for him to sit on a dry spot on the floor until the rain subsided. We all sat there together, warmed by the light of a single candle. Even the smallest light provides welcomed rest in the darkest of storms. This was the first of many storms that would bring us together in unexpected ways.

We finished the lesson, scheduled another visit, then all of us returned to battle our own individual storms.

LONGING FOR THE GOLDEN AGE

Edward Thomas said, “The past is the only dead thing that smells sweet.” It was strange that I did not long for the glitter and excitement of the days of La Familia Unida, rather I missed the days in Escuintla with Elder Williams when we were teaching between 20 and 25 lessons a week and running from lesson to lesson. It had been a long time since I had worked, I mean “really worked” in the way I had intended. My Spanish was careless and sloppy. The laws of physics remained in place: A body in motion tends to stay in motion until an outside force acts upon it and a body at rest tends to stay at rest under the same terms. Momentum claims its own.

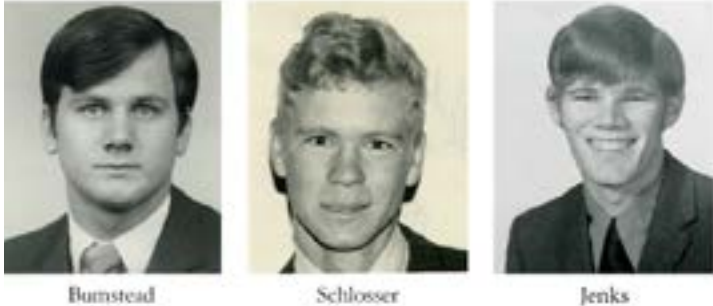
GAMECOCKS OR FINE FEATHERED FIGHTING

We went out to the edge of town to find an investigator living in a one-room shack. He was involved in the art of cock fighting, a sport illegal in the U.S. but popular in parts of Latin America. The roosters were bred for power, speed of movement, and especially the killer instinct. It should be obvious there was only one surviving bird after each fight.

His brightly colored cocks were fitted with razor-sharp blades or spurs strapped to the legs of the prize fighting poultry during the main event. The owners would hold them close to each other until the very proximity

excited the rage within and the fighting began. It seemed appallingly cruel, but our job was to rescue, not to judge. I could think of many reasons other people should have given up on me, yet cut through my resistance and saw the good I could not see myself. Lift where you stand is good advice indeed.

TRANSFERS, SEPTEMBER 21, THURSDAY.



Bumstead was Martinson's DLC (District Leader Companion) until his move to Delgado in San Salvador. Schlosser came to San Vicente to replace him. He came from Santa Lucia where he was working with Jenks. We weren't much, but we were all the Lord had to work with.

PRECIPITATION PRISONERS

We often found the weather a surprising means of meeting people and getting to know them better. More than once we were unable to leave after a lesson because of the downpour outside. Finding shelter with strangers also provided us with an opportunity for conversation we might otherwise have missed. Missionaries are good at making things up as they go.

GETTING ON "TRACT"

Work was slow in the mornings, but it slacked off in the afternoon. Our only recourse was to tract. For some reason it never crossed our minds to work street displays, I don't know why. We set our plan and began "toking" (knocking) doors. It wasn't so bad and seemed to raise our spirits as well. Being busy had a way of doing that.

It was not until we began tracting and working as hard as we could that we finally started feeling like the town belonged to us and we were no longer strangers and foreigners in a strange land. We were determined to

knock on every door on our side of the city before we were transferred. Having a goal, a lofty goal, can be a life saver. It was also good to be speaking Spanish again after three months in La Familia Unida.

TELEVISION TRANSLATIONS

We did not go out of our way to watch television, but if the lady of the house was watching one when we came home we would check it out. One night she was watching "Frankenstein Meets the Werewolf." It was translated into Spanish and the "lip-sync" was rather sloppy, but it was otherwise very entertaining. The title seemed to describe my relationships with some of my former companions (refer to the rooster fighting mentioned above).

TOP TEN STRANGE EVENTS OF..

September/October 1972

10. Schlosser getting letters out of the garbage to save the stamps.
9. An investigator telling us he would have to get permission from his priest before he could talk to us.
8. Schlosser, the smallest of all four of us, out-eating us all.
7. Getting into a water-fight while cleaning the church.
6. Going 26 days without mail.
5. Wrestling matches conducted in hammocks.
4. Investigators bearing their testimonies in church.
3. Hitchhiking in the rain for over two hours.
2. My pet praying mantis.
1. Schlosser and I accidentally bumping into each other in the middle of the night in the dark on the way to the same bathroom and scaring each other senseless.

PASEO SANTA LUCIA

Schlosser wanted to go to Santa Lucia near San Salvador to see some of the people he had taught get baptized. Because I had worked there as a greenie I went with him. It was good to see some of the folks there, yet somehow it is never the same when you go back.

IS IT “REALLY” TRUE?

A member in Santa Lucia that I knew took me aside and said she wanted to speak to me. She looked me right in the eyes and said, “Everyone says the church is true, but...Elder, is it REALLY?”

I responded in the affirmative to which she said, “I knew it, and it’s good to hear it. When I ask someone of another religion if their church is true and if they know it, they avoid the issue of any religion being TRUE and base their beliefs on an elaborate chain of scriptures.” Evidently she had been bush-whacked by some salvation side-winders and needed a little encouragement. We all need some reinforcement now and then.

DISTRESSING DRESSING OR...**“THE CARE-BAG SUITS”**

Mundy and I had been working on a little project since the previous year. We wanted to have some clothes made completely out of CARE bags. The Catholic Church was the main distributor in El Salvador, so we went down to CARITAS and bought some of the returned bags which had writing all over them in many different languages. We found a tailor that said he would sew a complete three piece suit (including a tie) for around \$20 U.S. Someone told us that soaking the bags in vinegar would set the color of the writing and figures on the bags so they would not fade. We soaked the cloth in buckets for weeks, much to the distress of the other elders. The odor of vinegar was everywhere.

Because it was D-day we hitched to San Salvador and picked up our new suits, complete with flared bell-bottom type pants. It was not good judgment on our part, but Mundy and I tried them on and went to a flick, which happened to be where practically every Elder in the city was in attendance. We tried to be inconspicuous but something about the three-piece white suits with “Donated by the People of the United States of America” printed on the back seemed to get noticed by the other missionaries. The whistles and applause as we entered the theater tipped us off that we had been spotted.

I was told later that some of the leadership complained on up the line about our “inappropriate attire.” I’ll have to admit it was not a smart thing to do. Missionaries are viewed differently from the rest of the world and everyone knew who we were and what we were doing. In spite of the complaints made about us by other missionaries, President Glade said nothing to us whatsoever about the incident. We expected

him to, but every time we talked to him he would just smile and ask us how we were doing and what our plans were for our upcoming baptisms. He always accentuated the positive. I still find it interesting that after all the work we went through to have the suits made we simply put them away in our suitcases and never even thought about wearing them again. We were simply too busy making plans and thinking about upcoming baptisms. President Glade seemed to know how we ticked and how to wind our clocks.

Every few years I get the old CARE bag suit out and wear it on Halloween. It still smells like vinegar and serves as a reminder of the effective leadership of President Glade and how love is the only appropriate means of correcting the wayward. Those “CARE” bags taught me how much our President really did “care.”

POLITICS AS USUAL

Even though we were stationed in Central America, most missionaries insisted on living in “Rumorville.” It was a state of mind inhabited by the paranoid, the self-righteous, and the aspiring general authority “wannabees.” The word on the street was that there was a DL opening but neither Mundy nor myself would be considered because of the care-bag incident. Such talk did not bother me. I had seen enough to know that I was happiest beating the streets and working in some of the harder areas. I had experienced all the politics I could handle while in La Familia Unida. I only wanted to be left alone with a good companion and stationed as far from Rumorville as possible. I was happiest in the trenches fighting street battles. The command post was important as well. Those Sisters and Elders fought battles of a different sort, but not less important. They had their work, I had mine. No one was less serviceable than another. It was remarkable that we were all happy doing whatever we were assigned.

INTELLECTUAL TOUGH GUYS

Mundy and I found ourselves in a discussion with a rather tough bunch of intellectuals. They listened for a while with icy skepticism, then finally told us they wanted to talk about other theoretical philosophies such as the origin of God. We told them that if they did not believe in God there was nothing we could do for them. They wanted to argue but we smiled and calmly said the discussion was over and thanked them

for their time. They went so far as to threaten us physically. We kept our cool, smiled and left. End of discussion. No need to enter a battle of wits with an unarmed person.

STREET ENCOUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND

We were not always able to handle violence so appropriately. Mundy and I were walking down the street when a group of street toughs shouted obscenities. Mundy was in no mood to be as gracious as he had before. He turned around and went back, so I followed. We were outnumbered and I wondered what would happen. Mundy proceeded to explain to them their words were not appreciated. I was watching their faces and saw one begin to get rather excited, so I stood next to him and calmly stepped on his foot adding enough pressure to get his attention. He looked at me with surprise, but I just smiled. He tried to pull his foot out from under mine. I just smiled until Mundy had finished his speech. It was a little intense, but everyone walked away without further incident. The smart thing to do would have been to just ignore the insults, but then no one ever accused us of being smart.

STREET SLEEPER

There was a lady who lived on the street just up from our apartment. When I say she lived on the street, I should say she existed. She had a mental disorder of some kind and would often mutter to herself as she moved around the city looking for food. She wore the same ragged clothes every day and her gray matted hair was flat on one side of her head, most likely from sleeping on her side on the hard sidewalks.

We were walking up a rather steep street when we heard the strangest sound in front of us. The street lady was walking about 20 yards ahead of us shouting back at us saying, “Go away, we don’t want you here. You have too much power, too much power!”

It was very disconcerting listening to her garbled shouting and seeing the uncomfortable looks on the faces of people watching to see what we would do. Fortunately we quickly came to an intersection and took our first left to quietly get away from the situation. It made the hair on the back of our necks stand on end. Weird, very weird indeed.

FIRST MIA IN SAN VICENTE

Prior to our coming to San Vicente there was no MIA program due

to the lack of members. We now had enough investigators and enough member interest to begin, so we had our first meeting and it went very well. We had a talent workshop which I conducted. There was a strange excitement that was beginning to build in the tiny branch.

INCLUSION DELUSION



Ardmore

Woodman

Lippincott

I noticed one night after work that Martinson, Mundy and I were talking and laughing about the past, having a great time embellishing and exaggerating our former adventures. I noticed Schlosser listening but obviously feeling verbally excluded. It reminded me of my early mission days when Ardmore, Woodman and Lippincott would laugh and joke about things they had done and how I wished I had some common ground with them. It had now come full circle. New missionaries can feel lost and disconnected, mostly because they have not as yet covered any common ground with anyone, and thereby do not share common bonds with others. They must remember that all too soon they will also have experiences with other missionaries and also become “legends in their own minds.” The only way that happens is through the passage of time and experiencing adventures with others. Other missionaries should be aware of the sensitivities of new missionaries and help them form those common experiences in a positive way, much as Ardmore, Woodman and Lippincott did for me. We all tried harder to include Schlosser, as well as all missionaries, in our conversations whenever possible.

TOP TEN MEANS OF OPPOSITION IN ALL THINGS

10. Getting sick with the flu.
9. Getting sick with the boo (Gambu, diarrhea).
8. Getting sick of being sick.
7. Competing religious missionaries moving into town.

6. Competing religious missionaries following you around giving your investigators anti-Mormon propaganda.
5. Not getting any mail.
4. Being left out of my brother's wedding back home.
3. Scratching flea bites in my sleep.
2. Martinson's practical jokes.
1. Two words: Street Dross, (heckling).

MARTINSON'S MADNESS

Martinson was our district leader and was absolutely hilarious. He had so many stories about playing practical jokes on people. We were also the recipients of many of them. Laughing at all his stories often left me with an aching side. I honestly don't think he knew how funny he really was. He wore a small scar in the corner of his mouth from running into a clothes line before his mission when running away from performing a practical joke. He always looked like he was smiling or perhaps thinking of yet another way to put one over on us.

He was giving a first lesson with me and was making an analogy about the importance of the foundation of apostles and prophets. Spanish can have some subtle intricacies that should be noted. The word "pata" means the leg of a chair, whereas changing one letter and saying "pato" means a duck. He asked the people, "What would happen if we removed the "patos" out from under my chair?" The children quickly came over and started looking for the ducks under his chair. It was so hard to keep from falling on the floor laughing.

Martinson certainly made things interesting with the Spanish Language. He, Mundy and I were working a threesome in a lesson when he said, "La Papa" didn't have any authority. Again, "El Papa" means "The Pope", "La Papa" means "the potato." After living in Idaho most of my life I would have to agree with him. The investigators took it well and we had a good laugh about it.

Another time the three of us were tracting and it was Martinson's turn to "toke" (knock) the door. When the guy came to the door and opened it, Martinson's tongue got tangled and he started giggling. The guy then started chuckling and soon all four of us were laughing uncontrollably. I struggled to ask the guy if we could come back another time and he said that would be just fine. It took a few minutes to recover from that one.

Martinson was a collector of wise sayings. He took that hobby rather

seriously (perhaps one of the few things he took seriously I might add). Beneath the levity on the outside was a solid core of conviction within. He was an excellent leader and made our time in San Vicente a thousand times more interesting.

PONY EXPRESS

Missionaries must learn patience, especially when it comes to the mail. Getting moves or transfers complicates things. If one is not careful he may begin to imagine he is forgotten when the truth is the mail has simply been lost "en ruta," (in the process of being delivered). I finally got letters after a 26 day drought, which was a record for me. Letters from anyone certainly improved my spirits.

FAST AND TESTIMONY MEETING, OCTOBER 1

Brother Valdez told about his conversion to the church. He said he was looking for the true church but was not sure about how a person was supposed to pray. He was very concerned about that. The following day two missionaries were riding by their house on bicycles when suddenly a squall arose and the two Elders ran for cover to the Valdez home. He asked the two what they wanted and they replied they sought shelter from the storm. He looked behind them and there was nothing but clear weather outside. The missionaries set up a visit, came back later, and he and his family were soon baptized. He and his family were the backbone of the entire branch in San Vicente.

SOME VIEWS FROM THE TOWER CLOCK

Mundy and I, as we often did, climbed the tower in the park to relax and make plans. We noticed a funeral procession go by down below and then heard an announcement from the loud speaker at the Catholic Church telling those who had not attended Mass to come by and donate money for the temple fund. No one in the funeral procession paid any attention. We wondered if installing a loud speaker at the chapel would make any difference. More than likely it would have, a negative one, that is.

RECOGNIZED AS ENTERTAINERS

While eating burgers at McDonald's a man approached Mundy and myself and recognized us as having been in La Familia Unida. He wanted

us to do another show in Santa Ana. We found it very easy to turn the entire matter over to the ZL's, turn up our thumbs and hitch hike back to San Vicente where we were recognized as “missionaries” and not “entertainers.” Ah, the quiet life.

RECOGNIZED AS MISSIONARIES

It was ironic that the following day we were approached by a man who wanted us to come by his house to teach him and his family about the church. We had some difficulty finding the address, but suddenly there we were. He wanted us to teach his family, but he lived outside of our area, so we turned the matter over to DL Martinson and headed back to our own area. Once again it was great to be recognized as “missionaries” and not “entertainers.” All as it should be.

CORREO CARNIVAL

At times the great “mail spirits” would shine upon us burying us in avalanches of news from home. More often it was a trickle rather than any kind of deluge. Regardless, letters were always well-received even though the information contained therein was many times too old to be considered news. I even got a letter from Ardmore, my first companion. I wonder if returned missionaries realize the impact they have even after they go home.

INDECENT PROPOSAL

A guy on the street came up to Mundy and asked him how much he would pay for a good prostitute. Mundy asked him how he would like his face caved in. The guy understood his response to be a definite “no” and made a rather hasty exit.

A SWERVE AND A MISS

We were walking down the street when a taxi came by and purposely swerved toward us trying to intimidate us. We had to dodge out of the way to keep from getting hit. We saw him go down and park with the rest of the taxi drivers at the park by the big tower clock. When we walked by I stopped at his taxi, wrote down his license number and then we went on our way. Pretty soon the guy drove up beside of us and was in a panic. He wanted to know what we were going to do with his license number. He had suddenly become very penitent and we were somewhat

embarrassed at the scene he was creating.

We continued walking down the street and he continued driving alongside pleading as he went. We asked him if he had done anything wrong. He said he had not. We responded by telling him if he had done nothing wrong he had nothing to worry about. He still had quite a panic attack. It was not a great way to make friends and not smart on our part. I wonder how many times I did stupid things like that which caused people to assume all missionaries were as foolish, thereby refusing to listen because of my actions. Not one of my more proud moments.

UNEXPECTED SUCCESS

In spite of all our imperfections we began to be blessed with unusual success. More and more investigators seemed to come out of the woodwork. There was the lady named Alvarenza, and another guy named Chavez who lived across the street. We took him to church and explained why he was not to partake of the sacrament. He questioned us about the church and wanted to know more about baptism.

There was also the Cornejo family. The mother was a Seventh Day Adventist whose prayers were among the most sincere I had ever heard. They were progressing nicely through the lessons. Where had all these people been hiding?

HEAD ‘EM UP, MOVE ‘EM OUT

Moves came out and I received my new assignment. I was being transferred to San Pedro up in the mountains of Guatemala. I would be traveling all the way to the other end of the mission only 25 miles from the Mexican border.

At first I was disappointed. Rumor had it that the place was a hole and that nothing was happening there. Some told me it was because we had worn our CARE-bag suits in the capital and could not be trusted in the larger cities and that I was being officially put out to pasture. Somehow those things did not ring true. I figured if President Glade was “down on me” he would have let me know. I had also come to realize that working in smaller towns was what I did best and where I would be happiest. Most of all, it just might have been the place the Lord wanted me to be.

In truth, it really was where the Lord wanted me. President Glade told me once, “Elder Shirley, I can put you any place and you will make it a success.” That was my role. I knew it, and the President knew it, and

Lord knew it as well. I knew there had to be leadership positions, but I also knew that my skill-set was in working the streets. It was not so much a challenge as it was a “good fit.” Bring it on.

ZONE FIRESIDE, SAN SALVADOR

October 9, Monday

McDonald’s in San Salvador was the missionary Monday morning Mecca each week. The place would quickly fill with white shirts, ties and always empty stomachs longing for “real” food. It was as if the



figure of Ronald McDonald himself was engraven with the words “Give us your hungry, your tired, your huddled masses of missionaries and their poor stomachs yearning to be filled.”

While consuming our share of Big Mac’s we saw Elder Cameron with Roundy. Cameron was surprised Mundy and I had not as yet killed each other. We thought that was amusing because we had gotten along very well.

We had a zone fireside then stayed overnight with the ZL’s. Such occasions were prime opportunities for gossip and rumors to flourish. Mission politics seemed to be the standard topic among many missionaries.

RIDING WITH THE CATHOLIC BISHOP

We hitched for a long time in the rain but no one would stop. Finally a car stopped and we were surprised to see the Catholic Bishop of San Vicente. He was very amiable and we had a great time visiting all the way back home. I had imagined him to be austere, stern, foreboding. Yet sitting beside me was a person, so much like us, subject to the same human frailties and feelings. Divided in theology, united in common care and concern for others. We had more in common than not.

Many of my prejudices died that night on the way home to San Vicente. Perhaps the good Bishop and the young Elders as well, learned much of one another. The words of Shakespeare’s Merchant of Venice echoes to all, “If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall

we not revenge?” –Act III, scene I.”

Once again, as so many times in San Vicente, what could have been a storm brought us all together.

HAVING A BALL

People usually have to trust someone before they will believe anything that is said. Army personnel were not the most trusting individuals, so Mundy and Martinson had to improvise. They invited the local commander of the army post to participate in a basketball game. The invitation was accepted and so the games began. Seeds can be planted in many different ways. After all, most church basketball games are an exercise in combat anyway. They must have figured the soldiers would be right at home in the heat of battle.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE?



Each time I received a transfer I would wonder if I had made a difference. The ticking of the tower clock had counted off all the time designated for my use in San Vicente. Whether or not I chose to be effective or not the clock continued in its steady and inevitable pace. Did we make a difference? Perhaps. Who knows, some seeds require more time for germination than others.

LAST SUNDAY IN SAN VICENTE

There were in attendance thirty-one people at church including us four missionaries as well as the investigators. What a great way to end one chapter and begin another. It was Sunday, October 8, and already the little branch had begun singing Christmas hymns. Religious holidays are much more revered among the poor in heart.

GOODBY SAN VICENTE

Mundy and I climbed one last time to the top of the tower to look out over the city we had grown to call our own. It was near sundown and the sun created beautiful shadows and shades of orange. We never imagined we could grow to love a city that had resisted us so much. The view from the tower was indeed impressive, even eternal.

Goodbye San Vicente. Goodbye to your hot streets, your multi-colored houses, your green plants and beautiful flowers, your little shoe shine boys, your Canada Popsicle men pushing their little two-wheeled carts, your naked babies, your smart-mouthed high school kids shouting crude English words at us, your beggars, your sick, your street people, and of course the poor as well as the rich who never appear to be concerned. Goodbye to the members, the Valdez family, the Bahney's, the Cornejo's. Farewell to cold showers, soft beds, my hammock, my praying mantis friend, the Romero Pension, Paz and the other maids, the two-holer porcelain thrones, gamboos and sore throats and of course Elders Bumstead and Schlosser and especially to Elder Martinson one of my favorite District Leaders. Most of all, goodbye to the guy that had the patience to live with me for four and one half months, Elder Mundy.

Goodbye to the tower that monitored my time and served as an ever-present landmark.

Goodbye to the storms that brought us together.

“...five burglars were caught in the Democratic headquarters of the Watergate hotel, The Oakland A's beat the Cincinnati Reds in the World Series, all without us knowing or caring about any of it. During the 2-year media blackout in which missionaries function the world seems to be very capable of functioning without us worrying about it.”



Chapter 11 — Guatemala Highlands

San Pedro-San Marcos, Guatemala—Oct. 15, 1972

Up In The Cheap Seats. And so I arrived in “Nosebleed Heaven” on Sunday, October 15, 1973. After two days of traveling the 250+ miles from San Vicente, El Salvador, I found myself at a staggering 7289 feet in elevation, more than a mile higher than where I had been on the coast and two thousand feet higher than my native Rexburg, Idaho.

San Marcos and San Pedro Sacatepequez were twin cities nestled in what I called “Happy Valley” just 20 or so miles from the Mexican border. San Marcos had around 5,000 people, San Pedro somewhat less. With over 200 members on the rolls of San Pedro branch the average attendance was about 17, counting us.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hard to believe it was possible to have a companion for only 10 days and still have time to form a significant friendship. Phil Miller and I didn’t even have time to get to dislike one other. He was quite the jock from San Jose, California (7565 Tiptoe Lane to be exact). He had worked with Gonzalez and then Marquez (who had been my comp back in Escuintla). I was told I would not be able to overwork Miller but I was anxious to try. He was inactive before his mission but his competitive nature and love for sports brought him into activity via the church athletic program. His goal was to play football for BYU which also happens to be located in another place called “Happy Valley.” His hearty laugh and youthful enthusiasm were infectious. Like I said, we didn’t even get a chance to know one another well enough to get on each other’s nerves.



Darrell Rigby was born to wear a suit. He looked like one of those guys you see in the Sears catalog. His Spanish was great, his knowledge of the scriptures superb, just the kind of guy that is double-blessed. It was my luck to have him as district leader and live in the same house to boot. Hard to believe we would become such good friends and still keep in touch 25 years later.



Martinez was the first San Blas Islander to serve an LDS mission. If I have it correctly he was a member of the Cuna Indian tribe that lived on the chain of San Blas Islands located on the northern shore of Panama on the Caribbean side about 60 miles down from the Panama Canal. When Martinez joined the church he gave up almost everything. He was Rigby's junior comp, shy, quiet and easy going. It must have been difficult to try and comprehend a new and degenerate society (I'm speaking of the gringo missionary culture of course).



HOME BASE – SAN PEDRO & SAN MARCOS



The four of us lived in a meson in San Marcos. San Pedro and San Marcos are twin cities separated by a very short distance. Rigby and Martinez were in the second room and Miller and I in the first. It was typical of that time that we had a landlady and a maid as well. I was surprised that I never had to do my own laundry except when we were in La Familia Unida.

Whoever told me fleas could not survive the high altitude of San Marcos/San Pedro was full of horse biscuits. Whoever thought it could not possibly get very cold anywhere in Central America had obviously never spent a winter in the Guatemalan highlands. Whoever spent a winter in Rexburg, Idaho, would know that I was familiar with cold weather and had been properly conditioned. I never slept better than I did anywhere else in the mission.

MUSICAL ECHOES IN TIME

Don Miguel de Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*, said, “Where there is music there can be no evil.” His words described well the mountain valley of San Marcos/San Pedro, Guatemala, for the tinkling sounds of the marimba still echo through the memories of time.

SPANISH WAS NOT THE ONLY LANGUAGE SPOKEN.

Spanish is the official language of Guatemala, spoken by 93% of the population, but there are twenty-four distinct indigenous languages to choose from. The two that we heard most often were K'iche' (Key-CHAY), and Kaqchikel (Caught-chee-KELL). We would often hear the vendors in the market place speak their native language. They used Spanish for their numbers because they had to have those words in order to barter with the Spanish Speaking population. Bartering with them required that we speak Spanish numbers only, moving up and down from the starting point until we were both either satisfied or someone walked away.

LEGENDS OF THE SMALL

Mission stories were told and retold to the point they almost took on a life of their own. No one questioned them, rather repeated them over and over, ad nauseam. One such legend claimed that some years earlier some general authority had come up to San Pedro/San Marcos and cast out some rather persistent evil spirits. No one knew which general authority it was nor when it allegedly happened, yet the story was not questioned as it was told and retold with quiet reverence. No one was more superstitious than missionaries. As we often joked in *La Familia Unida*, “I don't know if all this is true, but it makes a real good story.”

TOP 10 MISSIONARY TIPS FOR LIFE IN THE GUATEMALAN HIGHLANDS

1. Taking blankets from your comp after he is asleep may keep you warm, but is not advised.
2. Extra blankets will be needed to keep you warm in bed.
3. Your girlfriend will not be as impressed with typical clothing as you think.
4. Fleas scotch-taped to a letter home will not impress your family nor will they survive.
5. Industrial Strength Drano is not an acceptable cure for constipation.
6. Newspapers have multiple uses in the restroom.
7. Carry a copy of a prepared talk in your pocket.
8. Carry a few extra squares of toilet paper in your pocket, trust me on this.
9. It might look like catsup but believe me it is not.
10. Tortilla Helper does not improve the flavor of anything.

GOSSIP-VILLE

Word on the street was that I should “get in good” with the zone leaders if I ever expected to make DL. I thought that was rather amusing. It was too much fun not being a District Leader to worry about being one. After three months on stage with bright lights, recording studios, and TV shows, I just wanted to be invisible.

The most fun of all was watching the behavior of the GAW’s (General Authority Wannabe’s). It seemed almost like some of them would prefer position and prestige over actually baptizing someone. The best part of the time I would later spend as DL in Santa Ana was when I was released and given a new greenie. Working the streets was what I did best. It was a good fit for me.

MANY ARE COLD BUT FEW ARE FROZEN

The entire city was often blanketed with fog. Everything reminded me of West Yellowstone, Montana, in springtime. The Guatemala pine trees had long needles, most likely Ponderosa or Sugar Pine varieties. It seemed odd seeing them growing alongside the tall lanky palm trees. Some locals with dirt floor houses would cover the dirt floor with pine

needles. They would also use them during Holy Week, or Semana Santa, to decorate the cobblestones.

The air was not nearly as heavy and moist like down on the coast, rather crisp and thin. My hands were cold all the time and for the first time in my mission I started wearing the overcoat that had been packed, unpacked and repacked for the last fifteen months. I also bought some cotton gloves as well as a shawl to wrap around my neck. The cold weather made it so easy to sleep at night. I never slept better anywhere else in the mission.

HEAVY SWEATERS

It was against mission rules to wear sweaters, but everyone working up in the stratosphere did anyway. In one of my interviews with President Glade I was asked how things were going. I told him it was cold up there. He told me I “better get that sweater on.” Moving from the coast to the highlands had changed me from “being” a heavy sweater to “wearing” one.

TAXING TAXIS

Because we lived in San Marcos we had to take a taxi every time we went to San Pedro to work. The cost of the taxi was five cents, which we thought was a little expensive, but acceptable. If the driver refused to take us for a nickel we would start to walk away. They always called us



back. We never thought about getting bicycles. The cost of taxis might have been steep but the hills we had to climb were even more taxing.

VERTICAL LEAP

Wednesday, October 18, 1972. We got up at four in the morning to

catch the bus, then climbed up into the clouds enveloping the mountain pass out of Happy Valley. It was difficult getting used to having our ears adjust every time we went somewhere. We descended out of the mist as we approached Quezaltenango, then on further to arrive in time for the conference in Guate City. The actual distances between cities was not that far but it seemed you simply could not get there from here in any reasonable amount of time due to the terrain. On the coast everything was horizontal. Mountain living required a mentality of vertical proportions. We enjoyed the conference, then returned to the highlands.

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

Thursday, October 19. Rigby and I went to the municipality to see about getting permission to put up a street display, due primarily to the fact we were not sure if anyone had done it before. I imagine probably someone had, but you never knew if the long arm of the law would reach out and touch you with a legal twist. We got permission and began a tradition of working street displays nearly every Thursday for the next four months.

Thursday was the big market day in San Pedro so we would work all morning teaching in the main square. It was always exciting and we never knew what would happen. We soon found out that a lot of the people that were interested lived up in the mountains. We had many adventures trying to interpret crudely described directions. Hiking up in the mountains to find addresses brought an added benefit of being able to see out over the valley. It truly was a beautiful place to be.

MUTUAL APPROBATION

The Mutual Improvement Association (MIA) met on Thursday evenings. M.I.A. was also known as “Missing In Action” which seemed to describe the majority of the membership. There were a couple-hundred names on the rolls but the average attendance was 20-30.

TONOLÁ AND ORDER

Tonolá (Tone-oh-Law) was a small colony of about twelve city blocks adjacent to San Pedro. We spent considerable time working there because several of the branch members lived in that area. One of the members, a tailor, invited us to come and teach some of his neighbors. We felt we should show a film strip and took the projector with us. We ended up

relying on the Spirit rather than “modern” technology, because this good brother’s home had no electricity. He made his living as a tailor with only a push-pedal sewing machine, but his faith, mingled with the spark of The Spirit, electrified everyone present. “If ye have not The Spirit, ye shall not teach.” Electricity was optional.

HOT SHOWERS, COLD DAYS

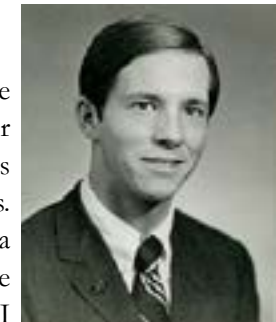
We had a shower that ran from a gas heater. It would heat the water on the way to the shower head. The temptation to stay in longer was great, but when the water started getting a bit cool it was a natural timer to make an exit. This was the only place in my entire mission that I had anything that resembled hot water. Many times it was merely lukewarm. I adapted a scripture we frequently used to fit the situation: Revelations 3:15 “I know thy waterworks, that they are neither cold nor hot: I would that they were hot. So then because they are at least luke-warm I will take whatever I can get.” Words to bathe by.

EDIFICE WRECKS OR REAL BLOCK HEADS

Land had been acquired for a new chapel in San Marcos. Every Friday we went down to the construction site and put in some hard labor. Our goal was to actually make the cinderblocks from which the building would be built. We mixed sand and cement into a gritty paste, then pounded it into cinderblock molds with large flat hammers. The excess was then scraped off flat, the mold turned upside-down and with some gentle tapping on the sides it was lifted up leaving the newly formed block to dry in the hot sun. Rather primitive, yet very effective. Getting in a hurry was not advised because tapping too hard on the side of the mold or lifting it too quickly caused the pasty cement to collapse and the process would have to be repeated. That was the closest I came to physically “building up zion” while I was in Guatemala.

KUSCH CONNECTION

Friday, October 20. We were working at the construction site of the new chapel when Elder Kusch came by with his parents. His mission was completed and they were soaking in the sights. I got to know Kusch during the Familia Unida tour. He was a hard worker and knew why he was there. It was hard to see so many guys I



had looked up to for so long finish their missions and leave. We needed people like Kusch to look up to.

TOP TEN SIGNS THE MISSIONARIES YOU LIVE WITH ARE NUTS

1. They actually believe their girlfriends at home will wait for them.
2. They enjoy typical food.
3. They get excited when the attendance at church doubles from three people to six.
4. They complain that paying five cents for a taxi is too much.
5. They never pray in English.
6. They actually believe they speak Spanish with no gringo accent.
7. Your companion genuinely enjoys doing pushups.
8. Your DL's favorite song: "The Wreck of the Edmunds Fitzgerald."
9. Your companion doesn't ever want to get transferred.
10. Your district leader pretends he is a jet plane flying home.

NOT-SO-SECRET PRAYER

Somewhere along the line missionaries got the idea they should only pray in Spanish. Even back in the LTM oral oration "al Espanol" was part of mission culture. There were no written laws about praying in Spanish only, just the tradition that prevailed everywhere. I actually went two full years without using the King's English while praying. Why was it some missionaries who sometimes paid less attention to certain mission rules would never stoop to offering prayer in any other language but Spanish? I never heard anyone "break" that unwritten rule. Interesting indeed.

FAMILY FLIP CHARTS

Back in those days we had no formal flip charts specially prepared by graphic engineers. We had been trained to use dibujos or flannel board figures but no one used them in the real world. Instead we glued them on pages and inserted them into three-ring binders or flip charts.

President Glade started the "I Care" program, designed to assist in strengthening families and bringing in more converts. To reinforce the

"I Care" family concept we decided to develop a flip chart on the subject. We spent many hours working on it as well as putting a presentation together for the back side of my street display. That way we could either teach about the Book of Mormon on one side of the display or teach about strengthening the family on the other.

We had to scrounge up pictures wherever we could get them, either by cutting pictures out of church magazines or asking our families back home to send whatever they could find. We often copied each other's ideas, trying to improve on them where we could. In spite of the crude and unprofessional media support to which we had access, people still seemed to get baptized anyway. In that particular situation the "media" was not the message.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

October 21. Up in "Nosebleed Heaven" it was permissible to go to the movies once a week. We usually went on Saturdays depending on what was playing. Many of the flicks were in English with Spanish subtitles, but most were in native Espanol. One particular show featured an American with a heavily exaggerated gringo accent. We thought it was hilarious but noticed we were the only ones in the theater laughing. It couldn't be that we sounded that way to them, could it? No, our Spanish was perfecto. Si, como no.

OCTOBER'S TOP TEN QUOTABLE QUOTES

10. There's nothing speedy about a fast.
9. What do Miller and Shirley possibly know about being counselors in the branch presidency?
8. "Hard fouls" were first developed and perfected in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission.
7. I can't seem to run without being weary, I'm too busy fainting while walking.
6. Companions, like worn tires, should be rotated regularly.
5. San Pedro certainly has its ups and downs.
4. Do all Mormon church meetings start one hour late?
3. Don't worry Elder, the rainy season is over.
2. People tell me I have practically no English accent.
1. I'm feeling a little sick, better drink a Coke.

DISTRICT FAMILY HOME EVENINGS

Sunday, October 22. Out behind the house was a place where we could build a fire for our district family home evenings. The fire seemed to add a certain ambience, creating a mood that made lessons memorable indeed. Surrounding the glowing fire, we shared lessons, testimonies, and always ended up playing guitar and singing. Something about a campfire that still brings out the best deep down inside, the “stuff” people are really made of.

MOUNTAIN GOATS

Tuesday, October 24, 1972. Miller and I hiked up in the mountains to look up a reference. After repeated failure we asked a lady for help. She told us to wait ten minutes, then guided us further up the winding trail to a small dwelling. We could see the city off in the distance and even further below. We gave the man a short tract-out lesson. He wanted us to return the following week. I wondered if it would take us that long to hike back up the mountain again. The return trip back down from the alpine adventure took 45 minutes. It must have been the altitude because our perfectly conditioned athletic bodies were exhausted. Must have been an “off day.” Yeah, that’s it.

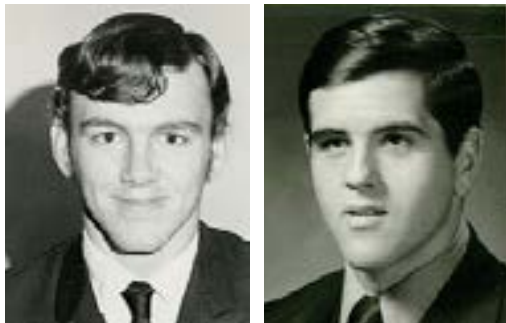
TELEGRAM TRANSFERS

Wednesday, October 25, 1972

Telephone access was extremely limited. Only a few existed in the entire city. I felt I was in the Old West when we communicated via telegraph. We received a telegram telling us that Miller was going to Ahuchapan and I would be getting Donald Dodge.

Miller did not want to go. He had worked so hard and just as things were beginning to happen he was leaving. He hated to leave without getting any baptisms, but not all seeds germinate on schedule. So, Miller reluctantly packed

his bags along with his telegram, said goodbye, and missed his bus out of town (it seems we overslept).



DODGE DAYS

I first met Donald Lee (Skeeter) Dodge five months earlier when he first arrived at the mission home on June 1, 1972. Mundy and I had set up our street displays at the district office and were showing them to the new batch of greenies. We later used him as a bouncer at one of the Familia Unida performances in Guate City. Did I mention he placed 2nd in the nation and 4th in the world in high school wrestling at the 191 weight division? I had also wrestled in high school, junior varsity 98 lb. class but I had gained considerable weight and was at that point in time a whopping 155. So naturally we wrestled. Any question as to who won every match? He and Rigby wrestled once. Rigby didn’t do any better than I.

Dodge arrived in Happy Valley on Thursday, October 26, greeted by a rather heavy rain storm. Rigby, Martinez and I had been listening to a marimba band in the park while waiting for the bus. Being older and wiser than the rest I officially predicted, “this will be the last rainstorm of the season.” Wrong!

STRUCK BY THE “SPIRIT.”

Friday, October 27. We worked at the church construction site. I accidentally hit Elder Rigby with a pick axe and bruised his arm. It served him right for hitting me in the head with a rock a few days earlier. Nothing malicious, nothing to do with revenge, we simply reap what we sow. Now, put down that rock and I’ll put my axe away.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

“I’m officially a grandpa, my first greenie Elder David Williams made senior.” I was so proud!



TYPICAL WEEKLY SCHEDULE, 65 HOURS:

- ▶ Mon: D-Day, Rest & Relaxation.
- ▶ Tue: Tracting & looking up references made at the street display.
- ▶ Wed: Tracting & having lessons fall through. Evening choir practice.
- ▶ Thu: Market day in San Pedro. Street Display at the market. MIA
- ▶ Fri: Working at construction site in the morning. Afternoon tracting. Relief Society Meeting
- ▶ Sat: Tracting.
- ▶ Sun: Priesthood Meeting, Sunday School, Sacrament Meeting, District Family Home Evening.

ARMY FATIGUES & LA FAMILIA UNIDA UNIFORM

While we were playing basketball we noticed a group of Army boys working out in the field next to the court. In the middle of all the green uniforms we noticed a young man wearing a Familia Unida T-shirt. “The few, the proud, the MORMONS!”

AGUA TIBIA

Nearby was a resort called Agua Tibia. We went there on D-Day to take some pictures and take in the scenery as well. It looked like the Garden of Eden except that people were a little better dressed, but not much.

SAINTS DAY, A.K.A. MEMORIAL DAY, NOVEMBER 1.

During the last few days of October the cemeteries were filled with people and buckets of paint. The plaster-covered brick-and-mortar grave markers all received a fresh coat of paint, usually pastel blues and reds. Back in the states such activity was considered illegal, risky, and lots of fun, as many of my low-life teenage friends at that time could attest.

MEMORIAL DAY POEM, GUATEMALA STYLE:

To the cemetery
with a bucket full of paint,
To color all the tombstones
of the dead folks who ain't.

Pigment, hue and tincture
for the spirits who have past,
Painting everything in sight
'cause flowers just don't last.
Scott Shirley

SEEING EYE DODGE

I was not blessed with the greatest eye sight in the world, especially at night. On the other hand Dodge had the night vision of a cat, which really came in handy when he finally learned the area. Until then there were times we were like the blind leading the blind, especially on the outside streets and trails we often had to take at night. Getting lost was always an adventure.

DREAM WEAVERS OR “TELA”- VISION

Genuine Indian weavers were something to behold. The weaver sat at the loom which looked much like the organ in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, except instead of keys and pipes there were strings of fabric stretched out and pulled tight. The weaver set the pedals in predetermined patterns so that when they were pushed with the foot it would lift some of the strands and push others down, allowing him to lean to the side and roll a ball of thread laterally through the lifted threads. He would then push the pedals again, closing alternate threads allowing him to roll the ball through the middle back the opposite way. He would sit there, hour after hour, rolling the balls of thread back and forth, weaving his magic for a few cents an hour, trading precious mortal time for a mess of pottage, much like the rest of us still do.

COUNTERFEIT CORREO

Dodge hadn't received mail for so long that it was really getting on his nerves. Seeing him in such despair sparked a mental synapse in my little brain. I wrote him an anonymous letter and secured the stamp. The next problem was how to get the cancellation stamp showing it had been processed. My opportunity came when the mail official turned his back the same time Dodge was looking the other way. I leaned over the counter, grabbed the stamp and marked the envelope “Registered.” At least it picked up Dodge's spirits even though he thought it very odd. I never did tell him. In retrospect, it probably was not the best of ideas.

After all, he was 2nd in the Nation and 4th in the world in High School wrestling. Yes, it was wise to never have confessed that particular sin.

“FIJENSE QUE NO ESTAN”

We had set a goal to knock on every door we could find before the year was over. We began systematically searching out each and every nook and cranny. We averaged two or three blocks per day. The responses we got were rather interesting when correctly translated:

“Mi mama dice que no esta” which means “My mother says she is not here.”

“Somos Catolicos, no somos animales” or “We’re Catholic, we are not animals.”

“Fijense que no esta” meaning “Look, he is not here.”

BUZZARD’S BANQUET

While tracting we looked down one of the back streets and saw a vulture perched on top of a long row of adjacent houses. He was standing guard while his mate was engaged in feasting on a rather large dead dog in the street. If anyone happened to approach while the one dining had his head inside the carcass his companion standing guard would sound the alarm. We watched in fascination as they traded places back and forth working together as a team. No one bothered these winged wonders of the underworld. They kept the countryside rather tidy and had no problems detecting a prospective meal in the heat of the day. It was interesting that they approached their meal with much more enthusiasm than we approached ours.

DEAD MEN WALKING

Every missionary had a certain pace with which he walked. Mine was brisk. I enjoyed moving right along. Dodge and I were the same height but he had me by 80 pounds. His walking pace was nearly the same but enough slower that it often got on my nerves. I thought if I walked even faster it would encourage him to speed up. We never discussed the subject until months later after he had a new companion. He said he had found a way to get his companion to slow down when walking too fast. He said he would just walk slower until he slowed down. Perhaps we should have talked about it a little.

DEAD MAN GAWKING

We saw a funeral procession of about 300 people coming down the street. Everyone was dressed in black, men in single file on one side, women on the other. Any cultural tradition dies slowly. Even some members of the branch would dress in black for days after a family member passed on. We found it best not to push the issue while they were in mourning.

DEAD MEN TALKING

The four of us seemed to have a difficult time leaving the table. Not that we were eating, rather devouring other delicacies such as gossip, hearsay, scuttlebutt and other faith-promoting rumors. Every now and then we would raise the quality of conversation to a higher level to discuss drivel, drool and nonsense. On rare occasions we would discuss really important things such as what our girlfriends back home were doing and when we would be making the next shipment of typical clothing and souvenirs we had purchased in the market place. Of such were the real meaty issues worthy of our dining discussions.

A SQUAT IN THE DARK

The Ghost of the Great Gambu (Diarrhea) had a diabolical sense of humor. To say he would sneak up “from behind” was putting it mildly. Dodge and I were headed down the moonlit trail to ‘Tonola’ when the subtle attack was made. As beads of perspiration lined my forehead my first thought was whether or not I could make it back home. The onslaught was so intense I quickly moved to thought number two which was where to make an emergency landing. I quickly stepped off the trail and secured a spot in a corn field next to the river. We had learned to carry essential necessities for such an occurrence. Boy Scout motto: Be Prepared!

CHESS MATE

Back when I was in La Familia Unida I had learned how to play chess. I had a small pocket-sized magnetic chess board that provided some amusement, especially when we were on long bus trips. I taught Dodge how to play and he took to it like a duck to water. After about the two or three games he beat me and only on rare occasions did I ever beat him again. I also made the mistake of teaching him how to play pool with

much the same result. I was afraid to teach him anything. I decided not to teach him how to play guitar. I needed something I could do better.

SLOW-MOTION SOCCER

I like to watch sports during which something actually happens. Basketball fits that criteria very well, football a close second. Perhaps I don't understand the game well but going to a soccer game is like watching a bridge rust. I've never seen so many people run so hard and so far with so little result.

We happened to pass the soccer field during a game when someone actually scored a goal. It created such shockwave of excitement that the crowd cheered for hours.

Later we caught part of a soccer game on the radio. Whenever I thought I was getting proficient at Spanish I would listen to the radio to get some instant humbling. The announcer's Spanish blurred out of the radio like an out-board motor. Suddenly in the midst of the Castilian cascade I recognized the word "Go...ol!" The sound was extended for so long I thought the announcer would soon split a gut. We changed channels and when we came back his voice was still going. As I said, when there is so little to actually cheer about in a soccer game, the announcers have to take advantage of what few opportunities they may have.

CAMIONETA CORRECTIONS, OR BUSING BLUNDERS

Saturday, November 4. One of mission life's most perplexing questions was what to do on a Guatemalan bus when it broke down. It was such a regular occurrence that we were more surprised when they did not. Being well trained Boy Scouts, we were well prepared. We had tracts, handouts, and my magnetic chess set. Any questions as to which were used the most?

We changed buses in a pouring rainstorm. Being older and wiser than the rest I officially predicted "this will be the last rainstorm of the season." Somewhere they'd heard that before, so we settled down for another game of chess.

TOP TEN THINGS OVERHEARD AT THE XELA DISTRICT CONFERENCE, NOV. 4.

1. How about a game of chess?
2. You got a "Dear John?" How unusual.
3. The church is so true I can't believe it.
4. I think I'm finally getting used to typical food.
5. How would you like to translate the conference for Elder Martinez?
6. Mundy, is it true you guys in the Indian Program get to ride horses and wear Levis?
7. I think the President is "up" on me.
8. Now that you're a Zone Leader, is there anything I can do for you?
9. I thought you brought the tape player!
10. Is Jorge H. Perez someone I should know?

MEXICAN PASEO, MONDAY NOVEMBER 6.



Living only about 25 miles or so from the Mexican border was too much temptation. We were told we would not be tempted beyond what we were able to endure, but that did not apply to something like seeing Mexico. The golden city of Tapachula called to us from the other side. It was as if the very idea itself had a life of its own, calling us ever westward, kind of like the pioneers. There was a lot of pioneer blood in us to start with, a type of genetic code that made it impossible for us to resist the need to move west. There was nothing we could do but heed the beckoning call. "Go west young men, go west."

TAPACHULA OR BUST

We checked the map and made our plans to head for Tapachula. It did not look very far on the map, but keep in mind there are no straight roads in Guatemala. Twenty-five miles as the crow flies ends up being about sixty as you go up, down and around, and keep in mind there aren't many crows to begin with.



We walked the first 12 kilometers, mostly all downhill. The winding road was so steep we had to keep chewing gum and yawning to equalize the changing air pressure on our ears. Straw huts on small acreages dotted the rugged countryside. How could anyone possibly farm on such steep unforgiving terrain?

Many times our view was obscured by the clouds that draped the mountains at our feet. Our continual decent soon brought us below the clouds and we could feel the temperature turn tropical.

The jungle at the side of the road seemed to thicken. Long tangled vines hung like curtains. Dodge made his way to the edge of the mass of vegetation and proceeded to do his Tarzan imitation. Needless to say his 230 lbs. exceeded the load limit for swinging from tree to tree.

Finally a truck came by. It slowed down as if to give us a ride so Martinez jumped on the back. The driver quickly sped away before the rest of us could get on. Martinez recognized his dilemma and bailed off onto the side of the road. When another truck stopped, Dodge got ready to get on. As soon as his camera was placed on the back of the truck the driver sped away again. Dodge was able to catch the truck, hop on, grab his camera and get back off. Rather impressive work for someone at 230 lbs. The unimpressive part was he split his pants out clear to the knee. The next order of business was to find a place where we could buy

a needle and thread for some suitable sutures.

We arrived at the border determined to at least get part of the way into Mexico if we could. We checked in and told them we had no passports. Those were kept at the mission home to prevent the very thing we were now trying to do. Rigby was very nervous about the whole thing. I think he got the idea that he was about to be the first district leader shot along with his district while trying to make a run for the border. How exciting!

A wide slow-moving river separated the two countries. A rather rickety bridge provided the only passage across the high gorge. The customs guy told us we would not be able to go into Mexico without passports but they would let us go to “medio Puente,” which meant “half-way across the bridge.” Imagine that, they would let us go to medio puente, half-way across the bridge, with Mexico only about 50 yards away. Totally unacceptable.

The four of us walked to the half-way point on the bridge and stopped. Dodge and I were determined to at least set foot on Mexican soil. On the Mexican side there was only a small guard house that looked like an outhouse. No one seemed to care if anyone came “into” Mexico. The problem was getting “out” of Guatemala. Go figure. Two guards were stationed in the small guardhouse swatting flies quietly talking.

SUDDENLY I HAD A PLAN.

Dodge and I told Rigby we were going to go ask the guards a few questions. Dodge and I strolled to the guard house and I explained to the two sleepy authorities that our passports were in Guatemala City and that we lived in San Pedro. All we wanted to do was to see their beautiful country and go a few more miles into Tapachula. They told us that would not be possible. I then asked if they had any Mexican coins we could buy. They pulled out a few pesos which I knew were worth virtually nothing, but Dodge and I paid them well. Suddenly they became fast friends and told us we could walk around a little there on the shore of the river.

All this time Rigby and Martinez were back at “medio puente” waiting for us and wondering what would happen. Dodge suggested we pay the guards to aim their guns at us, take us behind the guard house and fire their rifles. Wisdom prevailed, and no such joke was played. But, it still gives me a chuckle to think about.

We signaled to Rigby and Martinez to come on across and we all enjoyed a few minutes on the southern border of Mexico. Those

immortal words echoed in our hearts, “This is the place!”

We decided to go back home another way. After all, when one is hitching it is highly requisite that there actually be cars and trucks upon which one may do the hitching. Once again we found ourselves on a deserted highway, no rides, and the sun quickly setting on our beloved Mexico. It was nothing new to us, after all, we spent most of our time “in the dark” anyway.

We finally made it to Coatepeque in the dark and secured bus passage back to San Marcos. It was not until later that we discovered we had gone to the wrong border crossing to begin with. But our thirst for going west had been satisfied. We were content to talk about our adventures, nurse our aching legs, and help Dodge finish mending his split trousers. Mexico would do just fine without us.

THE BOOK OF JOSEPH SMITH

One of our investigators had been to an Evangelist revival. Not a good sign. He wanted to know why Joseph Smith’s name was not found in the Bible, another not-so-good sign. I heard there were some missionaries that actually pasted a title page out of the Book of Mormon into their Bibles. I didn’t know if that was true, but it made a good story. I never had any personal first-hand knowledge of anyone who ever actually did. Truth is not founded upon deception.

A LIGHT IN THE DARK

Somewhere on the dark streets of San Pedro we found a guy who had a flashlight who was willing to share his light with us. We struck up a conversation with him and made friends. Things went so well we were able to sit down with him in his home and give him a family home evening lesson. It was ironic that we were able to return the favor and share our light with him.

FROM THE LAND OF OZ

We heard that Elder Jeff Woodman was touring the mission with his parents. He was my second senior back in San Salvador. I think everyone wondered what it would be like to have their parents come down, but the cost was prohibitive to all but a few. My parents were content to just



have me come home. O.K. Dorothy, repeat three times, “There’s no place like home....There’s...” I don’t think we’re in Idaho anymore, Toto.”

TOP TEN SURPRISES OF NOVEMBER, 1992

10. Making our trip to Tikal.
9. One of the DeLeon girls getting married.
8. Seeing Lemus and Mauzy at the DeLeon wedding.
7. The rainy season was not yet over.
6. Finding out the Vietnam War was over.
5. McGovern lost the presidential election big time.
4. One of our best investigators got saved by another religion.
3. The LIMA bus to Guate City did not break down.
2. The assistants to the president will spend their last two months working in the trenches with the rest of us.
1. No baptisms this month.

“MY” BAPTISMS

I found it interesting that missionaries would speak in terms of “our baptisms” or how many baptisms “we” had, as if they were medals to be worn or numbers counted. We were falling into the trap of thinking we were not successful simply because our baptismal whites were still dry. I had not baptized anyone since the previous May. We were getting a little discouraged when we went to a wedding of one of the DeLeon daughters and saw Elders Lemus and Mauzy. They told us that Rafaela Solis and her daughter were baptized back in Escuintla. David Williams and I found them while working a street display last spring. It was just the news we needed. Some are involved in planting, some in nurturing, and others in harvesting. It really doesn’t matter where we participate in the process, it only matters that we do. Whose baptisms were they? I would say the Lord’s. He only allowed us to help.



TOURING TIKAL

Friday, November 10, 1972

Each missionary was allowed to make one trip to Tikal during his/her



mission. Dodge and I got a telegram telling us our numbers were up so we boarded a LIMA bus and headed for Guate City. We visited Dodge's old stomping grounds and found a place to stay overnight with Eddo.

Friday morning found us hitching rides to the airport and checking in for our flight. The plane left much to be desired. The DC-3 was first put into service in the U.S. in 1936. It was an old troop transport plane left



over from WWII. We were lucky enough to have seats by one of the seven windows by the wing. The two engines were fired up and the entire plane began to shudder. It was much like a chicken bus with wings, except that the chicken buses had more room. The patron saint in the picture hanging near the front of the plane hung with benign indifference. *In this photo, I'm taking a picture of Dodge taking a picture of the plane.*

The engines sputtered to life and the entire plane shook with arthritic

convulsions. I noticed the patron saint pictured in the front of the plane now had her fingers crossed. Not a good sign.

The DC-3 was a tail dragger, meaning the pilots could not see well



until the rear of the plane got some lift. By that time they were going much too fast to stop even if there were something in the way. The patron saint now had her hands over her eyes.

We struggled to an acceptable height above the jungle heading almost straight north for 180 miles carrying the 21 passengers and two pilots at a speed of about 170 mph. There was a curtain separating the cockpit from the passengers, so Dodge and I decided to go pay our fearless



leaders a little visit. Parting the curtain we found the co-pilot half asleep and the pilot reading the newspaper. Somehow I had mistakenly assumed there was at least a little effort involved in flying an airplane.

We soon began our descent and started praying the pilot had finished the paper and the co-pilot was fully awake. We had our first glimpse of the tops of the temples rising high above the jungle canopy. We circled the

city and headed down toward the dirt runway. We bounced and bumped along the dirt runway finally rolling to a stop in a cloud of dust and a hearty hi-oh silver. The patron saint had resumed her original position of benign beneficence. All was well, all was well, this was the place.

TIKAL HISTORY

The city was built by the Maya who reached their greatest point of civilization about 250 A.D. and continued for about another 600 years. They were one of the first groups in the western hemisphere to develop a system of writing. The land occupied by the Maya included parts of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador as well as all of Belize. The entire Mayan state consisted of about 120,000 square miles. The heart of the civilization was in the tropical rain forest of the northern Guatemalan lowlands. Tikal was one of three major Mayan cities developing in the area.

The first farmers may have settled the area as early as 2500 B.C.. By 800 B.C. the Mayan lowlands were completely settled. The Olmec civilization which lived west of the Maya greatly influenced their development (the word “Olmec” means rubber people).

About A.D. 950 the Toltec from Mexico invaded the Maya and captured the city of Chichen’ Itza’. They introduced the worship of the feathered god Kukulcan’. The Maya then regained control and replaced religion with business (sound familiar?). Due to internal dispute they divided into small groups in about 1440 and were invaded by the Spanish in the 1500’s.

Tikal was the largest of the Maya cities with a population of around 50,000. It was rediscovered in the 1800’s. For further information in greater detail check out the Mayaquest homepage.

JAGUAR GIANT

Missionaries think they know everything, at least we did. Therefore we had the misguided notion we needed no guide to show us around. Big mistake.

We first headed for the Temple of the Jaguar, the big



enchilada of them all, the one we had seen in encyclopedias when we were kids. The beast stood 220 feet high. As we stood looking up the stairs it seemed they went straight up forever. At that time there was a chain railing going clear to the top for people to use for support while climbing. Of course we were not going to be wimps and use the sissy railing. It might have been wise because it seemed the treads of the stone stairs were shorter than the length of my foot meaning my heel hung out in the air unless I walked sideways. The height of each step exceeded the standard steps we were used to. I wondered what kind of short-footed long-legged people must have lived there.



We arrived at the top of the temple, entered the little room at the top and admired the view across the plaza to the facing buildings. The stelae looked like little tombstones evenly spaced in a row along the side of the main plaza. Dodge and I just sat there wondering what the city might have looked like at its prime.

We noticed there was a small ledge around the side of the little room, just wide enough to walk along on our heels with our backs flat against the outside walls. We decided to see how far we could go along the side. Our toes were hanging out in the air high above the jungle canopy. I peeked around the corner along the back side and noticed the ledge continued all the way around. We slithered around the corner only to realize the ledge was smaller than on the side. We looked down. Big mistake. The realization that we had possibly overestimated our machismo and underestimated the difficulty of the task hit us with full force. The only thing to do was to continue, so we slid along to the last corner and with a sigh of relief made it all the way around. Fools do indeed go where angels fear to tread.

We then went down the stairs, making sure not to use the chain for any help (that would not be manly) and took a right turn to the North Acropolis, a group of buildings that seemed to be of a different type of construction than the more distinct temples.

Our next item on the agenda was to go to the big temple that faces the Jaguar. It was easier to climb and much easier to walk around because there was a kind of platform at the top of the stairs, then more stairs going up to the door in the little room. The view of the Jaguar was absolutely breath taking.

BAPTISMAL FONT OR HOT TUB?



Missionaries are notorious for imposing their own perceptions on reality. We see something and then immediately try to mentally digest it by finding something we already know that makes sense of what we are seeing. I saw this stone face at the

bottom of a pit with stairs going down. It reminded me of a baptismal font. Whether or not it actually was or not, I do not know. It may not have been true, but it made a very good story.

ARTIFICIAL ANTIQUITIES

Some local native kids came to us trying to sell what they insisted were genuine artifacts found nearby. It was obvious they could be scientifically carbon-dated to be approximately 4 days old at least, 1 week tops. Needless to say we did not purchase any of those instant antiquities.

SPIDERS, MONKEYS AND SPIDER MONKEYS

Walking along under the jungle canopy was quite an experience. We found some rather exotic spider webs with ferocious looking little monsters silently waiting in the center of the “fly-through” web zone. High above in the trees we could hear the chattering of spider monkeys changing lanes on their elevated freeway. All these smaller animal kingdoms had outlived the Maya kings as well as their entire civilization itself. Simplicity, balance and order had endured over pomp

and circumstance. There’s probably a lesson there somewhere.

JACOB’S LADDER

One of the local kids guided a group of us through the ancient market and out into the jungle. Every now and then we would come to what looked like a steep hill covered with thick brush. Looking up through the jungle canopy we could see the protruding comb on top of a temple. We realized some of them had not yet been uncovered. We were told only 15% of the city had been excavated.

We followed our young guide up the side of one of these steep hills fighting our way through the tangled undergrowth to a doorway into one of the temples. Inside the doorway was a ladder which went up into the darkness. We began to climb up into the murky darkness keeping a hand on the pant leg of the guy ahead of us to keep our bearings. None of us had flashlights. We soon saw a light above us and came out into the afternoon sunlight on top of the temple overlooking the city. The view was fantastic.

We looked over to the runway and spotted a curtain of rain heading our way. It looked like a solid wall of water steadily advancing toward us. We scrambled back down into our little hole descending the ladder down into the blackness. I told everyone not to worry about the weather because “this would be the last rainstorm of the season.”

RETURN FLIGHT

Soon it was time to head back to the landing strip. By this time the engines had cooled down and were prepared for the next over-exertion. A group of Mormons on a tour of Central American ruins had been traveling with us. They were on the last leg of their journey and had seen about all the ruins they could stand. They were quick to get the seats by the windows leaving Dodge and I to sit in the back in the “barf-bag” section.

The engines coughed to a reluctant start as we taxied around for the takeoff, which was everything the first one was and more except for all the dust kicked up by the asthmatic turbines. Was it normal for so much oil to be leaking?

The patron saint in the picture at the front of the plane had now taken a heavy dose of valium and seemed not to be concerned in the least. The return flight was so cramped and uncomfortable I would have found

crashing into a mountain a relief. At least it would have been quicker. The best part of our “chicken-bus plane ride” was when it was over. No wonder the first thing the Pope does when he gets off the plane is kiss the ground.

REVIVAL SURVIVAL

While we were relaxing in Tikal there was a big religious revival back in San Pedro. One of our best investigators told us he had attended and was now “saved.” I found it strange that anyone who was now so “close to God” could suddenly go deaf. Having “itching ears” must be a cause of hearing impairment. Even diety listens as all His children pray, regardless of religious standing. Why would someone who has now been embraced by Him refuse to assimilate His qualities, choosing instead to plug those same itching ears, desiring to know the truth “but not all?” I didn’t realize getting saved caused a person to go deaf. Nothing left to do but testify and hope someday he will return.

CARPENTER CONNECTION

Every missionary seemed to have at least some music from the Carpenters. Usually the first thing we would hear on D-day was Karen Carpenter’s voice drifting down the hall. Talk about making a person “baggie,” (homesick). Rainy days and Mondays really did get me down.

LANGUAGE LIVERS

Each religion has its zealots, its fanatics, its mentally defective. It was easy to recognize those societal aberrations. In the field, they were the ones who “lived their language.” This futile exercise was a hold-over from the Language Training Mission where missionaries would speak nothing but Spanish, no matter what. The psychological profile of these mental misfits was strikingly similar. They were usually loners to start with and did not remedy the situation by alienating everyone else. They were the few, the proud, and often very strange.

One of the reclaimed “language livers” was expounding to Rigby and me about the “low quality of Spanish” other missionaries typically displayed. He touted, “I always talk my best Spanish.” Rigby countered, “The word is ‘speak’ not talk.” Final score: Rigby-1, former language liver-0.

ZONE BASEBALL/FOOTBALL GAME

Monday, November 13, 1972.

TOP 10 REASONS LDS ATHLETICS ARE SO PHYSICAL

10. It gives you a chance to get even with the “language livers.”
9. It gives you a chance to get even with your companion.
8. It provides invaluable experience for future Army basic training.
7. Nobody is in shape.
6. Nobody has any skill.
5. Nobody cares about the rules of the game.
4. Creative cheating is an art form.
3. How else should a “stripling warrior” play ball?
2. A belief that the war in heaven was just part of the fun.
1. Most fights don’t start with a prayer.

BIG-TIME BUSING

Up to this point in time there were no buses traveling back and forth between San Marcos and San Pedro. It was refreshing to use this alternate form of transportation because the 5-cent taxis back and forth were getting expensive. Did I mention missionaries were cheap?

PASSIVE RESISTANCE

I stopped dead in my tracks on the cobblestone road and just stared up the street. There in the doorway of the house where we were to give a lesson were two gringo missionaries from another religion talking to our investigator. Dodge asked me what was the matter and I pointed up the street. He just smiled and said, “Don’t worry, you can handle them.”

They were all standing in the doorway as we came up, said hello and entered the house. It seemed Sr. Orosco had invited them over just to watch the fireworks. Such behavior is typical of someone suffering from a borderline personality disorder.

We started with prayer and I spent the entire 40 minutes talking about prophets and the need for them. The opposition missionaries sat in stony silence throughout the entire lesson and said nothing. Meeting no resistance was strange, but we controlled the pace, closing with our testimonies and a prayer. We then shook hands with everyone and left.

We found out later that after we had gone those rival missionaries had

ripped into us and our teachings very aggressively. The end result was that the negativity turned off Sr. Orosco. He told them not to come back. Negativity is not a way to build anything worthwhile.

TESTIMONY TRANSLATING.

Friday, November 17, 1972.

One of the tasks given to us “old timers” in the mission was to translate for the non-English speakers. I had been asked to translate for Elder Martinez during the testimony meeting we had at our zone conference. It involved whispering the translation in the ear of the listener throughout the entire meeting. I enjoyed doing it because it helped me stay awake.

We were told at each conference to keep our testimonies to two minutes. Some missionaries actually were aware of how long two minutes were supposed to be. Most everyone appeared to have no concept of time whatsoever, opting instead to preach a sermon or perhaps give the illusion of genuine spirituality. Many a pontification seemed to go on for days. It made me realize that when everything is said and done there is much more said than done.

When missionaries would start going off on some verbal bird walk, I would change what they were saying and translate what I thought they should have said, sort of a linguistic poetic license kind of thing. It gave me a strange sense of power. If I didn’t have the vocabulary to properly translate, I adapted what they were saying to fit what I knew how to say. What fun!

Rigby spoke and started going on and on about a hockey puck, then looking down at me said, “Translate that, Elder Shirley.” Everyone laughed and Martinez waited for me to tell him what Rigby had said. I whispered to him that Rigby had said, “I’m an idiot and always have been.” Martinez smiled and nodded in agreement. Incidentally, as near as I can tell, the correct translation for “hockey puck” is “disco de hockey.” Should have guessed that one. But few in Central America knew much about hockey, preferring to play their version in a field a grass and yelling “goa...!” for hours when one was scored. No one does that in hockey.



TICKET TO RIDE.

We purchased out tickets for the LIMA bus back to San Marcos. Dodge and I had some last minute errands to do so we took a chance on getting them done before the bus left. Rigby tried to get the driver to wait for us but just as we got there it drove away. Dodge and I chased it part way down the street but they would not stop. We found ourselves hitching home in the dark. We were able to get part of the way home and ended up in the middle of the mountain road freezing. The road certainly had a “cold shoulder.” Finally a small mini bus came along and we were able to get home well after midnight.

Rigby came in first thing in the morning to apologize for not being able to get the driver to stop. We just smiled, told him we did not get mad but we would get even, then told him to get lost so we could sleep a little longer. He didn’t argue.

ARACHNOPHOBIA

While making cinderblocks for the new chapel one of the member kids said he had something to show us. Clutched in his hands was a pint jar containing one very large and angry tarantula. I never did like spiders. Snakes? No problem. Spiders were definitely a mistake in the creation process, especially large and hairy ones. Elder Woodman once tried to step on one but it jumped out of the way which is what I thought was against the rules. Didn’t anyone explain the rules to these spiders. Perhaps we better find some language liver to explain it to them.

REGATEANDO, OR BARTERING

There was a new market building under construction the entire time I was in San Pedro. It had a zig-zag roof design in the front but was not finished until later in 1973. Up to that point everyone either had to display their wares in small vending stands or spread them out in the open air. The new building must have been an improvement.

TOP TEN TIPS FOR MARKET BARTERING

10. Never drool on the item you wish to purchase.
9. Take plenty of small bills and lots of change.
8. Ask how much, then offer one-third.
7. Estimate how much you can afford to spend, then take half that amount with you.
6. Teach your comp to pretend you have somewhere else to go.
5. Teach your comp when to shake his head.
4. Teach your comp when to laugh.
3. Teach your comp to play “Good Cop, Bad Cop.”
2. Scout several vendors before you really become interested.
1. Just Say No.

A LITTLE LIGHT IN A DARK TUNNEL

Our room had no windows. Typical of the construction was the fact there was no insulation in the walls. Did I mention it was cold? We would snuggle down into our beds piling all the blankets we could find on top of us. I would curl up in a ball using expelled CO₂ in a futile attempt to warm up a space under the cold sheets. When all the oxygen was gone I would stick my nose out from under the mountain of blankets in an effort to maintain life as we knew it. By the time the bed was sufficiently warm it was time to get up and go to work. Even though it was an ordeal, I never slept better than while serving up in the mountains. I enjoyed the cold and the dark.

RENAISSANCE MEN

The “cold and dark” we had been getting from the people was beginning to warm and lighten up a bit. We finally had one family somewhat interested. When the members began bringing some investigators to church we knew things would soon be happening. It was indeed a welcome light at the end of a very dark tunnel.

REFRIED DREAMS AND OTHER PASTY PALATES

The food prepared for us at the pension was genuinely awful. We were regularly served refried black beans. I had heard of situations where some of the maids kept a perpetual pot of boiling beans eternally cooking on the stove. The maids would dip out what was needed, then

add an equal amount of virgin frijoles to the frothy fray. That’s where the biblical account of “eternal burnings without being consumed” really came from. We couldn’t prove that was happening in our situation, we only knew the pasty texture was also suitable for making custom Indian pottery if left for long periods of time in the afternoon sun.

Dodge became disgusted when the nauseous nutriment refused to come off his spoon onto the plate. After shaking it several times it was obvious the clinging comestible was determined not to go down without a fight. Dodge was just as determined to get it off his spoon. With considerable effort he flipped it toward the ceiling, liberating the poor defensible spoon from the refried demon. The mass flew upward finding a new home on the ceiling above the table. Just then the maid came in and went about her business of serving without noticing the ghastly gob of grub grasping for a greater grip. None of us said a word as she busied herself around the table. Every time she turned her back we would glance upward to see if all was well in Zion or if manna would soon be falling from heaven once again. As she left the room we all burst into laughter. We had greatly misjudged the ability of refried beans to defy gravity, that is of course unless it happens to be eaten. The gravity of what it causes after consumption is serious business indeed.

INVESTIGATOR LIST

- ▶ Timoteo Ramos: Gave him a copy of the Book of Mormon. Gave him several lessons.
- ▶ Bautista Family: Spirit during the lessons was always strong (The only people we ever taught who owned their own automobile). Got baptized after I left.
- ▶ Onolfe de Paz: Gave him a lesson or two.
- ▶ Alejandro deLeon: Dodge gave the entire lesson.
- ▶ Esau Orozco: Invited the missionaries from another religion over for a scripture bash.
- ▶ Rosalino Fuentes. Didn’t get baptized until after I left.
- ▶ Julio Perez Orozco, Planned on baptizing him on March 3.

TOP TEN NOVEMBER REMEMBERISMS

10. Rigby arguing with the dona because her kids stole some things out of his room.
9. Dodge and I competing to see who would get the most callbacks while tracting.
8. Choir practice. Do five people constitute enough for a choir?
7. Buying a Thanksgiving turkey.
6. Making friends with the Thanksgiving turkey.
5. Taking pictures of the Thanksgiving turkey.
4. Eating second helpings of the Thanksgiving turkey (he wasn't that good of a friend).
3. Working street displays on Thanksgiving Day.
2. Nebraska was defeated by Oklahoma in one of the bowl games.
1. Chess anyone?

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1972

Dodge's mom sent some homemade jam that actually made it through customs. It was delicious. We decided to have a real fireside so we went out into the woods but did not bring any kindling. Try as we would we could not get a fire started, so we came back home. Dodge and Martinez called it a day but Rigby and I were determined to have a fire so we went out behind the house and got one going. I played my guitar, we sang some songs and shot the bull until 11:00 pm. Funny how seniors could stay up later and talk longer.

It was fun just watching the coals while swapping stories and wondering what the future would bring. High above the constellation Orion seemed to out-shine all the rest, holding his sword high and tightening his belt for battles yet to come. It was, indeed, a metaphor for our adventures in time.

**CEBADA PASADA OR DREGS OF A BITTER CUP**

We were in a member's house when we were offered a drink called cebada. The family smiled with delight as I began to drink the dregs of that bitter cup. As they asked me how I liked it I found myself on the sharp horns of a dilemma. In my temple recommend interview I agreed to be honest in all my dealings. I was firm in my conviction. The decision had already been made. So what did I do? I choked, in more ways than one. I told them I loved it and that it was great, and that I couldn't drink any more because I just filled myself up on black pasty refried beans that I scraped off the kitchen ceiling back at the house. Well, that's not exactly what I said, but it makes a good story.

ONE BOMBED BARBER

We gave a lesson to the barber on 5th Avenue. I would describe the lesson as being filled with "spirits" because the guy was so bombed he looked like post WWII Berlin. When most people got drunk they were either passive pansies or just plain mean drunks. The pansies were easier to deal with because they would agree to anything. I wondered what kind of barber he was. We saw a few people from time to time who we figured were probably his customers. He certainly left his mark on the citizenry.

BAPTISM INTERVIEWS

Rigby had an unbaptized 8-year-old member ready for a baptismal interview. We called such individuals "candies" because they were sweet indeed. The problem was that a district leader was required to do the interview for another DL (district leader) and the nearest one was in Xela. Because I was the most senior of the seniors available, I was called to do the honors. I remember thinking, "Who am I to determine if someone should get baptized? My job is to get them ready, not make the final decision." I never did get used to interviewing, even when I later became a DL myself. Go figure.

SMALL WINS

We celebrated after teaching eight lessons in one week. That was a record for us. It was nowhere near the 25 Williams and I got back in Escuintla, but considering what we had to work with it seemed like a million. Strange how we could be so excited about getting eight lessons in one week when we had no baptisms scheduled for the month. Oh

well, some seeds fall on rocky ground.

THE PAIN OF A SPRAIN IS MAINLY INSANE

Dodge, Rigby and I had worked up an act for the branch talent show in San Marcos. It was indeed one of the most pathetic magic acts the natives had ever seen. We thought it would be hilarious. I suppose everyone has their definition of what “hilarious” is.

We took turns doing such things as putting a handkerchief over our fingers, pulling it off and making it look like they had disappeared. We would then show all our fingers, put them behind our backs, then show how they had suddenly become interlocked. It was intended to be a spoof on magic, but ended up being more of a spoof on us. All the time we were singing “Da-da DAT-da, dah da-dat DAH” (typical lounge lizard music accompanying most magicians).

On the way to the chapel I stepped off the sidewalk onto the cobblestone street and crashed to the ground. My ankle was severely sprained and we were 15 minutes away from performing. Dodge and Rigby both told me to keep walking on it so that it would not get worse. I couldn’t imagine it could feel any worse. But the show must go on, so I put on my best face and we did the show. The members were amused but thought we had lost our minds entirely. Funny how people become fascinated when they think someone else has completely flipped out.

Rigby, Dodge and Martinez helped me limp home. My ankle was already swelling to olympic proportions. Rigby and Dodge were telling me what to do to make it better. I told them they had helped me enough already.

If I stayed motionless in bed on my back it felt tolerable. Whenever I moved the pain was intolerable. In the middle of the night I awoke from the sound of nature’s call. Another dilemma. I had three possible options: 1) endure the pain and make it to the rest room; 2) stay there and wet the bed, or; 3) make a catheter out of Dodge’s headphones. Let’s just say I almost made it to the rest room and we’ll leave it at that.

RIGBY OUT, CHENEY IN

Thursday, November 29, 1972

Companions and radial tires work best when regularly rotated. Rigby had been my DL but I truly considered him one of my companions. He was off to Xela Branch 3 and would be replaced by Joe Cheney from Boise,



Idaho. It was hard to see Rigby go but friends in the gospel never say “goodbye,” rather “see you later.” The proof has been in the fact that after 25 years I could call both Rigby and Cheney on the phone and pick up right where we left off a quarter of a century earlier. Extraordinary ties were forged in truly extraordinary times.

THE NEW DL DEAL

My swollen ankle hurt so badly I had to be carried to the breakfast table for my morning portion of black refried beans. Did I mention the beans? Then I hobbled out to catch a taxi for San Pedro to do the usual market day street display. Feeling brave we asked the crowd if they had any questions. Sometimes that didn’t go well.

BADGERING THE BAGGERS

Rigby had a way of poking fun at “baggie” elders, and by that I mean those who were riding their bags and thinking of home. He would extend his arms like he was an air plane, lean forward, stand on one foot as if he were flying and ask, “What’s on your mind, Elder?” His compassion was so touching, but with his perennial smile he could get away with it.

ENTER JOE COOL

We picked up Elder Joseph Cheney from Eagle, Idaho, which is near Boise. I first met him back when the Familia Unida tour went to Antigua where he was branch president. He was BP twice and spent more time in that position than any other missionary I was aware of.

A DEVIL OF A TIME

During this time of year there was a strange custom of dressing up like devils and scaring people as they walked by. I never was sure why they did that but it seemed to be quite the craze. They would jump out from behind things, grabbing, yelling, and jabbing people with pitch forks, much like what goes on in church basketball.

JEHOVAH WITNESSES

We were at the chapel in San Pedro when the gringo TJ's (Testigos de Jeovah, or Jehovah Witnesses) came by selling Atalyas (Watchtower magazines). They thought the church was a school. If they only knew.

ENJOY YOUR TRIP? COME AGAIN NEXT FALL

The Bermuda Triangle was centrally located on that same street where I had sprained my ankle. Walking along in the dark I was thinking about what had happened when I tripped across an open manhole and crashed again. We continued on and gave a lesson at Hortelinda DeLeon's house to about 20 people when I went over to talk to Dodge and fell over one of the benches. Can you spell "klutz?" Once again I needed a "Seeing Eye Dodge."

TEMPLE TRIP

A few of the members in the ward would save all the money they could for a single trip once a year to the nearest temple in Arizona. They would often sell their own furniture or whatever they might have for the privilege of spending a few sessions in the Lord's house. Imagine getting on one of those chicken buses in Guatemala and bouncing along for approximately 1700 miles over the course of three days to even get there. Talk about sacrifice. The spirit they added to the branch was unbelievable. A non-member friend of the DeLeon's was over to their house and happened to see some underwear they had never seen. He was very excited about the design and wanted to know how he could get a pair. He was told they were not easy to get. What an understatement.



PRIMARY COLORS

All the primary teachers had gone to Momostenango for an MIA convention on Saturday, December 9, so that left us without any primary teachers in the entire branch. Only in the mission field could you find two young men from the Pacific Northwest conducting an entire church primary. The kids were so loving and trusting. They did not seem to even care we had no idea what we were doing, but somehow that had never stopped us before.

QUOTABLE QUOTE

Branch President: "You guys have not been over to visit that investigator all week."

Elder Shirley: "Sorry President, we promise we will, just as soon as he sobers up."

GOSSIP GOBLINS

We had a district family home evening out back by the fireplace. The lesson was on gossiping and the evils that go with it. We talked about gossiping so much that we began gossiping about people who gossip. I have never heard anyone admit to gossiping, but I have heard many say they never do. Far be it from me to gossip about people who gossip. Much like I am doing right now.

ZONE CONFERENCE

We missed the bus for zone conference in Xela so we had to take a taxi. President Glade and Brother Arnold spoke. I kept notes on everything, especially the part about gossiping, it might come in handy someday.

MORMON STANDARD TIME

People keep telling me time is going faster and faster because the Lord is hastening the time just before the Second Coming. If that is true, then the vast majority of the church will show up even later for the Millennium than they do now for church. Many of our meetings started as much as an hour late, but most didn't start that soon.

GOLDEN CONTACT vs. GOLDEN CONTRACT

We tracted out a guy who seemed very sincere. He was extremely receptive and accepted everything we said. We couldn't believe it when

he agreed to pray, after which he surprised us by asking for some money. Go figure.

HURRICANE ARRASA

Early in the hours of Saturday, December 16, 1972, the wind began blowing like I had never heard before. It increased in intensity until we could not sleep from the noise. The wind peeled off many of the roof tiles and started tugging at the layer of tin below. The roaring wind sounded like a passing freight train. Everywhere the wind could find a crack or hole would create whistling sounds. The air felt heavy and oppressive.

Hurricane Arrasa hit Happy Valley with a direct blow. Being young and naive we did not know it was that serious. We did not know a hurricane would be a possibility above 7,000 feet elevation. Boy, were we wrong.

The power was out, the streets deserted except for clouds of blowing dirt and debris. We decided to try and make it to the construction site to see if the chapel was still standing. We stepped out the door and huddled in the doorway. Pieces of tin were flying down the street like liberated saw blades. Only fools would be out in a storm like that, so because we were the only fools around, naturally we were in the middle of it.

We worked ourselves down the street struggling from doorway to doorway against the fierce blast. We had to shout into each other's ears trying to make plans on how to make it to the next doorway or alley. I fully expected to see the Wicked Witch of the West come flying by followed by a spinning farmhouse. The challenge was exhilarating, the stupidity of being outside immense. Oh, the exuberance of youth.

We found the construction site still in one piece, so we decided to give it up and make it back home before things got worse. The entire city was dark, even though it was the middle of the day. The house was even darker. The only light we had was from candles. It was unusually cold so we tried to warm ourselves by candlelight.

In spite of the storm Dodge and I managed to make it over to Sr. Gomez' house to give a lesson. The family lived in such poverty it broke our hearts. Such total destitution was beyond much I had seen before. In spite of the humble conditions we were welcomed in from the storm and treated like kings. We knew they were without food so Dodge and I pretended we found some money under his chair. Now, how did that get there?

We left his humble abode and stepped out into the deserted streets. It was like a scene from a movie when everyone is suddenly abducted by aliens. It was indeed an eerie feeling as we fought our way back home down the wind-blown cobblestone streets, fighting the relentless wind and watching for dangerous things blown our way. I had never been in a wind so strong and noise that I had to shout into the ear of another person in order to hear. Unbelievable.

We played more chess as we huddled around the candles trying to get warm. The entire house seemed to groan with eerie sounds as the wind pushed against the walls. We tried to distract ourselves with a game of chess. For the first time in a long time I won, which frosted Dodge but warmed my heart. It was another long night of banging, crashing and moaning, and that was only from Cheney and Dodge. The storm outside was even worse.

The following dawn revealed what looked like a war zone. Two people had been killed by the storm in San Marcos. Broken roof tiles, tin and assorted building materials were strewn everywhere. A brick wall in the neighborhood had been leveled. Shattered business signs littered the streets. Similar damage had occurred in Quezaltenango. We felt fortunate to have been spared. Being older and wiser I told the rest of the guys that "this will be the last rainstorm of the season." Ironically, it really did turn out to be the last one. See, I was right.

INQUIRING MINDS

The following day, Sunday, December 17, we got a telegram from the zone leaders in Xela wanting to know if we had survived through the night. Now let's see, what would be a good message? "Carried away by hurricane, stop. People here are really small, stop. Opening branch here in Oz, stop. Love, Dorothy."

AFTER THE STORM

After Sunday School we set up for a street display in the market. We invited a guy to Sacrament Meeting and he actually came. I don't know what he must have thought when we had to use an accordion for music because there was no electricity. It was difficult that night trying to make our way around San Pedro without any lights anywhere. Strange how resilient those people were. In the middle of all those difficulties a mariachi band was busy playing in the park. Some people create their

own weather.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY

After supper Dodge and I were walking down one of the dark streets of San Pedro when we saw two drunks who had obviously been in a fight and were both lying bloodied in the street. As we passed them Dodge recognized one of them as our Sunday School President. Unbelievable. We picked him up from his cobblestone cushion and carried him back to Tonola', chewing him out all the way home.

He, his wife and two children lived in a one-room apartment connected to several others. The room had two pieces of furniture: A weaving loom by which he eked out a meager existence, and a bed in which all the family slept. They were among the fortunate for they had a concrete floor. There was a communal area outside with running water from a faucet for cleaning and 55-gallon drums for use as ovens for cooking. Restroom accommodations were shared by all the families in the meson'. I often thought the only reason they could possibly be so happy all the time was because they had never seen any other life to compare. We seemed much more concerned about their destitution than they.

Throughout history, those with the fewest reasons to be optimistic were those who taught us the most about what happiness is:

"Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow" - Helen Keller.

"Whoever is happy will make others happy too" - Anne Frank.

"Buenos dias, Elderes. Que Dios les bendiga" (Good day, Elders, may God bless you) - San Pedro membership.

I WAS IN JAIL AND YE VISITED ME.

We had taken our drunken and disorderly member to his house and told him not to leave until we returned the next morning. When we arrived he had already left. We next found our Sunday school president in a one-room cell with several other inmates. He had been arrested for drinking again. There were no bathroom facilities, only a hole in the floor in one corner of a very small cell. There was no furniture whatsoever, not even any beds, and there were at least a half-dozen men in the cell. We were allowed to visit with him through the bars. We inquired as to his

health. He said he was hungry and had not eaten for some time. Neither had any of the prisoners because when someone was thrown in jail in San Pedro, either your family brought food or you did not eat. Most went without.

Dodge and I went to the market to do a little shopping for the inmates.



We bought fruit of all kinds as well as anything else we thought they might like and had it all sacked up. We purchased a couple of sacks full of produce for less than one dollar gold, then returned to the jail and passed the food through the bars. They grabbed at the food like starving animals. The memories of

seeing those men crowded into that single cell are still painful to recall. That's all I want to say about that.

MOON OVER SAN PEDRO

We had just finished a very spiritual lesson with the Bautista family, you know, one of those lessons where feelings seem almost tangible. The spirit was unusually strong. When we left, the full December moon was so bright we could see our shadows trailing behind. The feeling you get before Christmas was beginning to settle on our little town. Experiencing lessons like that was a most precious gift, the only kind you could possibly want for Christmas.

PINE TREE PROHIBITION

The government had prohibited the cutting of pine trees so we had a dilemma of what to do for Christmas. Fortunately we found one that had been uprooted from the hurricane so we brought it home and decorated it with what little we had. The hurricane had taken away much, but it had brought us a gift we might have not received otherwise. The storm did, indeed, have a silver-tinsel lining after all.

QUAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

On, Saturday, December 23, at 12:30 in the morning, an earthquake struck Managua, Nicaragua. It was reported 89% of the city was destroyed and that thousands were dead. Official accounts later reported

approximately 5,000 killed. I was amazed at the reaction of our branch as well as the city in general. Up to this point I had only viewed the Latin people as being intensely nationalistic and exclusively loyal to their own country. I had greatly misjudged their capacity for love. When the tremendous destruction hit one of their neighboring nations the borders seemed to dissolve. I witnessed a sense of international brotherhood I had not seen before. It seemed they viewed themselves as a family of nations rather than isolated sovereign powers. People who had nothing themselves willingly donated to relief efforts in Managua. Prayers were offered in their behalf, not only in private but in public as well. I discovered the love Latin people have for one another knows no limits. From experiences like these I learned more of what genuine Christian concern is composed of.

SANTA DODGE

Did I mention Elder Dodge weighed in at somewhat above his previous fighting weight of 191 lbs.? He agreed to play the part of Santa for some activities in the branch, so we went to work having a special red and white suit made just for him. To get some pointers we watched another Santa doing his thing in the town hall. Dodge took notes on everything he said and did. Dodge was good at doing his homework. He debuted at the branch party and was a great success. The kids loved him.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1972

Cheney and I had made a deal with a guy to rent a horse and small wagon big enough to carry Dodge dressed as Santa. We had planned the activities for several weeks. First we met a group of members at the radio station and arranged to sing some Christmas songs over live radio. We had a great time.

Then it was time for Santa Dodge to do his thing. We loaded him in the wagon and started down the dark cobblestone streets in the cool winter night. One person led the horse along as the rest of the branch followed behind singing Christmas carols. Dodge was amazing, shouting “Ho Ho Ho” to everyone as our little parade passed by. We went down to San Pedro and past the Catholic Church. A group of nuns came out to see what was happening. Dodge waved to them, shouted and threw a whole handful of candy their way. In the dark they could not see the incoming missiles until they began landing, which frightened them,

scattering sisters in all directions. I’ve never seen anyone destroy so many “habits” at one time in my life.

We then went by the police station and gave them much the same treatment. One officer was a little on the chubby side. Dodge shouted and called him “Gordito,” then showered him with candy. He laughed in good humor and waved back.

Our next stop was to the hospital where Santa visited with some of the patients, then we sang some songs for them. It was a Christmas Eve I have never forgotten, one for the books.

CHRISTMAS CABALLEROS

We rented some horses and went for a ride up to La Castalia. Elder Martinez did not want to go but we convinced him and dragged him along. The flu was settling in on me and after ten kilometers and two-and-a-half hours later I was in bad shape. We found some natural hot springs and took a steam bath. We found a beautiful little waterfall. Cheney waded out into the middle and took a shower. On the way home we took some wrong turns but finally made it back. The owner of the horses tried to over charge us but we didn’t go for it.

Turkey dinner was waiting for us when we got home but I couldn’t eat a thing. Cheney and Dodge gave me a blessing, the first time in my life I had been anointed and blessed. Needless to say it was not the last.

TOP TEN NOTICIAS DE NAVIDAD, OR CHRISTMAS NEWS

10. Cheney and Shirley sick with the flu.
9. Managua evacuated due to sickness from decaying bodies.
8. Harry S. Truman died on December 26.
7. Weather: Extremely cold.
6. I finally beat Dodge in a game of chess.
5. Sunday School President jailed again for drunk and disorderly conduct.
4. No members nor missionaries hurt in the Managua earthquake.
3. Finished tracting out the entire city of San Pedro as well as the 16 blocks in Colonia Tonola’.
2. Another earthquake, this time in Panama.
1. Three volcanos in Guatemala increase in activity.

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

With our Sunday School president in jail once again we went to pay him a visit. We took him some more food and this time we brought him some light reading: A copy of the Book of Mormon. What better way to spend his discretionary time.

Things got more serious for him later. He was transferred from the jail in San Pedro to the prison in San Marcos. Visiting him was like entering a human warehouse with people stacked everywhere like so much discarded refuse. In addition to individual cells there was a large courtyard filled to capacity with captive souls. A depressing feeling filled the night air. In the darkness men were sitting around, many in small groups, talking in subdued tones. I recall feeling like I truly was in Hell. It was unsettling to leave someone we knew and loved in such a filthy and degraded state of existence. It was truly disturbing to see people living in such a deplorable situation.

PROPHETS OF DOOM

Needless to say with the news of the increased activity in volcanic action, earthquakes in Panama, aftershocks in Managua, the doom-sayers were out in full force. The major topic at church was the closeness of the last days. It seems to me the trick is not to wait for the signs of the times to get prepared, rather prepare daily by showing signs worthy of time.

There was only one way to calm all the talk about doom and gloom being discussed at MIA: Get out my guitar and sing! It worked every time.

CROSSING ON OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE



Mundy sent us an invitation to cross Lake Atitlan' and visit the little town of Santiago Atitlan'. He said he had obtained permission from President Glade. I did not question it because I was so anxious to go. Besides, when did Mundy ever stretch the truth?

We spent the last day of the year traveling from San Pedro to Xela, then took a TICA to Los Encuentros (TICA was an acronym for "Transportation Is Certainly Annoying"). We then hitched the rest of the way to Solola'. The trip was not pleasant to say the least. Dodge and Nolte quickly got lost in a rather intense game of chess (I had created a monster) while Mundy and I jammed on our guitars.

MUNDY'S MANSION

Compared to what Mundy and Nolte (photo right) were living in we felt like kings. We didn't say anything but sure felt fortunate to have our own familiar squalor. I guess everyone prefers their own poison. We slept on the hard floor and when we visited the "Palace of Necessity" we found the only available paperwork was a glossy covered catalog. It was totally ineffective but made you think you were actually accomplishing something.



THE WATERS OF MORMON

Whether or not it was true, everyone chose to believe Lake Atitlan' was where Alma and his little band hid out when hiding from Wicked King Noah. Imagine growing up with the name "Wicked King Noah." No wonder he went bad. They should have named him "Benevolent King Noah." History may have been a little different.

The waters of Lake Atitlan' fill a collapsed caldera formed a few million years ago (give or take a few thousand). The surface of the lake is at an elevation of 11,595 feet. On the south shore of the lake is Volcan' Toliman' with Volcan' Atitlan' three miles behind it. On the western shore was Volcan' San Pedro, only six miles away from the other two. All three volcanos developed after the original caldera collapsed. The lake was about 12-13 miles wide from east to west. The trip across the lake would be another 13 miles to the south to the town of Santiago Atitlan' snuggled in between the three volcanos.

SANTIAGO ATITLAN'*Monday, January 1, 1973*

After breakfast we went down to Panajachel and boarded a rather large cabin cruiser. We headed south across the lake toward the little town of Santiago Atitlan'. We got off the boat and wandered around the city. Everyone there was extremely short in stature, that is of course except for Elder Nolte. He was somewhere around 6'6" and sure made people stare.

The women were all dressed the same wearing huipiles (Indian skirts) of purple woven cloth or typical tela. They wore long straps of cloth called a cinta (belt) that was wound around their heads in the shape of a disc to keep their hair in place as well as the sun out of their eyes.

It was like stepping back in time a few hundred or perhaps a few thousand years or so. The sidewalks were made out of blocks of stone rather than cement. All the women wore long skirts clear to the ankles. They were very suspicious about taking pictures. They believed a picture took part of their soul, so they would say, "Peech, fie cent" (Picture, five cents).

From the dock the view of Volcan' San Pedro was most impressive. It seemed so close you could almost reach out and touch it. I was amazed at how far up the sides of the volcano people attempted to raise crops.

All the men wore the same type of short pants called calzoncillos, which were white in color and came to just below the knees. They wore shirts of varying colors and straw cowboy hats. Ironically no one had short-sleeved shirts, rather short-legged pants, which were designed primarily to accommodate their fishing, boating, and other activities around the lake.



Down by the dock there were large boulders instead of anything that resembled a sandy beach. A group of women were doing their laundry in the lake as well as bathing and washing their hair. Complete modesty was maintained as bathing was done in full typical dress (kind of like a combination laundry-bubble bath).

All too soon it was time to sail back north across the lake to Solola', hitch a ride back to San Pedro, hit a flick and hit the sack as well. What a day.

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

I found it interesting that missionaries would count the number of baptisms "they" got. Most often convert baptisms resulted from mixing group ingredients from scratch rather than using an instant no-bake recipe off the shelf. How could anyone claim "they" got any baptisms at all?

We found out a family we had worked with got baptized back in San Vicente. They saw the Familia Unida show and signed a referral but gave the wrong address and the elders could not find them. When Mundy and I were assigned there we ran into them again. One Sunday morning the wife stopped me in the street and wanted to know when we were coming. I asked if she had signed a card and she said yes. I then told her we would be coming by shortly. A few days later she stopped me again wanting to know when we were coming. We again tried to find the address but were unable to locate the house. While tracting, Mundy and I accidentally found the father when he was visiting a friend in our area. We told Martinson about it but once again the man had given the wrong address.

We often saw the father in the street. He would sneak up behind us and try to listen to us speaking English. He kept insisting we look him up, so one night we went looking for him on the wrong side of town. We saw a place with the door open and looked inside, then went on. Suddenly we were called back and I had a funny feeling that we were supposed to be there. What a surprise to find the lady who had stopped me twice in the street who was married to the guy who kept wanting us to come by and talk. After we left the area the entire family except for the father was baptized. He was only interested in the Familia Unida and learning English, neither of which had the power to bring him back to his Father in Heaven. We could only hope that someday, somehow, he

would partake of the fruit most precious for the right reasons.

TOP TEN SIGNS

YOU ARE SERVING A MISSION IN GUATEMALA

10. You enjoy listening to “The Spoken Word” in Spanish.
9. Eight of every ten scheduled lessons are “no shows.”
8. Church meetings tend to start much later than scheduled.
7. Walking out of a movie that is unacceptable.
6. You consider an attendance of 17 people at church an improvement.
5. You get to swing a stick at a pinata while blindfolded at a birthday party.
4. You get to hit your companion with a stick while swinging at a pinata at a birthday party.
3. You try to defend yourself from an angry companion with a stick when you missed the pinata at a birthday party.
2. You are no longer surprised to see women dancing together at a fiesta.
1. You are no longer surprised when you dream in Spanish.

NO BUTTS ABOUT IT

We went to visit one of the members only to find him not only drunk, but smoking as well. I chewed him out then took his cigarettes and crushed them on the floor with my foot. I told him the same thing would happen to him if he did not quit smoking. It was probably all in vain, for the only thing he knew when he sobered up was that the missionaries had stolen his stogies.

VOLCAN TAJUMULCO



The highest mountain in Central America rises 13,845 feet above sea level. It was about 10 miles to the northwest of San Marcos. Mission rumor was that on a clear day you could see the sun rise off one ocean and set on another. It was composed mostly of cinder and shale all the

way up so you would take one step up and slide back down two, at least those were the rumors and like I said, I believed every rumor I heard. Consequently I had no desire to climb Tajumulco, mostly because of the effect it had on other missionaries i.e., Cheney, Dodge, Martinez.

Because we were so close to the volcano other missionaries would come and mooch off us on their paseos (day trips). They stayed overnight with us then left early in the morning wondering why we were still in bed. They returned later that day tired, sore, exhausted and hungry. They attacked our dinner table eating everything in sight, then invaded our hot showers. We left to see a flick while they collapsed on our beds. It usually took a few days to recover from a paseo up Tajumulco. I often wondered if it

was worth it. I have heard from others that it was. We decided that we would take their word for it and not have to worry about having the health to keep working. This is not a judgment on the others who went, it was just a group judgment we made together, and it worked for us.

DL DYNAMOS

The word on the street was that President Glade had told the district leaders that they had been called to that position because they were “the best missionaries in the mission.” I think that may have been a quote

out of context. In my opinion, each of us were “the best” at doing what we did: Case closed. We weren’t much, but we were all the Lord had to work with. Again, rumors and gossip were best unexpressed.

ON THE MOVE

Dodge had been buying mananeras and capas (typical Indian shawls) to send home because he was anticipating a move out. He did indeed get a move but it was not “out.” His transfer was from San Pedro to San Marcos, which meant he would be moving about 20 feet down the hall to Cheney’s room. As far as I knew, he now held the record for the shortest missionary move, or transfer, in the entire mission. Martinez was off to Coatepeque.

My new companion was Elder Cameron Val Steed, 301 Pershing Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada. He was coming to San Pedro from Escuintla and I was his second companion. Funny how you can



work with someone for only thirty days and still be good friends 25 years later. He and his wife and family stopped by to see me the summer of 1996. It was as if no time at all had passed. I wonder how that works.

THE LEAGUE OF THE LIGHT MINDED

If Steed thought he was coming to work with a group of serious minded nose-to-the-grindstone work-aholics, he was sadly mistaken. When it was time to work, we worked. When it was time to play, we had a ball. However, whether we were working or playing, we always tried to find a way to have some fun.

Cheney was no help at all if anyone wanted to be serious all the time. We went down to work the street display in the market. While I was teaching in front of about 30 people, he was standing behind the display blowing down my neck through one of the hinges of the street display. I just kept talking in spite of the giggling emerging from behind the display. He kept it up until I raised my hand to point at a picture and purposely hit the display with my elbow which in turn hit him in the mouth. It gave a whole new meaning to “Get thee behind me!”

Someone must have put a nickel in Cheney that day because when it was his turn to speak he started giggling and couldn't quit. A couple of times he forgot what he was supposed to say. Dodge, Steed and I pretended we didn't know who he was and that we had never seen him before. I think the white shirts and pale skin color gave us away.

DODGING A DRUNK

While we were giving the street display a drunk started giving us a bad time. The most qualified bouncer we had was Dodge, so I asked him to see if he could ditch the guy. He made friends and asked the guy to follow him, then walked back and forth in front of the police station. The guy just kept following him like a loyal puppy dog. Finally a policeman came out and stood in the doorway. Dodge walked by very slowly until the long arm of the law reached out and touched the unruly drunk. Score: Dodge 1, Drunk 0.

DODGE SALES AND SERVICE

Dodge had a great sense of humor. When he was a greenie he lived in the back of a small store front. A guy came in when there was no one to wait on him so he went up to Dodge and said, “Hay hielo?” (or do

you have any ice?, pronounced much like “Yellow”). Dodge's Spanish was still in the beginning stages. He thought, “Hielo? Hielo? Oh, Yellow, he wants something yellow.” He went over and picked up a banana and said, “Banana? Banana yellow.” The guy looked at him and said more distinctly, “No, h-i-e-l-o!” Dodge picked up a lemon, “Limon' yellow.” The guy shook his head and left.

I've never seen yellow ice before, but being from Idaho I have had some experience with yellow snow.

TESTIMONY TROUBLES

When we went to our usual weekly flick (movie) Cheney was late. When he and his comp got there he was visibly upset. We talked all through the movie about what was bothering him. He had just returned from giving a lesson to a family. At the end of the lesson the father became visibly upset. The father suddenly stood up and started yelling and said, “I testify to you in the name of Christ that you are mistaken, you have been deceived, that Joseph Smith was not a prophet and that the Mormon church is false!” It was the closest thing to an “anti-testimony” that I had ever heard. Cheney handled it very well, kept his poise and quietly left his testimony firmly in place.

We thought about returning and dusting off our feet but figured that would not be the thing to do without clearing it on up the proper channels. We decided that Cheney had done his job, and that we would leave it in the Lord's hands. There was too much work to do with the one's who were interested.

FULL-CONTACT CONTACTS

We went down to one of the local soccer fields for a little D-Day American football diversion. My head might not have been in the game but my face was. I took a direct hit which sent my contact lens flying somewhere in the grass. We systematically combed each and every inch of a rather wide area with no luck. After a very sincere prayer we searched again with absolutely no luck. After all, what were the chances of finding a tiny lens in a field of grass?

It was finally time to leave. I spotted a group of kids playing soccer nearby so I called them over. I took out my other lens and showed them what it looked like. I told them that if they could find it I would give them \$5.00 gold. They started looking and we turned to walk away. We

hadn't gone ten yards when we heard some shouting. They came running over with the lost lens in hand. We couldn't believe it. I pulled out the five Quetzales and gladly paid them. Both groups rejoiced with their own individual miracles. How do you find a contact lens in a field of grass? Simply add sincere prayer and be sure to have five dollars in your pocket.

PAPER CHASE

It was common in the mission to get requests from other missionaries in cities far away to get birth certificates or other documents so that investigators could get baptized. Dodge was more than ready to be a senior, so Cheney and I sent him and Steed to El Tumbador to get a "constancia" so that a lady in Guate City could get baptized. Every chance we got we let our juniors do the work. It was our job to prepare others to take our places. It was also something they wanted to do, and it was much easier for Cheney and I to let them go ahead. We didn't complain.

SENORES DE TOTONICAPAN'

Most every missionary I knew that worked in the mountains had a copy of the book "Senores de Totonicapan'. It was about the Mayan legends of the Cachiquel concerning the visit of a "Great White God" who visited the people and taught them a higher way of life. Now, where have I read something like that before?

MOBILIZING THE MEMBERS

We talked some of the members into helping us put on some street displays at both San Marcos and San Pedro. We printed up some little pamphlets to hand out to people, then headed for the park. We got out my guitar and sang some hymns, then spoke to the people as they passed by. Some of the members were a little uneasy about the whole thing, after all, they had to live there the rest of their lives. Some were much less inhibited, even volunteered to speak. The enthusiasm spread and soon many of the members were talking to people and handing out pamphlets.

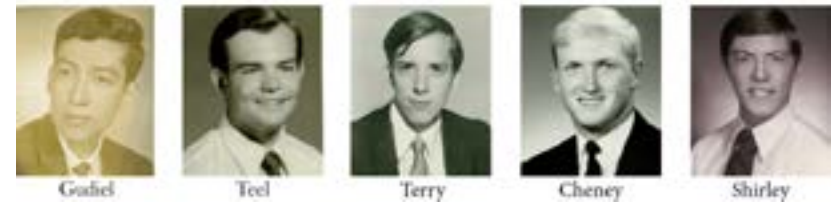
One of the most memorable moments was a member girl teaching her own people about the Book of Mormon in the middle of the San Pedro market. It was one thing to do it yourself, and quite another to see someone in the branch doing it themselves. Her quiet confidence and fearless testimony was indeed one of the most peaceful displays of

power I have ever seen. It was not a "gringo" gospel being preached. The spirit with which the members taught was most gratifying. What a privilege to have even been there, to have been a small part, to have shared those special feelings.

DISTRICT LEADER CONFERENCE

January 23-24, 1973

No, I was definitely not a district leader, but I had been invited to the big district leader conference to make a presentation about street displays.



I think I had gained more of a reputation than what I was worthy of. I had not been back to Guate City since November of the previous year and it was good to see some of my old buddies. We stayed with Gudiel and Kulbeth sleeping on straw mats on the floor. Not much fun.

The conference was held in the mission home in the front room of the President's home. President Glade and his assistants Teel and Terry sat with him on the couch. I felt very uncomfortable due to the fact I was not a district leader. I was much more at home beating the streets and knocking on doors. I was out of my comfort zone.

We had a little clinic on street displays, then divided up into working groups to actually go into the city for a hands-on workshop. Things went rather well. Cheney and I had a great time, at least this time he was not blowing down my neck from behind the display. It was also great to be working with Teel again. We returned to the mission home with a large number of references from the displays. We stayed overnight with Benion and the boys in El Milagro and had a great time visiting and catching up on the latest news.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE PEDESTRIAN KIND

There were too many of us to fit on the sidewalk so some of us were walking along the side of the street. I was one of the few who were walking along the street. We were going to get something to eat after the conference. Suddenly, as if precisely choreographed, we all stepped

to the left up on the sidewalk just as a car came from behind narrowly missing us. It seemed the driver swerved at us trying to scare us out of the way. Cheney saw the car out of the corner of his eye and bashed the top of the car with his umbrella as it went by. It didn't hurt the car any and didn't do his umbrella any favors, but made all of us feel much better. Why we all stepped up on the curb at the same time just before a car came from behind should not be a mystery. Coincidence? You be the judge.

COMFORT ZONE

The spirit at the conference was great, the testimony meeting was moving, but I was much more comfortable when it was over and I was back in my comfort zone of mountain air, cobblestone streets, and San Pedro natives. What a relief.

CONSTRUCTION INDUCTION

Back in San Pedro/San Marcos, Elders Hegerhorst, Kleinman, Johnson, Hansen, Weaver and Martinez arrived to help us with a “small” project. The goal was to mix and pour the roof of the San Marcos chapel all in one piece. The cement blocks we had dried in the sun had been formed into walls by the construction crew. Wooden forms were built with interlaced reinforced rebar securely wired and placed inside. Outside the block walls were hollow wooden beams with additional rebar wired in place.



On the side of the chapel was a temporary ramp that went up at a rather steep angle to a height of about 10 feet connecting to a flat platform. The ramp then turned to the right at the same incline for another 10 feet until reaching the roof of the chapel. A wooden roof had been built to serve as the floor of the forms for the concrete. On top of that, rebar was interlaced and secured with wires. Small cement mixers

were placed at the bottom of the ramp. Piles of sand and bags of cement were stacked and ready to go. Wheelbarrows were lined up waiting for some strong hands.

Our job was to mix cement in the mixers and then pour the concrete into the wheelbarrow. We then would start running towards the ramp with the contents. Just as we would hit the bottom of the ramp someone would hook onto the front of the wheelbarrow with a piece of bent rebar and together we would struggle up to the half-way point, make a right turn, then puff the rest of the way onto the roof. We then would bounce the unsteady wheelbarrow over the rebar to where we were directed and tip out the contents.

The trip back down the ramp was the only time we had to rest because the entire roof had to be poured in one piece. We had to get into a rhythm because we had to pass those coming up the ramp so that we did not get in each other's way. The task was not easy but we had all been enlisted until the concrete was o'er. Happy were we. Happy?

BUILDING ZION

Friday, January 26, 1973

The Relief Society was at the construction site with plenty of food. It was an interesting project to say the least. Some missionaries naturally gravitated to the harder work, others accommodated themselves with the less strenuous task of shoveling cement and sand into the mixers. It seemed those who worked hardest at missionary work were also those who were not afraid of the demanding physical task of pushing cement up the ramp.

We called those who had the job of snagging the front of the wheelbarrows “hookers,” (it only seemed appropriate at the time and under those circumstances). As we worked we were reminded of the words “some must push and some must pull as we go marching up the hill.”

It seemed we were making no progress at all. After all the effort of struggling to the top of the ramp, it seemed as if we were hauling tons of concrete. When we poured it out it seemed as if there was nothing at all. Long after the wheelbarrow was empty we would still keep shaking it in hopes that there was somehow still more.

By 9:30 p.m. we had the main beams poured and some of the roof. Our faces were sunburned, lips parched and tennis shoes shredded from

repeated walking across the wired rebar. We were told we could finish the following day rather than work around the clock. The shower felt particularly good that night.

The cream always rises, and those with the strongest characters continued to set the pace the following day. Elders Weaver, Hegerhorst, Johnson and Cheney set the pace while the rest of us tried to keep up with them. I admired their relentless persistence and tireless drive as they consistently and willingly chose the hardest jobs refusing to stop for rest. If ever I were called upon to do the impossible, I would want to be on their team.

We finished up once again at 9:30 p.m. We were tired, dirty and totally exhausted. I had promised Steed I would show him how fun missionary work could be. This was a different kind of fun, yet it was a most rewarding feeling to have accomplished something so difficult. True joy comes from tackling and completing something difficult. The more difficult, the greater the sense of accomplishment.

The feeling of accomplishment and completion was exhilarating. We had accomplished something that seemed in the beginning impossible but was not complete, done, finito. We just seemed to stand there in the dark winter night looking at the completed roof, not yet convinced that there wasn't anything more to be done. With a feeling of satisfaction we patted each other on the back, staggered home and found out what "resting in peace" was really all about.

TRABALENGUA - TONGUE TWISTER

I had great fun collecting tongue-twisters. One of my favorites was "Una carcatrepa tuvo tres carcatrepitos, y cuando la carcatrepa trepa, trepan tambien sus tres carcatrepitos." (A carcatrepa - never did find out what a carcatrepa was, but I think it was an animal that carries its babies on its back- had 3 little ones, and when it climbs, its babies climb as well). Making sense is not the point. Much like "Big black rubber baby buggy bumpers," or "Sister Sue sells seashells by the seashore." These were fun to say, but not necessarily with severely chapped and sunburned lips from pouring concrete.

A few years later we heard that the very chapel we had worked so hard to complete had been leveled by an earthquake. Not to worry. Grab your Chapstick and let's get to work.

LIVING QUARTERS NOT WORTH A DIME

We were getting rather tired of the condition our living conditions were in: Crabby people, rotten kids, continual messes (and those were only from the missionaries). In truth the food was terrible, maid service deplorable, young children getting into our things, dogs in the house, ad nauseam. We were also tired of the continual traveling between San Marcos and San Pedro. We spent the entire month of February searching out and developing plans to move somewhere in San Pedro. The choice of moving was up to us, sort of a way of allowing us to pick our own poison.

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY

I was always nervous about challenging someone to be baptized. It was not a task I approached without considerable prayer. I somehow thought if we strung people out long enough they would be absorbed into the waters of baptism by a spiritual osmosis of some kind. We were taught to be rather straightforward in challenging for baptism. The idea most likely came from Moses telling people to choose whom they would serve. The idea of drawing a line in the sand had served the kingdom well for a few thousand years, so who was I to argue?

There we were, telling the Bautista family the time had come to choose whom they would serve. They said they had talked about it and had all decided to be baptized. He pulled out a ten Quetzal bill and said he wanted to donate it to the construction of the chapel. Sra. Bautista asked when they would be allowed to pay tithing. In my entire mission I had never been asked something like that. We set a baptismal date for March 3. It was to be the end of an eight-month baptismal drought for me, but the beginning of a deluge of blessings for the Bautistas. It only seemed appropriate that a family named "Bautista" should receive the blessings of their namesake.

AUTOMOBILE ORDINANCES

Steed and I found it strange that all the lights in San Pedro were out. We were walking past the Catholic Church when we saw a group of people gathered around a truck. We thought there may have been an accident so we investigated more closely. The truck was a flat nosed tilt-cab Japanese made Hino. The hood was open and the Catholic priest was standing in front of the truck reading from a book. Everyone was very

quiet as he spoke. He finished speaking and began sprinkling water on the engine, then walked all around the truck sprinkling holy water as he went. When he had made a full circle everyone cheered as fireworks were launched into the air exploding with deafening thunder. Then the lights came on and the show was over. We had finally witnessed a baptism in San Pedro.

I wondered if you died in a baptized truck, could you come back through a recall? For how many miles would the warranty on such a baptism last? Do trucks require consecrated oil? Would Ford come up with a better idea? Questions like that bother me.

POOL PROFICIONADOS

There was a great place to shoot pool in San Pedro. Dodge said it was the first time he had ever played. He was so naturally inclined that I wondered if he had been pulling one over on us. I would like to think I was good enough at teaching that my students would surpass me, but to be better than me in only one day? Get real. I think he knew how to play billiards as well as chess all along and enjoyed watching us sweat.

HIT THE ROAD, JACK

My eight-month baptism drought got much thirstier when I received a telegram saying I was being transferred to El Centro. They forgot to put on the telegram where El Centro was, so I had no idea where I was being sent, but it didn't matter. I knew it would probably be my last move due to the fact I would be going home in June. I didn't want to leave San Pedro without baptizing anyone, but the mission was about other people, not about me. Only in the mission field could someone have so little success and still go to MIA and have so much fun playing guitar, singing songs and just being with branch members. What a life.

ONE LAST TIME

I always looked at an area differently when I received a transfer. It was a time of reflection and evaluation. Everything I did I realized would be for the last time in that area, everything I saw I cherished and stored in a special corner of my mind where things labeled "The Last Time" were carefully packed away.

Never again would I be able to listen to live marimba bands playing in the park nor make the musicians laugh by pretending to play along

with them during their songs. No other place in which I would work would have the Sunday afternoon and Thursday evening air filled with the sound of their musically magic marimbas.

The last time we worked the street display in the San Pedro market was a little more emotional to me than I cared to admit. In a way it was the same feeling I had when we were finally through pouring the roof on the chapel, a kind of peaceful exhaustion. Words are so inadequate when it comes to expressing spiritual things.

The last testimony meeting on February 4 was particularly moving. Hortelinda La Parra bore her testimony. She, as well as the entire DeLeon family were the pioneers of the branch, carrying much more than their share of the load, sometimes pushing, always pulling. True pioneers indeed.

KLEINMAN CLARIFICATION

We got a letter from Elder Kleinman saying my move to El Centro was in Santa Ana, El Salvador. Mundy had also been transferred to Santa Ana and we would be living in the same house. I couldn't believe it. We had spent practically our entire missions together and now we would be finishing it as well. Unbelievable.

ONE MORE TESTIMONY

I couldn't leave without saying good-bye to the Bautista family. We had shared so many things with them and seen so much progress. I wanted so much to spend some time with them, share with them my testimony one more time. But it was not to be. They had gone to Guatemala City and I never saw them again. That's kind of how it goes sometimes.

PERLA'S PASTRY

As I was packing my things Perla DeLeon and some of the members came over with a little surprise. They brought a cake. It was just what I needed. It meant so much.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SPIRIT

As mentioned earlier, Spanish was not the only language spoken in the Guatemalan highlands. Bro. Monson defined it in the June 1997 Ensign as the "language of the spirit." Words are less than adequate for explaining such things. You either understand what I am saying or you

don't, but I think if you have ever looked someone in the eye and spoken to each other, spirit to spirit without saying a single word, knowing full-well the other person understood you perfectly, you probably know what I am talking about. It is a language of the spirit that is given as a special gift.

ODD MAN OUT

We got up at 3:00 in the morning of Thursday, February 8, to catch the four o'clock bus to Guate City. Hegerhorst would be coming to replace



me and missionary life in San Pedro would continue. Steed, Dodge and Cheney would forever share a common bond of special memories and miracles. We said our last goodbys, then I told everyone to go back home and get some sleep. They had a full day's work ahead of them.

It was kind of nice sitting there in the still dark quiet of a cold mountain morning, strumming and picking a few of my favorite tunes on my guitar. The echoes added an unusual quality, coming back with remarkable clarity.

I shall never forget riding through San Pedro for the last time. It was Thursday morning. The sun was just coming up. I wouldn't be there to help with the usual market day street display. Had we made a difference? Perhaps. Who knows? I looked back at the city of San Pedro until it disappeared in the distance. How was it possible to love a place that had been so difficult? In some strange way it was because of the difficulty that I grew to care so much. If you have ever been called upon to love the unlovable you know what I mean. It is love at a different level.

Now, decades later, the echoes of the music we made together in the mountains of Guatemala still have an unusual quality, coming back with remarkable clarity.

AHORA MISMO(RIGHT NOW)

*Don't leave the world with songs unsung.
 Don't leave the world your duty undone.
 Don't let the highway of life go unpaved,
 The summer be gone and your souls not saved.
 Now is your moment, your time and your place,
 To tell all the world of His love and his grace.
 I won't leave to others my duty undone.
 I won't leave the world with songs unsung.
 Con Carino(With love)*

Scott Shirley

“A few of the members in the ward would save all the money they could for a single trip once a year to the nearest temple in Mesa, Arizona. They would often sell their own furniture or whatever they might have for the privilege of spending a few sessions in the Lord’s house. Imagine getting on one of those chicken buses in Guatemala and bouncing along for approximately 1700 miles over the course of three days to even get there. Talk about sacrifice. The spirit they added to the branch was unbelievable.”



Chapter 12—Final Frontier

Santa Ana, El Salvador—February 8–June 8, 1973

SANTA ANA PSYCHOSIS, OR NOS TOCA SUFRIR. Anyone who believes missionary work is one continuous joyful and exciting experience filled with happiness and bliss is very likely to be disappointed. The fact is most days in the mission were uneventful and filled with hard work and disappointment. The Latinos said the same thing a little differently. They simply said, “Nos toca sufrir,” (It’s our turn to suffer). I preferred, “Nos toca reir,” (It’s our turn to laugh). We often changed this Latin saying to express what was going on. It helped put things into perspective.



MY LAST AREA

Thursday, February 8, 1973

It was a strange feeling to know I would not get another move before going home. I looked at things a little differently knowing there would be no more chances after Santa Ana. Time that I had sometimes thought would never end had somehow slipped through the hourglass one granule at a time until there were only 4 months left.

To make things worse, I had been assigned to be district leader, something I had hoped to avoid. I never realized the freedom I had as

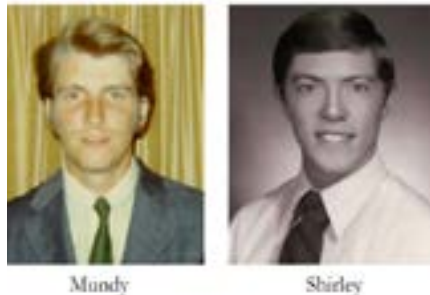
a senior until I experienced the confinement and restriction of mission leadership. I learned to admire those who could do it, especially those who did it well, for the work they did in mission leadership was not only necessary, but important as well. Someone had to do it. I was much more happier beating the streets. *Nos toca sufrir*, indeed.

TRANSFER PATTERNS

It seemed there were missionaries who got transferred in similar patterns. Some of us seemed to follow each other all around the mission. Mundy and I had been that way all along. Before our missions were over we would spend nearly 14 months either as companions, in the same district, or in the same zone. I was not complaining at all, because Mundy and I worked when it was time to work, and we certainly played when it was time for that. For the most part, “nos tocaba trabajar.”

RUN FOR THE BORDER

I met Mundy in Guatemala City after bouncing down from San Pedro, then got on the bus to Santa Ana. A wondering redneck from Alabama happened to be hitch hiking through Central America. I had the “good fortune” to sit next to the “hick from the sticks” all the way to the border. I had no idea the King’s English could be twisted and contorted in so many different ways. He flapped his gums continuously, pausing only now and then for a few brief moments of coherency, then return to speaking a language only a urim and thumim could decipher.



Mundy

Shirley

SANTA ANA, EL SALVADOR

I had always heard great things about Santa Ana. It was one of the best spots in the mission. I had been assigned to El Centro, a small branch. There were still no stakes in all of El Salvador at that time, but we were just a few months away from having one formed in the capital.

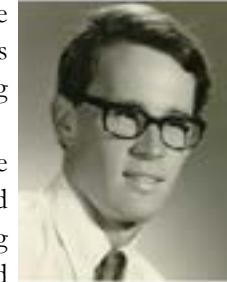
Church services were held in a rented chapel, which was typical. The only place I had worked where we owned our own building was when I was in Guatemala City, Zona 6. The population of Santa Ana was around

100,000. The membership of El Centro was considerably less.

ELDER WILMORE

My new companion was Gary Wilmore. He was thin, wore dark rimmed glasses, and had a voice that sounded like one belonging to a professional radio announcer. His voice had obviously been mis-assigned to the wrong body.

He did not care much for athletics. Whenever we went to play basketball he would sit on the sidelines and read “Time” magazine. He kept telling me something about President Richard Nixon and something called Watergate. I didn’t pay much attention. Nixon was too smart to get caught up in something so ridiculous. Right?



Wilmore

HOME BASE



Shirley

Wilmore

Mundy

Bake

We lived in a four-Elder apartment with Mundy and Bake. As usual, the lady of the house had a maid who did all the cooking and washing. Our rooms were upstairs. Outside our rooms was an area where we could have meetings, shoot the breeze, and play cards. Our beds consisted of a mattress with one sheet. We did not use any blankets because of the heat, but we slept under another sheet to make us think we did. Usually I kicked it off by the time it was morning. Santa Ana was blessed with a night-time breeze that managed to cool us off now and then. We slept with the window wide open in hopes the breeze would come our way.

TYPICAL WEEKLY SCHEDULING, SANTA ANA STYLE

Sunday: Priesthood Meeting followed by Sunday School. Home for lunch, regular missionary stuff, then evening Sacrament Meeting. Home for supper, then down to the park for street displays. Back home to start a late-night game of rook with Elder Mundy.

Monday: An assortment of hitching into San Salvador to hit

McDonald's, riding in the bumper cars, hiking up to Volcan' Izalco, stretching out on the roof tiles to catch some sun, and of course listening to baggy music (stateside music) from home.

Tuesday: Looking up Sunday's references from the street display, giving lessons, mailbox, etc. Evening mutual at the branch.

Wednesday: Mail box check, looking up references, talking to members, tracting, giving lessons, writing letters, writing in my journal, district paperwork and other assorted minutia.

Thursday: Working at the chapel construction site. Relief Society, mail box check, tracting, giving lessons, assorted district leader errands.

Friday: Mail box check (is there a pattern here somewhere?) tracting, giving lessons, looking up references, etc.

Saturday: Working at the chapel construction site (digging, shoveling, carrying, etc.), mail box check (how unusual), checking with members, looking up references, tracting, giving lessons, preparing for church on Sunday.

FAMILIA UNIDA REUNION, ALMOST

Friday, February 9

Elder Cameron came over to visit with Mundy and myself. He was working in Santa Ana, living in the same house with the zone leaders, and had arranged for us to do some numbers for a show. Teel was working as an assistant to the president, and Eddo was in Guatemala, so the three of us had to make do without them. It was great to be performing again.

SO THIS IS WHAT AN INVESTIGATOR LOOKS LIKE!

Saturday, Feb 10

In a mission that averaged one baptism per missionary per month, I had been performing at much less than par. I had spent considerable time working out in the boonies where investigators were as scarce as hen's teeth. President Glade had told me he could put me anywhere and I would make it work. I believed him. In any event, it was great to discover what it was like to have so many investigators.

I had been told that the harder I worked the more baptisms I would get. In reality I discovered that people got ready for baptism on their own schedule, not mine. I worked just as hard in the poor areas as in the more prosperous, but when the seeds fall on rocky soil it doesn't matter how hard you water them. I believe that is why that particular parable

was given. All four of my own sons served in places with rocky soil and worked harder than I. This is not to take away from living so that you have the Spirit, for without it, you cannot teach. In the end, people become converted on their own schedule and none will be forced into Heaven. Those who believed missionary work was a "numbers game" were often disappointed. Rule of thumb: There are no quick fixes.

CHASTITY MISCONCEPTION

Homo-phobia was alive and well in Santa Ana. There was a misconception by some that unless young boys were properly trained in sexual activity by "professionals," they would turn into "gays" (homosexuals). Consequently, there were many who would take their young 12-year-old boys down to the red light section of town on their 12th birthday for a night of "higher education."

One of our investigators was of similar mindset. When Wilmore and I gave him the third discussion on chastity, he was not pleased. He became very irritable, especially when we taught him that he and the woman he was living with should get married.

He launched into a tirade about how women have a special power over men and always have, ever since Adam and Eve. He said men cannot resist women and should not be made to do so. It was "impossible." He further stated that if men go too long without sex, they would either go crazy or become homosexuals.

Wilmore and I told him that it was not impossible, that temptation could be resisted and chastity maintained, because we had done so ourselves, and were neither crazy nor homosexuals. He sat back in his chair and eyed us with intense anger, saying, "Ok, I will believe Joseph Smith was a prophet, that he found and translated the plates, that he saw God, but I will not sit here and believe that neither one of you have never had a woman!" We reaffirmed our testimonies, managed to struggle through a closing prayer, and left. Chastity was his problem, not ours.

EL CENTRO DISTRICT*Sunday, February 11, 1973*

Shirley

Wilmore

Mundy

Our district consisted of me and Wilmore, Mundy and Bake, Schlosser with Hathcock.

Surprising that the Lord would leave such important Things in the hands of people like us. What a bunch.



Bake

Schlosser

Hathcock

TOP TEN WAYS**SANTA ANA WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE GUATE HIGHLANDS**

1. More baptisms.
2. Bigger cockroaches.
3. Better highways.
4. Better food.
5. More investigators.
6. More dross (street harassment).
7. More street beggars.
8. Fewer clothes altogether.
9. No gloves.
10. No sweaters.

HEY THERE, MR. PIANO-MAN

It looked like I was back in the business of playing the piano for church again. The members treated with reverence anyone who could play. What they didn't know was that I never was very good at reading music. I could only play a handful of songs that I had memorized. Sight-reading music has always been a mystery to me though I can play several different instruments. As far as I am concerned, just play the instrument and leave out all the notes that don't sound good. Why is that so hard?

INFINITELY, YOURS*Tuesday, February 13*

One of our investigators was an elderly gentleman who considered himself fairly educated. Consequently he didn't have much confidence in our ability to speak Spanish. He would always speak to us in infinitives, leaving the verbs unconjugated. It was annoying to say the least, but we humored him anyway. *Me gustar hablar, verdad? (To me to like to speak, OK?).*

SPECIAL MISSION CONFERENCE, SAL SANVADOR*Wednesday, February 14*

We hitched into town for a special conference. We received instructions on tracting, then divided up into groups to actually go out and do it for a couple of hours. I was assigned to be the leader of the group consisting of Teel, Call, and three greenies. It was quite



Teel

Call

Thompson

the "dream team" to say the least. We went to Parque' Libertad and set up a display. We made sure the greenies were properly initiated. I pushed them out in front of the people just like Thompson did with me the first time when I was a greenie. He understood that cold water is easier to get used to if you simply jump in and get wet all over. Everyone else either went door-to-door, street contacting, or bus tracting. Over 1,000 people were contacted and several hundred references collected in two hours by 80 or so missionaries.

BUILDING ZION, THE HARD WAY*Thursday, February 15*

We spent the entire morning working at the chapel construction site in Barrio Nuevo. I never imagined that working with my father in construction before my mission would come in handy.

GOING, GOING, GOMM

After work, Mundy and I went over to have a little going home party for Elder Gomm. He had been one of my mentors from the very beginning of my mission. It was hard seeing so many of my heroes leave the mission. Who would be left to set the pace the way they did?

**SHOWTIME FINALE***Friday, February 16*

Cameron, Mundy and I had one last musical performance together. We played for intermission at a district party. We performed about seven different numbers. It ended up being the last time more than two of us were able to perform together, much to the relief of our audiences.

RAZZ'MA'TAZZ*Sunday, February 18*

Branches from Sonsonate to Ahuachapan came for a big district conference. John Craig Nelson came down from Guatemala to be our new zone leader. He was the kind of zone leader that worked when it was time to work, and played when it was playtime. His best quality was that he never once told me I should “be humble.” He, Mundy and I had a great time jamming to tunes from our old rock and roll days. We were all left-over hippies from the sixties. We referred to Nelson as “Razz” unless, of course, we were in formal company, at which times we addressed him as “Elder Razz.” I wrote in my journal, “This will be a lot of fun.” Fun was what we did best.



I first met Nelson the previous year in Zacapa when I was performing in La Familia Unida. It never rained in Zacapa, but it did the night we

were there to perform in an open air pavilion. It rained so hard every frog from miles around came out from hiding. Perhaps it was a mating thing, I never knew for sure. It was hard to walk anywhere without stepping on some Zacapa zapo (frog). It was like one of the plagues of Egypt. From the very beginning, Nelson always kept us “hopping,” (pun intended).

SWEET EXPECTATIONS?*Monday, February 19*

It's one thing when your parents start writing about how soon you will be going home. It's quite another when your girlfriend starts doing the same thing. Suddenly you realize the girl you thought would never wait, *actually did*. What did she expect when I got home? What did I expect when I got home? What did my parents expect when I got home? All that “expecting” made me tired. It was also a tactic from the dark side to distract missionaries from their primary objective. It was much more productive to “hop” back to work and catch up with Nelson.

**CEMENTING THE FUTURE***Wednesday, February 21*

We spent the morning working at the construction site in Barrio Nuevo. A wooden ramp was built up the side walls much like the one we had used up in San Pedro. We would get a wheel barrow full of cement, then get a run at the ramp. Just as we would hit the ramp, someone would hook the front of the wheel barrow with a hook and start pulling. We would then go up the ramp until we got to the top, then dump the cement out onto the wired steel and reinforced re-bar. I piloted a wheelbarrow until one of our investigators, Brother Leiva, came and took my place. I ended up shoveling gravel into the mixer. The machine soon broke down so we had to mix the cement by hand up on the roof. Oh, for a good cement truck.

EXECUTIVE DECISIONS

Later that day, Nelson came over with some paperwork I had to do and we ended up shooting the bull for quite a while. We discussed matters

of the utmost importance. You know, important executive stuff, like... well,... you know, matters of very official type things. It must have been very important because we talked about it for some time.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTURE

We tracted out some Seventh Day Adventists that were very interesting. It was the first time I had taught a lesson where everyone giggled all the way through. We must have been rather amusing. We stopped back the following day and they were still very light-hearted to say the least. They asked us not to come back, which surprised me. If we were so entertaining, why not schedule a return visit. It wasn't like we were charging any type of ticket price. Perhaps it was one of our better performances.

RASPBERRY RAZZ

I don't remember how, when or why Nelson earned the nickname of "Razz" but I do remember Mundy and I would often go over to his house to eat raspberry slushes. If he didn't get the name from eating raspberry slushes, he should have. They were delicious, you know, the kind that make your brain freeze up when you eat them too fast. Perhaps the three of us had too many of those because most of the time we acted as though we had just eaten several. Razz was one of the few zone leaders that was as absolutely crazy as Mundy and me. We made a great team. *Nos tocaba enfriar (It's our turn to freeze, our brains, that is).*

SEEING, THEY SEE NOT

I went to an optometrist to get a new pair of glasses. As he was doing the exam I brought up the subject of religion. He said he was a confirmed Jehovah Witness and was not interested. He then asked me if I wanted tinted lenses. I told him they should be clear, because I always want to see things as they really are. No pun intended, of course.

TOP TEN FEBRUARY FIASCOS

1. Mundy, Nelson and Shirley, Rock n'roll jamming.
2. Spraying my bed with DDT in the middle of the night.
3. Spraying my bed with DDT before going to bed.
4. Spraying my bed with DDT before leaving in the morning.
5. Scratching flea bites in my sleep.

6. Realizing I have only 100 days left before going home.
7. Mundy playing rook until 1:30 Monday morning.
8. One of our best members got extremely drunk.
9. Mundy and I trying to cover both areas we were assigned to.
10. Flu bug invaded our apartment, junior companions got sick.

BASKETBALL, RUGBY, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME

Monday, February 26

We went down to the gym for a little head-bashing, hard fouling, and hand-to-hand combat. Nothing serious, just typical church basketball. One of my former comps Phil Miller was there. To him basketball was not a matter of life and death, it was much more serious than that.



D-DAY DELICACIES, OR... YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

After the basketball game I was feeling a little nauseous. I wonder if it had anything to do with the fact I had already consumed four sodas, six sandwiches, one chocolate covered banana, and a liter of ice cream. If it was true that "you are what you eat," then I was certainly in trouble.

LOVE AT HOME

My girlfriend back home sent me a letter telling me she was taking a class at Ricks College called "Missionary Approach." What do you suppose that was all about? I thought I was the one that was supposed to be doing the *approaching*. What do you do when the girl you have been writing to for two years starts taking seriously all the things you have been telling her just to keep her writing letters? What a tangled web we weave.



MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Friday, March 2

In our boarding house lived a young Englishman who was engaged to the daughter of the lady of the house. It was customary for the bride-elect to be serenaded the night before she was to wed. Mundy and I got

our guitars and went outside her window. It was Mundy's idea to sing "The Impossible Dream," which we found out later was her favorite song. To her, the romance was so thick you could spread tabasco sauce on it and eat it. To us, well, it was difficult to keep from laughing. Did I mention Mundy and I were crazy?

RANK HAS PRIVILEGES, OR... UNRIGHTEOUS DOMINION AT ITS BEST

Saturday, March 3

Someone had to attend the wedding mentioned above, and someone else had to attend the district baptismal service scheduled at the same time. Someone had to watch as people dressed in white tied the knot, someone else had to dress in white and get into the water. Mundy and I were the seniors, Wilmore and Bake juniors. Can you guess who went where? Let's just say we did not draw straws.

LAYING ON OF HANDS, OR FORGIVENESS OF SYMMES

We were sitting in McDonald's in the capital when we saw Elder Symmes chasing a guy down the street who had flipped him off. Perhaps all Symmes wanted to do was talk. Obviously, the young man was not interested in "talking." Fortunately the young man was a little bit faster. Symmes would probably have taught the lesson on life after death with visual aids. Cowboys from Montana can be very persuasive.



RATE OF EXCHANGE

Tuesday, March 6

Most of the missionaries got by for somewhere around \$100 a month. Our room and board was somewhere around \$60. The rate of exchange was one Colon @ \$0.40. Every time we cashed a check at the bank we had to make sure we got small bills, because hardly anyone could make change for anything more than a five-Colon bill. I usually cashed a check for \$100.00 which meant I would leave the bank with 250 Colon wadded up in small bills in my wallet. I learned early in the mission to keep my wallet in my front pocket. It became a habit I would continue all my life.

DIAS DE CASCARONES (EGGSHELL DAYS)

Tuesday, March 6

During the Cascarones Days celebration, people would fill egg shells with confetti and flour, then sneak up behind you and break them over your head. I suppose it was all in fun, but one of our investigators came to mutual and got "cascaroned" and was not too happy about the whole thing. We had to go over to his house and smooth things over. It seemed all of us had a little "egg on our faces."

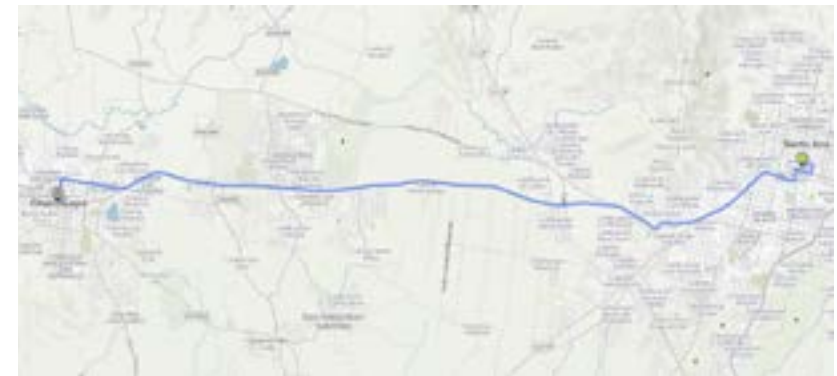
A SHOT OF COURAGE

Wednesday, March 7

Brother Pineda, one of our investigators, told us that before we came to teach him, he had been working as a farm laborer nearby. One day he was having lunch when a drunk soldier came in and began giving everyone a bad time. He approached Pineda and handed him a drink of liquor. Pineda declined. The soldier insisted. Pineda held firm, refusing to take a drink. The soldier then pulled out his pistol, pointed it at him and ordered him to drink. Brother Pineda looked at him and calmly said he would not drink. After a very awkward pause the soldier put away his weapon and went on about his business. Is there any question about the Pineda family's reaction when we told them about the Word of Wisdom?

TAZUMAL

Thursday, March 8



Wilmore and I had to go to Chalchuapa on a partida, or birth certificate hunt, so naturally we stopped by to visit the ruins of Tazumal.



I looked up the following: “Relics found at Tazumal date back to 1500 years B.C. In June, 1524, Spanish captain Pedro de Alvarado began the conquest against the native tribes of the country which, at that time, was called CUZCATLAN, which means “LAND OF PRECIOUS THINGS.” The Indian tribes were conquered and the hamlet of San Salvador was established near Suchitoto, then moved to its present site in 1540. Jose Matias Delgado rang the bells of La Merced church calling for insurrection on November 5, 1811. The Act of Independence of Central America was signed in Guatemala on September 15, 1821, which is also the Independence Day of El Salvador. It was said that Tazumal was the nation’s most significant Mayan ceremonial center. The main pyramid had several ball courts featuring games in which the losing team or its captain was sacrificed (ancient fore-runner to LDS church basketball). I wonder if those games started with prayer?

RELIGIOUS PARAPHERNALIA

Friday, March 9

One of our investigators asked us what he should do with the family crucifix now that he no longer needed it. Another investigator asked what he should do with the literature from other religions he no longer believed in. I loved questions like that. Now, if I could only convince some of the members they don’t have to dress in black every time someone dies, I would feel much better.

FORMAL KISS-OFF

Throughout my mission I had been told in a variety of ways not to come back any more. The one I got from Sr. Engañado (name changed)

was the topper. He was the guy who believed the church was true, but refused to believe Wilmore and I were virgins (one look at either of us should have been evidence enough). So what does he do? He wrote us the following formal letter. Judge for yourself:

Santa Ana 6 de Marzo de 1973.

Estimados hermanos:

Me es doloroso manifestarles, que por motivos de fuerza mayor no pueda atenderles mas. Por lo tanto: He dispuesto abandonar los estudios religiosos emprendidos con ustedes. Esperando que Dios ilumine sus mentes para que puedan comprenderme, me despido de ustedes no sin antes darles mis mas expresivos agradecimientos; por sus finas atenciones y el interes que se tomaron.

S.S.S. Carlos Engañado (Name Changed to protect the innocent).

(Translation)

Esteemed brothers,

It is painful for me to manifest to you that for reasons beyond my control I cannot attend to you any more. Therefore I have determined to abandon the present religious studies undertaken with you. Hoping God will illuminate your minds in a way that you might understand me, I take leave of you, but not without first giving you my most expressive thanks for the attention and interest you have shown me.

Very respectfully yours,

Your obedient servant,

Carlos Engañado

I learned that such rejection is not to be taken personally. It was not us who was being rejected. I also learned the term “rejected” should not be taken as being permanent. There were, and still are, so many who once rejected the gospel, but later accepted. Yes, some soil is rocky, but plants can grow around and even through rocks. Some seeds need time to find a way. I believe that when we see this good brother at the judgment bar, it will be a time of rejoicing because he took a little bit longer to germinate.

STREET DISPLAY COMPETITION*Sunday, March 11, 1973*

We went down to the park and set up for an evening street display. There was a public television set under the shelter in the center of the park so that people could watch the high-quality soap operas broadcast by the two



Wilmore

Evans

available stations. We knew it would be a major source of competition so I told Wilmore to wait until the program everyone was watching was over and then turn it off. I wondered if we would have a major uprising and be tarred and feathered, but I had a secret for survival: I knew I didn't have to outrun the mob at all, I only had to outrun Wilmore.

He shut it off and I prepared to run. To my surprise everyone came over to see what we were doing. Evans asked me to conduct, so we threw a sheet over the street display and showed the flick "Cristo en America," using the covered board as a screen. We had great success and when we handed out the reference cards we were almost mobbed by people trying to get one. That's the kind of "mobbing" I could really go for.

MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER*Tuesday, March 13, 1973*

A great psychologist once said that each of us is basically three people: (1) The person other people think we are; (2) the person we think we are; and (3) the person we actually are. Some of the other elders told me that I had changed since I had become a district leader. Now then, which "me" were they referring to? Actually, it was much more convenient working as a personal three-some. I automatically had two other personalities to blame when things didn't go well.

REQUESTING A GREENIE*Wednesday, March 14, 1973*

I was definitely due for a greenie. I got word that the son of my family doctor in Rexburg, Idaho, was coming to serve in our mission. In my interview with the President I asked if I could be his senior. The

president said that would not be a problem. I looked forward to being Mark Peterson's first senior.

CHANGE OF PLANS*Thursday, March 15, 1973*

President Glade wanted to see me again. He sat back in his chair, smiled and said he had a special assignment for me. I just looked at him and said, "I'm not going to get Elder Peterson, am I?" He just laughed and then began softening me up with compliments about what a good worker I was, etc. I had a strange feeling someone had just lifted my wallet.

He told me that due to some unusual circumstances, I would be working as a co-senior. Was that any way to end a mission? Was it because I had previous experience working as co-senior? I had already worked co-senior with Marquez, Cameron, Eddo, and twice with Mundy. Now I would be co-senior with Baria, which wasn't so bad. We had already been companions in the LTM and had a great time. I would be working with Elder Baria. In the next two months we would get along very well and baptize several people. It was a blessing for me. Amazing.

ADIVINANZA OR RIDDLE-ME-THIS!**QUESTION:** What do you call four missionaries stuck in the mud?**ANSWER:** Cuatro sinko.**WHERE HAVE ALL THE HEROES GONE?**

The homeland to the north claimed a few more of my heroes during the month of March. Benion went back to Wyoming and Kellett, the only guy I ever knew from Moroni, Utah, left for home. Shelley, Matheson and Andelin were guys I had looked up to for a long time. Other notables were Jones, Mahoney, Wright, Lamoreaux, Abrams and Andrew. And who could forget the last senior companion I had before going senior, Paul Nielson. We also lost Gomm, whom I had known practically all my mission. How could the mission run without Gomm? And of course, Lippencott, who got me through customs when I first arrived in San Salvador. These were the guys I admired and now they were gone. Heroes were getting harder find. I never could see myself filling their shoes.

CRISTO EN AMERICA*Friday, March 16, 1973.*

One of my favorite flicks (film strips) that we gave to investigators was “Cristo en America.” I just about had the entire dialogue memorized by the time my mission was over. Somehow I did not get tired of it, and often found myself riveted when we got to the part where the Savior made His appearance to the Nephites. It was always like watching it again for the first time.

ANCIANO, OR ELDER ELDER

I suddenly found myself the oldest missionary in the entire Santa Ana zone. I had always imagined I would be more knowledgeable, more spiritual, more of a translatable caliber when I was finally one of the elder Elders. But there I was, more of a senile senior than a sabio sage (sage sage). Time in the mission had suddenly become somewhat of an embarrassment. Oh well, in the words of the immortal Alfred E. Newman, “What, me worry?”

LOVE GONE DRY*Saturday, March 17, 1973.*

It finally rained for the second time this year. The dry season had turned the vegetation a drab brown and yellow. Things were equally dreary for Elder Bake because his girlfriend got married today. Perhaps the rain was appropriate.

SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

We went to the alcaaldia municipal (court house) a few days earlier and got official permission to show flicks in Parque Libertad. We made it a point to go there and purchase a document so that the cops would leave us alone. “We would like a permit to preach in the park.” “A permit?” “You know, a permit (wink, wink).” Oh, of course, that will be two Colones.” “Gracias, adios.”

There was not a great variety of places to go at night other than the park, so we had a couple hundred people on hand for the show. We pulled a sheet over the street display and used it for a screen, then after the flick we pulled off the sheet and used the light from the projector as a means of seeing the street display. It seemed to work very well. It was a great way for Wilmore and I to end our time together before his transfer.

CERRO VERDE —VOLCAN SANTA ANA*Monday, March 19.*

Nelson, Mundy, and I went to Cerro Verde near Volcan’ Santa Ana for a little paseo. The first major eruption of Santa Ana was in 1520. Since then it has erupted 12 times, the last in 1920. It was one of more than 25 extinct volcanos inside the country. Elevation at the summit was 7,757 feet (2,365 meters), only about 500 feet higher than where I had worked in San Pedro, Guatemala.



Wilmore did not want to hike all the way to the top, so we left him about 300 yards short of the top and went on up to the rim of the crater of Santa Ana. Far below we could see the small lake of green acidic sulfur smoldering and bubbling. The smell was not the best in the west. Naturally we had to throw a few rocks down the side of the crater walls and see how close we could walk to the edge (boys will be boys). It was only a drop of several hundred feet straight down to a pool of fire and

brimstone, nothing to be concerned about.

BAND AIDES

Nelson, Mundy and I found an electric band in town that was foolish enough to lend us their equipment. We had a great time jamming and imagining we were much more talented than we actually were. What fun.

NOT-SO-SERIOUS READING MATERIAL

Tuesday, March 20, 1973

Moves came out. Wilmore was headed for Santa Tecla and Bake to Soyapango. Cameron came over to visit because he was going to be district leader in Mejicanos. While the others packed, Mundy, Cameron and I read through my journal covering the part when we were in *La Familia Unida*. They thought the things I had written were hilarious. I didn't tell them I was trying to be serious at the time. I guess people are the most humorous when they take themselves too seriously.

BUILDING BRIDGES

We were working at the construction site of a chapel in Santa Ana when two teenagers showed up and began causing a slight disturbance



by swearing, bullying, etc. I had a little heart-to-heart with them and managed somehow to get them to settle down. We got to know them a little better and made some new friends. Perhaps I had made a little progress in dealing with people, because back in my junior days the same situation would not have turned out so positively. Maybe I had learned something about getting along with negative people after all.

THE KILLING FIELD

Wednesday, March 21

We spent the entire morning shooting the bull with Nelson while waiting for our new companions to arrive. We noticed a large group gathering at the fence around the soccer field adjacent to the military compound. Several of us went up on top of Nelson's apartment where we had a commanding view of the scene taking place across the street in the soccer field next to the military compound.

Surrounding the soccer field was a large fence, about 15 feet high, with barbed wire at the top. The street outside the fence was packed with people. The following announcement had been placed in the morning paper:

To Die By Firing Squad Today. *At four o'clock in the afternoon, Emilio Aguilar Orellana will be executed by firing squad, according to the sentence of death delivered as punishment for the murder and violation of 7-year old Reina de los Angeles Ventura on October 22, 1971. Juez Segundo de lo Penal, de Santa Ana, doctor Jorge Alberto Miranda delivered the sentence of death.*

I had never seen so many people at one place at one time. People started gathering two hours early. I don't think anyone had a better view of what happened than Nelson, Mundy and myself, perched as we were on top of the house.



I saw a jeep drive out from the compound carrying the condemned and his evangelist preacher. He wore trousers and a white short-sleeved shirt. He and the preacher talked for some time under the watchful eye of the guard. A panel truck drove out bringing the firing squad and its commander. They assembled, standing at attention, waiting for further orders. A blindfold was put into place after hands were securely tied

behind the back. The minister withdrew, leaving the condemned alone, and in tears.

At exactly four o'clock, the order was given. I saw his body fly backward several feet and lie motionless on the ground. The silence that prevailed from the astonished crowd was deafening. I saw the commanding officer walk up to the body, pull out his revolver from its holster, and make one final mercy shot through the victim's head. I saw much more than I wanted to see.

As they were loading the deceased into a wooden box, a large dust-devil or whirlwind (see below left photo) about 60 feet high came to life at the far corner of the soccer field. The strange thing about it was that it had not been windy up to that time. It whirled around, blowing leaves and small debris high into the air. The whirlwind danced around the field, then dissipated about in the center. Many people in the crowd said it was the devil who had come to take his soul to Hell. It was indeed one of the strangest things I had ever seen.

The deceased was quickly driven to the cemetery and buried within 15 minutes of having been shot. It had all happened so quickly. Mundy, Nelson and I just sort of sat there on top of the apartment shaking our heads in disbelief at what we had just witnessed.

The above photo of Nelson, chin in hand, was one of the few that somehow survived the Teton Dam Flood of 1976. I took it seconds after the man was shot, capturing the moment on film. Looking at it now, decades after the event, still takes me back to that emotional moment. It is one thing to see movies with make-believe murders, but it is quite another to actually witness a public execution, followed by a mercy shot through the head. The body was then unceremoniously plopped into a wooden casket and taken directly to the cemetery as if they were taking out the trash. Truly one of the most bizarre things I have ever witnessed.

BAD MAN BARIA

Friday, March 23, 1973

Baria got into town and we started our time as co-seniors. I never did get tired of his Texan accent. Every now and then it would creep over into his Spanish, which I found very amusing. He held the rank of brown-belt in some style of karate I had never heard of, but his best-kept



secret was his ability to sing. Every time Mundy and I would “rock-out” on “Proud Mary,” Baria would wail like no one I had ever heard.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

Sunday, March 25, 1973

Note for future reference: If you happen to up-chuck before you can make it successfully to the toilet, don't worry. The ants will have it cleaned up by morning. Trust me on that.

MATCH MAKING

You would think getting a couple married who have been living together for 20 years would be a piece of cake, especially when they already have a brood of little chicks. What could be so difficult? Government red tape was invented and perfected in C.A. In the states the opposite is true. Marriage is too easily entered into and divorce is an exercise in eternal punishment.

DRY SPELL CONTINUES

Saturday, March 31

Another month went by without any baptisms. That makes ten consecutive months without getting wet. It seemed I got transferred every time someone was scheduled for dunking. I doubt anyone had the dubious honors of having fewer baptisms than I. I had two different companions who had baptized over 100 people. We had to remind ourselves that our brothers and sisters who got baptized were not “our” baptisms, and that they were not decals or decorations of honor, like so many painted on the sides of airplanes in WWII. People get baptized according to their own free will and on their own time table. We are simply lucky to be playing any small part at all.

APRIL FOOLS

Sunday, April 1, 1973

We had scheduled a special fireside for April 1 and had spent time delivering all the invitations. I had a nagging feeling I should check the invitations, but resisted the urge to do so. I did not find out until the day of the fireside that we had printed the date of March 1 instead of April 1. April Fools!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MUNDY OR RUN FOR THE BORDER*Monday, April 2*

Baria had to make a border change, so both Baria and I took off for the last one we would ever have to do. We managed a ride in the back of a truck some members were using to drive up to San Marcos to get some gravel for the construction site in Santa Ana. Any ride was more comfortable than standing by the side of the road.

HITCHING A RIDE

We made the border change and then grabbed a bus back to Ahuachapan where we got a hitch with two of the strangest dudes I had met in a long time. One looked like Jackie Gleason, which was convenient because the other one looked like Art Carney. They argued politics while we laughed all the way back to Santa Ana. What a riot.

MELLON HEADS

Nelson, our illustrious zone leader, organized a watermelon bust which was a lot of fun. We stayed long enough to gorge ourselves, then off to the usual Monday movies. *Nos tocaba divertir.*

**KARATE KIDS**

As mentioned above, Baria held a brown belt (and not just to keep his pants up). One night I got up to go into the bathroom and stubbed my toe on the foot of Baria's bed. Up to that point he had been sleeping on his back like a dead man. When I bumped his bed he instantly popped up into a fighting stance like bread flying from a toaster.

Another time we were walking down the street at night on the way home. I was walking on the inside next to a house when suddenly a dog that was sitting in an open window decided to yelp in my ear as we passed by. Baria reacted instantly by turning into a fighting stance and hitting me in the stomach. Between Baria and the dog I had experienced quite enough for one day.

In spite of the above misfortunes, Mundy and I decided to have Baria teach us some karate which we thought would be good exercise. It turned

out to be quite enjoyable.

ERUDITE AIRHEADS

Baria and I found ourselves in a very interesting position in our missions. We had been nicknamed Father Time and The Godfather because we were the resident ancianos (old dudes) in the district. We noticed that we were being treated with a kind of reverential respect we did not in any way, shape, or form deserve. Younger missionaries seemed to hang on every word we said and treated us somewhat like celebrities. It was as if they actually thought we knew something (which we didn't) or could contribute ideas (most of which we had stolen from other missionaries) or perhaps could provide some insight from our lengthy tenure. It reminded me of the time a man was asked on his 100th birthday what his secret to longevity was. His answer: "The fact that I haven't died yet." In our case, our only claim to fame was that we hadn't yet gone home. As mentioned above, the real heroes had already gone.

**SANTANOOGA CHOO CHOO***Wednesday, April 4*

Partida hunts (birth certificate hunts) were an opportunity to do some real detective work. We got up at 5 a.m. and boarded a train at the depot. The sun was just rising as the steamer chugged to life jerking the reluctant

coaches to a semblance of organized motion. The coach had wooden benches all the way around by the windows, and a single row down the center where people could sit back-to-back. The smoke from the engine boiler filtered back through the open windows of the cars leaving a film of soot everywhere.

In the corner of the coach was what looked like a small closet. Investigating closer, I discovered it was the equivalent of a rest room. Peering down through the single-holer I could see the railroad ties blurring by. I never walked down the tracks after that.

The view of the countryside looked so much different from inside the rail cars. I had hitch-hiked the open roads and highways all my mission, but I had never experienced the unseen world of extreme poverty visible from the vantage point of a passing train. It was hard to believe people could live in such primitive conditions. It was a world of poverty invisible to the civilized world, truly another planet.

We soon arrived at our destination. When we walked up to the steam engine I stood on the cattle guard while Baria took a picture. The entire engine shook, pulsed and hissed as if it were about to explode. I couldn't wait for him to hurry and take the picture.

BLESSING, OR CURSING?

It was not an uncommon practice for missionaries to tell hostile investigators that their testimonies would stand against them at the last day, as if that would suddenly turn them into humble, teachable followers of the Savior. Looking back from the vantage point of 25 years, I would never do that again. I prefer to leave doors open rather than possibly offending anyone into never coming near another missionary as long as they live. My testimony would indeed stand against them, but telling them so did nothing but antagonize and offend them and further entrench them in their position. Where was it I read something about faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness and love unfeigned? As for me, I'll leave the dusting off of my feet to someone more inspired than I.

THOUGHTS OF HOME

Why was I not as excited about getting close to going home as I thought I would be with only two months left? Perhaps it was because I had arrived with such high expectations and had come face to face with

the realization that I was just another average missionary struggling to figure myself out as well as how to get people into the water. Perhaps it was the realization that my window of opportunity was rapidly closing. Maybe it was the fact that I found security in being told what to do and would soon be deluged with massive quantities of “my own time.” As much as I hated being told what to do, I was secretly afraid of too much free agency. How could I ever figure things out for myself?

FLIGHT PLANS

Friday, April 6, 1973

I received a letter from Elder Rigby telling me that my departure date would be June 10. He had addressed it to Elder Shelley, then crossed it out and typed “Shirley.” He included a note: “Hey, Listen!!! I've seen your handwriting. Be sure and fill these papers out with a typewriter.” Obviously his handwriting was better than his typing.



AVERAGE INVESTIGATORS?

Sunday, April 8, 1973

One of our investigators, Hermano Portillo, came to church. I'm not used to investigators coming to church, nor staying for a home teaching coordination meeting afterwards. Investigators got excited about everything. I hoped that over time he would retain that spiritual energy and not become complacent, which can happen to new converts if they are not nurtured by the good word.

CHOIR OF TWO

Baria and I were enough to make a duet. No one else showed up for choir practice but us, so since it wasn't duet practice, we went home early.

BARBERING BARIA, OR VANITY FLAIR

How could anyone spend two-and-one-half hours in a barber shop? What did Baria need to have done in a barber shop that could possibly take that long? Me tocaba sufrir, indeed.

BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST

I saw my former comp Elder Dodge and Amesquita in McDonalds

where we had a great visit. Dodge and I discovered we had something more in common than the fact we had worked together for months up in San Pedro, Guatemala. It seemed we both had former girlfriends that had been killed in separate car accidents. Somehow we were able to talk to one another about what had happened in a way no one else could understand. I don't believe the assignments of missionary companions are accidental.

BAGGY PIECES OF JUNK

“Baggy”, in our Mission, described someone “riding their bags” or someone who was longing for home (Many other missionaries in other Missions throughout the world used the term, “Trunky”). A “Piece of Junk” was an affectionate term to describe a missionary who was a reluctant worker. I developed my own “Old Time Missionary” Proverb: Flight plans made too early make missionary planning flighty. I could still hear my parents saying, “Hoe to the end of the row.”

DARK DAYS INDEED

I felt much out of my comfort zone being a district leader, but I gained an appreciation for those who were assigned to leadership positions. I was not comfortable with paperwork, meetings, or being in the business of motivating people to perform. It was hard enough to solve my own problems, let alone deal with those of anyone else. This was without doubt the most difficult time of my entire mission. I was most comfortable working the more remote parts of the mission, far from the large cities, where I could be left alone with a good, hardworking companion, not expected by others to succeed, but having fun trying to prove them wrong. I was meant to work the trenches.

NELSON'S LUCKY DAY

Friday, April 13, 1973

We hitched into San Salvador for a zone conference. I had wondered how a conference held on Friday the 13th would go. Suffice it to say Elder Nelson did not let me down. Nelson played the piano as the meeting began. The words to the hymn were printed on the programs, but did not correspond to the song Nelson was playing. We were a full verse into a rather awkward rendition before the joyful noise we were making unto the Lord ground to an unceremonious halt. He handled it

well and we started again. Hymns sound so much better when both the music and the lyrics match.



Then one of the new greenies, Sister Johnson, was asked to speak. She said she “loved” Elder Nelson. Naturally everyone started laughing. Nelson's face started turning the strangest hue of red I had ever seen. She

tried to smooth over her unfortunate faux pax by saying she had “the same kind of love for all the Elders.” Everyone laughed even louder. We found that idea rather intriguing.

SEMANA SANTA II

We were allowed to go to Antigua for Semana Santa (Holy Week) once during the two years of our missions. The previous year I had attended, but had worked street displays for the entire afternoon. When President Glade spoke about how well we had done the previous year in Antigua, I thought I might ask to go and do it again. When I had my interview I asked the president if I could go. He said he had been trying to figure out how to talk me into going before I volunteered. What fun.

THE LAST OF THE LEGENDS

Rodolfo Dominguez had been one of my mentors ever since I first began my mission at the LTM. I had many opportunities to see and work with him over the course of my travels. It was sad indeed to see him finally leave for home. His smile and enthusiasm was greatly missed. I accidentally bumped into him fifteen years later at BYU. He still had the same infectious enthusiasm and energy with which he approached everything he did.

ANGELS FROM HEAVEN?

We decided to go see the Pineda family who were close to being baptized. We arrived at their house in time to get wet from the second rainstorm of the new season. To our surprise they thanked us for bringing them the message of the gospel. They said we had brought

them so much joy and happiness and that we were like the Angel Moroni who brought the gospel to Joseph Smith. Angels? Us?

Suddenly our difficulties, differences and struggles seemed so small and insignificant. What had we really sacrificed, if anything at all? It was indeed one of those spiritual “pay days” which yielded high dividends. It made us realize we were not just salesmen, that what we were doing was not a business with deadlines and quotas. We were not dealing with products or widgets, but living, breathing children of God. It had always been so much more than a simple numbers game.

TEN COMMANDMENTS, SUPER EASTER FLICK

Tuesday, April 17, 1973

For some reason, the movie “Ten Commandments” was “The Only Show In Town” around Easter. Most people believed every scene of the movie and took it as doctrine, perhaps because so few of them had the ability to read the scriptures for themselves. Many times we would be talking about some of the Old Testament stories in church and people would quote movies rather than actual verse. Regardless of factual content, we took two of our investigator families to see the movie anyway. If Moses didn’t look like Charlton Heston in real life, he should have.

SEMANA SANTA, 1973

Thursday, April 19

I couldn’t believe how much fun it was to visit with so many of my former companions when we arrived in Antigua. David Williams, my former greenie, had traveled with us on the bus from El Salvador. Eddo, who had worked with me in La Familia Unida was already there. Dodge, Cheney, Steed, Heggerhorst and I had a great time embellishing our glory days in San Pedro. Counting Baria and Mundy, I was able to visit with six of my former companions all at the same time, not to mention former district leaders and other missionaries with whom I had been able to work over the last 21 months. Many of those friendships are still intact after 25 years.

ABOVE THE CROWD

That night, Cheney, Dodge, Eddo, Mundy and I went sight-seeing, pushing our way through the mob of worshippers and tourists crowding

the old cobblestone streets. We soon found ourselves in La Merced cathedral. The huge images had been mounted on platforms ready to be carried around the city the following day. If one paid enough money for the privilege of participating in the carrying of the images, the reward was forgiveness of sins for a year, sort of a “celestial kings-x” in terms of personal perversion.



One of the guys talked to a worker at the cathedral and after a small bribe he led us through a door in the back of the main hall. Without any light whatsoever we started climbing up several flights of stairs. The darkness was so thick we had to keep a hand on the guy ahead to keep any sense of reference. We soon emerged through the service access on the very top of the cathedral. We could see out over the entire city. Thousands of people had come for the religious celebration, filling the cobblestone streets to capacity. The bright street lights lit up the specially designed alfombras laid out in the streets, waiting for the time when the holy procession would walk through the elaborate designs. The view was certainly worth the bribe we had to pay.

SLEEPING ON “HOLE-Y” GROUND

I had forgotten how cold and hard the floor was up in the Guatemalan highlands. You’d think the sacred ground of the chapel floor would have had more of a burning spirit to it. I don’t think I slept at all during the entire night. The best part of the night was when it was over.

SEMANA SANTA STREET DISPLAY PART II

After breakfast we took the display to the park and went to work. Working street displays was easy for me and I enjoyed every minute. It was even fun when hecklers would try and heckle us.

A hippie from the states happened to be hitching through Central America. He was dressed in typical tie-dyed t-shirt, with a headband keeping his shoulder-length hair out of his eyes. He looked at us in our white shirts and ties and said he didn't know people like us even existed. I looked at him and thought the same thing.

The time went by all too quickly and soon it was time to pack up and head for Guat City and cash in our collection of references gathered from working the street display. Working street displays was one of the most exciting parts of my entire mission. I enjoyed the thrill of not knowing what would happen.

SPRINKLING, OR IMMERSION?

After Semana Santa you could count on regular, daily rain showers. You could almost set your clock by them. Everyone would wait inside as the giant, pounding drops beat upon the tin and tile roofs, making conversation a little difficult. Then, just as quickly as it had begun the rain would shut off, almost instantaneously. We would walk outside and things would begin to dry out as if nothing had happened at all. Getting caught in a tropical rain constitutes a baptism by both sprinkling and immersion.

SCRABBLE SCRAMBLE

Mundy and Baria had this thing about playing Scrabble. They had

purchased a Spanish version which was kept on a little table in the center of the area just outside our rooms (you could earn special bonus points for the double “rr”). Every time we came in for lunch we would spend a few minutes adding to the never-ending game. Needless to say the game was a source of many heated discussions concerning the legitimacy of some of the words [was the “vos” (versus “tu”) conjugation of verbs legitimate?]. The Spanish language took some rather serious hits during those days but seems to have survived unscathed over the years.

NOS TOCA QUEMAR (OUR TURN TO BURN)

Monday, April 23

Our rooms were on the second floor of the house which made it easy to climb through the window and do some tanning on the roof while listening to some music from home. After all, how could we go home from Central America without a really good tan? We certainly didn't want people to think we stayed inside all the time. We would appear to be much greater heroes if we appeared to have suffered. Image is everything.

OVERTIME

Nelson and Roundy, our ZL's came over and told me that if I agreed to stay an extra three weeks I would get a greenie. I thought about it for about five minutes then told them I would do it. I wanted to end my mission with a bang.

**REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE**

Baria and I were going down the street when a car came by. A guy leaned out the window in an attempt to grab Elder Baria. Did I mention he held a brown belt? Did I mention he had a hard time holding his temper? He managed to block the guys arm as he went by and punch him in the shoulder. It was a whole new way of “laying on of hands.”

SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY

The word on the street was that one of the sister missionaries had been told in her patriarchal blessing that she would meet her husband on her mission. I found it odd that something so personal had become common knowledge. I found it doubly odd that one of the Elders actually thought he was the one. But, the unusual was often the common place in the mission field. It seems that misinterpreting something spiritual can be the cause of great unhappiness. Personal spiritual matters are best kept both personal and spiritual. “And Mary kept these things in her heart.”

ST. LOTTO OF THE BROKEN HEART

Religious faith was often perverted in an attempt to gain the riches of the world. Our maid had a little shrine set up in the house with the sole objective of helping her win the lottery. It consisted of a painting of Jesus with a broken heart shining from inside his chest, wrapped up in a lottery ticket beside a burning candle. Don't ask me if she won, I never met anyone who actually did. Whenever I asked someone how they did on the lottery, they would just smile and utter the usual, “Nos toca sufrir” (Our turn to suffer).

But losing the lottery did not deter the habitual players from buying more tickets. There seemed to be a deluded assumption that losing only increased their chances the next time around. Strange.

BOND'S THE NAME, ROOK'S THE GAME

Every Sunday night Elder Bond would come over with his junior and have a game of Rook with Mundy until the wee hours of the morning. I couldn't understand how a card game could be so fascinating and more desirable than sleeping. Sleeping was one of the things I did best. In any event the card game would go on for hours. As for me, me tocaba dormir, (my turn to sleep).

JOCKS, JERKS AND FOOTBALL WANNABE'S

Monday, April 30, 1973



Nelson and Roundy talked us into playing a little football with the rest of the zone. As usual there were a few former football jocks with the mistaken illusion that if they were given just the right break, they could get an offer from the 49ers. These deluded dimwits naturally proceeded to play full-contact flag football as if their lives depended upon the outcome. All their inner frustrations and hostilities surfaced, blossoming into bruises, blisters, battered bones and bloody bodies. Football was not a matter of life and death to these guys. It was much more serious than that.

DIRTY WORDS FROM A DIRTY BIRD

Nelson, Mundy and I went over to jam with a local rock band but they were not home. While we were waiting for them we amused ourselves with their large green parrot. It soon dawned on us that the dirty bird must have been owned by a rather crusty old pirate, because the words coming out of his beak would make a sailor blush. It was absolutely amazing that someone would take such pains to teach a parrot to curse, swear, and profane with such impunity. The funniest part was how the bird would laugh hysterically after each foul emission. It was really bizarre.

DIRTY WORDS FROM A DIRTY NERD

Bird-brains do not only appear in feathered form. The human version was equally prevalent. An Englishman boarding at our house had a mouth that wouldn't stop. At first it caught us off guard as to whether or not to object to his persistent profanity. After all, we did not wish to offend.

Finally Baria looked at him, smiled and said "Would you mind not saying those kinds of things while we are present?" The Englishman erupted in a vulgar volcano of cursing, swearing and claiming he had the right to say whatever he wanted to and that we could not stop him. Baria smiled and calmly said, "But you wouldn't mind not saying them while we are around, now would you?"

There was an awkward moment while we all just eyed him, smiling all the time. He just glared at each of us, then threw his napkin onto his plate and stomped up to his room. We greatly enjoyed his absence from that time forward.

REAL SUNNY BEACHES

May 1, 1973

The branch planned a beach party at San Diego to celebrate the local holiday. May 1 is Labor Day. We decided not to get up at 4 in the morning to go with the branch, but hitched there at a more reasonable hour. We got a great ride that took us all the way to the beach.

I spread out a towel on the hot sand and immediately fell asleep (Did I mention Mundy liked to play late-night card games?). Body-burning on a blistering beach was a big-time blunder.

WORKING ZONE WITH NELSON

Wednesday, May 2

I finally got to find out what it was like to "work zone" with the zone leaders. District leaders would split with the ZL's for a few days every now and then. I didn't know Roundy very well and was glad when Nelson arranged



it so I could work with him. Here's what I found out about working with zone leaders:

1. Their food was much worse than ours.
2. They have errands to run all day long.
3. They don't get to teach much because of all the errands.
4. Many times they have to eat while running errands.
5. Running errands makes you hungry.
6. If the food makes you sick enough, you get to stay home and not run any more errands (sounds worth it to me).

WORKING ZONE, DAY 2

Wednesday, May 3

Nelson and I did some heavy-duty tracting in his area. I loved talking to people, even the ones I did not know. Each person was a special opportunity waiting to be explored. We found some inactive members and spent quite a bit of time talking to them. It is amazing how quickly people can forget everything they know about the church when they go inactive.

BAPTISMAL INTERVIEWS

We finally managed to get the Portillo family married and ready for their baptismal interviews with Nelson and Roundy. We were always a little nervous when our investigators got interviewed for baptism, but I don't know why. I never saw anyone get turned down.

FOOD FIGHT

Roundy had discovered that the food we had over at our house was much better than what he and Nelson were subjected to. He wanted to make the switch back from working zone after supper. I had enjoyed working with Nelson but there was no way I was going to go back there for another "meal," as they called it. I flat out told Roundy that our "working zone" was over and that I would be eating at my house. He was not happy, but what was he going to do? He reluctantly agreed and I was able to maintain my supreme cuisine.

It all "came out in the wash" when we invited Nelson and Roundy to our house for supper. There was enough spaghetti for everyone.

ERRAND AIRHEADS*Saturday May 5, 1973*

All we did was run errands today. Even district leaders have business to attend to that is not specific to giving formal lessons. I learned later that this is referred to as “busy-ness,” or “admini-strivia.” Or, the massive minutia of project maintenance.

SUCCESS AT LAST

It had been a full fifty weeks since I last baptized anyone. It was back in Escuintla with David Williams that I last got into the water. Over the course of the following year I had spent three months working in La Familia Unida, spreading the word but baptizing no one. Then Mundy and I worked two months in San Vicente where we found one golden investigator in Martinson’s area, who got baptized after we left. Then, after working four months in San Pedro, a family was baptized just after I was transferred. The “dry season” had lasted for nearly a year.

Miguel Angel Velasco Portillo, age 57, and his wife Maria Victoria Polanco Cruz, age 53, got baptized on Saturday, May 5, 1973. It was definitely a “journal entry day.”

MUNDY’S HUNDRED

Elder Mundy was a work-aholic. With only three months left in his mission he taught 100 lessons in four weeks, matching (if not exceeding) what Williams and I had done back in Escuintla. We celebrated with ice cream. Ice cream gives you such a warm feeling inside.

CONFIRMATION CELEBRATION*Sunday, May 6*

Back in those days we did not confirm people until the following Sunday in Sacrament Meeting. It was a special day for Brother Portillo because not only did he get the gift of the Holy Ghost, but it was his birthday as well. It was one of the few pay-offs we all received which served to balance out all the struggles and trials. “*Nos toca sufrir,*” (*Our turn to suffer*), was not always true.

FREE AT LAST

I had written in one of my previous letters to the president that if he had anyone else in mind that needed the “opportunity” and “blessing” of being a district leader, that it would not break my heart if I were released. I had certainly had all the “opportunities” and “blessings” from being a DL I could possibly stand. I desperately wanted to end my mission on the streets working with a greenie, someone like David Williams, but that would be a hard act to follow.

I was elated when the moves came out and I had been released as DL and I would be getting a greenie. Mundy was made district leader and his area was being split. Baria would take part of Mundy’s area and work with Joe Cheney who was coming down from San Marcos.

I was so happy to have Joe Cheney in our district. It sure was good to see him again. He, Mundy and I had a great time singing his favorite Hillbilly Tune, Old Four-holer On The Hill. For your amusement I have included the words below:

OLD FOUR-HOLER ON THE HILL, OR CHENEY’S HILLBILLY HYMN

Listen friends and I will tell
 About the little white house on the hill.
 It’s not the best
 But it’s the place to rest
 In the old four-holer on the hill.
 On a lazy afternoon
 Flies will hum a lazy tune.
 The seat is so kind
 To Your behind
 In the old four-holer on the hill.

When she has the time to spare
 Grandma takes her knittin' there.
 She's got her a box of
 Knitted sox
 In the old four-holer on the hill.
 Fancy paper is a luxury.
 You can take a tip from me.
 A corn cob is rough
 So, one's enough
 In the old four-holer on the hill.
 Grandpa went up there on the run.
 When he got there he was done.
 He could have walked
 Because the door was locked
 To the old four-holer on the hill.

NOMAD NELSON

Elder Razz (Nelson) got a move up north where he would be zone leader with Reintjes. He was an exceptional missionary and an exemplary leader, one who was not only trusted, but willingly followed. Mundy and I were hoping we could end our missions there with Nelson and have a few more opportunities to jam with him and the local neighborhood rock band, but that is how things go. Perhaps we were having too much fun. Once again, nos toca sufrir (Our turn to suffer).



PICKING UP THE GREENIES

Elder Gardea and I had to make a trip to San Salvador to get our greenies at the airport. We hitched into town, hit McDonald's, shot pool, rode bumper cars, then made our way to the airport. My new comp's name was Matthew Fenn Hilton, from Walnut Creek, California. He was a big tall dude, 6'3" and 179 lbs., who reminded me of Clark Kent.



HILTON'S HOTEL

Friday, May 11

I'm not sure what Hilton thought about his first day in the mission field. We started off the day by going over to the chapel to do some construction work. Putting a shoulder to the wheel often meant building Zion through manual labor.

I CARE FAMILY

We talked to the Recino family which was baptized by Elder Andelin. They got all excited about becoming an “I Care Family,” which was President Glades program for strengthening families. It’s not easy following in Andelin’s footsteps.

**HAIL TO THE CHIEF**

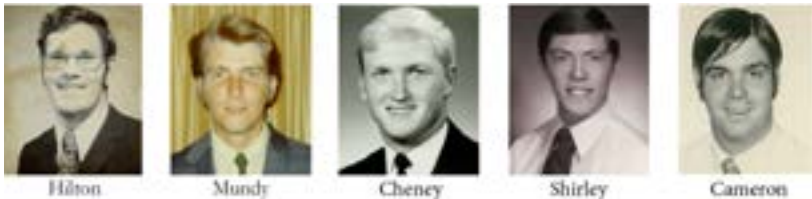
We got home just as it began to hail. The huge stones were about an inch in diameter and broke in half when they hit the pavement. The sound was deafening. It was the only hailstorm I had witnessed my entire mission.

TOP TEN ANNOYING CHARACTERISTICS OF SOME GREEN MISSIONARIES: (HILTON NOT INCLUDED):

1. Believes older missionaries are much too liberal.
2. Want to tract in the rain so people will let us in.
3. Gets upset about buying icecream on Sunday for district meeting.
4. Has two feet in El Salvador and his head in Provo.
5. Quotes the handbook to the mission president.
6. Says hello to prostitutes on the street.
7. Says hello to drunks on the street.
8. Shakes hands too hard with members.
9. Always thinking of ways we can “improve.”
10. Always reminding you of what time it is.

FAMILIA “ALMOST” RE-UNIDA

Monday, May 14



Hilton went with Cheney to play some football. Mundy and I did our usual routine, then hitched into San Salvador for a day of McDonalds.

We also went to Layco chapel where we met up with Cameron and practiced some songs. It was great to make music with them again.

ZONE FIRESIDE

We put on some of the most lame skits at our zone fireside. We sang the song “Teen Angel” and then did a rendition of Joe Cheney’s favorite hymn, “Old Four-holer On The Hill.” We finished up with a spoof on the Chinese martial arts movies. Light-mindedness at its very best.

REMEMBERING SAN MARCOS/SAN PEDRO

We stayed overnight at Dodge’s house in a hammock. Cheney, Dodge and I had a great time reliving our glory days up in the Guatemalan highlands. Our stories seemed to get better over time.

NEWS FROM HOME

Tuesday, May 15

I got a letter from home telling me that if I wanted to stay an extra two weeks in Guatemala, that would be fine, but that there was a job waiting for me and Dad needed me in the construction business, but to use my judgment because they understood I was needed “at both ends.” I knew the time had come and that The Lord did not want professional missionaries. It was time to go home.

The ZL’s called President Glade every Tuesday, so I went over to see if I could talk to him. I explained everything to Elder Rigby and he said he would talk to the president and get back with me.

I CARE FAMILY MEETING

The families in Santa Ana were beginning to get the vision about the “I Care Family” program. The Montes family, the Olmeda family, and the Vanegas all showed up. Elder Hathcock said it was the best meeting of that kind he had seen in Santa Ana.



END OF A DROUGHT

Saturday, May 19

We spent the day doing baptism interviews, then went over to the chapel. I wanted to make sure my greenie, Elder Hilton, got wet as soon



as possible, so he and Baria baptized Sister Pineda and their two children. I baptized Brother Jose Antonio Mejia Pineda. There is just something about people dressed in white, especially when everyone is wet.

Just before the meeting started, one of the members asked me if I would baptize his daughter. I declined, telling him that it would be much better if he did. After discussing the situation at length, we found there were reasons he could not do it, and because they did not want to wait until he was worthy, I consented.

PROSELYTING POACHERS

Sunday, May 21

Missionaries tend to be a little territorial. It was a little difficult for me to watch one of the other Elders confirm a baptism “poached” from our area. We tried not to make a big deal out of it because there was much more at stake than our personal egos. The important thing was that someone got baptized, not that someone got the credit. It was a simple thing to overlook.

POUNDING THE PIANIST

While I was playing the piano in Sacrament Meeting, a little boy of

about three years of age came up and started pushing on the keys. I guess he thought I needed some help. His father came over and tried to get him to quit. The little boy got mad and started slugging me in the back while I was trying to play. I hope he didn’t express the combined sentiment of the entire branch.

HEALING THE SICK

After church we went out for our usual evening of street displays. I could do that all day and not get tired. But all things must come to an end, so we decided to go see the Pineda family. Sister Pineda told us she had injured her hand and was in rather severe pain. We explained that the priesthood could be used to give blessings according to the faith of those involved. Sister Pineda then asked us to give her a blessing.

I taught Hilton how to anoint, and he did a great job. It was one of those times when everyone was certain how things would turn out. We just knew she would be healed. There was no hesitation in commanding the illness to depart. We also told her in the blessing that the reason she had received that particular trial was so that she could learn about the power of the priesthood and sustain that power when her husband would later receive it.

After the blessing Sister Pineda told us the pain had gone. Then to our surprise she started moving the finger she had broken a year earlier and had not been able to use it since then. She did not have the money to go to a doctor so the broken finger had swollen up and hardened. She had not been able to move it for an entire year. Now, with little effort, the finger was again moving. It was the first time I had seen a blessing spill over onto a pre-existing condition. Never underestimate the power of the priesthood coupled with faith.

BETWEEN THE DROPS

Being with the Pinedas that night was so special that we did not want to leave. We were soon interrupted by the sound of rain drops outside. They advised us to hurry back home. I told them not to worry because “we would not get wet.”

We continued to visit for a while then walked to the door. It quit raining as we started down the street. It seemed to be raining all around us, but not “on” us. Just as we got home it began to pour. Mundy was there and asked if we had taken our umbrellas. I answered that we had

forgotten them. He asked if we had walked home. I said we had. He wanted to know why we weren't wet. I told him it was a long story and he probably wouldn't believe it anyway. It was probably all a very large coincidence.

WHO IS MAN THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM?

That same night the lightning continued to flash and the rain pounded on the tile roof, but the thunder was not what kept me awake for most of that sleepless night. I was content to just marvel at the power released from each flash, feeling the vibrations from the ensuing thunder, and wondering why the creator of such manifestations would pause to do something so simple as heal a poor woman's injured hand and allow us the privilege of playing some small part. Who were we to be worthy of such a personal touch? The storm was beautiful in its expression of glorious power.

ZONE TESTIMONY MEETING

Tuesday, May 22

Rigby handed me my new flight plans. June 8th would be my last day in the mission field. I didn't feel anything like I thought I would. When I first arrived in the mission field I thought I would never go home. Now that it was within sight I felt a little empty. It was difficult sharing my testimony one last time with all the missionaries at zone conference.

SUITING ME FINE

Thursday, May 24

After two years in Latin America, all my clothes were not only out of style, they are totally shot. My two suit coats I was required to bring were practically worn out from hanging in the closet for 22 months. I think I wore them once or twice the entire time I was there. It was definitely time to start shedding a little unnecessary baggage.

The guy we had just baptized, Hermano Pineda, was about my size, so we took one of my suits over to his house. He was a little shorter than I, but his daily job was loading 200 lb. burlap bags of coffee beans onto train cars. His biceps were like iron, even when they weren't flexed. I presented him with the suit and asked him to try it on. You could almost see his muscles through the suit. It seemed odd that I had used the same suit coat to hide the fact my arms were so puny.

I thought he was doing me a favor by taking it off my hands until I noticed the look of gratitude in his eyes and the way his wife looked at him in his new Sunday suit. They told me they had never owned anything so beautiful and that it would be a privilege to wear it to church every Sunday. With tears in their eyes they thanked us for what they considered to be the most extravagant material gift they had ever received. Why did I suddenly feel so shallow?

BYE BYE BARIA

Friday, May 25

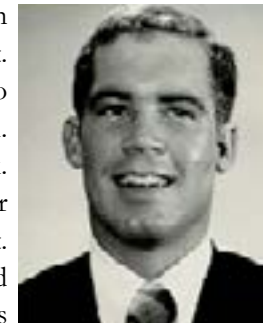


Hilton, Peterson and I worked in a threesome while Mundy and Cheney took Baria to the airport. We spent the morning working at the chapel construction site. The afternoon was spent tracting. Who's baggy? Not me! We saw a plane fly over on its way north and thought it might be Baria's plane. We paused for a moment of silence.

ELDER CARLISLE'S ACCIDENT

Saturday, May 26

We received word that Elder Carlisle had been hit by a motorcycle while crossing the street. The young man driving the cycle was trying to intimidate the missionaries by swerving at them. Carlisle did not see him coming and was struck. The cyclist was doing about 50 kilometers an hour on impact. Both were thrown to the pavement. Carlisle had a fractured skull from his forehead back around to the back of his head. The doctors checked him out and said he would be fine, but later strange things began to happen. A specialist was called who examined him and then operated immediately. All 192 Elders and all the sisters started a special fast.



UNITED IN FASTING

Sunday, May 27

We all had the most comforting feeling about Elder Carlisle. We just knew everything was going to be fine. It was one of the most pleasant

fasts I could remember. There was a calming feeling of peace we could not deny.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE

Hermano Pineda showed up at the district conference sporting his new suit. We had tried to show him how to tie a tie, but he had never owned one. He did rather well for a first time effort. In fact, my suit looked better on him than it ever did on me.

A TURN FOR THE WORSE

Monday, May 28

We had a good visit with Elder Bond. He was very concerned about Elder Carlisle. He had nearly died that morning from the swelling of his brain. We still believed everything would be fine because we had received such a feeling of peace from our mission fast. We just knew there would be a miracle in his behalf.



NOT WHAT WE HAD IN MIND

Tuesday, May 29, 1973

Hilton and I came home for supper and Elder Mundy handed me a newspaper. I began to read aloud thinking it was anti-Mormon literature. Then I came to the part saying “Mormon hit by motorcycle died this morning.” We all just sat there in silence, not knowing what to say to one another. We then went over to the zone leader’s to see if it was really true. They confirmed our fears. Elder Carlisle had passed away. We suddenly realized why we had received such a feeling of peace about him during our fast. Our prayers had been answered, but not in the way we wanted.

The members at mutual were very concerned. Elder Carlisle’s passing had created the avenue for all of us to think much more deeply about the solemnities of eternity, the brevity of life, the fragile state of mortality. We were able to discuss such matters with members in a way that we may never have been able otherwise. All things seem to eventually work together for our good, even something as tragic as a death. It took the death of my wife’s brother, Wayne Kinghorn, on his mission in Mexico in 1964 to encourage her parents to be sealed in the temple. The last “converts” he would have were his own parents. His determination to

serve a mission will endure as a living example to all his nephews who want to be like their Uncle Wayne. His legacy continues today. Nothing teaches so much about life than an unexpected death.



Robert Wayne Kinghorn

See following pages for tributes to Elder Carlisle...



Elder Michael A. Carlisle

A baby is born, happiness seen,
and joy is so ever strong,
As a godly spirit comes into this life,
Yes son, a life that won't be long.

To permit him to grow, to learn, and love,
to be able to face temptation,
and then carry what he has gained
and share it with many nations.

To serve the Lord with all his heart
and work with unquivering pain,
Then in a twinkling of an eye
is with Him from whom he came.

But surely to know that he has done
well in all of his endeavors,
A joy that will last eternally
forever and forever.

Elder Joseph G. Cheney

"My faith is strong, as is my desire to serve the Lord." Elder Michael A. Carlisle had this thought in front of him constantly as he strived to fulfill it by serving the Lord the best he could. He served a short, but important and meaningful mission here in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission. Important and meaningful for his own self, his family whom he loved very much, his companions, and his Lord.

His faith was strong, as he showed throughout his life. He knew that if he wanted something, he had to work for it. When setting out to do something, he went all the way, and didn't stop until he met his goal. He served in whatever way he could. He was the vice-president of his senior class. He was captain of the football team, which he was very proud of, and which he carried to the first place position in his league. And he served actively in the church. He was called as president of his Boyson's and Teacher's Quorums, and again as secretary of his Priest's Quorum.

He was a patient Elder, who was easy going enough to get along well with people, and straight forward enough to keep his eye single to the glory of God. He was obedient to the bounds and rules set before him, and knew how he had to go and what he had to do to accomplish his desires and always remain faithful to what he knew was right.

He was intelligent and studious, and showed it not only in his missionary work, but in his scholastic accomplishments in school. He attended Brigham Young University for a year before his mission, majoring in Computer Science.

In the mission field, he served for seven months after his two month training in the Language Training Mission. He began in Monserrat with Elder Luca K. Jones, and remained there for two and a half months. His next assignment was in Ruma El Molino with Elder David A. Whitner. They were together there for three months, when he was transferred to San Jacinto Branch with Elder Glenn A. Hillery, and served there for six weeks until his accident. He grew to love each of his companions and the areas in which he worked.

Although his full-time mission wasn't too long here, he did his best, and did it prayerfully. He was assured of the Lord's help and protection, and accepted it always in his problems as well as his joys. "If the Lord didn't give us problems, we couldn't grow." He knew of the Lord's constant love and care for him, as long as he was fulfilling his part. His testimony was strong concerning the power of prayer and priesthood, which he used often. His testimony was strong concerning the prophet Joseph Smith. He knew the work he was doing was true and important. He loved it, and was excited to be a missionary.

He passed away in San Salvador on May 29, 1973. His funeral services were held on June 2, 1973 with Elder Franklin D. Richards, Assistant to the Twelve as the General Authority in attendance.

MUSIC SOOTHES THE SAVAGE HEART

Peterson got his very first move to Ahuchapan. He was “almost” my companion. I had asked President Glade if I could work with him and was told yes. Later, it was changed and I worked with Elder Baria and did not get to work with Peterson, but it all turned out for the best. He and Mundy had done very well together. Just as when I was with Elder Williams, they set a goal of teaching a hundred lessons in one month, and they did it. As far as I know, Mundy, Peterson, Williams, and



I were the only ones I ever heard of teaching over a hundred lessons in one month. We knew we could control how many lessons we taught, but people get baptized when they are ready. Not on our agenda.

Every time Mundy and I got a chance we would jam on our guitars and were constantly writing and developing new songs. Peterson wanted a tape of our music so we stayed up late making him one. It helped us take our minds off what happened to Elder Carlisle. As would be a pattern for my life, my guitar was a dependable therapist.

ILLEGAL NORTHERN MIGRATION

A few members of the church tried to use missionary connections to get to the United States. They would begin by writing the parents of missionaries so that they could build an emotional bond. They would send them letters, then typical clothes, whatever it took to set the emotional hook. Then they would begin to tell how bad the situation was in El Salvador. Finally they would ask for sponsorship and other assistance. It created a great distress for everyone involved. When I was a greenie I had the same thing happen to me. Some of the Elders I knew were going through that ordeal, only this time the members showed up in Provo as an illegal alien. What a nightmare.

KEEPER OF THE PLATES

Elder Koplín was very interested in my journal. I had two loose-leaf binders filled with every day of my entire mission, along with pictures, postcards, letters, etc. He seemed to be rather



impressed and said he was going to do the same thing. I had been inspired by Elder Ardmore who kept every day of his mission. I must say it was a good exercise returning to my diary each day to report the activities to myself, because, let's face it, the vast majority of all our days are average, boring, and for the most part, uneventful. Many times I had to stretch to find anything interesting enough to write down.

Anyway, I hope anyone reading this will use it as a way of remembering many of the things they may have forgotten about. I hope to meet up with Elder Koplín and see if he really did keep his journal. I would like to read it.

CEMENTING THE FUTURE

Friday, June 1

We spent the entire morning cutting re-bar at the construction site for the new chapel. Everything had to be ready for pouring concrete. I spent the last eight months of my mission working on various construction sites at least once each week. It felt good to do something involving some physical effort.

A HIT AT THE RADIO STATION

Mundy and I had an appointment to talk to one of the radio announcers about playing one of our tapes on the air. Just as we were walking down the sidewalk near the station, a car came careening in the lot, just missed me, and struck Mundy as he was walking near a garbage can and had no room to get out of the way. I thought for sure his leg was broken because his pants were torn. Somehow he had escaped any further injury. Needless to say we had a few words with the guy who volunteered to pay for the damages. In the course of the conversation we found out he was the radio announcer we had the appointment with. What a coincidence that he suddenly took great interest in playing our music. Now, isn't that strange!

BUTTERFLIES, INSOMNIA AND LAST-MINUTE JITTERS

Why would it be that I suddenly found it difficult to sleep at night? Why did it feel like cockroaches were running a marathon in my gut? Could it be I was a week away from going home? Hmmm, I wonder.

MISSION REPORT PLANNING

I often found myself wondering what I would say when I reported my mission back home. I remember watching missionaries leave our ward as young boys and come back looking like men. When I looked in the mirror the young boy was still looking back at me. Somehow I thought I would be more mature, have more amazing stories to tell. I had expected to convert thousands, or at least a few hundred, but the truth was I was, for the most part, another average missionary who served just another very average mission. I was not excited about the idea of reporting my mission.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TESTIMONY BEARING

I don't know where the idea first came from for missionaries reporting their missions to bear their testimonies in their foreign tongue. What is the purpose of all that, anyway? So they learned to bear their testimonies in another language, what else were they supposed to do for 24 months? It was always amazing to me that people who knew nothing about any foreign language whatsoever would comment on how well the missionary had learned to speak. "He sure do talk that fancy Mandarin Chinese, now don't he, Ma? Yessiree Bob, he sure do."

The only thing one can do while the missionary is pontificating in the unknown tongue, is listen for any familiar words, my favorite one being "Amen." As for me, I sure do feel uplifted and edified after listening to three minutes of an unknown language. So why was it I did the very same thing as countless missionaries before me? Tengo un testimonio. Como no (I have a testimony. Of course).

LAST SUNDAY IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Sunday, June 3

As much as I wanted my last Sunday to be special, the truth was that it was wonderfully typical:

1. None of our investigators came to church.
2. None of the people we had baptized came to church.
3. The Sunday School teacher for the teenagers did not show up.
4. I had to fill in and teach the teenagers' Sunday School class.

FOOTBALL, GRINGO STYLE

Koplin was Mundy's new companion. He was center line-backer for

the BYU Freshman team, so naturally he had a supply of necessary equipment. After our district meeting we went out into the street in front of the house and threw passes back and forth up and down the street. The local street kids looked at us with the same wonder that I had when I used to see them playing soccer in the streets. A street can be a great place for a good game of football. It was sad to think it would all too soon be over.

MY LAST D-DAY EVER

Monday, June 4

We had great latitude given to us on Mondays. As long as we got 65 hours each week, we could climb volcanos, ride horses, go sight-seeing to different cities, play pool, ping pong, basketball and of course football. My philosophy was to work hard when it was time to work, and play hard when it was time to do that.

TIME RUNNING OUT

Tuesday, June 5

We spent the day going around the area saying good-by to people and leaving pictures with them. It was much more difficult than I had ever imagined. We went to mutual and for the last time I was able to play the piano. I never did learn to sight read. I played piano "by ear" which tended to limit what I could play, but no one complained other than some of the missionaries who were trained musicians. My philosophy was to simply play the song and leave out all the notes that didn't sound right. What could be so difficult about that?

After I gave my farewell speech to the branch, a little girl came up to me and told me not to go because, according to her, I was supposed to be there to play the piano. It sure was tempting.

I was asked to give the closing prayer at mutual. It was so very difficult to get through it. It was the last time I would pray at a church meeting in Latin America as a missionary. I was getting tired of so many "last time" this and "last time" that. It was like trying to take each and every sight, sound, and experience and burn it deep into my memory. It was all passing much too quickly.

BACK ON THE STREET, ONE MORE TIME

After everyone else had gone to bed, Mundy and I sat on the curb

outside the apartment and talked well into the night. It was my last night in El Salvador. Mundy and I had spent practically our entire time in the mission field together. My missionary journal was as much about him as it was of me. We were in the same district for two months in San Salvador when he was a greenie and we went tracting together hoping no one would let us in. We were in La Familia Unida together for another four months, then worked as companions in San Vicente for another two months. We were in the same zone in Xela for five months where we often got together for paseos (day trips). We then finished out my last three months in Santa Ana living in a four-Elder house. We had known each other and worked together for about 14 months.

We talked about all the old times and amused each other with countless lines and clichés from the endless list of movies we had seen. Life was all too amusing to get so serious about things. After all, people go home from missions all the time. There was too much yet to be done, more songs to sing, and many more friendships to be enjoyed.

THE GIFT OF SONG WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

I couldn't leave Santa Ana without visiting with and saying good-by to our recent convert baptism, Hermano Portillo. We just sat and talked for a long time about his conversion and how much the church meant to him.

He happened to mention how badly he wanted to get a hymn book for church. He had been waiting for the mission to get some more shipped in. I just happened to have my hymn book with me. It had traveled with me ever since the LTM and I had used it my entire mission. I had looked forward to placing it on my bookshelf at home as one of my most treasured souvenirs. So why did I present it to him as a parting gift? Was it because it was not meant to rust unused on my bookshelf? Or was it because I hoped it would remind him of the special time we spent together during the process of his conversion to the gospel? I think it was because it seemed like the only natural thing to do. After all, I can't read music anyway, so why would I need a book?

TAUGHT BY THE SPIRIT

As we visited with Hermano Portillo and his wife, we naturally found ourselves talking about the church and our mutual love for the Savior.

Without planning it, we all bore our testimonies to each other in the privacy of his small apartment. Then we all knelt for a closing prayer which Hermano Portillo offered himself. His sincerity and humble faith produced one of the most touching and eloquent prayers I had ever heard. I don't remember what he said, but I do remember how I felt. It was one of those few spiritual highlights of my entire mission.

We then dried our eyes and he insisted on sharing with us a bowl of rice. All too soon it was time to leave. I shared with him one more abrazo (hug), which was especially long, sincere, and tear-filled.

We walked down the narrow corridor from his small apartment and out into the world. I was surprised when Hilton said he had learned more about real missionary work during that lesson than he had since he had arrived in Central America. The Spirit had taught us all.

ONE LAST TRACT-OUT

We went over to say goody to Sister Canizales, but she wasn't there. We asked some neighbors where she was and they did not know. Just then it started raining, so the neighbors invited us to wait until it stopped. Naturally we got into a discussion on religion. The guy was a scientologist who informed me that "theology was the highest form of study." I told him that theology was the study of God devised by man, but Mormonism was the study of God revealed to prophets. We testified to him, but I don't think his itching ears were scratching for anything new.

BREAK OUT THE BUBBLY

We got back to the house and found out that Mundy and Koplín had bought us some cake, ice cream, and of all things, root beer. Wouldn't you know they would start selling root beer in Santa Ana the day I was to leave.



Elders Hathcock and Culp came over to say their final good-by. We had our own little fiesta. We talked well into the night. It didn't seem to matter what time it was.

LAST HITCH HOME*Thursday, June 7, 1973*

Mundy and I made one last recording of some of our favorite songs, then he, Cheney and I started hitching for San Salvador. We got a great ride with a guy who took us right to McDonald's. I managed to collect my last reference as a missionary.

PRESIDENT SCHEEL

When I first arrived as a missionary, President Monson came down to see if we were ready to have a stake in El Salvador. He told us we were not yet ready. Now, just as I was leaving, we had received approval and President Scheel was the new Stake President. Perhaps we did make a little progress over the previous two years.

The following excerpt is from President Harvey S. Glade in the May, 1973 version of *Avante*: "Approval to organize the San Salvador District into a Stake of Zion by the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve has been given and we anxiously await further instructions so this is important step in the progress of our beloved mission will soon become a realization. Shortly, the Guatemala City Stake will undoubtedly be divided and already five former branches of the mission have been consolidated and have become two new wards in the Stake. Eleven branches will be involved in the organization of the San Salvador Stake, so you can see the mission itself is gradually being reduced as to the number of mission units. The proselyting effort will be expanding, however, here in the mission and the Stakes of Guatemala and El Salvador."

A current (20 Feb 2017) reaction to this from Mario Scheel follows: "Wonderful article, thanks for sharing. No question Pres. Glade's enthusiasm and leadership was a key factor in the growth of the church down there. He was my direct upline leader as a District President in San Salvador. By the way, about two years before June of 1973, under his direction the then two San Salvador Districts, (North and South) were consolidated as one looking forward to the strength he was looking for previous to the stake creation. I was then called to direct it and under his direction meet the required standards mainly in leadership, Priesthood



holders, tithing and fast offerings. My one to one communication with him was increased ten fold. He was a great leader, it was indeed a great blessing to serve under his direction

THAT'S ALL FOLKS*Friday, June 8, 1973*

We got up early and Cheney and Mundy went with me in a taxi to the Illopango airport. Dodge, Hillery and Bond came to see me off. All too soon it was time to leave. It was so sad saying good-bye to so many of the closest friends I had ever had. We all stood around laughing and talking in the main lobby of the airport. The ceiling had a curious dome shape and if you stood in just the right place it was like talking into your own ears. I specifically remembered going through there just two years earlier. It was hard to believe I was now on the other end of the stick.

I found it hard to imagine life without Mundy, Cheney, and Dodge. We had created a bond of friendship that was exceptional. I lost track of Dodge and have not been able to track him down since. Cheney did exactly what I thought he would do in serving in many high callings in the church and serving additional missions.

Then, there was Elder Mundy. My mission was as much about him as it was about me. We had spent so much time together that we knew what each other was thinking. We had been companions twice, and spent more than three-quarters of our missions together, either as companions or in the same district. When we were performing I knew what he would play or sing before he actually did. When he wrote a new song, I could play along the first time I heard it, like a familiar melody. We still stay in touch after a lifetime of keeping track of each other. The pattern of working together in the mission field never really ended. There are still songs yet to be sung, still more performances to make, still impossible things to go ahead and do anyway. How hard can it be?

OUT THE DOOR

We all agreed to look each other up when we got back home, but somehow we knew it probably would not happen, at least for some time. Natural dispersion seems to be how things actually work out in the real world.

With a final abrazo (hug), I walked out of the airport and boarded the plane. I could see the row of white-shirted Elders watching from

the second floor observatory, as I had done several times before when missionaries were either coming or going. Now, I did not have to imagine how I would feel, because I was in the middle of feeling so many different things. Change was proving more difficult than I had imagined. The 707 taxied down the runway, past all the wrecked airplanes stored along the runway for parts, up into the air gliding easily above the city, the street vendors, the boys playing soccer in the streets, the poverty and the richness of blessings poured out on the members. Within moments we were descending into Guatemala City airport.

CHECKING OUT

Eddo came to get me at the airport. We spent the rest of the day together doing some last minute errands (I had learned how to do them well by working zone with Nelson). But most of all,



Eddo and I just talked about all the time we had spent working together. We went through my journal and laughed about all the fun times. We first worked together in Escuintla, worked street displays together, got hassled by some teenage toughs but dealt with them appropriately. We often went together on Mondays to visit various places or to try some new adventure. He was always positive and sure that we could handle anything. We worked three months together in La Familia Unida, singing, playing, promoting, and performing. As with all the boys in the band, I was totally comfortable with each of them and considered them my blood brothers. Because of what we had experienced together, we not only believed, but we were absolutely dead certain that with the Lord's help we could do anything. We had been changed and transformed for the better.

SUPPER WITH THE GLADE FAMILY

It was customary for missionaries to eat their last meal with President Glade and his family. It reminded me of what it was like to have my feet under my mother's own table, something I would soon be able to experience again. As much as I loved being a missionary in Central

America, I knew it was time to go home and make progress that would not be available elsewhere. There was no other way.

FINAL INTERVIEW

President Glade had one final interview with me before leaving. We talked about some of the things that had been accomplished and also discussed future plans. I don't remember the counsel he gave, but I do remember feeling that he cared. I thanked him for being such a great mission president. I had been assigned some of the hardest areas in some of the more remote parts of the mission, but in the process had experienced things and met people I would never forget. After all, I was happiest working out in the boonies where I was not expected to succeed. I thrived on challenge.

I treasure the words he spoke to me more than once, "Elder Shirley, I can put you anywhere, and you will make it work." No greater compliment could I ever have hoped for. Before my mission, when I was wondering if I should hold off on a mission in order to "be famous" in the Westgate Play Mill in West Yellowstone, the thought came to me after fasting and praying, "Why don't you do what you know you should do?" That is what I chose, and I never did regret choosing a mission first. The role I was to play in the mission field was to be given some of the toughest assignments, under some of the most extreme conditions, and make it work. That has been the role I have played throughout most of my life. That is what I do best. That is what I am good at.

MY PARENTS: PRESIDENT & SISTER GLADE*By Bryant Glade (2016)*

For me, I didn't want to go, because right at the time when my dad got the call to go on a mission, at the high school that I was attending I was a sophomore I had tried out for the cheer leading squad, and at that school if you got on the cheer leading squad, in my opinion it was like being quarterback on the football team. My friend and I, we both got elected, so there were three guys and three girls. So it was a pretty big deal to get there, going into our junior year.



So my dad came into our living room and said he needed to talk to the family. We said Ok, and then he said, "I've got something that I need everyone to know, and that is that Mom and I have been called to be mission presidents, and we've been called to the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission, and we wanted to talk to everyone about it." I said, "That's great, I hope you enjoy it. I'm not going." I said, "I've worked too hard to get what I've got. I hope you enjoy yourselves. My dad said,

"I thought that is what you might say." Over time they talked me into it.

Going down there for me was pretty tough for me, going to a school where I did not know anyone, I didn't speak Spanish. But I look back on that experience, and it was probably one of the best experiences of my life, especially looking back at it now, not having my father around. I was calculating now how old he was and I thought, "My dad was around forty-four years old when he was called to that position, and I thought when I was that age, "I'm not doing diddly-squat in my life and here my Dad's been a mission president and everything in his forties, and I was just so impressed as I look back on those years, to who he was and how well both he and my mother handled themselves and conducted and represented himself as a mission president.

For me, I always look back on the things I enjoyed the most when I was in the mission field with my parents and that was the missionaries, probably number one, because I just had a blast getting to know the missionaries. Being able to be there, any given day, always having missionaries, whether it was seeing the missionaries in the office, or whether it was P day, or Zone Conference. Being able to associate with them was phenomenal, kind of like being everyone's little brother.

There are some of those missionaries, that have, one in particular, that really shaped who I am, not just my dad, but Elder Joe Lowery, who was, in my opinion, to this day, is a mentor, but he taught me the importance of having manners, and to this day I still, If I'm asking someone who might be older than me, I always use, "Yes, mam," and "No, sir." He taught me the importance of manners, and when he was working in the office, whenever we would eat breakfast, lunch or breakfast with the missionaries, and he was serving as one of the assistants, he always made sure that he helped my mom sit at the table; he would always pull her chair out and sit her down. He was always the last one to sit down and at times there would be twenty or more of us eating our meals there at the mission home.

I got really close to a lot of the missionaries, at least the ones that worked in the office, and many of those missionaries, to this day, mean a lot to me. James Martino just recently sealed my daughter in the temple. Elder Allen, who was down there when we first got there who has been working in the missionary department came out here recently and spoke at our stake conference. So, it's fun to see them, bump into them, and talk to them. The last reunion that my dad was able to attend, it was fun

to go to that.

After that, one of the key things I loved about being down there was the people. Now I didn't associate much with many of them because I was off doing my high school stuff, but it was always fun to get to know the people, and especially go up into the Indian villages, Patsicia, and Sololá, it was fun to get to know those people.

Then, the third thing for me was the volcano Pacaya. Because I got to be the tour guide to go up there because I was the only one who knew how to get up there and so missionaries would come in on their P day and at night time you could see from different parts of Guatemala City you could see whether or not it was erupting. And there would be times



that I could see that it was erupting. Some missionaries would say, "I'm going to be going home soon and I want to go up there before I go." I'd say, "Well, talk to my dad. So, at times we would go up there at ten at night and not get back until midnight. We went up there many times; I don't know how many times I went up that volcano. It was always fun.

Honestly, I learned a lot while I was down there. That is where I really started to understand what it meant to have a testimony. I remember specifically my dad was having a zone conference held there at the mission home and inside the mission home they had chairs all lined up and the last night of the zone conference they always had a testimony meeting. I came out and was sitting at the end of one of the rows as it came around where I was sitting and the missionary behind me was going to stand up, but I stood up and I said, "You know, I don't think my parents expected me to do this, but I'm going to stand up and bear my testimony, and that is, I'm not sure I have a testimony because I've never really thought about it, I've just taken it all for granted, but I sit here and I listen, to all you missionaries, that are bearing your testimonies, and I can see how important it is that for myself I start to figure this out.

So, it really did a lot to shape my life. Did I miss a lot of things for

not staying home? Yes. I often thought maybe I should have gone down for my junior year, and then gone back for my senior year, but, all in all, it was a great experience, and I don't think I would change it for anything. It, all in all, was very positive.

My father was in the mission field in Argentina, back in the 40's. He, along with 7 or 8 other guys, got permission to tour all the mission, and at that time it was all of Argentina, and we have pictures of him in a basketball uniform, and he toured all around as a basketball team performing for the church. That is how they did a lot of their proselyting was through playing basketball. It didn't hurt the idea of "La Familia Unida," but I think he thought if he could play basketball I'm sure these guys could sing some songs and do the same.

I don't remember a lot about the Familia Unida, but I remember the T-shirts, and going and watching, I remember that you guys came to my high school and did a performance there, and I remember that, and I



remember them saying to me and saying, "We'll let them come, but they can't talk about the church, they can't talk about the gospel, but they can come and sing. I said Ok, I'll have them to do that, and I think there might have been a couple of songs they may have objected to, but I think all in all they had a great time, but I do remember them coming to the high school. (Above, Eddo, Cameron & Mundy, performing at the 2008 reunion. Elder Nelson joined in on piano off camera to the right. Elder Teel was not able to make it, and Scott Shirley's father passed away the night before, so reunion plans, for him, were cancelled).



I've enjoyed the few reunions that I went to. They were a lot of fun. The last that I attended were at my dad's home ward. It is always fun to connect up with some of those missionaries. Recognizing them is a little more difficult now, especially looking back at their pictures when they were 19 years old. They all seem to have changed a little bit. (*Above, reunion attendees with Pres. Glade and his children at 2013 reunion*).

It was a great experience to be with my parents in Guatemala. I graduated from high school in Guatemala so it's always a trivia question, "Tell us something that we would not know about you." I tell them that I graduated from high school in Guatemala. And so I use that a lot, when we have a little trivia contest. But, it was a great experience.

Question: "What would you most like the missionaries who served with your parents to know about both of them?"

I can say this for both of them. And that is that, both of them, 110%, loved each and every missionary that they had the opportunity to serve with. This mission changed their lives. Because, it never failed, they always talked about their mission. They talked about their missionaries. They talked about the things they were able to do on their mission. And, even up to the day my dad passed away he was still talking about missionaries, he was talking about missionaries. He had three of them come while he was at the assisted living home, and they spent an hour or so with them.

I met Elder Martino, because he wanted to come visit him, I met him and took him over to visit with my dad, and just to sit there and watch my dad talk to a general authority that he served with, he was so proud of everything that Elder Martino had accomplished.

But I look at my dad, and he was a man of trust, a man of integrity, and he had a testimony of the gospel, and he loved and supported my mom, he loved my mom so much. My Mom, for part of the mission, she struggled. Her health wasn't all that good. But she was always there to support my dad, and, for me, in the mission field, she was my homework advisor, I would always wait until the last night to do a report and it needed to be typed I might hand write it and then she would sit down at 11 or 12 at night and type it for me.

But I think deep down inside the main thing about them serving that mission was that love that they had for every single missionary that served in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission. They never regretted the time that they were able to spend down there for three years. It was just as great experience for them. They loved to talk about Guatemala, they have pictures in the house, and plaques. To the day they both moved out of the house there were still things hanging on the walls from Guatemala. When they both passed away we had to divide everything up. It was amazing how many trinkets, and how many things we found that Mom had bought at the markets, things that we all divided up and now where do we have them but down in our storage rooms, where some day our children are going to say, "What on earth is all this stuff?" I don't know where I'd be now if I hadn't gone.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

By Scott Shirley

On behalf of the missionaries in Guatemala-El Salvador Mission, thank you for sharing your parents with us. Thank you for sacrificing your high school years, and thank you for not making it difficult on your parents. It is obvious to us that your parents are proud of you. Well done, good and faithful son.

ADVENTURES IN GUATEMALA – 1970-1973*by Gary H Glade*

So at the beginning of 1970 my father came and spoke to all the family. He said that he had been called into the church office about the possibility of becoming a mission president. I later found out that they had asked my father once before but my dad just didn't feel that the timing was right and asked he they would hold off for a while. Well they did hold off and came back to him. I think that maybe this time was more of "we are calling" you and not can we call you. It was a pretty crazy time for all of the family. Everyone had some trouble dealing with it and the fact Guatemala/El Salvador mission our first reaction was – "Where"?

Out came the encyclopedia and we all found where these countries were located and started to read up on them. There were a lot of emotions for me. I was really excited to go see some other part of the world but sad that I would miss my friends and family. We spend the next few months just trying to decide what we could pack and take with us and what we had to leave behind. My grandfather, Harvey H. Glade would take care of the house and rent it out to a few people while we were gone. I think that is what drove my mon the craziest is what kind of people were going to live in our house. All in all, my grandfather found good people who took care of the home for us.

I had just turned 11 years old in May and we arrived in Guatemala in July. Everything was so different and exciting. My grandmother, Bessie Moon, came down with us to help my mother out. My mom had just had some surgery on her arm and couldn't use it very well yet. I was fun to have my grandma Moon living with us. She was always a hoot to be around. She couldn't speak a stitch of Spanish like the rest of us but she sure did try to talk to the maids. Many times it was just with hand signals

and gestures but she seemed to get her point across. Mom seemed to use the same tactic but would grab a office missionary to help in the translation of desires.

Everything was going great until school started. My sister Allison and I got registered in the Collegio Maya school. This was for kindergarten thru 9th grade. The first part of your day was all taught in English. The second half of the day was all in Spanish. The teachers in the afternoon could speak some English but for the most part they spoke in Spanish. My sister and I didn't like going to the school. My mom had to go and sit in the back of Allison's class for like 2 months until she got used to it. I can remember during recess I would go and find her and we would just walk together and cry because we were scared. We couldn't understand Spanish and we had all new people to make friends with.

The first 2-3 months were pretty tough. After a while we both made some friends and it made going to school a lot easier. Many of the kids we went to school with were from US government or military families. Coming from an LDS background it was tough to relate to the ideas and actions of so many different people. We weren't in Utah anymore!

By the end of the first year school was fine. I had some great friends and even started to attending some of the parties these kids love to have. The next 2 years were a blast. When it was time for use to leave and go back home, I really struggled. I didn't want to leave these new friends. One of the fun things while in school was the weekly athletic period. This is where I really began to learn how to play soccer. Boy we had some fun games and some of the local kids that were in our school could really play. This benefitted me when I got back home and into high school. I was able to tryout and made the high school soccer team. My senior year I made the All-State team which I don't think I would have ever been able to do if I hadn't spent 3 years in Guatemala.

Hanging out with the missionaries in the mission office was just the best. These Elders and Sisters became like big brothers or sisters to me. Each one had something special that they taught me. It was probably one of the best times of my life just to hang out with the missionaries. It was fun to go with the missionaries on errands around town, going to get the mail, getting the car fixed or just running an errand for my mom. I loved Zone Conferences when all the missionaries would come to the mission home to get interviewed by my dad. Those that were waiting always made time for me. We would through the football around or go

shoot some hoops at the church basketball court right next door. It was fun to go hang out in the mission office Elders dorms and hear all the fun stories they have had on their missions. Playing pranks on each other was just part of the fun. There were many shaving cream fights and water fights. Before my brother Scott left on his mission, we use to go buy some brooms, tape them up like a hockey stick and go play broom hockey on the basketball court. Boy we had some fierce games. I remember Elder Clawson getting hit with the end of a broom stick and needing to get some stitch. Life was just the best. I love each and every missionary that served in the office. Some made me mad at times but to this day I miss seeing some of those elders and sisters.

I turned 12 while I was down there. That meant I became a deacon and got to pass the sacrament. It was kind of strange being the only “white” kid passing the sacrament. I was pretty scared but after a few times it just became old hat. The one regret I had was I never really got into the scouting program. They didn’t really have one in the ward so when I got home from the mission and most of my friends all were close to getting their eagle, I just decided to bag it and move one. I wish now I could have had something to at least get started so I wasn’t so far behind.

A couple of the fun things for me was to go traveling with my mom and dad when they had to go to conferences. I got to see a lot of the country and meet some pretty great people. I love the O’Donnals who lived in Retalhuleu on a rubber tree farm. They became family to use. They were simply the nicest and sweetest people I know. They had a home also at Lake Amatilan where we would go. We would swim, water ski, and go spear fishing. It was something else. The Sister O’Donnal (who was the first convert to the church in Guatemala) could cook like no other. I have never had a plate of Huevos Rancheros that were as good as hers. In Quezaltenango we got to know the Jorge H. Perez family. They were so awesome and so loving. After the mission my folks would invite them to stay with us if they were coming up for a general conference. Such great people.

The other thing that I loved was all the fireworks that I could buy. Not just special times of the year but all year round. I am sure that I probably have handled some sticks of dynamite and didn’t know it. Holidays, especially Christmas, the fireworks were just insane. We use to place fireworks under an empty soup can or any can we could get just to see how high it would fly when we lit a firecracker under it. We did

have some scary moments when a firework would “veer” off course and nearly hit someone. I had a blast!! (literally!)

The last thing that I always think of is the many animals I saw or actually had as a pet for a while. One day an elder who had been in El Salvador came to the mission office and brought me a live Iguana. They use to sell them in the market places live with their mouths sewn shut. People would buy them and go use them for stew and other meals. He had heard I thought it would be cool to have one so he picked one up and brought it to me. We had an old sceptic tank that had never been used where I placed him inside and we covered it with a huge metal grate. I loved to watch him eat and we would pull him out and hold him. Mom wasn’t to keen on the idea of having it as a pet but it was fun. Another time I had an elder bring me a Kinkajou. I had never seen one before but it is part monkey and looks like a lion. They call the “monkey lions”. This was the neatest thing I have ever done to raise him. I loved holding him and letting him wrap his tail around my arm and hang upside down. They are nocturnal so he was always very active at night.

I spent the whole 3 years with my folks and loved every minute of it. I look back now and actually think I enjoyed it more than my own mission to Chile. I got to see how each missionary came to love my mom and dad. I got to see how concerned my parents were for each and every missionary. They loved all of them so much. Mom never really learned the language that well but she talked about our mission every chance she got. My dad was just a stud! He was young and I think that helped him see the potential in each missionary. Serving as a mission presidents family is something our family never will forget. All the missionaries were great but those that worked in the office are very special to me. Whenever I see them at a reunion or just in passing brings back such great memories. I love it!

REFLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT GLADE

by Darrell Rigby

President Glade certainly changed my life. When I left for my mission I was planning to become a lawyer. BYU didn't have a pre-law degree, so I was majoring in math, which the school said would improve my logic skills.

One day while I was driving President Glade to a zone conference, he asked what I planned to do when I returned home. I told him that I would go back to BYU, finish my math major, then apply to law school. He said that he thought I would be better in business. Changing majors and career plans seemed rather extreme to me, and I wasn't convinced. He then made an offer that I couldn't refuse. "If you get a business degree, I will guarantee you a job at Merrill Lynch if you ever need one. You belong in business and you will love it."

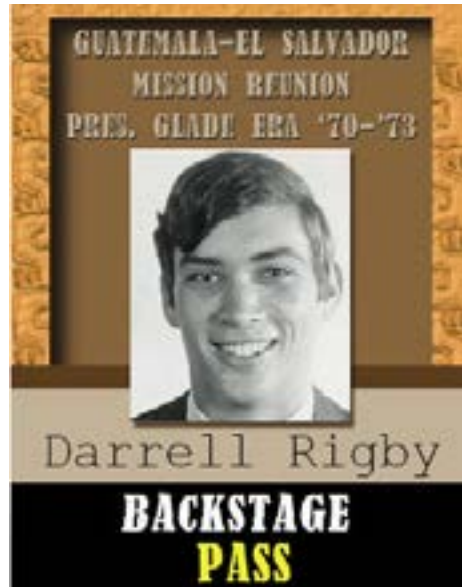
President Glade always seemed so suave and so wise to me. I couldn't imagine him being wrong. So, when I returned to BYU, I changed my major to business and have loved my work as much as he promised I would – though I never worked at Merrill Lynch.

I also remember President Glade as a connoisseur of foods, especially pineapple and papaya. To this day, when I eat either one I think about President Glade.

ON PRESIDENT GLADE

by Dan Morris

When I left the LTM in Provo and arrived in the Guatemala City airport I was with a group of approximately 28 missionaries all assigned to the Guatemala/El Salvador Mission. We were received in the airport by President Clark and some of the mission office staff who divided the 28 into two groups. One of the groups was to interview with President



Clark there in the airport, board another plane and fly to El Salvador that same afternoon. The other group would be assigned areas and companions in Guatemala. I was in the group assigned to El Salvador.



When we arrived in El Salvador we were received at the airport by our DL Elder David Terry and all of the other companions of the newly arriving missionaries. Elder Terry was my companion. I would serve for approximately the first year of my mission in El Salvador, San Salvador in the areas of Atlacat, Ciudad Delgado, Sonsonate and again in San Salvador before I was transferred to Guatemala City where I first served in Barrio 5.

My recollection is that I met President Glade for the first time in a multi-zone meeting in one of the Chapels in San Salvador where he and Sister Glade had come to meet the missionaries shortly after their arrival, with their family, in their new home in the City of Guatemala.

I was impressed with their calm confident demeanor. I am sure that the change for their family was radical and presented many challenges for them and for their children, yet they seemed to be as placid and in control as if they were in charge. It was not hard to follow his lead. I then had an image in my mind of who it was to whom I wrote my weekly letters. That image has not changed over the years. In the photo that you shared of the group of ex-missionaries at the dedication of the Xela Temple, it was a thrill to see his image again. Time has changed his appearance ever so slightly however that sweet confident smile is still there. He will always be my President.

At the time we served in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission there was 1 Stake and 5 Wards in the City of Guatemala. The entire of the rest of the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission was Branches and Districts. Contrast that with the following in the country of Guatemala alone as of April 2016:

- » 45 Stakes
- » 17 District

- » 424 Wards and Branches
- » 2 Temples
- » 1 MTC
- » 6 Missions
- » Central America Area Offices
- » Approximately 1,200 missionaries

Where there were 2 missions in all of Central America in our day, there are now 18. The evidence of the quality of the work done by President Glade and his missionaries, those who came before them, and those that followed them, is seen in the lives of the Saints in all of Central America today. So many lives have been changed for good. So much joy abounds. This is but a preview of things to come. Is this not a Great Plan of Happiness?

NOS TOCA CUMPLIR OR OUR TURN TO FINISH

Rigby and Eddo took me to the airport. The 747 was waiting out on the runway. The long day was coming to an end and it was beginning to cloud up a bit. I said my last farewell to Rigby. We had spent so many good times up in the highlands of Guatemala that it was hard to know what to say. I didn't know it would be another 23 years before I would talk to him again on the phone. I'm sure he's improved with age, but he's basically still the same. We spoke to one another as if it had only been yesterday.

I also had a difficult time saying farewell to Elder Eddo. We had been in the same district for about three months in Escuintla, then were companions in La Familia Unida for four more. My last abrazo was for him.

I climbed the stairs of the huge 747 and entered the nearly empty plane. The stewardess took my guitar and put it in first class. My place was way back in the cheap seats. I thought it was appropriate that my guitar would fly first class. It had served me well.

It was approaching dusk when the huge plane began in motion. The rain dripped down the outside of the window blurring my last view of a place I had focused on and grown to love so much. I had often heard from members that "rain is but the tears of angels who weep when the saints travel."

The faster the plane rolled, the tighter the lump grew in my throat. Tears welled up in my eyes as the buildings raced past the window and

the ground disappeared into the darkness below. The plane sped me homeward, up into the black night, but left much more of me behind in a place and time I would never forget.

The words quoted by President Hinckley sum up so many of my thoughts:

Anyone who imagines that bliss is normal is going to waste a lot of time running around shouting that he's been robbed. The fact is that most putts don't drop, most beef is tough, most children grow up to be just people, most successful marriages require a high degree of mutual toleration, most jobs are often more dull than otherwise. Life is like an old-time rail journey...delays, side-tracks, smoke, dust, cinders, and jolts, interspersed only occasionally by beautiful vistas, and thrilling bursts of speed. The trick is to thank the Lord for letting you have the ride."

The two-year ride through the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission was a privilege indeed. This was our time, and these were our adventures in time.

I thank the Lord for the ride. *Nos toca vivir (It's our turn to live).*



Chapter 13—Avante Jovenes!

Mission Communications, Instruction, Policies, Tools, etc.

My dear missionary companions.” This is the way President Glade opened his monthly letter to us in the Avante, our monthly mission newsletter. The following is how he continued from his letter to us in the May, 1973 Avante...

“I have recently had the opportunity of visiting many parts of the mission to see how the proselyting work is progressing and to see the many changes taking place in the mission as new facilities are being installed in all parts. Great changes are taking place here in this choice part of our Father’s vineyard. Activity and enthusiasm in many of our branches are on the increase and our newly converted members are being fellowshipped and are properly adjusting to the new life before them as they live the gospel commandments and receive the blessings promised them.”

“Approval to organize the San Salvador District into a Stake of Zion by the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve has been given and we anxiously await further instructions so this is important step in the progress of our beloved mission will soon become a realization. Shortly, the Guatemala City Stake will undoubtedly be divided and already five former branches of the mission have been consolidated and have become two new wards in the Stake. Eleven branches will be involved in the organization of the San Salvador Stake, so you can see the mission itself is gradually being reduced as to the number of mission units. The proselyting effort will be expanding, however, here in the mission and the Stakes of Guatemala and El Salvador.”

He goes on to talk about how we can sanctify ourselves by keeping the commandments of God. He quotes President Harold B. Lee and then finishes by saying, “How beautifully these thoughts can apply to us in our daily missionary service. Are we living each mission rule, using mission

programs, loving our companions, studying the Scriptures, or, in other words, doing all that is expected of us as missionaries? If not, then let's accept President Lee's council and start today by overcoming the one with which we are having the most difficulty and then move on to the next and the next until we become sanctified before the Lord and know our service to Him as been accepted. May the Lord so help us, I remain, Faithfully your brother, President Harvey S. Glade."

AVANTE - OVERVIEW

The official publication of the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission was Avante. It was a monthly publication that usually had a letter from the President and his two Assistants, instruction and other inspirational stories, arriving and departing missionaries, Mission statistics and a location chart of all missionaries serving. Was this a publication that carried over from the old Central America mission? Yes. Is it still alive today in one of the descendant missions? The jury's still out on that.

This was something that we looked forward to each month. It was especially inspirational getting a monthly letter from President Harvey S. Glade. He would typically begin by addressing us as, "Dear Fellow Missionaries" or "Dear Esteemed Missionary Companions" or simply, "Dear Companions". Whether he would end with, "Faithfully your Companions" or "Con Amor", "President and Sister Glade. Whichever way he addressed us, we always felt a warmth and love coming from our beloved Mission President in his monthly missives.

Dear Missionary Companions,

As most of you know, our oldest son Scott received his mission call to the Mexico West Mission and has now gone through the Mission Home and arrived at the L.T.H. As parents, we join the thousands of other fathers and mothers who now anxiously await a weekly letter from their son or daughter to hear if all is well and feel the wonderful spirit the missionary receives as he finds himself in the service of the Lord. The extreme pride and gratitude we parents have because our missionary was found worthy to serve and accepted the call from the prophet is impossible to describe.

As your mission parents, we want you to know we love and appreciate each and every one of you and want you to be the best missionaries possible. Let the Lord know of your love for His by giving 100% dedication to the work. Make your parents proud of you by being the kind of missionary they want you to be.

Sincerely your mission parents,

The above excerpt from the July 1971 edition of Avante talks of the Mission Call of the Glades oldest son, Scott. He speaks of the

incredible pride and gratitude for their missionary son (at the time in the LTM preparing for a Mission in the Mexico West Mission). He then closes by challenging us to be the kind of missionary our parents want us to be and signs the letter (uncharacteristically), "Sincerely your mission parents".

HISTORY OF THE AVANTE

Thanks Elder Mercer...wherever you are?

It appears that the Avante was a holdover from the Central American Mission, which was organized at the end of 1952 with President Gordon M. Romney as President. According to Elder David Muxo, the Avante was developed twelve years later, under President Terrence L. Hansen's leadership in the summer of 1964. In August of 1965, the Mission was split into the Guatemala-El Salvador (GES) and Central America Missions. The Avante stayed with the GES Mission (under the leadership of President Hansen). The designs and logo of the Avante varied almost monthly, during President Hansen's era.

According to Elder Norman Garrett, during the second year of President David Clark's era, in the summer of 1968, came the birth of Avante's most consistent and long running design and logo. This lasted



through the eras of President Clark, President Glade and President Arnold. As of current, this author is not sure if it existed beyond that. Please let us know if you have knowledge of when the last issue was published.

Elder Les Mercer was responsible for the re-design and development of the new logotype. Elder Norman Garrett describes the story behind

this. “I served in the office with Elder Mercer when we re-did the Avante. He was the commisarian, in charge of mail, supplies, and producing the Avante. He was a good graphic artist and drew all of that by hand (I remember when he was working on it). I wasn’t aware that he had put his name on it! I served in the office (financial secretary) from March 68 to September 68. I think that it was done sometime that summer (this is Pres. Clark’s era). Another thing that he did was move the Avante from mimeograph to offset printing, so the quality of printing dramatically improved.”



As indicated, he humbly preserved his art and design legacy by incorporating his name in the Avante artwork, using a very small handwritten typeface. I [Nelson here] served during President Glade’s era (‘71 - ‘73). All the Avantes published (except 1 or 2) during the Glade era, had the Mercer design. I read the Avantes then and have reviewed them, periodically, to the present day. Within the last couple of weeks (Winter 2017), discovered for the first time, the hidden signature.

Again, if anyone has knowledge of when the “Elder (Les) Mercer” design finished it’s run (or if it’s still out there in one of the 9 descendant Missions from the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission), please let the authors know.

ORGANIZATION/CONTENT, ETC.

During the Glade Mission (‘71 - ‘73)...upon opening the Avante, we’d see the Mission Leadership Chart. This org chart would start with President and Sister Glade (Mission President and Companion). It would then list the remainder of the Mission Presidency with Counselors

Presidents O’Donnal and Escobar.with Special Assistant Jorge H. Perez and the occasional appearance of Mission Aunt, Grandpa or other relatives.

The Mission Office Staff was the next section; listing the Assistants, Secretaries, Historians and Special Assistants. Probably one of the biggest perks of being part of the Office Staff was having a Mission vehicle at your disposal. This was an Econoline Van and the only other Mission vehicle was the President’s vehicle. Nowadays, Missions need a full time staff member to manage the fleet of vehicles assigned to modern day missionaries.

The following section listed the Zone Leaders. There were only four Zones during the Glade era (usually a total of 8 ZLs). These included; Xela, Guate City, Santa Ana, and San Salvador Zones. My last Zone [Nelson here], was Xela and spread through western Guatemala from the coast to the highlands. Zone tours were not for the faint of heart, as there was much travel through various cities from Retalhuleu to Huehuetenango. Oh, did I mention, no cars? My recollection was 72 missionaries in that Zone.

The last section was the listing of all District Leaders. From Momos to Zacamil about 25 Districts. To this day, many of us have long lasting relationships with former District members!

After this section came the Letter from the Mission President and then usually from the Assistants to the President. One Avante had 3 letters from Assistants; Elders Ryan Tew, Paul Terry and Darrell Rigby.

From there came instruction and inspirational articles. There were Church articles, memos from the Mission Office and Missionary Committee, Poems, recipes, etc.

From there, Mission statistics and results would be published. Also, there would be a listing of all Missionaries arriving and departing the Mission.

Always of interest was the Location Chart, usually near the end of the publication. This was a listing of all Missionaries in alphabetical order with their assigned area listed beside their name.

With no cellphones (usually no phones in Missionary housing) or texting, and many miles spread between two countries, without vehicles, the Avante was an invaluable tool. Today it serves as an invaluable source of personal and family history! Please enjoy the following copies of the Avante from 1971–73.



THE GUATEMALA - EL SALVADOR MISSION

MISSION PRESIDENCY

PRESIDENT	Harvey S. Gluck
PRESIDENT'S COMPANION	Jean N. Gluck
COUNSELORS	John F. O'Donnell-David A. Escobar
SPECIAL ASSISTANT	Jorge H. Pérez

MISSION OFFICE STAFF

ASSISTANT	Joseph E. Lowry
ASSISTANT	Jared Hernandez
MISSION SECRETARY	Stephen D. Turdy
FINANCIAL SECRETARY	Brent K. Wallace
COMMISSARIAN	Jay V. Duerden
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Myron E. Hochulo
ASSISTANT MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Emily Sougillier
ASSISTANT MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Jodi Moran
SECRETARY	Julia Manduca
INTERFAIR DIRECTOR	César Guzmán
TEMPLE EXCURSION DIRECTOR	Jorge Solano

ZONE LEADERS

GUATEMALA ZONE 1 (XELA)	Paul Collins-Nick Jones
GUATEMALA ZONE 2 (GUATEMALA)	Leslie E. Sundry-John W. Ross
EL SALVADOR ZONE 3 (SANTA ANA)	R. Dayton Call-Dan W. Morris
EL SALVADOR ZONE 4 (SAN SALVADOR)	Steven Osborne-Kirk Francis

DISTRICT LEADERS

SOLOLA	Warren Rolner-II. Jay Platt
MAZATENANGO 2	Jerald Gillespie
SAN PEDRO	Lee D. Hatch
TOTONICAPÁN	John K. Crosby
JOCOTIALES	Kyle C. Blacher
FLORIDA 1	Nick L. Reed
BRANCH 5	Donna Davis
WARD 1	D. Aric Monson
CHALCHUAPA	Celia T. Bruball
EL MODELO	Jorge Alberto Torres
LA VENCED	Stanley Jackson
BOYAPANGO	Steven R. Crest-Garth M. Hall
LAYCO	Stevco Lanning
LAYCO	J. Dawn Gornick
SANTA ANITA	Ronald Gardner

LA MISION DE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR
 3a Avenida 11-57, Zona 9
 Guatemala, Guatemala
 Teléfono 60-4-78
 Apartado 537

My dear missionary companions,

What a great thrill it was to have three young men and one young woman from our mission recently called to serve full time missions. I had the opportunity of setting each one apart Tuesday, October 5, and felt the determination each had to serve the Lord with all their heart, might, mind and strength, and bring the glorious message of the restored gospel to the many elect to be found in the Central American Mission. I am sure President Hunsaker will find these missionaries to be faithful in their callings and capable of bearing strong testimony to the divinity of Jesus the Christ and the truth that Joseph Smith is a modern-day prophet and through him the Lord chose to initiate this dispensation of the fullness of times. They will likewise testify of the veracity of the Book of Mormon and that it contains the saving principles necessary for every person to gain his salvation and exaltation. I can't help but feel that there are other outstanding young men and women in our mission who, with the proper encouragement and necessary personal sacrifice, can be found worthy to serve full time missions. Help us to find them.

Now let us touch on a theme that came to my attention the other day and see if I can't in some way make the thought come to life in each and every one of you. How often do we talk about faith, hope and charity, without honestly and completely understanding just what charity—the pure love of Christ—can mean to us as missionaries? It is not an easy principle to really put into practice, although it is very easy to talk about. What does it mean to have the pure love of Christ? Moroni does a beautiful job of relating what his father, Moroni, taught regarding faith, hope and charity (Moroni 7:43-48). One must be "weak and lowly of heart" and "confess by the power of the Holy Ghost that Jesus is the Christ" then you will have charity or the pure love of Christ. This is basic to our work as missionaries. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." (I Corinthians 13:13).

Take the time to carefully read and re-read the above mentioned scriptures. Meditate and consider prayerfully the place the pure love of Christ occupies in your missionary life. To the degree that we manifest the pure love of Christ toward our companions, our investigators and members of the Church, we can become the great and excellent missionaries we have been called to be.

Sincerely,

President and Sister Glade

President and Sister Glade

Dear Fellow Companions,

Sitting down to write you is a most humbling experience for us. We feel blessed to serve you in these capacities and hold sacred the wonderful opportunity you have daily to bear witness of the truthfulness of the restored Gospel. We are all very fortunate to be here and experience the love of a Heavenly Father who has provided us such a great opportunity to progress.

We have been thinking of the way in which our lives have been enriched through the influence of great and noble people. Our parents, for example, have spent much of their time in teaching us to be honest and true to our heritage. Sunday School, Primary, MIA and Priesthood teachers have all played an important part in our growth. Many people, members as well as non-members, have influenced our lives for the better. When we think of those who have contributed constructively to our development we respect and love them for it. Those experiences bring warmth to the heart, tears of happiness and appreciation to the soul.

As children or investigators in the Church, all of us dreamed the missionary dream of the day that we could be like him. Today we are that missionary and are actively engaged in a mission of love and influence inconceivable to our feeble senses. We are now affecting the lives of many for the better. Isn't it wonderful to be here!

This is the "Dispensation of the Fullness of Times" and it is not an accident that we are living in it. Here in the mission field we are acquiring attributes, abilities and characteristics of a varied nature, some of which will have a profound effect and influence on us eternally. Through our relationships with companions, patience and brotherly love are developed. Also, through our daily exposure to society we are given the opportunity to observe, compare and set goals as to the level of success we wish to achieve in our life times.

With this in mind we found the words of Elder Richard L. Evans most appropriate and applicable to the missionary work. "Don't ever think you've found a shortcut that will lead to where you want to go. Tell the truth. Live the truth. Live so that you don't have to remember what you said. And remember, there is no such thing as a secret.

"Live so that you can face yourself, your Father in Heaven and all men everywhere.

"Each of you is precious, priceless. Each of you is all he has. Live in all you have. Be kind, be virtuous. Respect and cherish parents. Make prayerful choices. Love and serve sincerely. Live in dignity and honesty and honor."

May we all live true to our callings and serve the Lord in dignity is our prayer.

Faithfully your brethren,

Elder Lowry

Elder Hernández

missionaries and service

"It is not enough to be good, we must do good." In these words, President Harold E. Lee explains the importance of active service in the Kingdom of God. No matter how "good" one's life may be, if this goodness is not translated into active service, the full rewards of the gospel are forfeited.

If we were to assign a virtue to every letter in the word "MISSIONARY", the letter "s" would certainly stand for service and two "a's" require that such more service in our callings. "The true way to serve the Lord is through service to man," declared the late President David O. McKay. And what better service have we as missionaries to offer than that of the guidelines for man's salvation? In today's world, we have services that fix cars and appliances, find jobs, invest money, plan vacations, etc. But none of these services have the profound impact of that which we offer. One elder had this thought: "A missionary effects eternity. He can never tell where his influence stops." Missionary work is the most important service we can do now. Rendering service means to give of one's time for the benefit of others; to use those talents we have for the building up of the kingdom of God; to urge others to serve by our examples (this we can do by encouraging youth from the mission to serve as full-time missionaries); keep God's commandments; develop a sense of spirituality; "learn his duty and set in the office to which he is appointed, in all diligence," and show ourselves worthy to stand.

This last thought gives rise to another part of service. If the "s" in "missionary" stands for service, then the "r" in "service" must signify "responsibility." Service itself implies responsibility. Regarding responsibility and missionary work, President Wilford Woodruff wrote the following: "My a time is my reflection, I have wished I could fully comprehend the responsibility I am under to God, and the responsibility every man is under who bears the priesthood in this generation. But I tell you, brethren, I think our hearts are set too much upon the things of this world. We do not appreciate as men bearing the holy priesthood in this generation should, the mighty responsibility we are under to God...as well as to the earth. I think we are too far from the Lord. I do not think we live our religion as we ought to. I do not think our hearts are set upon building up this kingdom as we should be as Latter-Day Saints."

"...I know that if I neglect to bear my testimony to this generation when I have an opportunity, I shall feel sorry for it when I go into the spirit world. That is the way I feel with regard to this work... I realize that we have a testimony to bear, and that we shall be held responsible for the manner in which we perform our duties."

Man was meant for service to God and his fellow man. And the "e" in "service" does not stand for easy, because service and responsibility are constantly demanding us to continue on. Phillip Brooks wrote:

Sid is the day for any man when he becomes absolutely satisfied with the life he is living, the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds he is doing; when there ceases to be forever beating at the door of his soul a desire to do something which he feels and knows he was meant and intended to do.

We never know when our services will be required. When a missionary accepts the responsibility to serve at all times, he should realize that it is not a part-time job.

"Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength..."

LOCATION CHART -- OCTOBER, 1971

Abrams	Kela 2	Gonzales	Chocopeque	Nielson, N	Chiquimula
Adams	Jalapa	Graham	Uulután	Nielson, P	San Marcos
Adamsen	Solola	Gudiel	Centro 1	Eye	Ahuachapán
Aguilar	Antigua	Isack	Cipresales	Osborne	Layco
Anselmi	Florida 1	Harby	Villa Nueva	Palmer, D	Escuintla
Andrew	Chimaltenango	Hatch	San Pedro	Palmer, V	Solola
Arduero	Office	Hawkins	Delgado 2	Park	Patricia
Bell, W	Chaparrist.	Huapa	Uulután	Pearson	Layco
Balle	Soyapango	Hegendorst	Centro 2	Pearson	Centro 1
Baria	Maraca 1	Hernandez	Office	Peterson, L	Oscatlán
Borison	Branch 3	Hillary	Chiquimula	Peterson, M	Antigua
Bretagne	Sta. Lucia 2	Joneshall	Escuintla	Peterson, MC	Lourdes
Bretagne	Zacatel	Lea	Mojicanos	Phillips	San Jacinto
Burgess	Jocotalca	Lynch	Jocotalca	Platt	Patron
Burgess	Kela 1	Lyons	La Marced	Purdy	Office
Burns	San Pedro	McCall	Kela 3	Quanta	Ward 4
Burton	Cipresales	McCall	Ward 3	Rappleye	Manate 2
Carroll	Chichasapa	McCall	Kela 2	Reed, JW	Ward 6
Carroll	Florida 2	McCall	Office	Reed, E	Florida 1
Carroll	Ward 6	McCall	Roa 1	Rhodes	Chuchucatenango
Carroll	Ward 2	McCall	Villa Nueva	Rohrer	Patron
Carroll	Ward 1	McCall	Lourdes	Ross	Chimaltenango
Carroll	San Pedro	McCall	Zacatel	Sanders	Monatenango
Carroll	Office	McCall	Antigua	Saunders	Ahuachapán
Carroll	Barrio Nuevo	McCall	Roa 2	Seaguller	Office
Carroll	Layco	McCall	Ward 4	Shelley	Delgado 1
Carroll	Kela 3	McCall	Layco lower	Shirley	Sta. Lucia
Carroll	Chuchucatenango	McCall	Bolón	Sinon	Santa Lucia
Carroll	Ward 6	McCall	El Quiché	Solano	Office
Carroll	Ward 2	McCall	San Pedro	Sorenson	Barrio Nuevo
Carroll	Monserat 1	McCall	Jutupa	Stanley	Kela 1
Carroll	Florida 2	McCall	Escuintla	Strong	Ward 3
Carroll	Milagro	McCall	Office	Stuart	Mojicanos
Carroll	Centro 1	McCall	Oscatlán	Sullivan	Ward 3
Carroll	Layco	McCall	Office	Tafona	Coatupque
Carroll	Soyapango	McCall	Ward 2	Taylor, D	Zacapa
Carroll	Totonicapán	McCall	Ward 1	Taylor, V	El Quiché
Carroll	Bolón	McCall	Jalapa	Teal	Hilbero
Carroll	Branch 3	McCall	Chuchucatenango	Terry	Chuchucatenango
Carroll	Monserat 1	McCall	Ward 6	Thompson	Oscatlán
Carroll	Antigua	McCall	Office	Torres	El Molino
Carroll	La Marced	McCall	Zacapa	Valle	Ward 1
Carroll	Zacatelca	McCall	Ward 5	Wallace	Office
Carroll	Office	McCall	Sta. Lucia C	Weaver	San Jacinto
Carroll	El Molino	McCall	Delgado 1	Whipple	Sta. Anita
Carroll	Manate 1	McCall	Ward 2	Williams	Delgado 1
Carroll	Layco	McCall	Mojicanos	Woodman	Sta. Lucia
Carroll	Florida 2	McCall	Totonicapán	Wright, Scott	Chaparrist.
Carroll	Mojicanos	McCall	Ward 2	Wright, Steve	Sonsonat
Carroll	Antigua	McCall	Barrio Nuevo	Young, D	El Molino
Carroll	Santa Lucia	McCall	Oscatlán	Young, V	Barrio Nuevo
Carroll	Manate 2	McCall	Santa Lucia	Zollinger	El Molino
Carroll	Atiquizaya	McCall	Atiquizaya		

ZONE SUMMARIES

Guatemala Zone climbed to 68 baptisms for the month of September, the highest baptizing zone in the Mission. Elder Bundy and Elder J. Reed, zone leaders, credit their success to an effort among the districts to apply and obey the mission rules. Hopes are high for the coming month as the Guatemala International Fair is scheduled to open October 30 and the Mission will have a large exhibition in it. Several districts from the city have been out to help work on the exhibit. Top district in the zone this month was that of the zone leaders and a goal of 100 baptisms has been set for the zone in the coming month.

Going into the fair business also is the Kela Zone. The members of Totonicapán raised \$55 for construction of their chapel running a condecor in the town's annual fair. The Kela Fair on September 15 was also "Mormonized" with an impressive exposition which has initiated a wider use of the open house and other such teaching techniques in the zone. In Mazatenango, the elders had a crowd of 170 out to their end-of-the-month fireside and movie. Also, mindful of the audit, the zone is combing the hills in an effort to terminate this project before the deadline.

San Salvador suffered a few health problems this month as Elder Francis, zone leader, went to the hospital for an appendectomy. He is now doing fine. District fasts with parents and friends joining in helped the unity and spirituality this month. Open houses aided immensely in creating a strong spirit among the missionaries, investigators and members; more such activities are being planned for the upcoming month. Further consolidation and rearranging of the branches in the San Salvador District is resulting in increasing strength in the district there.

Santa Ana Zone is proud of their zone unity which the zone leaders attribute to the district activities held each Monday. An increase in the number of lessons given in the month of September resulted from the interdistrict lesson competition. Valuing group lessons at three points each caused an upsurge in the use of this mission program and the elders gave an average of 9.5 lessons per pair (the sisters also). The emphasis on bringing families and priesthood holders into the Church to strengthen the branches of Santa Ana District is being followed through with many high-quality baptisms this past month.

In these latter days, we are not asked to make the great personal sacrifices that some of the Church's early leaders had to. We are only asked to love our neighbor enough that we will put aside the fear of man and ask the Golden Questions. When we realize that others have endured many more hardships to fulfil the same commandment, is it too much to ask that we strive to do as Jesus did? Just as faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is the first principle of the Lord, fear is a principle of the devil. Just as darkness cannot be where light is, Satan has been banished from the Lord's presence for the spirit of evil cannot be where the Lord is. When doing missionary work we must use the Lord's principle of faith and overcome fear, because we cannot do the Lord's work with the devil's tools. We can conclude that where there is faith, there can be no fear; and where there is fear, there can be no faith; and faith in Christ is the first principle of success in missionary endeavors.

OFFICE MEMOS

The contest was ended, Elijah had won while the prophets of Baal had lost. Jezebel was infuriated and determined to put an end to Elijah. He was the troublemaker, the upsetter. After all, had he not said, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him?"

Elijah knew of her madness and of the people's hard hearts. Apparently even the fire from heaven consuming the sacrifice to the true God had only served to heighten the people's allegiance to Baal. Elijah was perplexed. Could it really be? After all this, they still wouldn't serve the Lord? They must not love the light.

Then he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree; and requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough."

We all have lessons to learn, but we can be sure that if we do our duty as Elijah, all will be well. The audit may seem to burden us, dishearten us, discourage us. To finish it is what is needed now. Then will come the peace. That's what happened to Elijah. He was on the Lord's errand and became discouraged. Through a "still, small voice" he received uplift and courage to carry on in spite of all against him. That impression is as if he were told, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." He was ready to go again. It can be the same with us. Let's finish our errand of the audit so we can go on to other things.

Elder Machala
Membership Secretary

Dear Elders,

One month has now passed since we began to work with the temple excursion. At that time we asked your help in getting people enthused. In our travels around the mission we have seen the results of your work and that of the local officials. I would like to express my appreciation for the fine job you have done in encouraging the members.

The time that is left for working with the interested members is short. These members should have all of the necessary papers and documents prepared as soon as possible so that we can be assured of not last minute problems. A few of the interested members are still a little hesitant and have not begun to take the steps necessary to prepare to leave with the excursion. Again we need your help. Some of you had the opportunity to baptize people who are now considering the trip or now have sufficient time in the Church to be able to go to the temple. A letter of encouragement from you to these people, explaining the blessings they will receive and animating them to take the steps necessary to attend the temple this year and continue efforts with the members where you are now working will be appreciated.

Thank you for your endeavors in helping the members of the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission to enjoy and receive the same blessings of the temple that you now have. May the Lord be with you always and help you in your callings and in preparing the members of the Church materially and spiritually to go to the House of the Lord.

Elder Solano
Temple Excursion Director

INTERFER '71

"Christ in America" and "Man's Search for Happiness" will be the two central themes of the Mission exhibition in the Guatemala International Fair scheduled to open October 30 in Guatemala City's "Parque Industrial."

Under the supervision of Brother H.V. Overson, area supervisor of construction, members of the office staff have been bending a nail or two constructing the parts of the pre-fabricated building in the mission home garage. Finally taken from the garage September 20, everything fell into place over at the fairgrounds and despite minor mistakes all has remained standing. When fully completed, the 18 foot by 26 foot building will be carpeted, wood paneled and feature many of the large, exposition-sized posters of Christ in America and Man's Search for Happiness. A small theater in the back section of the building will be used to present the film strip "Christ in America."

This will be an ideal opportunity to introduce new people to the gospel and the two themes of the exhibit will attract many people who are really interested in finding the truth. The exposition will be an excellent missionary tool and we encourage missionaries to recommend the exhibit to their investigators and bring them to it if possible.

We wish to thank President Glade, Elder Boerón, Elder Wallace, Elder Parry, and missionaries working in districts in the city for the time they have been putting into the construction and success of the exhibit. Special thanks go to Brother Overson for his tremendous help in building this exhibit and the time he has taken to show the elders what to do. His aid undoubtedly will make this exhibit a success and help bring more people into the Church.

Elder César Ocasango
Interfer '71 Director

#2 DISTRICT -- SEPTEMBER 1971

ZL-Bandy	ZL-J.W. Rood--Ward 6	Total baptisms-----23
Carbino-Cook	Ward 6	Baptisms per pair-----7.6
Kante-Martinson	Villa Nueva	Points per baptism----2.8
		Points per missionary-10.7

TOP DISTRICT -- SEPTEMBER 1971

DL-Balls	DL-C.Woodman---Soyapango	Total baptisms-----25
MC Peterson-Kellie	Lourdes	Baptisms per pair-----6.3
Ardmore-Shirley	Santa Lucía	Points per baptism----3.9
D Palmer-Dominguez	Zacatecoluca	Points per missionary-12.0

Tired of beans and rice for your daily menu? Spark up your tired pallet by teaching a few new recipes to the people where you live. Usually they are most happy to try a few new things that will please their guests. This month in the Avante, we include a few, simple recipes to add variety to your menus. This is not meant to encourage missionaries to begin cooking for themselves!

QUICK PANCAKES

1 3/4 cup milk	2 cups flour
2 eggs	2 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 cup oil	1 teaspoon salt

Have all the ingredients at room temperature. Mix everything together, but do not overbeat. Pour about 1/2 cup batter on a lightly greased, pre-heated griddle. When bubbles form, turn with spatula until golden brown. Makes about 18-20 4 inch pancakes. If the batter is a little thick, add milk or water to thin it to your liking. (Powdered milk may be used instead of whole milk).

ENCHILADA CASSEROLE

1 pound ground meat	20 tortillas
1/2 pound red beans	1/4 cup chopped onions
colados or refried	1/2 cup chopped tomatoes
1 can tomato paste	1 cup water

Brown ground meat and drain off grease. Season with salt, pepper and chopped onion. Mix meat with beans and put about 1 tablespoon of mixture on a tortilla, roll up and place in casserole dish. Top with tomato paste mixed with 1 cup water, chopped tomato, salt, and pepper. Add grated cheese. Bake for 30 minutes in moderate oven. Makes four very large servings.

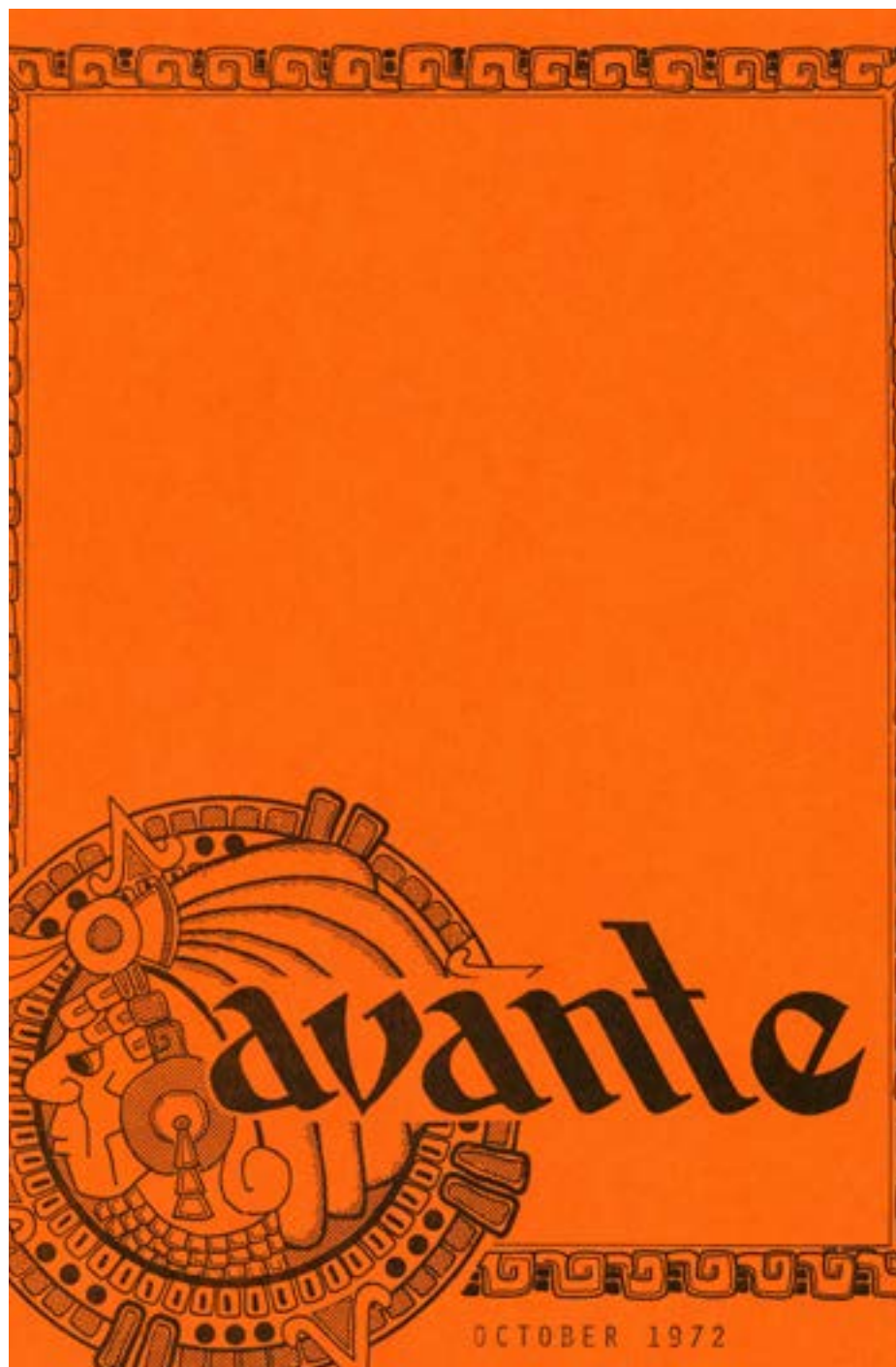
-MISSIONARIES-

THE FIFTH LESSON

Elder Vernon Taylor



Art work by Elder Ardmore



THE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR MISSION

MISSION PRESIDENCY

PRESIDENT	Harvey S. Glade
PRESIDENT'S COMPANION	Jean M. Glade
COUNSELORS	John F. O'Donnal-Devid A. Escobar
SPECIAL ASSISTANT	Jorge H. Pérez

MISSION OFFICE STAFF

ASSISTANT	Larry W. Bowen
ASSISTANT	S. Randy Teel
MISSION SECRETARY	Franklin L. Jorgenson
FINANCIAL SECRETARY	Scott W. Wright
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Bob Allen
COMMISSARIAN	James R. Mahoney
TEMPLE DIRECTOR	Cesar H. Cacuango

ZONE LEADERS

GUATEMALA ZONE 1 (XELA)	Vaughn R. Park-Gary W. Lippincott
GUATEMALA ZONE 2 (GUATEMALA)	L. Craig Shelley-Steven G. Wright
EL SALVADOR ZONE 3 (SANTA ANA)	Michael K. Goss-Michael L. Evans
EL SALVADOR ZONE 4 (SAN SALVADOR)	Matt L. Zollinger-Scott A. Paulson

DISTRICT LEADERS

SOLOLA	Verna C. Lauritzen
MAZATENANGO 1	William D. Cuff
SAN MARCOS	Darrell K. Pigby
TOTONICAPAN	Sandy M. Sanders
XELA 2	Craig M. De Waal
ESQUINTLA	Carlos Lomas
ANTIGUA	Joseph G. Cheney
JOCOTALES	James L. Hone
FLORIDA 2	Steven P. Borequist
SANTA LUCIA	Richard C. Adams
WARD 3	D. Richard Diehl
CHALCHUMPA	James A. Kilgore
EL CENTRO	Mark F. Jodolin
SAN MIGUEL ORIENTAL	James V. Hughes
BRANCH 7	Paul F. Nielson
MEJICANOS	Bob R. Kellett
MONSERRAT	Leon K. Jones
SAN VICENTE	Neil P. Martinson
SAN JACINTO	Steven Call

LA MISION DE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR
 3a Avenida 11-57, Zona 9
 Guatemala, Guatemala
 Apartado 507
 Teléfono 60-4-78

My Esteemed Missionary Companions,

Having just read about the solemn assembly held at the recent October General Conference I feel impressed to write to you regarding our new prophet, seer and revelator — President Harold B. Lee. It is a wonderful feeling to know the man called to direct the kingdom of God on earth was not chosen by men but by the Lord. There was no political campaign involved, no popularity contest required, or for that matter anything faintly similar to what we hear and see as our country gears up for another election year.

To know the Lord chooses His leader of His church the way He does is to me very reassuring. He has done so with each president of the church since Joseph Smith. The priesthood quorums of the church, and for that matter, all members of the church, are given the right to sustain and support the Lord's choice.

President Lee comes well prepared and trained for his new calling. You know he was the president and senior member of the quorum of the twelve as were all his predecessors before they were called to preside over the Lord's Church.

I'm confident we will see many dynamic changes take place as the called leaders prepare inspired programs for a world-wide church. Already we have seen the direction President Lee is going to take as he proclaimed "The Church has need of every member."

As missionaries we have been called by one of His chosen servants and as such we now must lend our full and unwavering support to the prophet who now guides The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. We can best do this by living exemplary lives and doing all things in righteousness.

I pledge to each and every one of you, my wonderful missionary companions, my full hearted support to President Lee and ask you to do likewise. May we at all times realize the tremendous privilege we have of serving he who the Lord has chosen and through our good works be worthy of our callings. To so do will bring choice and wonderful blessings upon us and it is my sincere desire that this will be your good fortune.

Faithfully your brother,

Harvey S. Glade
Harvey S. Glade



Dear Fellow Servants,

This mission is a constant climb,
A very rocky road.
So many of us slip and slide
Beneath the heavy load.
This mission is just a lot of rain
With very little sun.
Each day presents a problem
Hard work and specks of fun.
This mission is just a borrowed time
Allotted by the master.
Time moves in never ending strides
But the work moves so much faster.
This mission is just a bouncing ball,
We're up and then we're down
From top baptizer of the month
To opening a brand new town.
That's how it goes in the mission field
Just a constant climb.
And before we know it---

WE RUN OUT OF TIME!

This last month we were a little down, as far as records show, but everyone seems to have been working hard and united. I suppose it was just old Satan, trying to discourage us. Let's refuse to be discouraged! We must remember that the shame is not in the failure, but it is in the not bouncing back and continuing the constant climb to success. Let us prove ourselves and our consistency to the Lord, by working each day, one day at a time and doing it at our level of potential. We teach our investigators that first come the trials and then if we endure with faith the blessings are poured out abundantly. Let's prepare ourselves for the coming month and the great success that the Lord and our efforts will bring forth.

Sincerely,

Elder Randy Teel
Elder Randy Teel



Fellow Companions:

It has been brought to my mind very forcefully in the past weeks how much the work that we are engaged in causes change to take place in our lives and in the lives of others. For the missionary entering the mission field there are a myriad of changes that must take place in him or her before effective service to the Lord can be rendered. The extent to which we as missionaries acquire Godly attributes will greatly determine our success as His servants. Our appearance, attitude, and conduct must begin to coincide with the holy ministry which we are called and set apart to. A mission becomes a very personal relationship between the missionary and the Lord. Many times testimonies must be gained; for as the salesman, we cannot hope to sell something we are not fully sold on ourselves. "Faith, hope charity, and love, with an eye single to the glory of God" becomes a cherished theme for living which changes our very outlook on life and helps us more ably cope with its daily problems in the mission field.

We have been called by prophecy to preach the gospel to a chosen and beautiful people. Through our message and the Holy Ghost we pray to be able to change peoples lives. How glorious and great it is to see someone embrace the gospel plan and let its message change his life. Lives can be completely turned around, from destitute failure to success and happiness. We need not look very far to see the tremendous affect the gospel has on people in all walks of life. For the convert physical, social, financial, and intellectual changes must be realized principally through the help of members. The programs of our mission are set up with this purpose in mind. Let us employ them.

Helping people change their lives becomes the most satisfying part of missionary work because of the love that we develop deep inside for them. Just as the main spring of a watch provides constant pressure to keep the watch running, this satisfying feeling that we receive keeps us going. "And now behold I say unto you that the thing that will be of most worth unto you will be to declare repentance unto this people that you may bring souls unto me, that you may rest with them in the kingdom of my Father". (3NC 15:6)

As a missionary terminates the first two years of his life's mission he can reflect upon the changes that he has been able to make in his own life and how the paradox "if ye lose your life for my sake ye shall find it" in truth comes to pass. Thinking back over those special experiences of working with our Latin brothers hoping to influence and teach them the true ways of the Lord helps one develop a plan for future years and find in himself the capacity to go on doing for others. The greatest feeling of all though is thankfulness to a loving Father in Heaven for making it all possible.

Our influence for good in the world is more than we ourselves comprehend. "One can count the seeds in an apple but not the apples in a seed." May we use our talents and abilities each day of our lives in doing good, in bringing a change and a light into the lives of others is my prayer.

With sincere love,

 Elder Larry W. Bowen

NOW YOU SEE 'EM

Daniel Martinez
 Richard Anderson
 Jeffrey Jones

San Blas Islands, Panama
 Big Horn, Wyoming
 Salt Lake City, Utah

NOW YOU DON'T

Richard Strong
 Kathryn Seegmiller
 Judith Marsh
 David Young
 Michal Magyar
 Rodger Mc Donald
 Bruce C. Kusch
 Michael Keate
 Robert Haack
 Yona Young

Salt Lake City, Utah
 Berkley, California
 Los Angeles, California
 Salt Lake City, Utah
 Los Angeles, California
 Woodland Hills, California
 South Gate, California
 Lancaster, California
 Idaho Falls, Idaho
 Burley, Idaho

ZONE TOTALS--SEPTEMBER, 1972

GUATEMALA ZONE 1 (XELA)	18 BAPTISMS
GUATEMALA ZONE 2 (GUATEMALA)	26 BAPTISMS
EL SALVADOR ZONE 3 (SANTA ANA)	7 BAPTISMS
EL SALVADOR ZONE 4 (SAN SALVADOR)	24 BAPTISMS

TOTALS 75

adams, rich
 abrams
 adams, j
 adams, reed
 adamsom
 aguilera
 ahstrom
 aliken
 allen, b
 allen, r
 amosquita
 andelin
 anderson
 andrew
 anthony
 avarell
 bailey
 ball, j
 baria
 barrus
 Baxter
 beafield
 Blake
 Blakeley
 bond
 borgquist
 bowen
 bowen
 busstead
 butters
 cacuango
 call
 caseron
 casweek
 choney
 clark, a
 clark, t
 cuff
 curtiss
 daines
 davis, c
 davis, lb
 de usal
 diehl
 dodge
 dominguez
 draper
 dugan
 eddo
 erskine
 escalante
 evans, n
 evans, r
 faye
 gagon
 gamboa
 garden
 goightly

santa lucia
 usulutun
 ward 1
 chiquimula
 patrum
 xela 3
 antigua
 coatepeque
 escuintla
 office
 zacamil
 centro
 branch 5
 ward 3
 ward 1
 el molino
 jocotales
 occidente
 zacamil
 florida 2
 san jacinto
 milagro
 abascochapan
 el quiche
 centro
 florida
 office
 centro
 delgado
 momostenango
 office
 san jacinto
 barrio nuevo
 el quiche
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 chiquimula
 santa Anita
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 ward 2
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LOCATION CHART -- OCTOBER 15, 1972

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 jorgensen
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 kollett
 kilgore
 Kirk
 Kleinman
 knight
 kuehne
 kulbeth
 lamoreaux
 landeen
 Lauritsen
 layton
 lee
 lefler
 lemas
 lewis
 lezama
 Lippincott
 lloyd
 mc cracken
 mc gaughay
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 nejiacanos
 chelchupa
 ward 4
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 branch 5
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 sonsenate
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 layco
 san narcos
 san vicente
 delgado
 layco
 abascochapan
 coatepeque
 oriente
 san pedro
 rea 1
 hachoo
 xela 1
 florida 1
 laurdes

nelson, j
 nelson, scott
 nelson, steve
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 park
 paulson
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 stumps
 symes
 taylor
 teal
 terry
 tew
 theodore
 thompson
 toeller
 twigg
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 vermilion
 white
 wallace, d
 wallace, k
 weaver
 whitmor
 williams, a
 williams, d
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 woodman
 wright, scott
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 wylio
 young, s
 zollinger

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 sacatecoluca
 ward 4
 xela 2
 masate 2
 occuintla
 xela 3
 layco upper
 villa nueva
 florida 1
 solola
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 oriente
 san narcos
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 sta. lucia c.
 layco upper

First Businessman Leader of Mormons to Rely on Revelation

President Lee Believes That God's Wishes Will Be Made Known to Him

BY DAN L. THRAP
Times Staff Writer



Harold Bingham Lee

SALT LAKE CITY — Harold Bingham Lee, the 11th president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is the first businessman to head the 3 million-member Mormon faith, but he will guide it the way all his predecessors did—largely by revelation.

"It is a glorious thing," he confided, speaking of the guidance he believes he receives from the Lord.

President Lee follows a distinguished chain of leaders of diverse emphases.

Joseph Smith was a prophet. Brigham Young was an empire builder. Wilford Woodruff, a missionary-reformer. In recent years, David O. McKay was primarily an educator, Joseph Fielding Smith, a historian. All were convinced that they guided it by revelation from God.

Tradition to Continue

President Lee will continue in that tradition, that faith, as "prophet, seer and revelator," as Mormons describe his function.

"You know, it has been in the past, it is in the present, it will be in the future," he said in an interview. "If the Lord has anything to say, He'll say it through the channels that He has established."

And President Lee, on July 7, five days after the death of his predecessor, 85-year-old President Smith, became that primary channel.

"There is only one man on earth at a time, according to Revelations, who holds all the keys of authority," he explained. "He may delegate some of those keys, but reserves to himself certain things that he alone will administer."

"Jesus Christ is head of the church, but I happen to be the earthly presiding authority, as the president."

Does he actually feel the presence of God? In what way?

He replied by quoting from the holy writings of his church:

"Yes, behold, I will tell you in your mind and in your heart the will of God. It shall come upon you and it shall dwell in your heart. Now behold, this is the spirit of revelation, which was described as the wind, which bloweth where it listeth."

"You ask how did it come? I cannot

explain it any more than I can tell you where the wind blows. When it leaves me I cannot tell you how or why it leaves me, any more than I can tell you where the wind has gone when it stops blowing. The Lord said that the spirit shall be given you by your prayers and your faith."

President Lee seems a pragmatic man, one whose long business experience will be a forming influence upon the church as it turns from its pioneer past to face new and urgent problems in the years immediately ahead.

Face Belies His Age

Although his lined face makes it scarcely credible that he is 73 (noting with a smile that this was the average age of his predecessors), he is relatively young for recent presidents of the church. President McKay died at 98; President Smith at 95.

President Lee declined to categorize himself as a liberal, conservative, or in-between, philosophically.

"I suppose that I follow only one course," he said, "and that is to yield myself to that kind of situation required by the office I hold, without thinking in terms of liberal, conservative or what-have-you."

President Lee was born March 28, 1899, at Cotton, Idaho, of Mormon parents.

Like most of his faith, he filled secular positions and gave much, perhaps all, of his spare time to the church.

Please Turn to Page 9, Col. 8

MORMON

Continued from Third Page

"For four years I applied myself to the business of Salt Lake City as a member of the City Commission," he recalled. "It was one of the biggest corporations in the state of Utah. I was invited to become a director of the Union Pacific, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S., to serve on the board of governors of the American Red Cross.

"As a director of these various institutions, if you apply yourself, you certainly must pick up some business experience."

During this period, he largely organized, became the virtual father of, the church's far-famed welfare system. This was in the Depression-ridden 1930s.

Welfare System

"It took a lot of management, application of business principles, to see that this was done. The spiritual must never forget that there is a temporal side of life."

If the church is famed among non-Mormons for any specific virtue, it is the womb-to-tomb care it takes of its members, a solicitude in which its extensive welfare system is a vital cog.

The church stresses that its people should look out for one another. When disaster strikes one Mormon family, others close in with support in every way possible, and this is part of the formal teaching of the faith.

Double Membership

Its welfare program, President Lee said, is one key to the surprising growth by which the church has doubled its membership within 12 years and now stands at about 3.1 million, sixth largest among 217 American church organizations. It scored this swift growth when other faiths are stagnating or even losing membership.

"The big have is the growth."

"We're world, now just a ' or a Utah American teaching it languages, ourselves challenge. The mo issue con tem, at in Mormons, even amo themselves of the chu grows. It I black men to reports, who sing i expected T Priest

The ch writing th denies the hood," wh they can t a particu church or presumed fit, at lea cy is cha tie stems writing Joseph Sm

Asked if possibility the official ident Lee t

"The onl answer th Lord Him

"I was a vard stude you expli ber the I church on. said, "To e believe there's no: answer; to th lieve in n should be

Premis

"We're s say this: sands of blacks, an are the m ple we ha has been n are true a while they sently att est privle get more b the true c would oth

"So we : to be true : open the c ties. Negn the choir. black boys Please Tur

BY BRUCE L. THOMAS
 37 Ave., Aug. 21, 1972

EADER

discussed from 10th Page
 tions, secretaries or
 stants in Sunday
 ools. They can go to the
 ple and perform cer-
 ordinations there that
 require the holding of
 the priesthood."

President Lee sees no
 for changes of direction
 the Mormon Church in
 a immediate future,
 noting the continuity of
 ministration evidenced
 the practice of naming
 the presidency the
 mber of the Council of
 Twelve Apostles with
 god service as it Lee,
 the not his eldest son-
 was named to it in
 it, which gave him se-
 curity.

The foundation that's
 in laid in the past is the
 mation upon which we
 l build for the present
 t the future," he said.

Missionary Program

has strong reason for
 t church's astounding
 uth in its intensive
 money program, by
 ich it constantly keeps
 proactively. 12,000
 ng men at home and
 and pounding on the
 ets and knocking on
 ns, seeking converts.
 se youth labor for two
 rt, ordinarily, and ab-
 ys at their own ex-
 ise, and the net of ap-
 ds is larger than the
 ings.

the missionaries work
 for the mixed popu-
 ls, who are assigned

three parts in the
 city in which they are
 nt. The missionaries
 e made choice where
 y go, except that in in-
 and a questionnaire
 e note their languages
 ve studied and any
 ular backgrounds or
 nents they may have.

We teach them always
 be very sensitive about
 e political situation
 as they go. Not in in-
 line," said President

Discussion Topic

We see no need for

any. Some men are
 about about anything—
 about the social or polit-
 cal situations. You are not
 out not to talk about that.
 You know nothing more
 Jesus Christ and Him cruci-
 fied; that's the central
 core of your mission."

"Now once in awhile
 some see off and they
 can cause an embarrass-
 ment on certain occasions.
 But he and hope they do
 not themselves beautiful-
 ly."

One reason Mormons
 have established the age
 of their missionaries at
 about 19 or 20, he said, "is
 that usually they have had
 their first two years in col-
 lege and missionary ser-
 vice gives them a chance
 to mature, to see the
 world, to determine what
 they wish to make in.
 When they return home it
 is time to think about
 what they are going into
 of marriage, of home and
 family."

No Hired Missioners

"We have no professional
 ministers—no hired min-
 isters who spend their
 whole lives in it, the mis-
 sionary bodies the finest,
 strongest men in the com-
 munity—the doctors, the
 lawyers, the farmers, the
 mechanics. His by mis-
 sion makes no difference."

"If he has the faith and
 the standards we receive,
 he can be in the church."

President Lee conceded
 that "leakage," the drift-
 ing away of the faithful is
 a matter of concern in the
 Mormon Church, as it is in
 all others.

"There will always be
 such, as it was in the days
 of the Master," he said.

"We have some 300,000
 who are 100 percenters,
 without any question. We
 have some 60 percenters.
 We have some 20 percent-
 ers."

Rehabilitation Efforts

"Now it has always been
 that way, and we are
 working to strengthen
 them. There are some mil-
 lions of such transgressors
 we may have to disassoc-
 iate with them as a church,
 until they square them-
 selves and get back into
 line. But even then we
 don't let them drift. We
 try to bring them back.
 We are searching for the
 Prodigal Son all the time."

Intermarriage, of Mor-

Please Turn to Pz. 11, Col. 8

By Sigrid Gilman
 17
 Ave., Aug. 21, 1972—Part I

CHURCH

Continued from 10th Page
 mors to non-Mormons, is
 of concern.

"We know from exper-
 ience that the religion to
 which an individual be-
 longs is one of the most
 important considerations
 of a happy marriage," said
 President Lee.

"We've always said, in
 effect, that if you plan a
 marriage to someone out-
 side the church, you'd bet-
 ter count the cost. When
 the children come along
 there'll come a contest,
 and if it results in a quar-
 rel they might say, 'Just
 let them grow up and
 make their own choice.'
 "In that case you let chil-
 dren grow up with no
 choice. The fact is that
 they will be wholly intelli-
 gents."

"So we try to say, 'It will
 be wise for Catholics to
 marry Catholics, Metho-
 dists to marry Methodists,
 and Mormons to marry
 Mormons.' Therein is the
 safest course."

Interacial Ties

"Now the same thing
 with interacial mar-
 riages. You know and I
 know that when you cross
 over into different cul-
 tures, you have a problem,
 a biological problem and a
 sociological problem. We
 don't condemn that
 however."

Mormons believe "in-
 tellect of God is intel-
 ligence" and encourage
 education at every oppor-
 tunity, President Lee said.

"Man is saved to faster
 than he gains knowledge,"
 he said. "We encourage
 our people to get into edu-
 cational pursuits, but al-
 ways with the teachings of
 the Gospel to maintain
 truth against the truths of
 science, and so on."

President Lee believes
 the basic reason for his
 church's tremendous
 growth is that it possesses
 the truth, and holds it
 alone among the great
 churches of the day.

All Missionaries

Every Mormon is a mis-
 sionary, in that sense.

"We must know for him-
 self the totality of what he
 is teaching," said the
 churchman.

"He knows what he is
 doing is the truth, the will
 of God. He is to teach that
 the Gospel of Jesus Christ
 meets the needs of the
 earth."

"Students of Scriptures
 know that following the
 death of the early Apos-
 tles, there was a predomi-
 nant, an apostasy from the
 truth. As the Scriptures
 report, men wandered to
 and fro seeking the truth,
 and it was nowhere to be
 found. There was a famine
 in the land, spiritually
 speaking. But the promise
 was made to John, on the
 island of Patmos, 'And I
 saw another angel flying
 in the midst of heaven,
 and having the everlasting
 Gospel...'

Turns to Scriptures

"That was fulfilled when
 this young boy, Joseph
 Smith, faced with this
 same dilemma, of where to
 go, came across the Scrip-
 tures: 'If any man lack wis-
 dom, let him ask of God
 who giveth to all men
 liberally...'

"Now in his mind that
 meant only one thing: to
 ask the Source. In answer
 to his question came out
 of the mightiest revela-
 tions ever given to man:
 'In answer to your ques-
 tion, this is my beloved
 Son, hear Him...'

"Now the Gospel was re-
 stored. The Lord knew we
 needed a new witness for
 the Lord's mission. The
 Book of Mormon provides
 that. It gives the history of
 God's dealings with an-
 other people, and was not
 subjected to any number
 of conflicting translations."

Same Direction

He said that all of the
 LDS organizations past
 period after the opening
 time of the primitive
 church, came by the same
 direction.

"Now we are in the real
 Mormon to whom we
 speak. We are not asking
 you just to join the church
 to put your name on the
 record. That isn't our ob-
 ject."

"We've come to offer
 you the greatest gift that
 you've ever been given.
 We're offering you the
 Kingdom of God, which I
 have for you if you will
 only accept and believe."

"Now that's a challenge.
 People accept it."



THE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR MISSION

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PRESIDENT'S COMPANION	Jean H. Glade
COUNSELORS	John F. O'Donnal-David A. Escobar
SPECIAL ASSISTANT	Jorge H. Pérez

MISSION OFFICE STAFF

ASSISTANT	Paul H. Terry
ASSISTANT	S. Randy Teel
MISSION SECRETARY	Nicholas A. Goodman
FINANCIAL SECRETARY	Steve Morgan
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Kevin D. McCracken
CO-SERIALIAN	Timothy Barrus

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GUATEMALA ZONE 2 (GUATEMALA)	James A. Kilgore-Douglas J. Griffin
EL SALVADOR ZONE 3 (SANTA ANA)	Michael L. Evans-John C. Nelson
EL SALVADOR ZONE 4 (SAN SALVADOR)	Darrell Rigby-Steven P. Borgquist

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PUTZUM	Daniel S. Landeen
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SAN MARCOS	Joseph B. Cheney
XELA 1	David Kleinman
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FLORIDA 2	David D. Williams
ESCUINTLA	Keith N. Layton
WARD 3	Marc H. Reintjes
BRANCH 6	Steven Clark
JALAPA	Edmundo A. Peñate R.
EL MOLINO (GUAT)	Rodolfo Dominguez
CHIQUIMULA	John Nauzy
TUHUCHAPAN	Arthur Naurent
EL CENTRO	Scott Shirley
SOYONATE	Ricardo R. Gardea
HONSERRAT	Glenn P. Hillery
SANTA LUCIA	Kevin Rhodes
SAN JACINTO	Steven Call
ORIENTE	James V. Hughes
ZACAHUIL	Ralph Bover

LA MISION DE GUATEMALA-EL SALVADOR
3a Avenida 11-57, Zona 9
Guatemala, Guatemala
Apartado 587
Teléfono 60-4-78

Our Esteemed Companions,

When the Prophet Joseph said, "I told the brethren that the Book of Mormon was the most correct of any book on earth, and the keystone of our religion, and a man would get nearer to God by abiding by its precepts than by any other book", I'm sure he was stating an eternal truth, and as such, we should be placing more emphasis as missionaries, in the Book of Mormon. If the Book of Mormon is the keystone of our religion, then without a personal and living testimony of its veracity and the message it gives to the world, we cannot be effective teachers of the message of the restoration. If the Book of Mormon is true--and I know it is--then Joseph Smith is a true prophet and was chosen to help restore the Church of Jesus Christ upon the earth.

If we can get nearer to God by abiding by the precepts contained in the Book of Mormon, it seems to me we should not only live by its teachings, but use these beautiful precepts to help convert those golden families and golden individuals that are honestly seeking the truths that will bring them closer to God and provide eternal salvation and exaltation.

As missionaries representing our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, we are responsible in seeing that the message contained in the Book of Mormon is taken to the wonderful people of Guatemala and El Salvador. Conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ comes through the Book of Mormon. Our investigators must therefore read, ponder and pray about the message contained therein. If we but will testify with all our might and conviction to the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, we will be telling our investigators that:

1. Jesus Christ is the Son of God.
2. Joseph Smith was called of God.
3. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the Kingdom of God on earth.

Our message is just as simple as that, and what more is needed! The world has the Bible, but it is evident from the confusion found in Christendom today that they do not have all the answers. We know the Book of Mormon is the Word of God, and the Lord's Church is once again on the earth today, being directed by modern-day prophets who receive direct and constant revelation.

What a beautiful and impelling message we have for the world. Let us see that we do our part with joy and thanksgiving, making every moment of our missions productive and effective.

May the Lord bless us abundantly to this end.

Faithfully yours,

President & Sister Glade
President and Sister Glade

Dear Companions,


"But behold, there shall be many--at that day when I shall proceed to do a marvelous work among them, that I may remember my covenants which I have made unto the children of men, that I may set my hand to recover my people, which are of the house of Israel;
 "And also, that I may remember the promises which I have made unto thee, Nephi, and also unto thy father, that I would remember your seed; and that the words of your seed should proceed forth out of my mouth unto your seed; and my words shall hiss forth unto the ends of the earth, for a standard unto my people, which are of the house of Israel;
 "And because my words shall hiss forth--many of the Gentiles shall say: A Bible! A Bible! We have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible."
 2 Nephi 29:1-3

What are those words which have hissed forth causing many to say: "A Bible! A Bible"? Of course, the Book of Mormon.

A speaker at the LTM, a staunch advocate of the Book of Mormon as a missionary tool, told the story of an encounter which he had with a former student, who had since returned from a mission. In response to a question, the returned missionary stated that he always used the Bible to make his points, this being a book accepted and understood by all. With indignation in his eyes, pointing his finger at the returned missionary, came his reply: "You mean you weren't a hissing missionary?!! How can the word of the Lord hiss forth if the missionaries don't teach with the Book of Mormon?" As the speaker told this part of the story, he pointed his finger at the missionaries of the LTM and asked the same question. Those missionaries left that meeting fully resolved to be 'hissing' missionaries.

In reality, that speaker was very right, for the Book of Mormon is synonymous with the word of the Lord which is to go forth in the last day. That word is the message which we as missionaries are to carry and that message consists of three points: The divine sonship of Jesus Christ, the divine mission of Joseph Smith; and the divinity of the Church. The Book of Mormon is the method ordained of God to establish and preach this message, for the Book of Mormon "shall make it known to all kindreds, tongues, and people that the Lamb of God is the Son of the Eternal Father, and the Savior of the world, and that all men must come unto him, or they cannot be saved"; and the Book of Mormon proves to the world "that God does inspire men and call them to His holy work in this age and generation, as well as in generation of old"; and finally, in the Book of Mormon "are all things written concerning the foundation of my church." The words of the Book of Mormon are, then, identically the message which missionaries are ordained to carry to the ends of the world. Is it strange that the Lord has said, "And again, the elders, priests and teachers of this church shall teach the principles of my gospel, which are in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fulness of the gospel"? And is it any wonder that Elder McConkie has emphatically stated, "Teach the Book of Mormon!"?

The Book of Mormon is the one and only way to teach the gospel in this dispensation. We must be careful not to place the Book of Mormon in a subservient role as supplementary reading, but we must use it as intended, realizing that the plan is designed to render an auxiliary service. May we all understand the Book of Mormon, that the word of the Lord may indeed hiss forth unto the ends of the world.

Sincerely,

 Elder Paul Perry

Fellow Missionaries,

"The importance of the Book of Mormon to the missionary lies in the fact that the supreme purpose of both the missionary and the Book of Mormon is to bring souls to Christ, to convince Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ. From beginning to end, the Book of Mormon convincingly testified to his divinity." Marion G. Romney

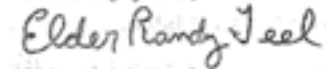
The Book of Mormon is receiving more and more stress in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission; stress that should have never been withdrawn. As I think back and study my notes taken in the mission home in Salt Lake, I can see that it was there that the General Authorities first tried to make us feel the urgency of preaching the Book of Mormon.

The Book of Mormon is unique and makes us as a people, unique. It is one thing that sets us apart from the many sects in the world and is also perhaps the best tool with which we have to work as missionaries. We should have a very special and close relationship with the Book of Mormon, for, as President Romney pointed out, we share the same calling. Many, many are the witnesses of Christ given by the Book of Mormon prophets and it is our duty to carry on their work, delivering the messages that they offered and also bearing our testimonies that He lives and has established His kingdom upon the earth.

We as missionaries should study and follow the exemplary lives of those prophets of old and learn from their wisdom and warning. The Book of Mormon is full of instructions concerning the great fundamental virtues and we are the vehicles by which these virtues reach the chosen families.

Today, as it has always been, the great over-all struggle in the world is for the souls of men. Every soul, particularly the missionary, is personally engaged in the struggle. May we come away from this battle, this struggle for souls, even as victorious as the great Moroni of old, using the same cunning, strategy, determination, and courage as he and all the Lord's faithful servants, that we also may fulfill our assignment in this eternal conquest with dignity.

Sincerely yours,



Elder Randy Teel

"We Latter-day Saints accept the Book of Mormon as the word of God. We have the assurance that the Lord placed the stamp of approval upon it at the time of the translation, and spoke with his own voice to the witnesses, and commanded them to bear record of it in all the world. The word of the Lord means more to me than anything else. I place it before the teachings of men. The truth is the thing which will last. All the theory, philosophy and wisdom of the wise that is not in harmony with revealed truth from God will perish. They must change and pass away, and they are changing and passing away constantly, but when the Lord speaks, that is eternal truth on which we may rely."

---JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

EL DESAFIO DEL LIBRO DE MORIM!

Hay que cumplir con las siguientes treinta condiciones para producir un registro similar bajo condiciones comparables:

1. Escriba usted una historia de una antigua civilización como El Tibet desde el año 2200 A.C. hasta 400 años D.C.
2. Inclúyanse las historias de dos naciones distintas y separadas junto con las historias de diferentes pueblos contemporáneos.
3. Describa su vida social, económica, religiosa y también sus instituciones políticas y culturales.
4. Introduzca en esta historia la religión de Jesucristo y el modo verdadero de la vida cristiana.
5. Usted tiene solamente 23 años de edad.
6. No tiene más de tres años de instrucción primaria.
7. Comience ahora y produzca este registro que abarca 2600 años en un período de 60 días.
8. Esta historia no puede ser corta, sino larga--aún 520 páginas, 525 palabras en cada página.
9. Jamás puede hacer una declaración que sea absurda, imposible o contradictoria.
10. Cuando termine en 60 días, no puede cambiar o alterar nada de texto. La primera edición tiene que permanecer para siempre.
11. Tiene que proclamar que su "narración suave" no es ficticia, sino historia sagrada y verdadera.
12. Tiene que invitar a los eruditos y expertos más competentes para que examinen cuidadosamente el texto; también tiene que procurar diligentemente que su libro llegue a las manos de todos aquellos que estén más deseosos de probarlo ser una falsedad.
13. Tiene que escribir esta historia a base de lo que sabe ahora mismo.
14. Tiene que publicarla a toda nación, tribu, lengua, y pueblo, declarando que es la palabra de Dios.
15. Tiene que incluir en el registro mismo la siguiente maravillosa, única y peligrosa promesa: "Y cuando recibáis estas cosas, quisiera exhortaros a que preguntéis a Dios el Eterno Padre, en el nombre de Cristo, si no son verdaderas estas cosas; y si pedís con un corazón sincero, con verdadera intención, teniendo fe en Cristo, él os manifestará la verdad de ellas por el poder del Espíritu Santo; Y por el poder del Espíritu Santo podréis conocer la verdad de todas las cosas."
16. Su libro tiene que cumplir profecías bíblicas, hasta en la manera exacta en que saldrá a la luz, a quien será dado, propósitos y realizaciones.
17. El conocimiento de la cultura de estas civilizaciones no es conocido al tiempo en que se proclama este registro.

18. Muchos de los hechos, ideas y declaraciones dados como verdaderos en su registro tienen que ser inconsistentes y hasta directamente opuestos a las creencias prevalentes del mundo. ¡Si siquiera se reclama saber mucho de esta civilización y su historia de 2600 años.
19. La investigación completa, evidencia científica y descubrimientos arqueológicos durante los años siguientes tienen que confirmar las exposiciones del libro y comprobar aún los detalles más minuciosos.
20. Después de análisis extenso de 140 años, ninguna reclamación o declaración del libro podrá ser comprobada falsa; al contrario, todo tendrá que ser vindicado. Todas las demás teorías o ideas en cuanto a su origen van y vienen dejando solamente la reclamación suya como la única posible.
21. No puede existir ningún error en el libro entero.
22. Evidencias y profecías internas tienen que confirmarse y cumplirse dentro de los 140 años siguientes.
23. Tres testigos honestos y acreditados tienen que testificar al mundo que un ángel del cielo se les apareció y les mostró los registros antiguos de los cuales usted reclama procedo su libro traducido.
24. Estos tres hombres tocan y palpan los registros y los grabados antiguos en ellos.
25. Tiene que llamar desde el cielo la voz del Redentor para declarar a estos tres hombres que el registro es verdadero y que la responsabilidad es de ellos de dar testimonio del libro--y lo hacen.
26. Otros ocho, en la plena luz del día, tienen que testificar al mundo que vieron y palparon los antiguos registros y los grabados.
27. Todos estos testigos tienen que dar su testimonio no sólo sin ganancia o recompensa, pero bajo gran sacrificio personal y bajo severa persecución, aún hasta la muerte.
28. Miles de grandes hombres, prodigiosos intelectos, y eruditos tienen que suscribirse para ser discípulos del mensaje de este registro y su causa, hasta el punto de dar sus vidas.
29. Usted tiene que añadir 100 sustantivos propios al idioma inglés. Shakespeare añadió 30.
30. Docenas de millares de personas tienen que testificar al mundo por los siguientes 140 años, que saben que el libro es verdadero porque probaron la promesa y hallaron que es verdadera--la veracidad lo fue manifestada por el poder del Espíritu Santo.
31. Usted tiene que comparecer ante los tribunales de la tierra más de 33 veces y ser declarado inocente cada vez. Después de sufrir persecución y ultraje e insulto por los 20 años próximos, usted tiene que dar su propia vida voluntariamente por su testimonio que el registro es de Dios.

EL LIBRO DE MORIM CUMPLE COMPLETAMENTE CON CADA CONDICION EXPUESTA ARRIBA. SE PUBLICO AL MUNDO EN EL AÑO 1830 COMO UNA TRADUCCION POR EL PROFETA JOSE SMITH DE UN REGISTRO ANTIGUO DE ANTIGUA AMERICA. ¿LO HA
LEIDO USTED?

HOW CAN THE SCRIPTURES BE USED TO ESTABLISH THE TRUTH OF YOUR MESSAGE?

A. BIBLE

This volume contains the letter of the gospel. In it is the blueprint outlining the essential features of the Church or kingdom itself. In it is the map charting one's course to eternal life. But without an inspired interpretation, Christians have been unable to read the blueprint or follow the map.

B. BOOK OF MORMON

Joseph Smith said: "I told the brethren that the Book of Mormon was the most correct of any book on earth, and the keystone of our religion, and a man would get nearer to God by abiding its precepts, than by any other book." (History of the Church, vol. 4, p. 461.) The Lord has given us the Book of Mormon to prove the truth of the message of the restoration. "...God ministered unto him by an holy angel, whose countenance was as lightning, and whose garments were pure and white above all other whiteness; And gave unto him commandments which inspired him; And gave him power from on high, by the means which were before prepared, to translate the Book of Mormon; which contains a record of a fallen people, and the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles and to the Jews also; which was given by inspiration, and is confirmed to others by the ministering of angels, and is declared unto the world by them--Proving to the world that the holy scriptures are true, and that God does inspire men and call them to his holy work in this age and generation, as well as in generations of old; thereby showing that he is the same God yesterday, today, and forever. Amen." (D&C 20:6-12)

This volume contains the letter and breathes the spirit of the gospel. Those who read it according to Moroni's pattern, get a personal revelation from the Holy Ghost that it is true. If the Book of Mormon is true, then:

- (1) Jesus Christ is the Son of God, for that book is a witness of him.
- (2) Joseph Smith is a prophet, for he received the book from a resurrected personage and translated it by the gift and power of God. And if the Book of Mormon came by revelation which included the ministering of angels, then obviously Joseph Smith also received the other revelations and was ministered to by other heavenly beings. Among those revelations was the command to organize the Church.
- (3) The Church is thus the one true Church because it was set up a prophet acting under command of God.

Thus the truth of the message of the Restoration is established in and through and by means of the Book of Mormon.

C. CENTER THE ATTENTION OF INVESTIGATORS IN THE BOOK OF MORMON.

For instance: Introduce a gospel subject from the New Testament and then do the actual teaching out of the Book of Mormon.

Example: Introduce what men must do to be saved by quoting Acts 2: 37-39, and then teach the doctrine in a better and more effective way by using such Book of Mormon passages as 2 Ne 31 and 3 Ne 27:19-21.

D. USE THE BOOK OF MORMON TO FIND INVESTIGATORS.

Present your message to a non-member, and then bear this testimony: "The reason I know this is true is because of the Book of Mormon." Use every honorable means to interest people in and get them to read the book. If they do so in the proper way, they will gain a knowledge of its truth and be in line to join the Church.

BRAINSTORMING SESSION
How To Distribute Book of Mormon

The following are suggestions brought up in Session #5 of the Semi-Annual District Leaders Conference concerning methods of distributing the Book of Mormon to larger quantities of good, prospective members of the Church. It is hoped that the list, although certainly not an exhaustive one, will provide several ideas to begin an effective program.

One of the first ideas presented was the Book of Mormon Street Display. Variations on it could be selling the Book in the street, putting it on display not only on the street but at places such as football games, etc. A Display on Wheels (using a van, pick-up, car, etc.) was also suggested.

Tracting with the Book could also be effective. This could be done by each companion pair, the district, the zone, or even as a mutual group or with "I Care" families. The books could be financed through dances, dinners, or other activities. Members could give or mail it as a gift.

Copies of The Book of Mormon could be placed in School and Public Libraries, mailed to civic leaders, placed in hotels, hospitals, military posts, clubs, or other organizations. (prisons, study groups, etc.)

Articles about the book could be put in newspapers. A pageant or some kind of production about "Christ in America" or other phase of the story, could be presented on television or in theaters, etc.

A Book of Mormon "Familia Unida" could be formed. Perhaps a member group might be organized (Lamanite Generation, etc.)

The book could be sold in bookstores, Book of Mormon T-shirts could be printed up and sold, and even bumper stickers such as "Yo Leo el Libro de Mormon" or "Yo soy Lamanita. ¿Y usted?" could be printed and distributed.

It should be repeated that this list is not an exhaustive one. It should serve to get an effective program started, but creativity and new ideas are certainly encouraged.

QUOTES OF MODERN PROPHETS ON THE
BOOK OF MORMON

Let us take the Book of Mormon, which a man took and hid in his field, securing it by his faith, to spring up in the last days, or in due time; let us behold it coming forth out of the ground, which is indeed accounted the least of all seeds, but behold it branching forth, yea, even towering, with lofty branches, and God-like majesty, until it, like the mustard seed, becomes the greatest of all herbs. And it is truth, and it has sprouted and come forth out of the earth, and righteousness begins to look down from heaven and God is sending down His powers, gifts and angels, to lodge in the branches thereof.

---JOSEPH SMITH JR.

"My witness to all the world is that this book is true. I have read it many, many times. I have not read it enough. It still contains truths that I still may seek and find, for I have not mastered it, but I know it is true."

---JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

BE MINE

Ervan R. Geller Reynoldsburg, Ohio

I'LL MISS YOU

Daniel B. Bennion	Cowley, Wyoming
Bob R. Kellett	Moroni, Utah
Robert G. Matheson	Glenn Maverly, Australia
L. Craig Shelley	Heber, Arizona
Mark F. Andelin	Pasco, Washington
Paul F. Nielson	Monticello, Utah
Leon K. Jones	Palisade, Colorado
Craig J. Lamoreaux	El Centro, California
Gary W. Lippincott	Manassa, Colorado
Scott W. Wright	Heber City, Utah
Michael K. Gomm	Layton, Utah
James R. Mahoney	Kanab, Utah
Martin D. Abrams	Preston, Idaho
Larry W. Andrew	Portland, Oregon
Ana I. Melendez	San Jose, Costa Rica
Roy H. Maughan	Ogden, Utah
Mae B. Maughan	Ogden, Utah

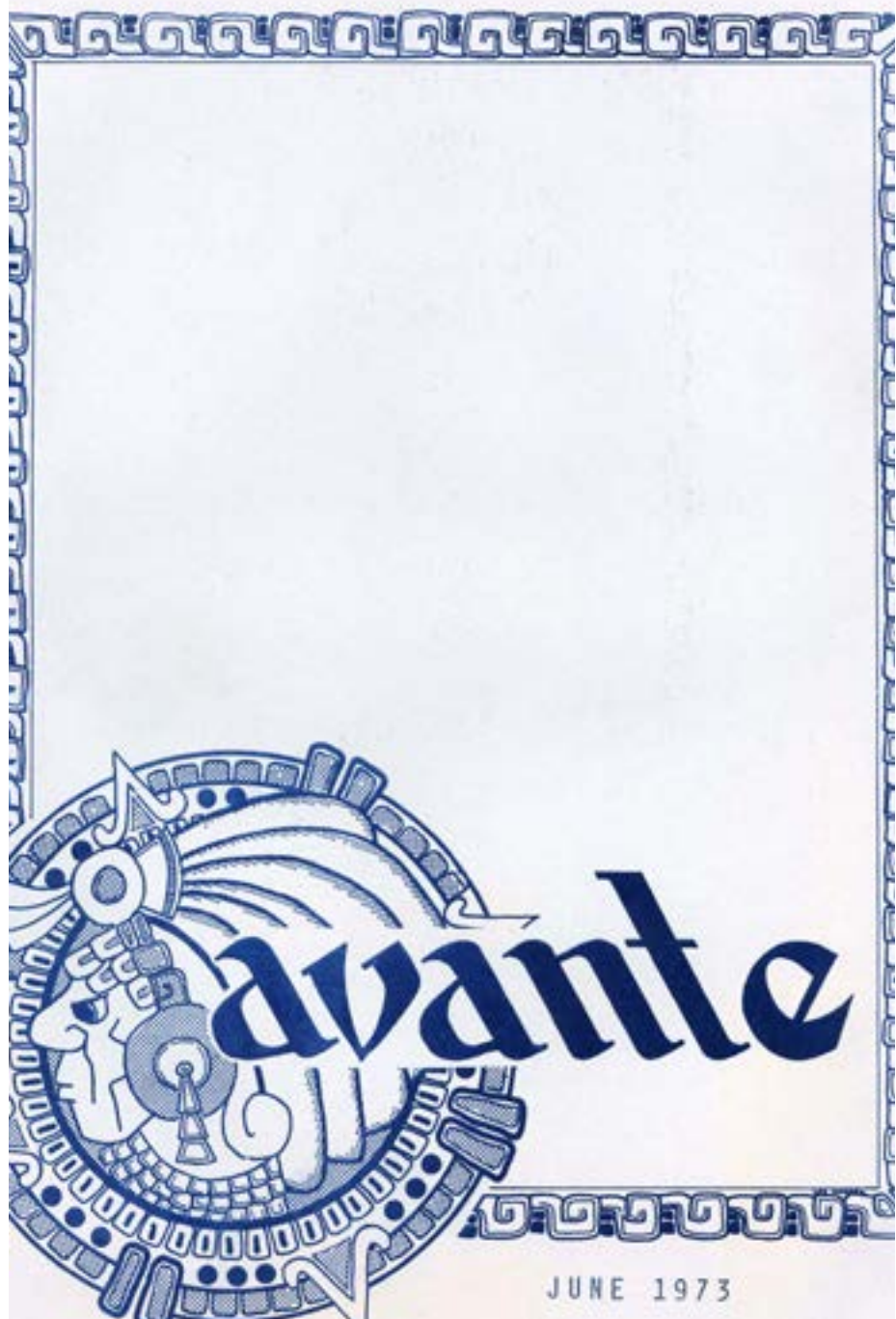
ZONE TOTALS -- JANUARY, 1973

GUATEMALA ZONE 1 (XELA)	19 BAPTISMS
GUATEMALA ZONE 2 (GUATEMALA)	18 BAPTISMS
EL SALVADOR ZONE 3 (SANTA ANA)	14 BAPTISMS
EL SALVADOR ZONE 4 (SAN SALVADOR)	18 BAPTISMS
totals . . . 69	

adams, j	soyapango	gudiel	ward 3	morgan	office
adams, r	usuluten	gullian	ward 5	mortenson	zhuchapan
ahlstrom	occidente	gullen	xela 3	murdy	el modelo
aliken	delgado	gunnell	mazate 1	nelson, j	barrio nuevo
allen, b	san jacinto	hansen	xela 2	nelson, scott	ward 2
allen, r	delgado	hardy	monostenergo	nelson, steve	santa tecla
alfred	chichuapa	harris	santa lucia c.	noite	solote
alvarez, d	el quiche	hatch	reu 1	page	layco
alvarez, l	el molino(s)	hathcock	el centro	peñate	jalapa
anesquita	zacamil	harrns	totonicapen	reintjes	ward 1
anderson	jutiapa	hegerhorst	san pedro	reynoso	el quiche
anthony	chimaltenango	heerle	occidente	rhodes	santa lucia
ardrell	reu 2	hillery	monserat	richards	occidente
briley	sonsonate	hone	mazate 2	richy	layco upper
babe	el modelo	hueltes	oriente	rios	el molino(g)
bali	chiquimul	huber	branch 8	roberts	ward 3
baria	oriente	janks	florida 2	robinson	ward 1
barrus	office	johnson	xela 2	rodriguez	reu 1
baxter	santa tecla	jones, j	chimaltenango	romers	jalapa
bentley	tourdes	jones, m	patzicia	roper	escuintle
blake	mejicanos	jornanson	xela 3	roundy	ward 5
blakesley	solola	keppa	santa Anita	salazar	patzicia
bond	el molino(s)	kampton	zacamil	salgado	el molino(g)
bonilla	layco	killgore	ward 6	salguero	layco
borsquist	layco upper			schlosser	el centro
bower	zacamil			sallick	ward 2
bamstead	barrio nuevo			shirley	el centro
battars	patzicia			skiba	totonicapen
call	san jacinto			smith	ward 6
cameron	barrio nuevo	kirk	mazate 2	steel	san pedro
carmack	ward 2	kleiman	xela 1	stele	zhuchapan
carissie	el molino(s)	knight	patzicia	stovenson	san vicente
chesney	san marcos	kuchino	chichuapa	stovest	ward 1
clark, s	branch 8	kulbeth	el molino(g)	stork	ward 1
clark, t	sta. lucia c.	landren	patzua	stumpo	huesatenango
cobabe	sta. Anita	laritzen	xela 3	symes	zacatecolacc
curtis	santa tecla	lange	xela 3	taylor	branch 7
daines	ward 2	layton	escuintla	tecl	office
devis	tourdes	lee	ward 4	terry	office
demers	usuluten	leffler	ward 5	tey	jutiapa
dodge	san marcos	lewis	huesatenango	thoburn	antigua
dominguez	el molino(g)	lezana	layco	thorpson	branch 7
draper	patzicia	mc crackan	office	trejo	ward 5
dugan	zacamil	mc goughay	soyapango	tueller	totonicapen
eddo	zacapa	mc quarric	monostenergo	twigg	zacatecolacc
erskine	san vicente	neck	santa lucia	vermillion	layco
escalante	florida 1	negros	occidente	waite	ward 4
evans, m	barrio nuevo	nortinez, d	antigua	wallace, d	reu 2
evans, r	xela 1	nortinez, diane	contapogue	wallace, f	layco
faye	patzua	nether	el molino(g)	warner	contapogue
gagon	oriente	newson	santa lucia	whitner	el molino(s)
gamboa	el molino(g)	nozy	zhuchapan	williams, a	oriente
garcia	sonsonate	willer, p	chiquimula	williams, d	florida 2
geller	santa lucia	willer, r	zhuchapan	williams, k	florida 2
golightly	sonsonate	watroy	zacapa	wilmore	el centro
gomm	sonsonate	woard	totonicapen	wilson	mejicanos
goodman	barrio nuevo		santa tecla	wylie	mazate 1
graham	office			young	monserat
	sonsonate				

LOCATION CHART--
FEBRUARY 17, 1973







Elder Michael A. Carlisle

A baby is born, happiness seen,
and joy is so ever strong.
As a godly spirit comes into this life,
Yes son, a life that won't be long.

To permit him to grow, to learn, and love,
to be able to face temptation,
and then carry what he has gained
and share it with many nations.

To serve the Lord with all his heart
and work with unquivering pain,
Then in a twinkling of an eye
is with Him from whom he came.

But surely to know that he has done
well in all of his endeavors,
A joy that will last eternally
forever and forever.

Elder Joseph G. Cheney

"My faith is strong, as is my desire to serve the Lord." Elder Michael A. Carlisle had this thought in front of him constantly as he strived to fulfill it by serving the Lord the best he could. He served a short, but important and meaningful mission here in the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission. Important and meaningful for his own self, his family whom he loved very much, his companions, and his Lord.

His faith was strong, as he showed throughout his life. He knew that if he wanted something, he had to work for it. When setting out to do something, he went all the way, and didn't stop until he met his goal. He served in whatever way he could. He was the vice-president of his senior class. He was captain of the football team, which he was very proud of, and which he carried to the first place position in his league. And he served actively in the church. He was called as president of his Deacon's and Teacher's Quorums, and again as secretary of his Priest's Quorum.

He was a patient Elder, who was easy going enough to get along well with people, and straight forward enough to keep his eye single to the glory of God. He was obedient to the bounds and rules set before him, and knew how he had to go and what he had to do to accomplish his desires and always remain faithful to what he knew was right.

He was intelligent and studious, and showed it not only in his missionary work, but in his scholastic accomplishments in school. He attended Brigham Young University for a year before his mission, majoring in Computer Science.

In the mission field, he served for seven months after his two month training in the Language Training Mission. He began in Monserrat with Elder Leon K. Jones, and remained there for two and a half months. His next assignment was in Rama El Molino with Elder David A. Whitner. They were together there for three months, when he was transferred to San Jacinto Branch with Elder Glenn A. Millery, and served there for six weeks until his accident. He grew to love each of his companions and the areas in which he worked.

Although his full-time mission wasn't too long here, he did his best, and did it prayerfully. He was assured of the Lord's help and protection, and accepted it always in his problems as well as his joys. "If the Lord didn't give us problems, we couldn't grow." He knew of the Lord's constant love and care for him, as long as he was fulfilling his part. His testimony was strong concerning the power of prayer and priesthood, which he used often. His testimony was strong concerning the prophet Joseph Smith. He knew the work he was doing was true and important. He loved it, and was excited to be a missionary.

He passed away in San Salvador on May 29, 1973. His funeral services were held on June 2, 1973 with Elder Franklin D. Richards, Assistant to the Twelve as the General Authority in attendance.

Dear Companions:

"We'll gather the wheat from the midst of the tares
And bring them from bondage, from sorrows and snares.....
We'll cheer up their hearts with the news that he bore
And point them to Zion and life evermore."

"Brother Gomez, I know this church is true, and did you hear what Elder Jones said about what Elder Brown said about Sister Black?"

"Brother Gomez, the gospel will bring you true happiness, but this area and my companion sure make me unhappy."

"Brother Gomez, if you obey the commandments, the Lord will bless you, but I got to bed late last night and if I don't sleep in I'll be less effective."

"Brother Gomez, I know that the Gospel has been restored, and I know that if my comp does that one more time, I've had it."

Have you ever said that you are on a mission in order to share the gospel? I hope you have said it, for that is why the Lord called you to go on a mission. But, have you considered what it really means to share the gospel?

Consider what President David O. McKay said about the gospel: "The purpose of the gospel is to change people--to make bad men good and good men better", and view that, in light of what a certain statement has to say of our behavior and its influence: "No man is an island."

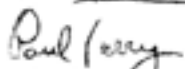
Now ask yourself: "Does every word I say, every thought I think, every action I do make those around me better? Does it cause them to rejoice? Does it set them an example? Does it lighten their burden?"

Answer to yourself: "Am I really, then, sharing the gospel, or am I sharing something else?"

As we think of sharing the gospel in this light, is it any wonder that the Lord stated the essential requirements of a missionary as being: "And faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work. Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence"?

I hope that we will seriously compare our words, thoughts and actions with the message which we have been sent to share and that we will earnestly seek the improvement of which we find ourselves in need.

Sincerely,


Elder Paul W. Terry

Dear Fellow Servants:

It was very probably near this time of year in 1829 when Peter, James, and John appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery in the wilderness of the Susquehanna River. They declared themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom and of the dispensation of the fulness of times, and they restored the Melchizedek Priesthood to man in its fullness and power for the last time. This glorious priesthood, which "is after the holiest order of God", is the means by which all ordinances for our salvation are administered or solemnized. Doctrine and Covenants section 84 tells us that "without the ordinance thereof, and the authority of the priesthood, the power of godliness is not manifest unto men in the flesh; for without this no man can see the face of God, even the Father, and live."

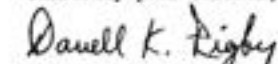
In the last few weeks I have been especially thankful for the restoration of this priesthood. I have thought about how Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery must have felt to bring such a power to us. But more than anything, I have considered the great blessing and responsibility that we have as bearers of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Life's decisions could be frightening, its tragedies unbearable, if one had to face them alone. Yet, worthy members of Christ's church have every right to feel secure in the power of the priesthood, and joyful in the knowledge that the will of our omnipotent Lord is free to act in the house of faith.

I suppose that the "will of our omnipotent Lord" clause is the real key in exercising His priesthood. Since the power comes from our creator, its use should be for His glory and for the accomplishment of His designs. Of course, if our lives are in order our true desires will be more in line with the purposes of our Lord, and selfishness will be brought to a minimum. It is our responsibility to live worthily so that the Lord can function through us and so that we may accept His judgement, whatever it may be.

The Lord is just, even when our limited vision and understanding may not comprehend His ways. Spencer W. Kimball says that "The power of the priesthood is limitless but God has wisely placed upon each of us certain limitations. I may develop priesthood power as I perfect my life, yet I am grateful that even through the priesthood I cannot heal all the sick. I might heal people who should die. I might relieve people of suffering who should suffer. I fear I would frustrate the purposes of God." Certainly we can see the wisdom of his attitude. If we could heal "all the sick" we would also destroy our most basic right: free agency. We would not live so much by faith as by knowledge that through the power of the priesthood we could immediately obtain our every whim. The results would be disastrous. There could be no test, no growth, no success. More importantly, without trials there could be no achievement.

Elders and Sisters, I leave you my testimony that there is no power on the face of the earth greater than that of the Melchizedek Priesthood. It is real, and it is for our eternal happiness. I pray that we might always remain faithful so that the priesthood can act in our lives and its strength be a comfort to us.

Sincerely your brother,


Elder Darrell K. Rigby

I believe in God,
For deep within my soul echoes
A sound from distant worlds
Which seems to recollect
That as natural as life itself
There exists my creator--
Yes, even my Father

Call this instinct.

I believe in God
For, from earliest moments upon this earth,
It was my happy lot
To have as guardian spirits
Even mortal parents,
A man and woman who yielded
To the enticings of the Holy Spirit
And made themselves examples
Of godliness and belief in God.

Call this teaching.

I believe in God
Because men of great integrity
Have left us their testimonies
And sealed thee up with a power
Which I cannot deny.

Call this authority.

I believe in God
Because I have applied the test
In my own behalf.
I have been obedient,
And know it is good.

Call this experience.

I believe in God
Because being attested by
Instinct,
Teaching,
Authority,
Experience,
I have been led
To that great fountain of truth,
The Holy Ghost;
And he, whose office it is to witness Christ,
Has borne witness to my soul--
And verily, I know!

Call this knowledge.

--Improvement Era
September, 1966

"Strengthening the Home" was the theme of the Second Quarterly District Conference in San Salvador, June 2-3, 1973. It was a very appropriate and timely theme, inasmuch as it was the conference in which the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission lost that district and the church gained another Stake of Zion. Elder Delbert L. Stapley was the presiding General Authority, and emphasized the point that the church cannot be greater than the strength of the families who make it up. "If we want to strengthen the church, we need to strengthen the homes of it." He brought out the necessity and importance of family prayer, and stated that he knew no better way to bring union and love into the home than by kneeling together as a family in prayer. Talks were given by the new stake officials concerning the importance of strengthening their individual homes, and the ways in which they could best accomplish it. By obeying the law of tithing; "With this law, all things are had in the home and nothing lacks." By observing the Sabbath Day; "We should teach our children a complete dedication to reading the scriptures and visiting the sick on this day." By holding our Family Home Evenings; "How grand it is to see an eternal home." The excellent new film, "Strengthening the Home" by President Harold B. Lee, was shown, and was the basis for the proceedings of the conference meetings.

It was a busy weekend for all. Interviews began Friday night as soon as Elder Stapley arrived from Salt Lake City, and continued all day Saturday and Sunday morning. After the conference session that morning and until his plane left in the evening, Elder Stapley was kept busy ordaining and setting apart new stake officials. Harold Brown, the Regional Representative for this region was also in attendance, and helped out tremendously with the translations for Elder Stapley. Of course, the work in preparation for this historical event began a long time ago, and has finally come to an end in the realization of it all. But, it is just the beginning for the membership of the church in the San Salvador Stake. The load has now been shifted to their shoulders, and they have a great and wonderful challenge put before them. Their's is a full responsibility, not to the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission, but to themselves and to the First Presidency of the church, directly.

The San Salvador Stake was the 618th stake to be organized in the church. Eight wards were organized with three independent branches and one dependent branch. The organization includes:

San Salvador Ward (Delgado)
Ward 2 (Layco)
Ward 3 (Monserrat)
Ward 4 (San Jacinto)
Ward 5 (Santa Anita)
Ward 6 (Santa Lucía)
Ward 7 (Zacamil)
Santa Tecla Ward
Lourdes Branch
Mejicanos Branch
Zacatecoluca Branch
San Vicente Branch--dependent of Ward 6



The church and kingdom is truly growing here in Central America. The part we all play is very important, and is something we can be very proud of.

For those is faithful unto the obtaining these two priest-hoods of which I have spoken, and the magnifying their calling, are sanctified by the Spirit unto the renewing of their bodies.

They become the sons of Moses and of Aaron and the seed of Abraham, and the church and kingdom, and the elect of God.

And also all they who receive this priesthood receive me, saith the Lord;

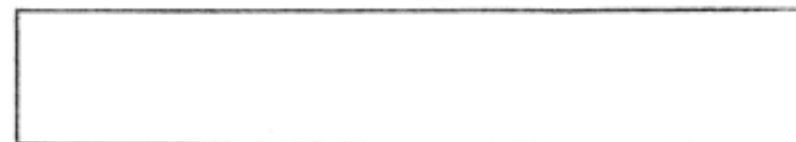
For he that receiveth my servants receiveth me;

And he that receiveth me receiveth my Father;

And he that receiveth my Father receiveth my Father's kingdom; therefore all that my Father hath shall be given unto him.

And this is according to the oath and covenant which belongeth to the priesthood.

Doctrine & Covenants 84:33-39



HOME, SWEET HOME

Richard A. Baria Jr.
Gaylen S. Shirley
John P. Maury
Paul W. Terry

Denton, Texas
Sugar City, Idaho
Tucson, Arizona
Salt Lake City, Utah

ZONE TOTALS—MAY 1973

	BAPTISMS	PLACED BOOK OF MORMON
GUATEMALA ZONE 1 (XELA)	12	62
GUATEMALA ZONE 2 (GUATEMALA)	40	145
EL SALVADOR ZONE 3 (SANTA ANA)	17	92
EL SALVADOR ZONE 4 (SAN SALVADOR)	<u>29</u>	<u>120</u>
totals	98	419

adams j	san salv 6	geller	san salv 3	nelson scott	el molino(s)
adams r	usulutin	golightly	sonsonate	nelson steve	xela 2
ahlstrom	abuschapin	goodman	office	nikolasa	lourdes
aiken	san salvador	grahan	abuschapin	molte	patricia
alomar	guat 3	greer	guat 8	noorlanders	patricia
allen b	san salv 6	guillen g	el modelo	page	office
allen k	branch 7	guillen r	el molino(s)	peñate	san marcos
allen r	guat 2	gunnell	el quiché	petersen	abuschapin
allred david	coatepeque	guillian	guat 6	peterson	sololá
allred darryl	el molino(g)	hansen	san salv 6	rappleye	mazatenango
alvarez	sololá	harris	guat 4	reintjan	xela 3
amescu	sonsonate	hatch	antigua	reynoso	santa tecla
amesquita	florida	hathcock	el centro	richards m	usulutin
anderson	totonicapan	heerhorst	san pedro	richards r	mazatenango
anthony	office	henria	xela 1	rigby	office
awaroll	reu 2	hillery	san salv 4	riley	mexicanos
bailey	chalchuapa	hilton	el centro	rios	sololá
bake	san salv 3	huber	antigua	roberts	santa lucia c
ball	guatemala	hurst	occidente	robinson	san salv 3
barrua	abuschapin	jennings	guat 6	rodriguez	reu 1
barton	xela 3	johnson c	el molino(s)	ropers	jutiapa
baxter	san pedro	johnson r	coatepeque	roper	escuintla
bentley	san salv 2	jones j	sonsonate	roundy	barrio nuevo
blake	san salv 2	jones m	office	salazar	patricia
blakely	san salvador	jorgensen	barrio nuevo	salgado	guat 2
blakesley	patrin	kaepus	san salv 5	schlosser	mazatenango
boad	san salv 7	kampton	san marcos	sellick	jutiapa
borgquist	guat 6	kilgore	san salv 2	skiba	totonicapan
bower	san salv 4	kirk	barrio nuevo	smith	guat 6
boyer	chimaltenango	knight	patrin	steed	xela 2
bunstead	guat 3	koplin	el modelo	steele	sonsonate
butters	patricia	kuchna	office	stevenson	san salv 7
cameron	mexicanos			stewart	chiquimula
cammack	guat 2			stoker	guat 8
chapman	guat 3			stucki	occidente
choney	el modelo			stumpo	branch 7
christensen	guat 5			swanson	oriente
clark stephen	reu 1			symes	san salv 2
clark steven	san salv 2			telford	florida
clark t	guatemala			terry	office
cobabe	san salv 6			tau	office
cobero	santa tecla			theodore	guatemala
culp	el centro			thompson	el molino(s)
curtis	guat 6			tilton	san salv 7
daines	chimaltenango			tingey a	escuintla
divis	santa tecla			tingey d	santa tecla
domars	el molino(s)			trajo	reu 2
dodge	san salv 7			twaller	totonicapan
downard	florida			twigg	florida
draper	patricia			varley	sonsonate
dugan	santa lucia c			vops	florida
duran	barrio nuevo			vorrillion	el centro
osason	escuintla			white	lourdes
ofdo	escuintla			willace d	zacatecoluca
orkina	occidente			willace k	el molino(g)
oscalante	florida			whitner	el molino(s)
ovens a	hachatenango			williams a	oriente
ovens r	san salv 3			williams d	occidente
faye	totonicapan			williams k	el quiché
gagen	zacatecoluca			wilmore	oriente
gaboa	xela 3			wilson	el molino(g)
garcia	guat 6			wylie	jalapa
garden	sonsonate			young	san vicente

LOCATION CHART
JUNE 12, 1973

Chapter 14—Mission Reunions

The preceding is a photograph of three attendees at our 2008 reunion. From left to right are Elders Jim (Big Jim) Mahoney, Gary (Leepeen) Lippincott, and Craig (Razz) Nelson. Their look of pure joy captures the excitement of attending our Mission Reunions. You'll notice that each of them is exhibiting the “Saludo”, “El Saludo”, “Saludo Fraternal”, or the “Mucho Gusto”. More on this to follow—

It has been 40 plus years since our Mission era as of this writing (February 6, 2017). During that time there have been several Mission Reunions. Within the first few years we came stag and with dates and then came wives, children and grandchildren. At one reunion we re-introduced ourselves to our missionary friends and companions and gave updates. During these updates, we discovered that about a half dozen of us had named one of our daughters, “Xela”. At another, we sat around in a gym on folding chairs (about 8 of us in number) and reviewed old times.

On the following page is a group photo of our last reunion, held in 2013. Our beloved Mission President, Harvey S. Glade was in attendance. Those of us blessed to be there got to see and spend time with President Glade for the last time in this mortal existence. This photo shows all missionaries in attendance and President Glade and his children. The other is a close up of a number of us sneaking in “El Saludo”.

” . . . the joy and spirit were so strong, that it felt like what it we might experience in the Celestial Kingdom.”



This saludo became a sign of love, respect and friendship to all of us that were clued in to this special greeting on and since our Mission. More on that after these two photos. . . .



“El Saludo.” where to begin? I suppose at the beginning. It was the first part of 1972 while working with my crackerjack senior companion, Elder James (Big Jim) Mahoney. We were assigned a portion of the El Centro area of Santa Ana, El Salvador.

One day, as we left our residence at Mom’s Meson, we walked down the street and then hung a left past the Cuartel (Military barracks/HQ) to begin our trek downtown towards El Centro.

Walking along, off to the right, Elder Mahoney noticed one of the local señores (we’ll call him, “Señor Gomez”). The man was gesticulating in an interesting, though respectful manner while apparently, calling out

to us. His right arm was fully extended with his palm up and fingers together. His fingers, too, were also extended but slightly curved in a very relaxed shallow cupping fashion. Strangely, his hand was actually cocked to the right at his wrist. It would have been far more comfortable and natural for him to rotate his hand to the left, but that didn’t appear to cut muster with Señor Gomez. He appeared to have a purpose and know exactly what he was doing!

As we got closer, we could hear him greeting us in the following manner: “Mucho gusto señores, jóvenes, caballeros. . . .” Continuing, he added, “misioneros, para servirle, buenos días mis amigos, mai fraaaeennds!”

It’s important to note that “El Saludo” was MUCH MORE than the verbal greeting. In fact, the whole “hand-body-facial expression-attitude” was and is the key to the proper execution of “El Saludo.” As Gomez greeted us in rapid-fire fashion, he continued to maintain the proper hand-arm positioning—almost as though he were sighting in on us along his extended hand. He followed, sedulously keeping us in alignment with his hand and extended fingers; the whole time greeting us with his friendly palaver. (Another dynamic here was his facial expression, overall body attitude and an affectation that extended to his speech.)

After greeting us in the above manner, Gomez punctuated the experience with a final farewell greeting, delivering this as we passed, while maintaining his finger-hand-arm-body alignment with us. “Aadioooooosssnnn!!” he exclaimed. Perfect, genuine, pure. With that, came the birth of the beloved tradition of “El Saludo”.





This experience was not a one-off. Oh no, this was repeated several times during our service there in Santa Ana. Unfortunately, we have no photos of Señor Gomez demonstrating “El Saludo” in the field. However, there were students of Gomez in the same neighborhood. The above left photo shows a couple of cipotes guanacos, in that same neighborhood, demonstrating this unique greeting. Also above right you’ll see the efforts of three young missionaries (Nelson, Gwilliam and Symmes) exhibiting a more casual display of the “Saludo Fraternal”.



Some 45 years later, some of us strive to keep the tradition alive. Above is a photo of Elder Gary Lippincott, now well into his 60s and serving in a hispanohablante unit of the Church in Chicagoland. Note his skill and prowess at demonstrating “El Saludo”.

Recently, I had a conversation with Elder Lippincott as to the different interpretations of the saludo. Here is Gary’s statement on the matter; “Ok mi cuate...there is indeed a good variety of interpretation of “El Saludo”, however (my opinion) yours is the most accurate and “latin” version. I don’t expect everyone will have the ability to do a true saludo, but I feel they should give it their best effort and not take a casual

attitude.”

Gary continues, “...it’s clear to me I have been shirking my duties to tradition: we have three companionships in the ward and none of them know about “El Saludo”. I’m going to follow your lead and begin their training this Sunday!



I have made attempts, from time to time, to share this wonderful tradition of fraternal love, respect, and greeting with missionaries I serve with in our Mission (the California San Fernando Mission). Above you’ll see examples of a companionship of new Elders in our Mission making the attempt. The upper right photo shows two of Presidente (Elder Doug Gwilliam ‘71-’73) Gwilliam’s seasoned missionaries exhibiting an increased level of understanding in the Chile Santiago South Mission. The photo below that, is of a pair of our more seasoned missionaries showing good progress.



Most of these jóvenes are off to a very good start, but can use some refinement. Deeper training, such as “hand-body-facial expression-attitude” can be dealt with at some future time. In Elder Lippincott’s words, Let’s keep it simple for now, so as not to discourage them.” Very wise council hermano!

Please enjoy viewing the reunion photos from 2008–13 along with additional recuerdos on the following pages...

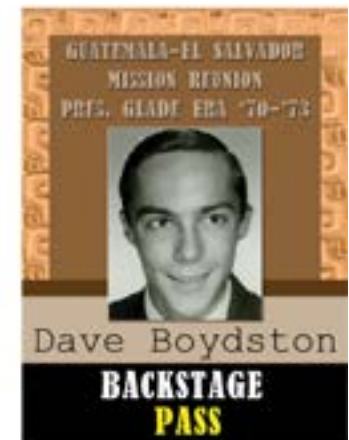
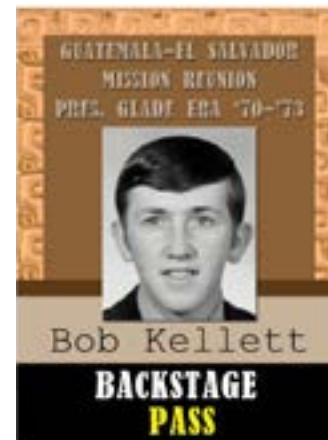
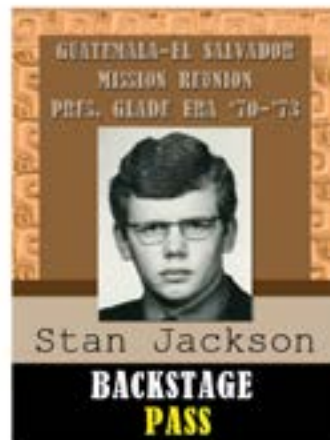
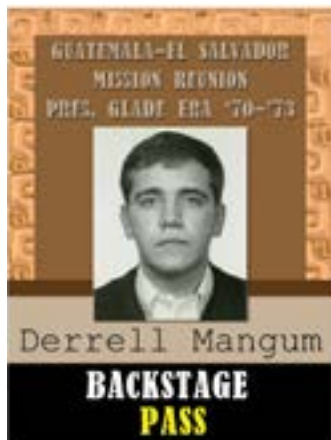
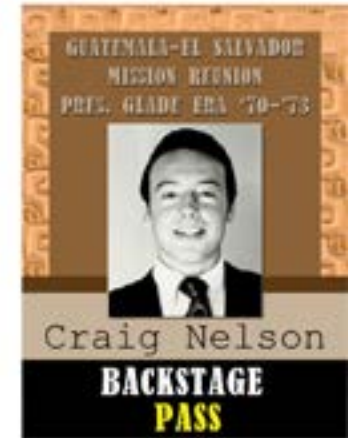
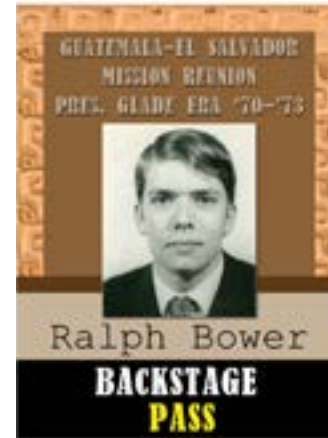
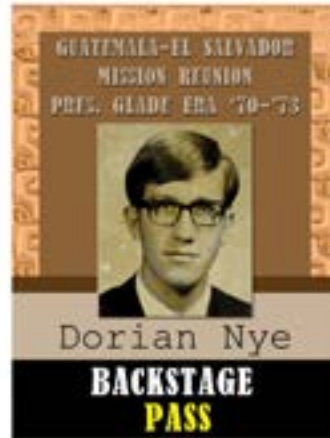
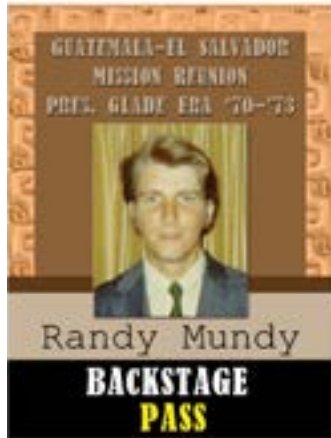
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Mission Reunion 2008 (Salt Lake City, UT)

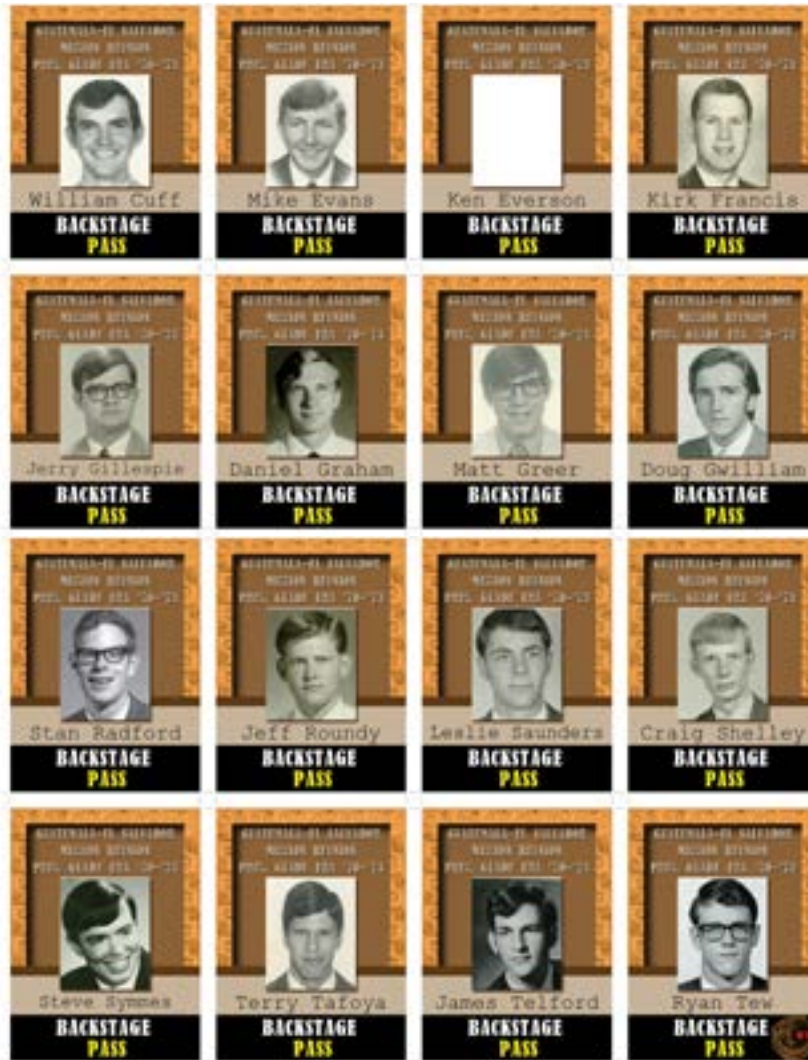


Mission Reunion 2008 (Salt Lake City, UT)



Mission Reunion 2008 (Salt Lake City, UT)

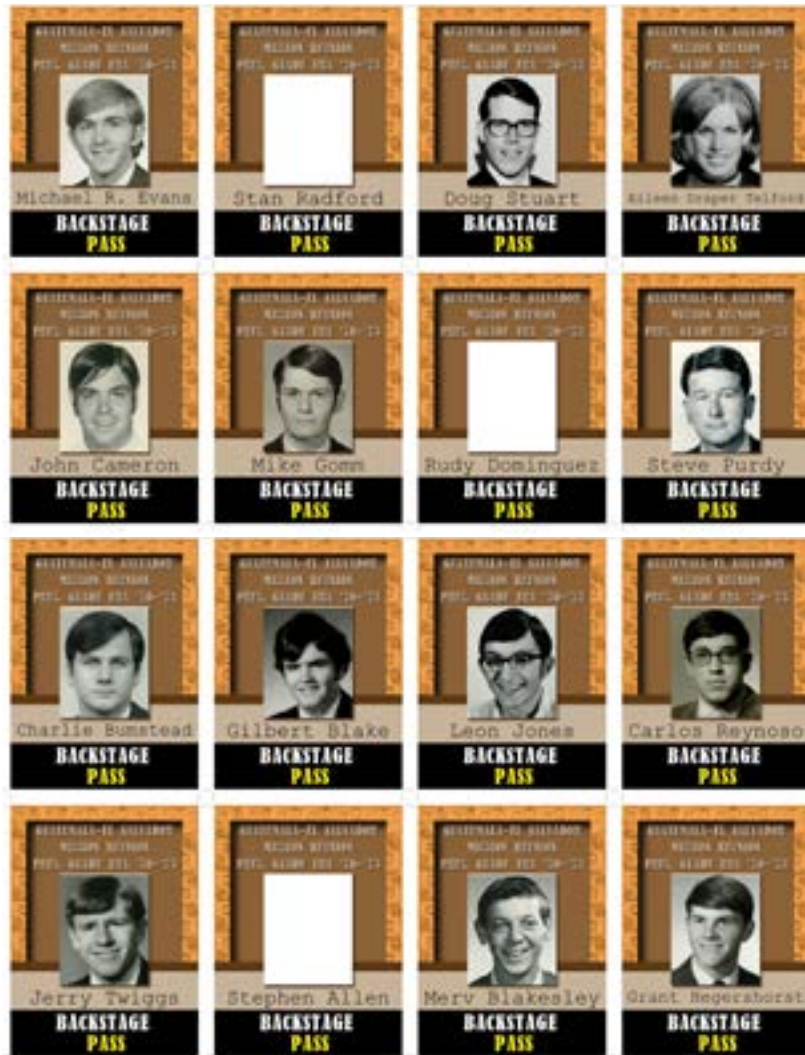
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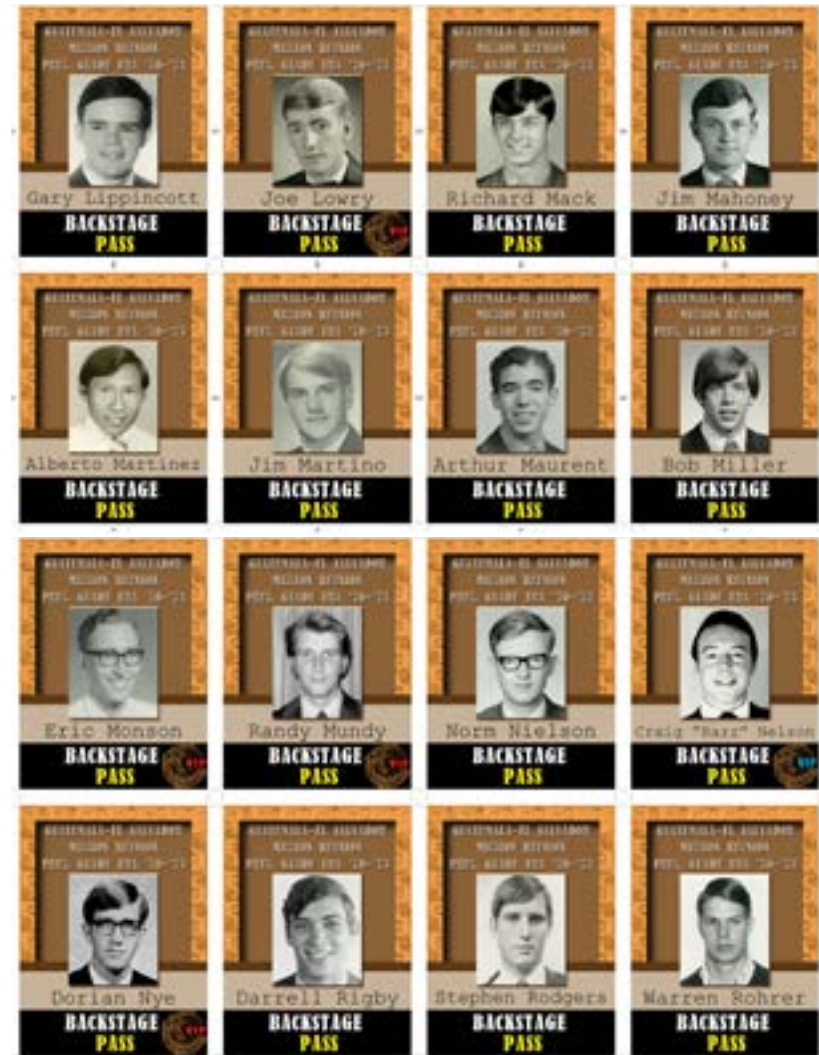
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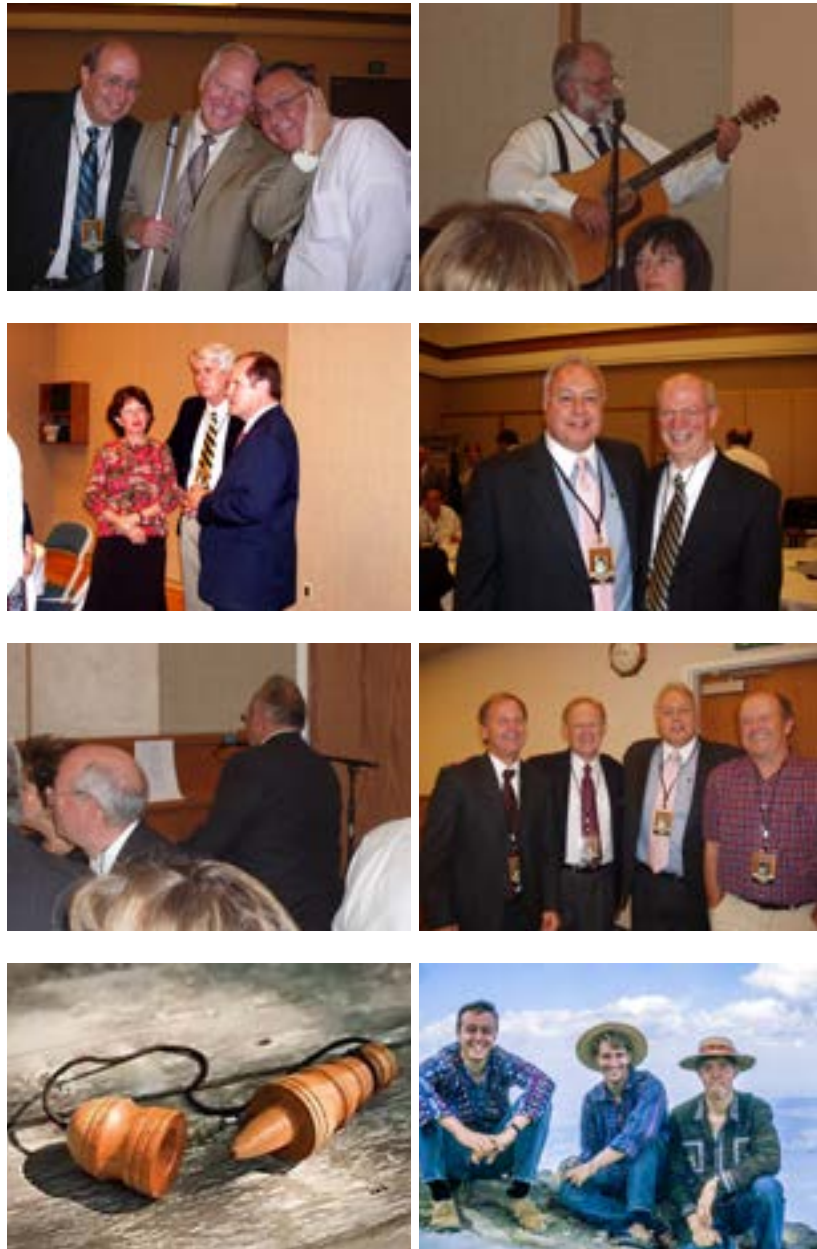
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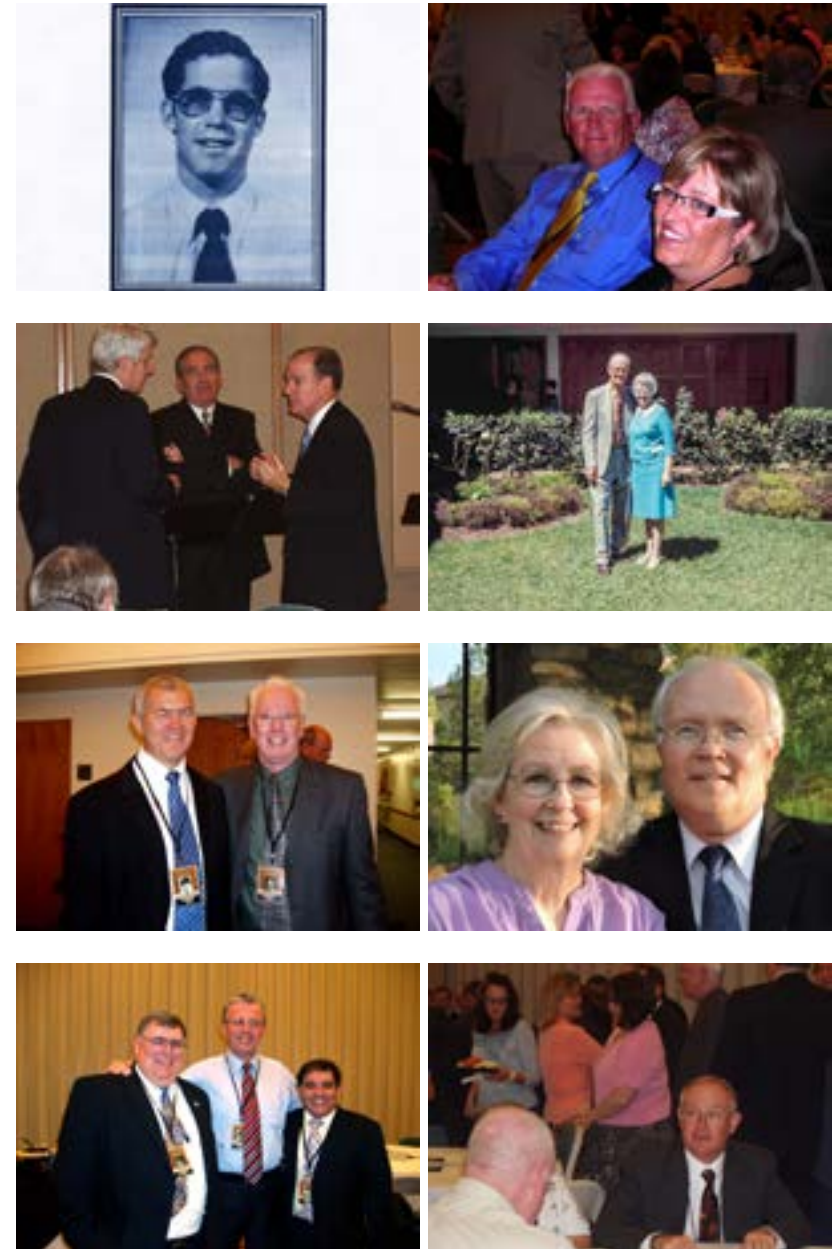
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Mission Reunion 2008 (Salt Lake City, UT)



Mission Reunion 2008 (Salt Lake City, UT)



Mission Reunion 2013 (Salt Lake City, UT)



Mission Reunion 2013 (Salt Lake City, UT)



Mission Reunion 2013 (Salt Lake City, UT)



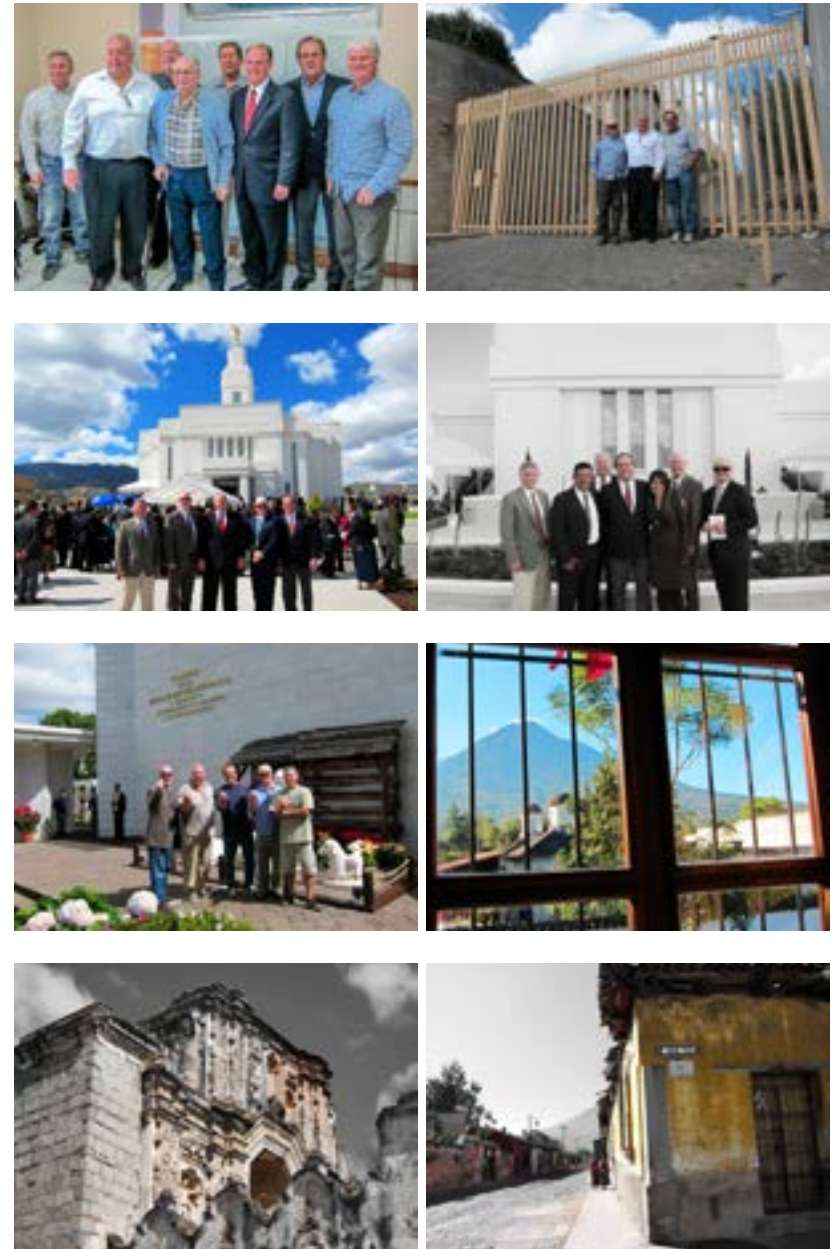
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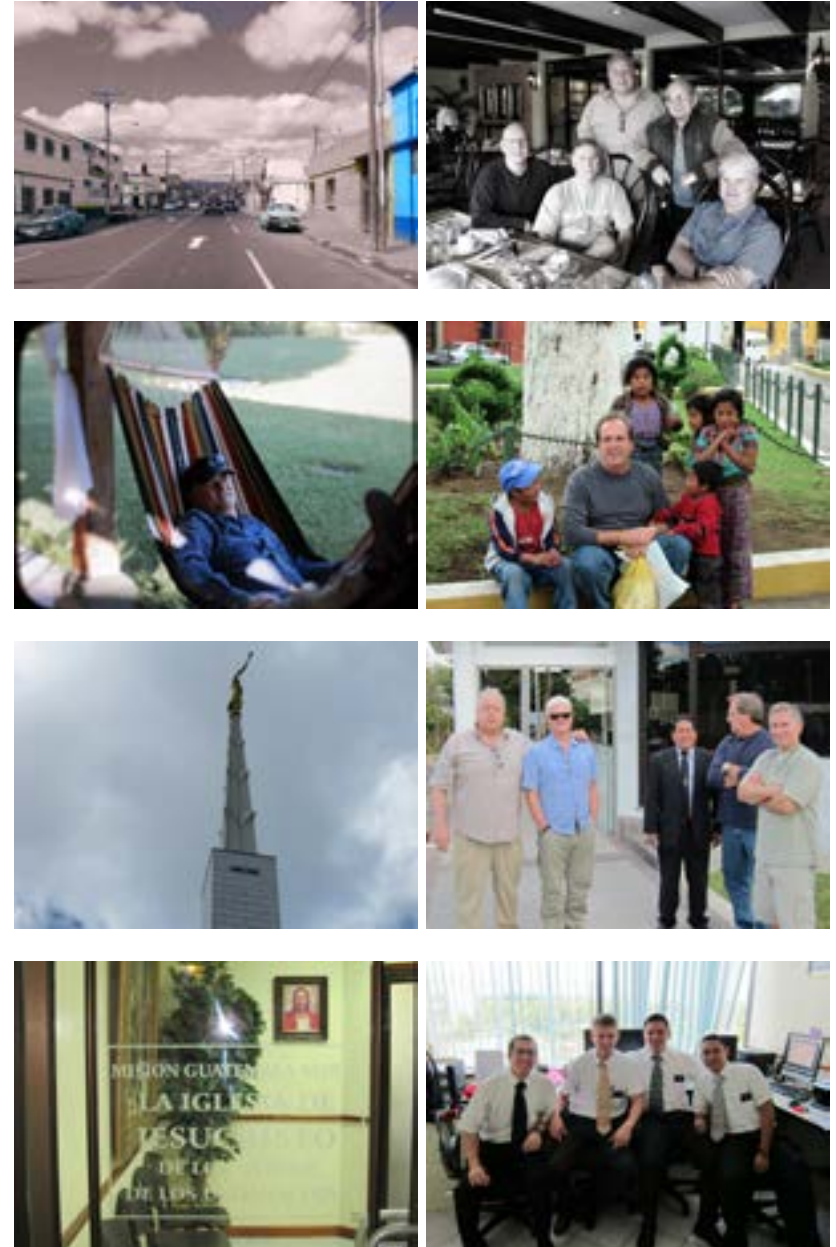
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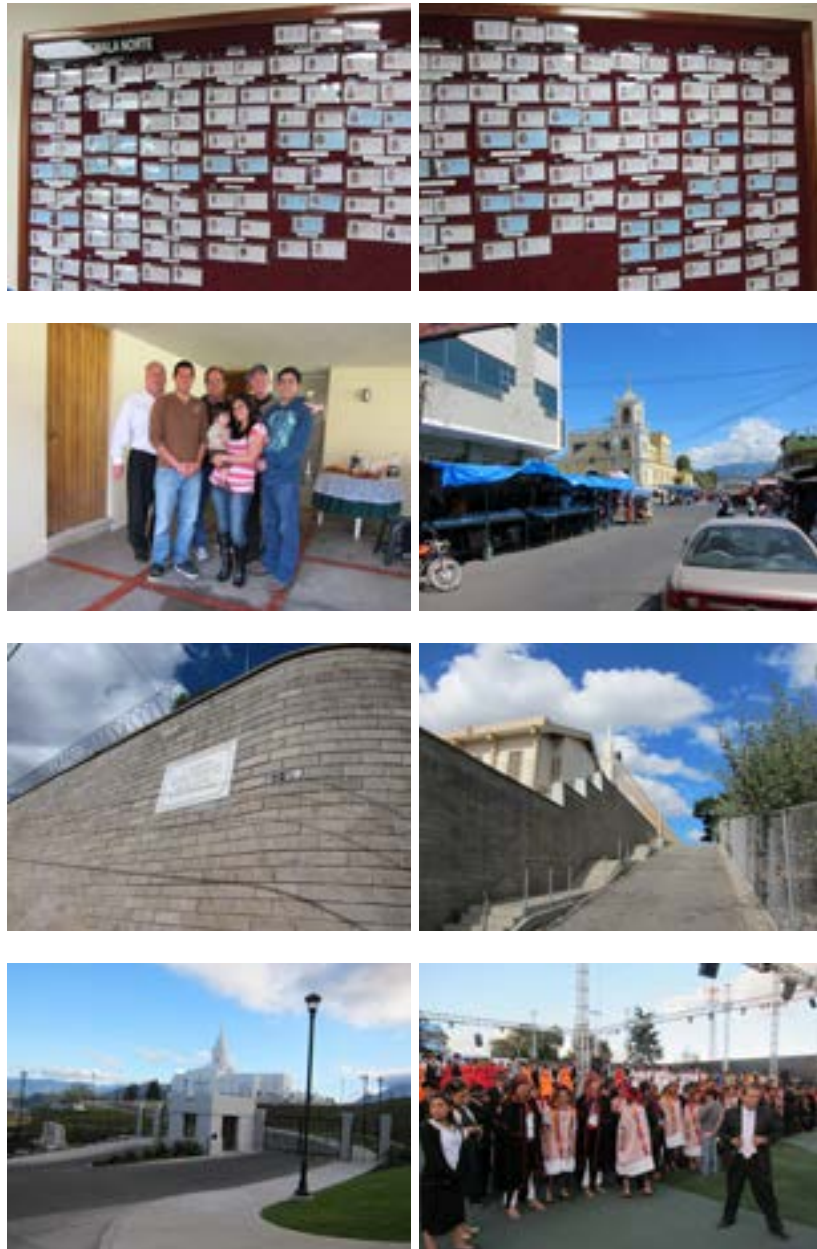
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Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



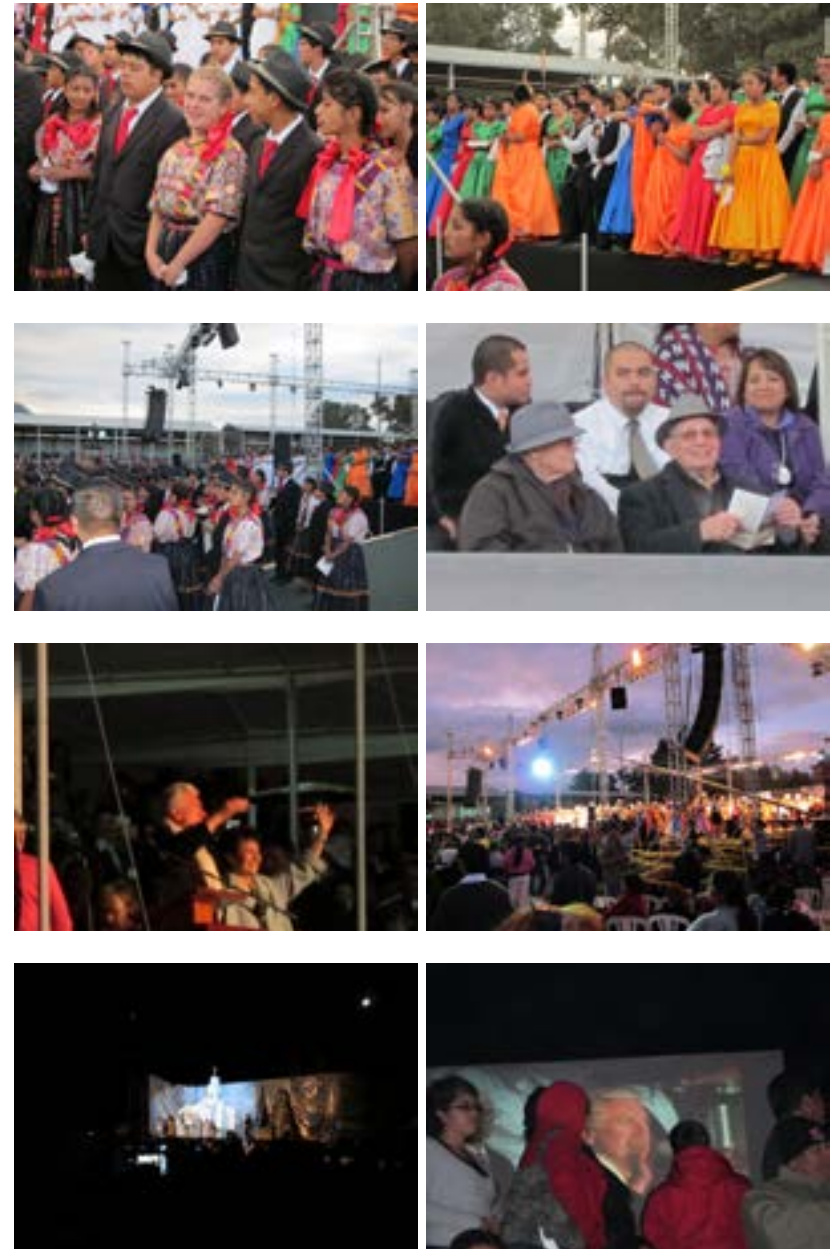
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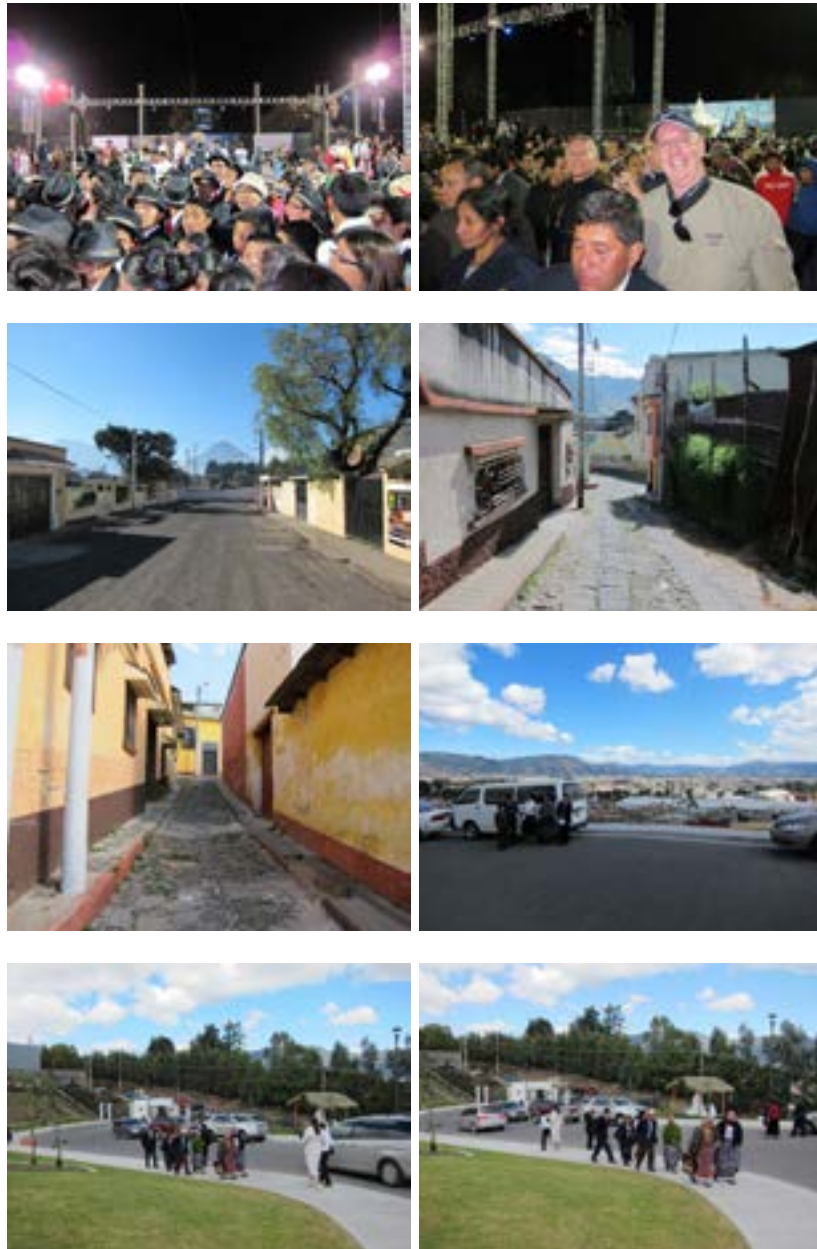
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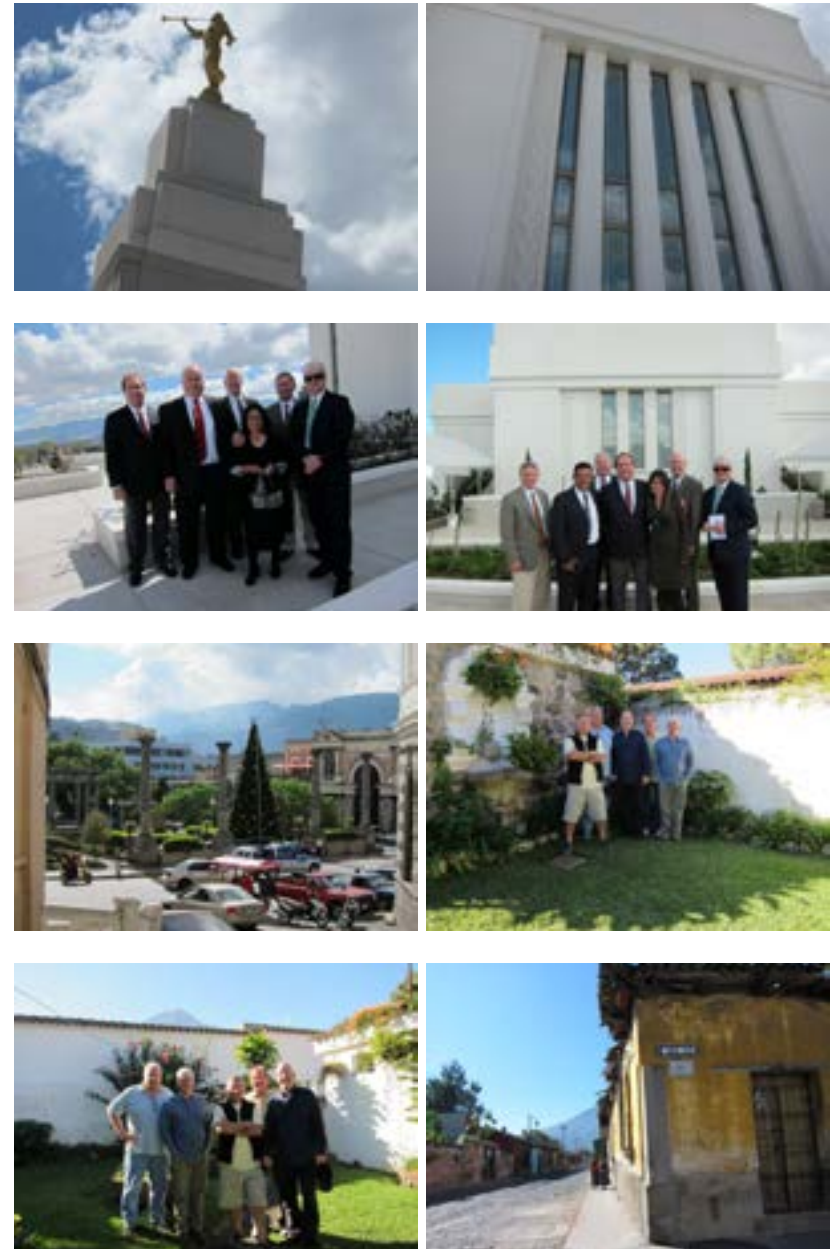
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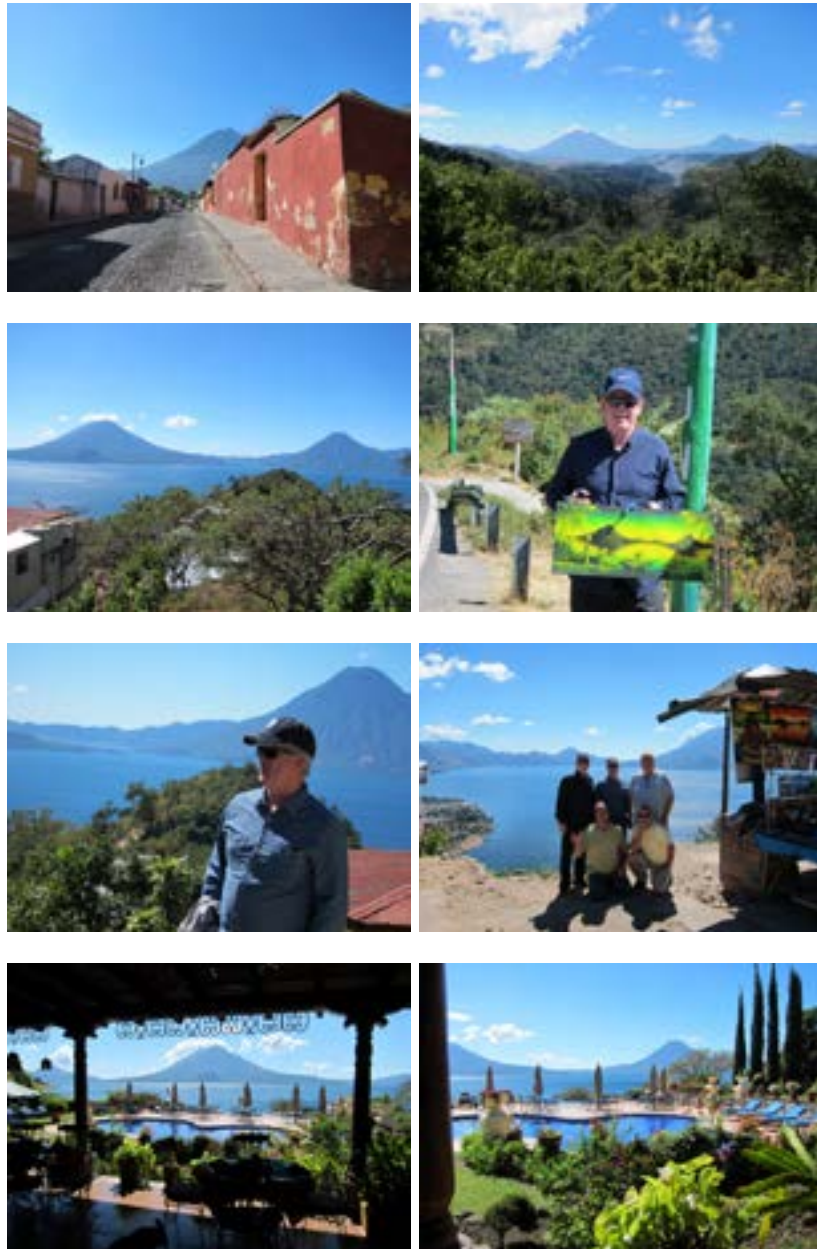
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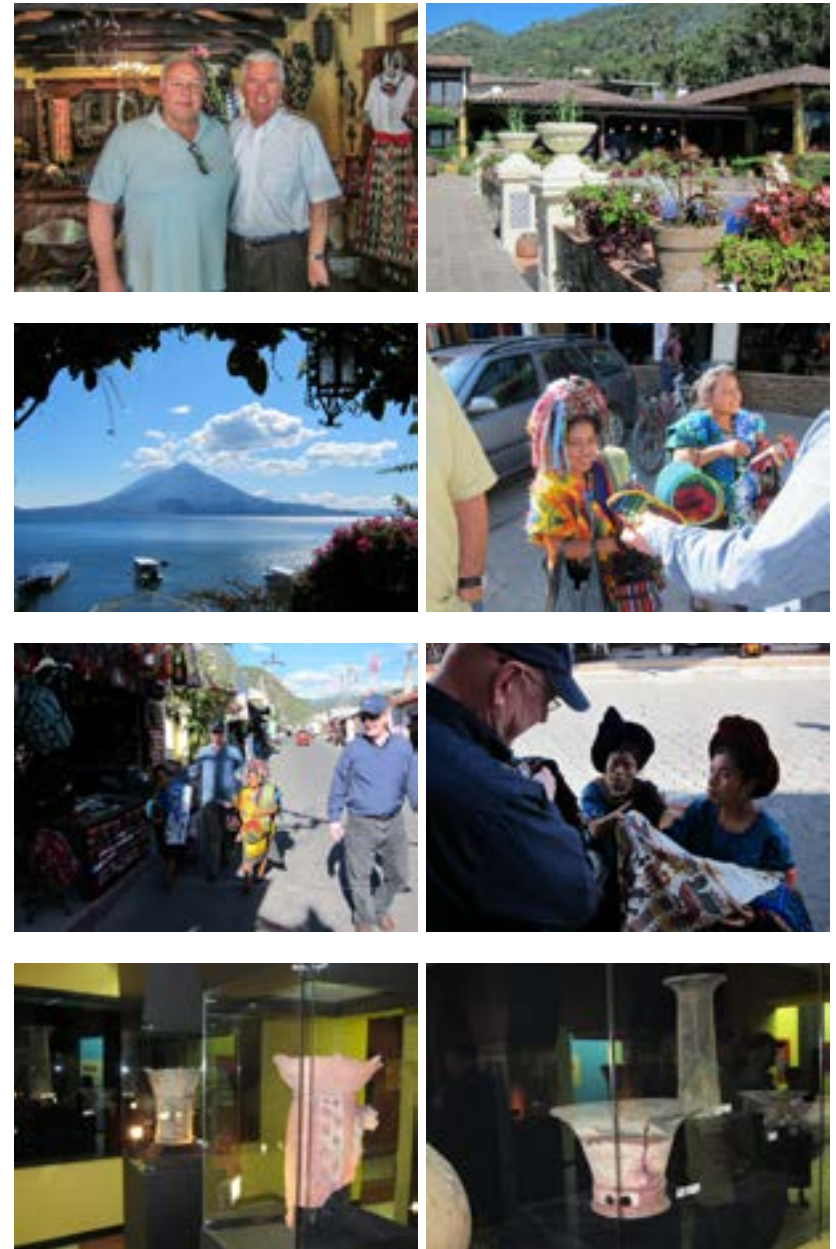
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Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Reunion 2011 (Guatemala)



Mission Recuerdos (Memorabilia)



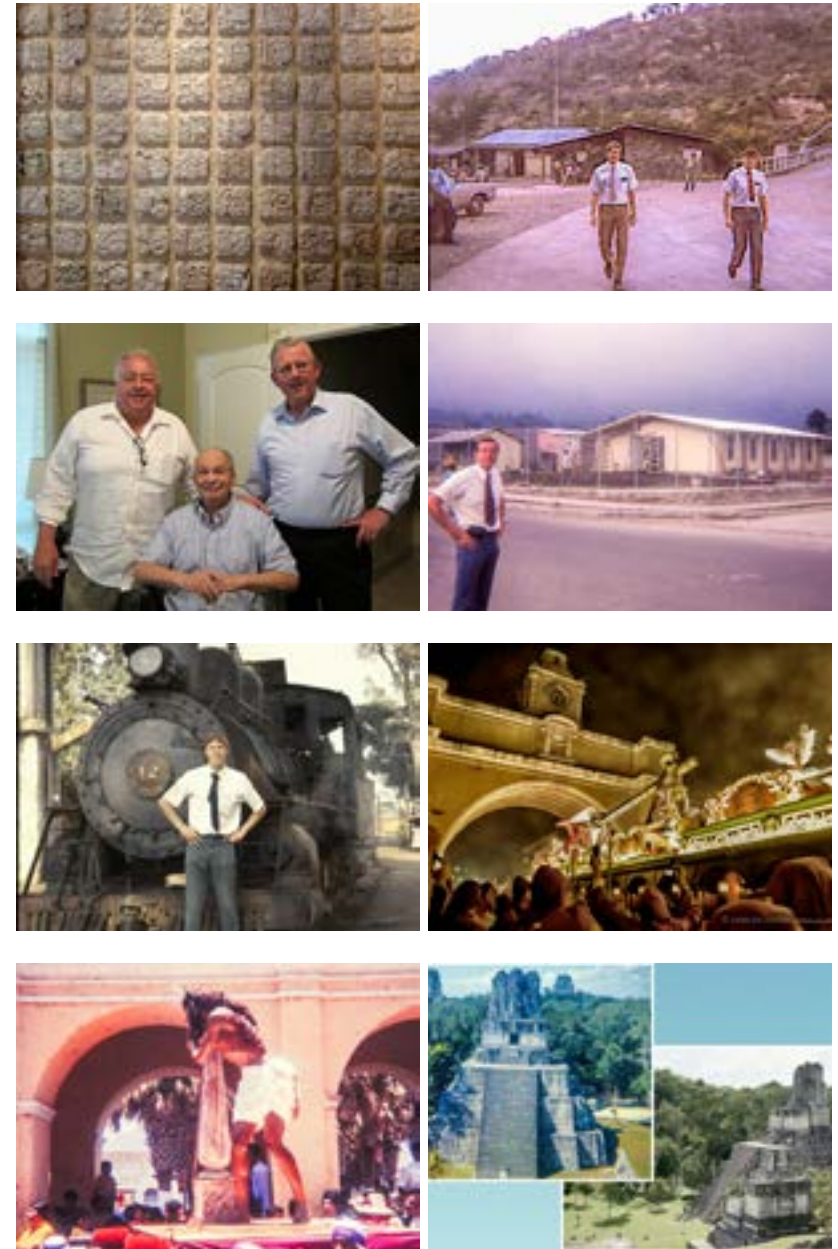
Mission Recuerdos (Memorabilia)



Mission Recuerdos (Memorabilia)



Mission Recuerdos (Memorabilia)



Mission Recuerdos (Memorabilia)





Appendix 1 — Missionaries ‘70–’73

This is a table of missionaries that served during the time that President Harvey S. Glade was Mission President between 1970 and 1973

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Abrams	Martin Dale	18-Feb-71	Preston	ID
Adams	James Stowell	16-Jun-72	Yucaipa	CA
Adams	Reed W	16-Mar-72	Pleasant Grove	UT
Adams	Craig	01-Oct-70	Orem	UT
Adamson	Thomas Clark	18-Feb-71	Orem	UT
Aguilar	Maria Del Rosario	10-Jul-71	Tegucigalpa	HN
Ahlstrom	Scott	01-Jun-72	Round Rock	TX
Aitken	Gary Alan	11-May-72	Orem	UT
Albaugh	Thomas	01-Nov-68	Idaho Falls	ID
Alder	Darwin G	24-Jun-68	Houston	TX
Allen	Bruce	01-May-72	Draper	UT
Allen	Stephen B.	01-Feb-69	West Jordan	UT
Allen	Kenneth B	18-Jan-73	Idaho Falls	ID
Allen	Robert E	16-Mar-72	Middletown	RI
Allred	David	01-Jan-73	Rangley	CO
Allred	Derryl	24-Aug-72	Thatcher	AZ
Alomar	Rafael G	11-Apr-73	San Jose	CR
Alvarez	Delfor	01-Sep-72	Chandler	AZ
Amesquita	Raymond J	20-Apr-72	Stockton	CA
Amezcuca	Carlos	01-Mar-73	Westlake Village	CA
Andelin	Mark F.	01-Feb-71	Sparks	NV
Anderson	Richard	01-Nov-72	Casper	WY

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Andrew	Larry William	18-Mar-71	Portland	OR
Anthony	Vernon L	14-Oct-71	Santa Ana	CA
Ardmore	Richard E	13-Nov-69	Eatonville	WA
Ashbaker	Owen K	08-Jul-69	Ogden	UT
Ashworth	Monte	14-Sep-68	Salt Lake City	UT
Avarell	Kory K.	01-Nov-71	Lake Arrow-head	CA
Bailey	Carl	01-Jul-72	Salt Lake City	UT
Bake	Mark W	26-Oct-72	Springville	UT
Ball	Charles	27-Aug-70		CA
Ball	John Spencer	20-Apr-72	Salt Lake City	UT
Balls	Garth M	16-Apr-70	Soda Springs	ID
Baria	Richard Arlen	17-Jun-71	Denton	TX
Barrus	Timothy Hodges	26-Aug-71	Deweyville	UT
Barton	Bodell	08-Mar-73	Hyrum	UT
Baxter	Grant Wayne	25-May-72	Fruitland	ID
Beck	Virgil Charles	19-Jun-69	Saint George	UT
Benning	Ronald Wayne	11-Sep-69	Pacifica	CA
Bennion	Daniel Baird	18-Feb-71	Powell	WY
Bentley	William Black	14-Sep-72	Mesa	AZ
Betenson	Donald	01-Mar-70	South Jordan	UT
Beutler	George W	21-May-70	Emmett	ID
Bingham	Michael	01-Sep-69	Brentwood	CA
Blacker	Kyle	01-Jun-70	Caldwell	ID
Blake	Gilbert	01-Jun-72	Taylorville	UT
Blakely	Greg	01-Mar-73	Broomfield	CO
Blakesley	Mervel E	11-Nov-71	Pleasant Grove	UT
Bond	Z. Bruce	01-May-72	Boerne	TX
Bonus	Gary W	19-Oct-68	Burlington	ONT
Borgquist	Steven	01-Jun-71	Cardiff By The Sea	CA

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Bowen	Larry	12-Nov-70	Granite Bay	CA
Bower	Ralph	01-Oct-71	Murray	UT
Boyack	Douglas Craig	11-Sep-69	Sonora	CA
Boydston	David	01-Mar-70	Rancho Cucamonga	CA
Boyer	Albert	08-Mar-73	St. George	UT
Briggs	Robert	01-Dec-68	Fullerton	CA
Brimhall	Chris T.	01-May-70	Snowflake	AZ
Brunnette	Douglas	01-Aug-69	Kaysville	Ut
Buhler	Brent	13-May-68	American Fork	UT
Bumstead	Charles	01-Feb-72	Kearney	MO
Bunderson	Ben	01-Jun-70	Riverton	Ut
Bundy	Leslie Evan	12-Feb-70	St George	UT
Burk	Allen	12-Mar-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Burne	Timothy Neal	13-Mar-69	Garden Grove	CA
Burton	Mark H	23-Nov-68	West Jordan	UT
Bushman	Ivan Dalton	12-Mar-70	Joseph City	AZ
Buttars	Berk Alan	01-Jul-71	Idaho Falls	ID
Cacuango	Cesar Hugo	02-Feb-71	Quito	EC
Call	Dayton	12-Mar-70	Vacaville	CA
Call	Steven Wendell	01-Apr-71	Murray	UT
Callan	Paul David	12-Feb-70	Farmington	UT
Cameron	John Clarence	26-Aug-71	Lyndhurst	OH
Cammack	Rai	01-Feb-72	Franklin	NC
Cannon	Christopher Black	26-Mar-70	Washington	DC
Carbine	Daniel R	04-Dec-69	Salt Lake City	UT
Carlisle	Michael A.	24-Aug-72	Newbury Park	CA
Carmichael	Lonny	01-Oct-68	Palo Verde	AZ
Carter	Kenneth B	08-May-69	Provo	UT
Castelar	Anabella	01-May-63	UPLAND	CA
Chapman	Christy	01-Mar-73	Salt Lake City	Ut

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Chavez	Mariantonia	01-May-70	Manitowoc	WI
Cheney	Joseph G	19-Aug-71	Eagle	ID
Cheney	Duane Dee	16-Apr-70	Kaysville	UT
Christensen	Mark	01-Jan-73	Fort Collins	CO
Clark	Thomas	01-Oct-71	Fairfield	CA
Clark	Darrel	01-Aug-69	Mapleton	UT
Clark	Stephen Craig	18-Jan-73	Artesia	CA
Clark	Steven Ross	26-Aug-71	Newcastle	CA
Clason	Jeffrey	01-Aug-69	Clovis	CA
Clawson	Richard Blair	02-Oct-69	Allen Park	MI
Cluff	Melody	01-Mar-70	Rio Rico	AZ
Cobabe	Richard	24-Aug-72	Oceanside	CA
Cook	James Edward	24-Sep-70	Utica	MI
Cooper	Jeffery Max	10-Sep-70	Las Vegas	NV
Cornish	John Devn	01-Jun-70	Stone Mountain	GA
Crest	Steven Robert	12-Feb-70	Arcadia	CA
Crosby	John Russell	16-Apr-70	Springerville	AZ
Cubrero Vargas	Victor G	11-Apr-73	San Jose	CR
Cuff	William	01-Feb-71	Henderson	NV
Cuff	William	01-Feb-71	Henderson	NV
Culp	Fritz	08-Feb-73	Pleasant Grove	UT
Curtis	Wesley	01-Feb-72	Cedar City	UT
Curtis	Glenn C	08-May-69	Roosevelt	UT
Daines	David	01-Jun-72	Logan	UT
Davis	Craig	01-Dec-71	Bartonville	IL
Davis	Donald Kennard	12-Feb-70	Albuquerque	NM
Davis	Lloyd B	29-Oct-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Demars	Howard G	26-Oct-72	Logan	UT
Dent	Douglas A	08-May-69	Salt Lake City	UT

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
DeWaal	Craig	01-Jan-71	Sandy	UT
Diehl	David Richard	12-Nov-70	Kaysville	UT
Dodge	Donald Lee	30-Mar-72	Portland	OR
Dominguez	Rodolfo	22-Apr-71	Pico Rivera	CA
Donaldson	David L	02-Nov-68	Price	UT
Donkin	Russell	01-Nov-68	PORTLAND	OR
Downard	David Edwin	18-Jan-73	Orem	UT
Draper	Eileen	01-Jan-72	Fruitland	NM
Drussel	Kirk	01-Mar-69	Ramsey	NJ
Duerden	Jay V	13-Nov-69	Layton	UT
Dugan	Shawn	01-Jun-72	Scottsdale	AZ
Duran	Jesse Jose	18-Jan-73	Newhall	CA
Durrance	Robert Waldon	09-Jan-69	Brownsville	TX
Eason	Leo John	18-Jan-73	West Jordan	UT
Eddo	Scott	11-Nov-71	Sepulveda	CA
Ellsworth	Ronald	28-Sep-68	Clearfield	UT
Erikson	Wayne D	02-Nov-68	Rexburg	ID
Erskine	Scott J	02-Mar-72	Salt Lake City	UT
Escalante	Robert	29-Jun-72	Tempe	AZ
Evans	Michael R.	01-Jan-73	Spring	TX
Evans	Michael	01-Mar-71	Alpine	Ut
Evans	Robert James	20-Apr-72	Sidney	BC
Evans	Kendall	12-Oct-68	San Diego	CA
Everson	Ken	01-Aug-69	Newport Beach	CA
Everson	Kendall Minton	11-Sep-69	Newport Beach	CA
Fairbanks	Jonathan Lee	02-Oct-69	Provo	UT
Farmer	John	02-Oct-69	Centerville	UT
Farnsworth	David Christian	27-Aug-70	Midvale	UT
Faye	Greg	01-Jun-72	Tucson	AZ
Fewkes	Robyn	04-Aug-74	Salt Lake City	UT
Francis	Kirk	01-Mar-70	Syracuse	UT

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Francisco	J Chad	19-Aug-68	Redondo Beach	CA
Fryar	Kay	01-Sep-70	Aurora	CO
Fryar	Kay Phyllis	24-Sep-70	Hayward	CA
Fugal	Jens Peter	03-Jul-69	Pleasant Grove	UT
Fugal	Sherman	14-Sep-68	Orem	UT
Gagon	Bill	16-Jun-72	Sandy	UT
Galbraith	Paul Franklin	26-Mar-70	Bremerton	WA
Gamboia	Mercedes	01-Aug-72	Rowlett,	TX
Gamero	Alba M	09-Feb-70	Danli	HN
Garcia	Milo F	08-Mar-73	Washington	DC
Gardea	Richard R	02-Mar-72	Phoenix	AZ
Gardner	Ronald Jay	12-Mar-70	Centerville	UT
Garrett	Susan	08-Feb-73	Springville	UT
Geller	Ervan Reed	30-Nov-72	Reynoldsburg	OH
Gillespie	Jerold Duane	26-Mar-70	Mesa	AZ
Golden	Dennis	01-Aug-69	Green River	wy
Golightly	Rickie L	17-Feb-72	Bountiful	UT
Gomm	Mike	18-Mar-71	Fruit Heights	UT
Gonzales	Rick	03-Dec-70	Provo	UT
Goodman	Nicholas A	17-Feb-72	Lakeville	CT
Graham	Don	24-Aug-72	El Paso	TX
Graham	Daniel Watkins	02-Jul-70	Provo	UT
Greenwood	Steve		Duchesne	UT
Greer	Mateo	01-Apr-73	Gilbert	AZ
Gudiel	Edgar Amilcar	01-Jun-71	Jutiapa	GT
Guillen	Guillermo J	10-May-73	Managua	NI
Guillen	Maria Yolanda	27-Jul-72	Managua	NI
Gunn	Richard J	13-Feb-69	Provo	UT
Gunnell	Carey J	13-Jan-72	Logan	UT
Gwilliam	Douglas	01-Oct-71	Encinitas	CA

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Haack	Robert Dean	12-Nov-70	Lyman	WY
Hadlock	Rex C	13-Feb-69	Vernal	UT
Hales	Mark	01-Mar-69		VA
Hansen	Randy Alan	25-May-72	Orem	UT
Hardy	Dennis Leland	18-Mar-71	Phoenix	AZ
Harmon	Dean	23-Nov-68	Salt Lake City	UT
Harris	Rickie L	13-Mar-69	Eagle	ID
Harris	Benjamin J	26-Oct-72	Pleasant Grove	UT
Harris	Michael L	07-Dec-68	Tremonton	UT
Harston	Mark	01-Aug-68	Buckley	WA
Harvey	Kenneth Eugene	11-Sep-69	Salt Lake City	UT
Hatch	David	01-Jan-69	Blackfoot	ID
Hatch	Ira	01-Feb-70	Bountiful	Ut
Hatch	Kent	01-Jun-72	Spanish Fork	UT
Hathcock	Harold I	17-Feb-72	Smithville	MS
Hawkins	Charles W	11-Jun-70	Mc Call	ID
Hawkins	Charles	01-Jun-70	Salem	OR
Heaps	A. Kent	01-May-73	Smithfield	UT
Heaps	Renal R	21-Jan-71	Dayton	OH
Hearns	Maureen Connie	16-Mar-72	Las Vegas	NV
Heaton	Kirk	13-Aug-69	Kanab	UT
Hegerhorst	Grant	01-Jul-71	Bruneau	ID
Henrie	Kim	01-Nov-71	Redlands	CA
Henrie	Robert J	16-Nov-68	Orem	UT
Hernandez	Jared	12-Feb-70	Fresno	CA
Hill	Bradley	01-Sep-69	La Mesa	CA
Hillery	Glen Alan	01-Jul-71	Fairfield	CA
Hilton	Matthew F	08-Mar-73	Walnut Creek	CA
Hoenshell	David A	13-Nov-69	Owosso	MI
Hone	James Lee	22-Apr-71	Payson	UT
Howard	Garth		South Jordan	UT

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Huber	Morris G	28-Sep-72	Danville	IL
Hughes	James Vinson	01-Apr-71	Orem	UT
Hunsaker	Jack	01-Sep-69	Burley	ID
Hurst	Dwight Arvel	18-Jan-73	Harrisburg	PA
Jackson	Stan	01-Feb-70	Calgary	AB
Jacobs	Murray K	24-Jun-68	Hughson	CA
James	James Frederick	12-Feb-70	Farmington	NM
Jenks	Neale	01-Apr-71	Boise	ID
Jennings	Gordon Drew	18-Jan-73	College Place	WA
Johnson	Reed	01-Mar-70	Soda Springs	ID
Johnson	Rudy	01-Feb-72	Branson	MO
Johnson	Randy	01-Oct-69	South Jordan	UT
Johnson	Robert Carl	24-Jun-68	Wilcox	AZ
Johnson	Colleen	08-Feb-73	Orem	UT
Jolley	Mark	01-May-70	Nyssa	OR
Jones	Marilyn	01-Sep-72	Nampa	ID
Jones	Leon	01-Feb-71	Stansbury Park	UT
Jones	Douglas E	13-Feb-69	West Jordan	UT
Jones	Jeffrey Mark	25-May-72	Salt Lake City	UT
Jorgenson	Frank	01-Aug-71	Bountiful	UT
Juarez	Alan Jack	24-Jun-68	Winter Hill	MA
Judd	Keith A	13-Feb-69	St. Petersburg	FL
Kaopua	Matthew P	02-Mar-72	West Jordan	UT
Keate	Michael John	15-Oct-70	Lancaster	CA
Kellett	Bob	01-Feb-71	Springville	UT
Kempton	Randall P	24-Aug-72	Provo	UT
Kilgore	James A	28-Oct-71	Salt Lake City	UT
Kilgore	James A.	01-Oct-71	Salt Lake City	UT
King	James B	13-Mar-69	Wendell	ID
Kirk	Tracy Lunt	08-Jun-72	Jacksonville	FL
Kleinman	D. Lynn	01-Mar-71	Orem	UT

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Knight	Nate	01-Dec-68	Moab	ut
Knight	Harold E	30-Mar-72	Phoenix	AZ
Koelliker	Mark	27-Aug-70	Sandy	UT
Koplin	Richard	01-Jan-73	Salt Lake City	UT
Kougioulis	James c	19-Aug-68	Butte	MT
Kuehne	Brian E	17-Feb-72	Pompano Beach	FL
Kulbeth	Roger W	16-Mar-72	Stafford	VA
Kupfer	Lee R	13-Mar-69	Parowan	UT
Kusch	Bruce	01-Oct-70	Rexburg	ID
Lamoreaux	Craig J	18-Feb-71	Brewster	WA
Landeen	Daniel S	16-Sep-71	Clarkston	WA
Lanenga	Steven Grant	12-Mar-70	West Chester	OH
Lange	Cathie L	28-Sep-72	Kaysville	UT
Larson	Franklin Van	01-Aug-70	Hereford	AZ
Lauritzen	Verne C	01-Apr-71	Mira Loma	CA
Layton	Keith	01-Oct-71	Gilbert	AZ
Leavitt	Robert	14-Sep-68	Layton	UT
Lee	Richard A	28-Oct-71	Meridian	ID
Lefler	Lowell T	28-Oct-71	Logan	UT
Lemons	Bruce Neal	18-Jan-73	Sandy	UT
Lemus	Carlos	10-Nov-70	San Pedro Sula	HN
Lewis	Eben J	16-Jun-72	Show Low	AZ
Lezama	Rosa Maria	11-Jul-72	Managua	NI
Lines	Tom	01-Oct-68	CHANDLER	AZ
Lippincott	Gary Wayne	18-Feb-71	SUGAR GROVE	IL
Lloyd	Dennis	12-Nov-70	Mesa	AZ
Lohrke	Alan	01-Aug-68	Provo	UT
Lowry	Joseph	01-Mar-70	Gainesville	FL

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Lunceford	James	01-Nov-69	Brawley	CA
Machula	Myron	01-Mar-70	Kansas City	MO
Mack	Richard Ivan	27-Jan-72	Thatcher	AZ
Mackay	Lynn	01-Aug-70	Glendora	CA
Madsen	David Greaves	18-Jan-73	Gunnison	UT
Magyar	Michal	01-Nov-70	Mesa	AZ
Mahoney	James R.	01-Feb-71	Fairfield	CA
Mangini	Lidia C	08-Feb-73	Levittown	NY
Mangum	Derrell	01-Mar-70	Federal Way	WA
Mangus	Craig	01-Apr-72	Santa Clara	UT
Marquez	Gilbert	01-Apr-71	Rexburg	ID
Marsh	Judith Ida	24-Sep-70	Los Angeles	CA
Martinez	Daniel	23-Sep-72	San Blas Islands	PA
Martino	James (Jim)	01-Aug-70	Aubrey	TX
Martinson	Niel	01-Jan-71	Spring	TX
Mather	J. Shane	01-Sep-72	Salt Lake	UT
Matheson	Robert Geoffrey	18-Feb-71	Glen Waverly	AU
Mathis	James	12-Oct-68	San Clemente	CA
Maughan	Roy & Mae	26-Aug-71	Ogden	UT
Maurent	Arthur	01-Nov-71	North Las Vegas	NV
Mauzy	John Duane	17-Jun-71	Provo	UT
Mc Donald	Rodger	01-Oct-70	Sacramento	CA
McCracken	Kevin	01-Oct-71	Idaho Falls	ID
McGaughey	James M	16-Sep-71	Logan	UT
McLemore	Paul M	13-Feb-69	Mesa	AZ
McQuarrie	Gerald B	16-Sep-71	Downey	CA
Melendez	Ana Isabel	01-Aug-71	San Jose	CR
Melville	John Gerald	19-Jun-69	Los Angeles	CA
Miller	Bob	01-Oct-72	Littleton	CO

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Miller	Phillip E	02-Mar-72	San Francisco	CA
Miller	Lance S	08-Jan-70	Leonia	NJ
Miner	Graham Lynn	11-May-70	Battle Creek	MI
Monson	Eric	01-Mar-70	Vacaville	CA
Montoya	Albert E	16-Jun-72	Florence	CO
Moore	Kevin J	28-Oct-71	Clearfield	UT
Morgan	Steven Laird	26-Aug-71	Clearfield	UT
Morris	Dan	01-Mar-70	Mesa	AZ
Mortensen	Mel Roy	25-May-72	Rexburg	ID
Mortensen	Clinton Ray	12-Mar-70	Kaysville	UT
Moulton	Luana June	10-Sep-70	Ogden	UT
Mundy	Randy	01-Aug-71	Riverton	UT
Myers	Quirl Bradlee	26-Mar-70	Running Springs	CA
Nelson	Steven	01-Jun-72	Phoenix	AZ
Nelson	J. Craig	01-Aug-71	No. Hollywood	CA
Nelson	Scott R.	01-Jan-72	Pleasanton	CA
Nelson	Jim	01-Oct-74	Mesa	AZ
Nielson	Norman	01-Aug-70		
Nielson	Paul Freeman	18-Feb-71	Cambria	CA
Nikolaus	Bradford	08-Mar-73	Mesa	AZ
Nolte	Jeffrey J	17-Feb-72	Gallup	NM
Noorlander	Dorothy	25-Jan-73	Pleasant Grove	UT
Norberg	William	01-Sep-69	El Dorado Hills	CA
Nye	Dorian	01-Nov-70	Murray	UT
Orgill	Curtis A.	01-Feb-69	Reno	NV
Osborne	Steven Pratt	12-Mar-70	Sandy	UT
Ottley	Bruce	17-Apr-69	Rigby	ID
Page	Dorian	01-Mar-72	Cedar City	UT
Paice	Craig	11-May-70	Las Vegas	NV
Palmer	Darryl H	26-Mar-70	Taylor	AZ

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Palmer	Frederick W	07-Dec-68	Montezuma	IA
Palmer	Rocky	12-Mar-70	Syracuse	UT
Park	Vaughn	12-Nov-70	Provo	UT
Paulson	Scott A	21-Jan-71	Orem	UT
Pearson	Bruce Allen	12-Mar-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Pedersen	Linda	27-Aug-70	Kearns	UT
Penate	Edmundo Abel	18-Nov-71	Chalchuapa	SV
Petersen	Horace Rex	19-Oct-68	Neosho	MO
Petersen	Lance	12-Mar-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Peterson	Mark	01-Jun-70	Brigham City	UT
Peterson	Janice M	08-Mar-73	Anaheim	CA
Peterson	Mark Lester	18-Jan-73	Rexburg	ID
Peterson	Maurice Chandler	12-Jul-70	Cold Spring	MN
Phillips	Richard B	18-Jun-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Platt	Jay	01-Mar-70	St. Johns	AZ
Poole	Robert	17-Apr-69	Kearns	UT
Porter	Evan D	24-Jun-68	Ridgeland	SC
Proctor	Michael R	09-Jan-69	Bullhead City	AZ
Pugmire	Dan	01-Oct-68	Snohomish	WA
Purdy	Stephen	01-Aug-70	Newbury Park	CA
Quantz	Scott	01-Jun-70	Valparaiso	IN
Radford	Stan	01-Jan-69	Sandy	UT
Rappleye	John	01-May-70	Marysville	OH
Rappleye	Kent	18-Jan-73	Moscow	ID
Ray	Steven A	13-Mar-69	Winston-Salem	NC
Reed	John	01-Mar-70	Mesa	AZ
Reed	Rick	0000-00-00	Sedro-Woolley	WA
Reed	Ricke	01-May-70	Sedro-Woolley	WA
Reintjes	Marc W.	01-Aug-71	Aurora	CO
Reynoso	Carlos Alfredo	01-Jun-72	Elmont	NY
Rhodes	Kevin Donald	01-Apr-71	Ft. Worth	TX

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Rice	Jay	19-Jun-69	Salt Lake City	UT
Richards	Michael Stayner	18-Jan-73	Salt Lake City	UT
Richards	Robert E	17-Feb-72	Salt Lake City	UT
Rigby	Darrell	01-Oct-71	Belmont	MA
Riley	Jim	01-Feb-73	Layton	UT
Rios	Laura L	28-Sep-72	Denver	CO
Roberts	John Dale	08-Jun-72	Wadsworth	IL
Robinson	Kim D	16-Mar-72	Roy	UT
Rodriguez	Robert N	16-Mar-72	Fort Walton Beach	FL
Rogers	Stephen A	02-Mar-72	Springville	UT
Rohrer	Warren	01-Apr-70	Farmington	UT
Rohrer	Warren	01-Apr-70	Farmington	UT
Roper	Glade	01-Jun-72	Porterville	CA
Ross	Bob	01-Jun-70	Pleasant Grove	UT
Roundy	Bruce A	24-Jun-68	Orem	UT
Roundy	Jeffery S	14-Oct-71	Pleasant Grove	UT
Roundy	Jeffery S.	01-Oct-71	Grapevine	TX
Rowley	Kimbal Duane	18-Feb-71	Kansas City	MO
Sainsbury	Robert	01-Jun-69	Bothell	WA
Salazar	Mario	22-Oct-71	Tooele	UT
Salgado	Reina Isabel	18-Oct-72	Tegucigalpa	HN
Sanders	Sandy Max	18-Feb-71	Salt Lake City	UT
Saunders	Leslie Gill	26-Mar-70	American Fork	UT
Schlosser	Michael	01-Mar-72	Blacksburg	VA
Schreiner	Connie	11-May-74	South Jordan	UT
Seegmiller	Kathryn	01-Apr-71	American Canyon	CA
Sellick	Fred L.	01-Apr-72	Logan	UT
Shaw	Danny Kevin	28-Sep-68	Orem	UT
Shelley	Craig	18-Feb-71	Heber	AZ

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Shelly	Ralph K	02-Nov-68	Pocatello	ID
Shirley	Scott	01-Jun-71	Rexburg	ID
Shurtleff	David		Ogden	UT
Simons	Brenda	01-Apr-70	Santaquin	UT
Skiba	Jeff	01-Feb-72	Oracle	AZ
Smith	Wayne L	13-Feb-69	Ridgecrest	CA
Smith	Keith Owen	16-Mar-72	Las Vegas	NV
Snedaker	Bryan L	13-Mar-69	Thornton	ID
Snow	Kenneth	13-May-68	St. George	UT
Solano	Jorge	01-Jan-70	San Jose	CR
Sowards	Paul D.	01-Jun-69	Manassa	CO
Stanley	Larry Wilson	03-Sep-70	San Jose	CA
Stapel	Bruce Allen	30-Mar-72	Playa Del Rey	CA
Steed	Val	01-Sep-72	Las Vegas	NV
Steele	Daniel	24-Aug-72	Salt Lake City	UT
Stevenson	John P.	01-Jun-72	North Logan	UT
Stevenson	John P	16-Jun-72	Logan	UT
Stewart	Stanley	01-Feb-72	Enterprise	UT
Stoker	David L.	01-Mar-72	Chubbuck	ID
Strong	Richard	30-Sep-70	Sandy	UT
Stuart	Douglas	21-Jan-71	Taylorville	UT
Stucki	Darcel	01-Jan-73	Layton	Ut
Stumpe	Reg H	28-Oct-71	Lindon	UT
Swallow	Condie T	04-Dec-69	Los Angeles	CA
Swenson	Linden Severin	18-Jan-73	Idaho Falls	ID
Swert- feger-Cutler	Dale Irving	19-Jun-69	Aguanga	CA
Symmes	Steven G.	01-Oct-71	Big Rapids	MI
Tafoya	Terry	16-Apr-70	American Fork	UT
Tanner	Earl Reid	03-Jul-69	Midvale	UT
Taylor	Vernon N	13-Nov-69	Takoma Park	MD

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Taylor	Dickson Goodridge	01-Apr-71	Roosevelt	UT
Teel	Stephen Randy	18-Mar-71	Allen	TX
Telford	James	01-Jan-73	Fruitland	NM
Telford	Eileen	13-Jan-72	Fruitland	NM
Terry	Paul	01-Jun-71	Madison	WI
Terry	David	01-Nov-68	St. George	UT
Tew	Ryan	01-Oct-71	Gillette	WY
Thacker	Douglas D	21-May-70	Midway	UT
Theodore	Vance	01-Jul-72	FT Benning	GA
Thomas	Robert	01-Oct-68	Midway	UT
Thompson	Layne	01-Mar-70	Crystal Lake	IL
Thompson	Kerry	01-Jun-72	North Salt Lake	UT
Tilton	Glen Lyle	18-Jan-73	Ramona	CA
Tingey	Alan	01-Jan-73	Salt Lake City	UT
Tingey	Douglas Korth	18-Jan-73	West Jordan	UT
Torres	Jorge Alberto	16-Mar-70	San Jose	CR
Trejo	Kimber L	14-Sep-72	St. David	AZ
Trump	James B	07-Dec-68	Hurricane	UT
Tueller	Ruth Violet	13-Jan-72	Preston	ID
Turley	John Andrew	17-Apr-69	Phoenix	AZ
Twiggs	Jerry	0000-00-00	St. George	UT
Valle	Cleotilde	10-Apr-71	Managua	NI
Varley	David	08-Mar-73	Salt Lake City	UT
Vega	Otoniel	30-May-73	Santa Ana	SV
Vermillion	Michael L.	01-Jun-72	Houston	TX
Wade	Brent Keith	03-Jul-69	Manti	UT
Waite	Paul	11-May-72	Layton	UT
Wallace	Daniel	01-Jun-72	Vernal	UT
Wallace	Karen	01-Mar-71	Vancouver	WA
Wallace	Brent Earl	18-Jun-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Wanberg	John G	13-Feb-69	Salt Lake City	UT

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	START	CITY	ST
Watts	Leland Alfred	26-Mar-70	West Jordan	UT
Watts	Selma Harvey	26-Mar-70	West Jordan	UT
Weaver	Gail	13-Mar-69	St. Anthony	ID
Weaver	Alan Kelly	18-Mar-71	Kaysville	UT
Webster	Stephen C	13-Aug-69	Las Vegas	NV
Weierman	Wayne Stewart	19-Jun-69	La Puente	CA
Whipple	Don William	02-Jul-70	Mesa	AZ
Whitmer	David	01-Jan-72	Heber	AZ
Wilcox	Stephen	01-Sep-69	Potomac	MD
Williams	David	01-Feb-72	Provo	UT
Williams	Jack R	16-Apr-70	Anchorage	AK
Williams	Arthur J	16-Mar-72	Redondo Beach	CA
Williams	Keith S	26-Oct-72	Pingree	ID
Williams	Vona B	29-Oct-70	Salt Lake City	UT
Wilmore	Garry	01-Oct-72	Chandler	AZ
Wilson	Richard L	02-Mar-72	Provo	UT
Wilson	Richard	01-Feb-72	Hurricane	UT
Woodman	Jeffrey Harold	12-Nov-70	San Luis Obispo	CA
Workman	Wade	01-Jan-69	Gilbert	AZ
Wright	Steven G.	0000-00-00	Anchorage	AK
Wright	Scott W.	01-Feb-71	Heber City	UT
Wylie	Grant	01-Feb-72	Santa Cruz	CA
Wylie	Grant	01-Feb-72	SANTA CRUZ	CA
Young	Vona	01-Oct-70	Salt Lake City,	UT
Young	David Wayne	24-Sep-70	Provo	UT
Young	Samuel Davis	16-Jun-72	Centerville	UT
Zollinger	Matt	21-Jan-71	Tremonton	UT
Zuniga	Maria A	08-Mar-73	Deming	NM



Appendix 2—Transfer Board ‘70–’73

These images are actual scans of the original photos displayed on the Mission Transfer Board hanging on the wall in President Harvey S. Glade’s office.



CURTIS DALE ARNDT
February 18, 1970
February 17, 1972
Pawnee, Idaho



JAMES DONNELL ADAMS
June 18, 1971
Eagle, California



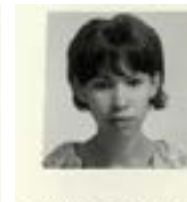
RICHARD ERWIN ADAMS
October 29, 1970
October 29, 1972
Idaho, Idaho



KEITH V. ADAMS
March 18, 1972
Salt Lake City, Utah



THOMAS CLARK ADAMSON
February 19, 1971
December 22, 1972
Pleasant Grove, Utah



PAULA DEL RIBERRO AXTELL
July 23, 1971
December 22, 1972
Yuccaville, Nevada



SCOTT ERVIN BURTLESS
June 29, 1972
Idaho, Idaho



GARY ALAN AIDES
May 21, 1972
Idaho, California



BRUCE ALBERT ALLEN
May 21, 1972
Salt Lake City, Utah



KENNETH L. ALLEN
January 28, 1973
Idaho Falls, Idaho



ROBERT L. ALLEN
March 18, 1972
McGilton, Utah Island



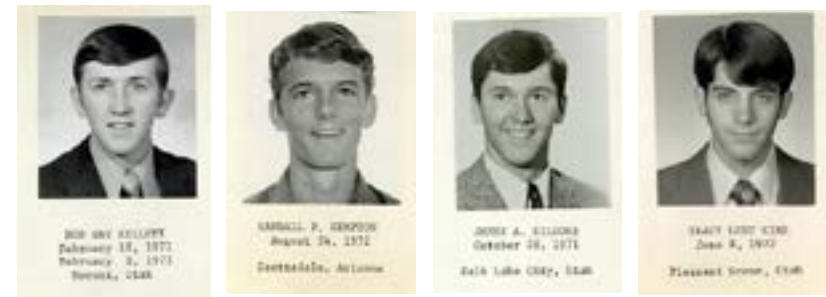
ERVYN ALLEN
August 24, 1972
Olathe, Arizona

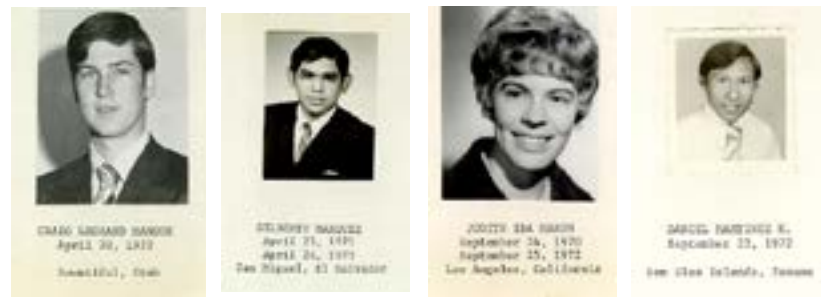


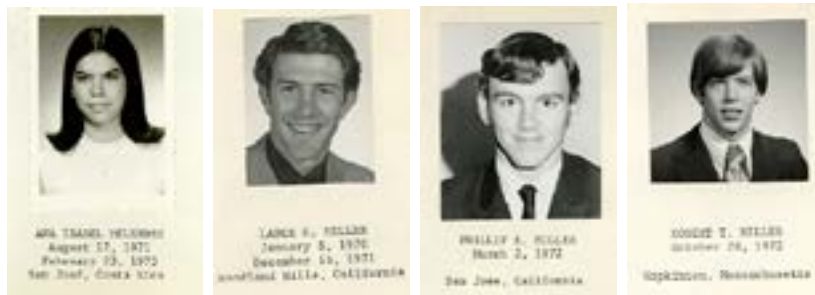


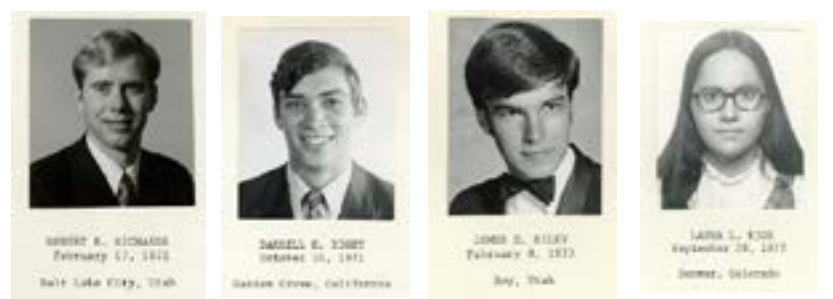
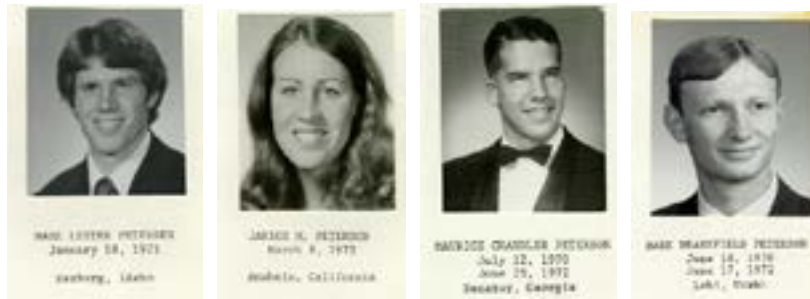














JOHN DALE BOEKER
June 8, 1927
Vernon, Illinois

ELI D. BURMAN
March 18, 1922
Ogden, Utah

SCOTT W. HERRING
March 10, 1927
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

STEPHEN A. AUSTIN
March 2, 1927
Orbrook, Arizona



WALTER WILLIAM BOWEN
April 16, 1928
March 13, 1972
Crown, Arizona

CLARE CARROLL BOWEN
June 8, 1922
Twicken, Colorado

WESLEY WAYNE BIRD
June 11, 1926
May 26, 1972
Spartan, South Carolina

JEFFREY R. BUNNEY
October 24, 1921
Macon, Georgia



KENAL DUANE BUNLEY
January 18, 1921
May 25, 1971
Yuma, Arizona

CONNIE L. SWALLEY
December 2, 1925
December 8, 1972
Phoenix, Arizona

BURDET BRAND GARDNER
June 12, 1928
June 5, 1971
South Hollywood, California

HARIS SALAZAR MORA
October 22, 1918
Guatemala, Guatemala



WILMA JAMES TALAMON
October 18, 1922
Tepic, Jalisco, Mexico

MADY PAE SANDERS
February 28, 1921
January 17, 1971
Phoenix, Arizona

LEONIE OTIS SANDERS
March 28, 1920
April 18, 1972
Ogden, Utah

CHARLES H. HANCOCK
March 2, 1927
Oshelle, Washington



GENEVE L. SHERIDAN
April 2, 1921
September 26, 1972
Berkeley, California

FRED L. SELLER
March 2, 1927
Wilson, Idaho

LELAND CRAIG SMITH
February 28, 1922
February 3, 1972
Tulsa, Arizona

CARLEY BURT SMITH
June 27, 1921
June 8, 1972
Sugar City, Idaho



SHIRAZ LES STONE
March 14, 1920
March 12, 1972
Crown, Utah

JEFFREY WALTER SMITH
February 17, 1922
Owens, Arizona

STEVE GARY SMITH
March 26, 1922
Las Vegas, Nevada

JOHN A. SOLANO
January 12, 1929
January 12, 1972
San Juan, Costa Rica



LINDA ANN DORRISON
August 27, 1920
July 31, 1972
Pacifica, California

LARRY WILSON STANLEY
September 2, 1922
August 29, 1972
San Jose, California

WESLEY ALLEN STAPLE
March 20, 1922
August 9, 1972
Vista del Rey, California

CANDICE V. STEED
September 24, 1922
Las Vegas, Nevada

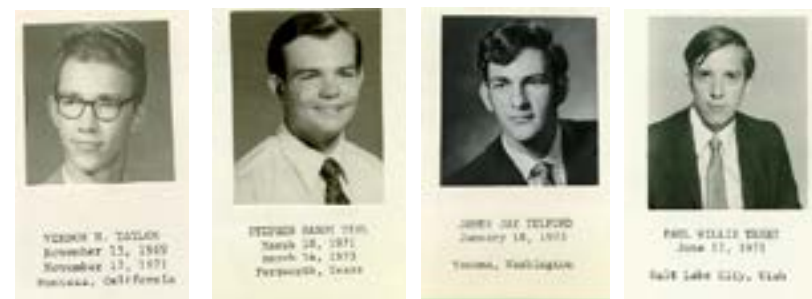


DAVID VIRILO
August 24, 1927
Milford, Connecticut

JOHN P. STEVENSON
June 26, 1927
Vard Jordan, Utah

STANLEY S. STEWART
February 17, 1922
St George, Utah

DAVID L. STEVENSON
March 26, 1922
Orem, Idaho





L.A. Watts



SELMA HARVEY WATTS
March 26, 1970
September 1, 1971
Salt Lake City, Utah



ALAN BRETT WEIRA
March 13, 1971
March 31, 1973
Twicken, Idaho



DON WILLIAM WIFFLE
July 1, 1970
June 25, 1973
New, Arizona



DAVID A. WHITTE
October 19, 1971
Phoenix, Arizona



ARTHUR J. WILLIAMS
March 14, 1972
Redondo Beach, California



DAVID D. WILLIAMS
February 17, 1972
Phoenix, Arizona



JACK S. WILLIAMS, JR.
April 14, 1970
April 14, 1972
Anchorage, Alaska



CURTIS S. WILLIAMS
October 24, 1972
Pomona, Idaho



GARY S. WILLIAMS
October 26, 1972
Dulacoma, Mississippi



RICHARD L. WILCOX
March 4, 1972
Provo, Utah



JEFFREY DAVID WOODNER
December 11, 1972
November 7, 1973
San Luis Obispo, California



STEVEN GREGORY WRIGHT
November 11, 1970
November 17, 1972
Anchorage, Alaska



SCOTT KAYE YERKLE
February 18, 1971
February 9, 1973
Salt Lake City, Utah



GARY J. YELLIE
February 17, 1972
Benton, Idaho



DAVID ALLEN YOUNG
September 25, 1970
September 26, 1972
Salt Lake City, Utah



SAMUEL DAVID YOUNG IV
June 14, 1971
Layton, Utah



WADE S. YOUNG
October 29, 1970
October 29, 1972
Nucley, Idaho



HOYT LEE YOUNGMAN
January 22, 1971
January 19, 1972
Tremonton, Utah



DAVID S. YOUNG
March 8, 1972
Healing, New Mexico





Appendix 3—Links

Links to online resources for alumni, friends and all who have been blessed by the Missionaries of the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission

ONLINE RESOURCES

The Guatemala-El Salvador Mission Facebook Group Page

https://www.facebook.com/groups/gesmission/?ref=group_cover

Guatemala-El Salvador Mission Alumni Site

<http://www.mission.net/guatemala/el-salvador/>

GES Mission Alumni Database

<http://www.mission.net/guatemala/el-salvador/cgi-bin/rmdb41.cgi>

Avante Online Library

http://thenelsonsite.net/avantes_71-73.html



Glossary

Vocabulary or clavis. Here's an alphabetical list of terms, very specific to our Mission, with the definitions for those terms.

- Agua** Spanish for “water”. In Guatemala also used as a term to describe a soft drink i.e., “soda” or “soda pop”
- Baggie** Thinking of home, riding their bags. “Trunky” was not used in our mission.
- Bagging out** Any activity that caused a missionary to become preoccupied with home.
- Bible bashing** Getting into a scriptural disagreement with another person.
- Border change** Going to the border every other month and checking out of the country and then back in again. Only missionaries in El Salvador made border changes.
- Bottle cap tossing** Flipping or sending a bottle cap flying by putting it between the fingers and snapping them.
- Candy baptism** A child baptism, usually a child of a member.
- Capirucho** Toy consisting of a handle with a cap attached with a string. Goal, get the cap to go onto the needle of the handle.
- Cipotes** Slang for Salvadoran children
- Ch-ch-ch** [sound] A ubiquitous sound made with the mouth, lips, tongue to gain somebody’s attention. Used like, “Hey you!”. Sounds like choo-choo without the -oo.
- Chambon or Chambonazo** Clumsy, blundering, bufoonish.
- Chapin** Slang term for a Guatemalan.
- Charlas** Memorized lessons or “platicas.”
- Cherry** A desirable and productive city to work in.
- Chicken Bus** A vehicle of the school bus genre, named because both people and farm animals are frequently transported by these buses.
- Cool** Acceptable, agreeable
- Copicudo** Bus ticket in palindrome form, i.e., 123321. Get one and

your companion had to buy you a soda.

D Day Diversion Day Precursor to P Day or Preparation Day

Dear John A letter from a girl or boy friend telling you they've found someone else.

Do' colone' Salvadoreño for "dos colones", or "jomo nojotro" = "somos nosotros". They loved to drop the "s" every chance they got.

Dog Fights Salvadoran Air Force aerial simulations staged directly over the city of San Salvador

Down on someone not happy with someone.

Dross Harassment from people on the street. Also, expression of disgust. [Elder Nelson here]. "Though this term was extant while serving there, I don't find an example in my journal where I, personally, used it...don't know why, guess it never appealed to me." Or perhaps it was a Utah or Idaho thing (lol).

El Tejano In english means, "The Texan". Also favorite missionary burger joint in Guate City.

Escuchantes Native Spanish speakers assigned to be "pretend" investigators in the LTM.

Fanta The omnipresent soda of Guatemala and El Salvador. Had great appeal to our missionaries. It especially tasted great in the coastal areas like Retalhuleu, Sonsonate, and so forth.

¡Fijense que no estan! Look (or listen, or notice, or pay attention, or check this out), they're not here. Or, "¡Fijense, dice que no esta!" "Look, he says he's not here." "Fijese" always seemed to preface some bad news and nobody liked to hear any sentence that started with this. It also seemed to prepare us for some amount of prevarication.

Finger Snapping Flipping the wrists to that the index finger snaps against the middle finger making a popping sound. Expression of "Hurry along, or hurry up."

Flicks Movies, hit a flick, see a movie. Also a church film strip shown with a small projector.

Flip Slang equivalent to dross, sense of disgust.

Flip chart Binder with graphics to go along with the memorized lessons. Our Mission opted for these rather than the flannel boards used in other missions.

Flipping bottle caps Grasping a bottle cap by thumb and middle

finger and releasing by snapping fingers together. The one that flew the farthest was the winner. Some missionaries could really make them fly--20 feet or so!

Flojo Used to discuss someone who was weak or unmotivated.

Foremost Seems we didn't drink a lot of milk there. Apparently, this was at one time the only commercially packaged, pasteurized milk available in El Salvador.

GG Shots Gamma Globulin injections (shots) were for viral hepatitis. These injections were typically administered by Mission nurses and Zone Leaders.

Gambu Diarrhea

Gaseosa In El Salvador used as a term to describe a soft drink i.e., "soda" or "soda pop".

Go senior Getting assigned to be a senior companion for the first time.

Greenies Brand new missionaries.

Green senior Brand new senior companion.

Gringo North American person.

Groovy Cool, acceptable, agreeable.

Guanaco Slang term for a Salvadoran.

Hitch a ride Thumbing a ride, hitch hiking. In country we usually avoided using the thumb, in favor of the "reverse waving" style. Also known, in Spanish, as jalonear.

Hole A less than desirable city to work in, not productive.

I Care Families President Glades program where families were called and assigned to fellowship new investigators as well as new families in the branches.

Jack Couldn't speak for Jack, not at all, not very well, poorly.

¡La Chica La Chica! The cry of the ticket salesman for La Chica lottery as he walked through the streets of the colonias in San Salvador. Similar sales pitches were heard from newspaper hawkers "La Prensa, La Prensa" and so forth.

Leather briefcases Custom made in Chalchuapa, usually with mayan design and a map of Guatemala and El Salvador.

Lip Pointing Pointing out a direction with the lips by extending them in the direction indicated.

Live the Language Speaking nothing but the foreign language of your assigned mission.

- LTM** Language Training Mission (replaced by MTC). Also affectionately referred to by some as “the rock.”
- Machetes** Presentation-grade, chromed machetes complete with leather scabbard, custom made in Chalchuapa or Santa Ana.
- McDonald’s** An American hamburger and fast food restaurant chain. The first in Latin America was opened in San Salvador in 1972. This was a little taste of home (America) for the majority of missionaries in our Mission at the time. They even had root beer, pretty much the only place in our Mission where you could get it (the locals hated it, by the way).
- Meg** Or, “I megged you”. When you were able to shoot a rock or mango seed through the walking legs of your companion. To do it properly with a rock, you would need to shoot it with the instep of your foot while walking; and time it so it went behind your other leg and through the open walking legs of your comp. Mango seed shooting was done by hitting the hairy/slimy seed just right with the edge of your heel. Depending on how slippery the seed was, it could sail for yards!
- Montezuma’s Revenge** Diarrhea
- Moving up** Destined for mission leadership.
- Move** In most missions this is called a transfer. Moves were communicated from the mission office to the various missionary companionships via telegram. The heading of the telegram was always “Cambios”, or changes. Then, in the body of the telegram would appear the missionary’s last name, then a hyphen, followed by the name of the town or area where he or she was to begin serving. And finally, would appear the last names of the District Leaders who sent the telegram.
- Mozo** Not very politically correct, but everybody knew what it meant.
- Nose tapping** We’re all familiar with squeezing the nose to shut off the nostrils from inhaling bad smells and odors. Some of us learned from the locals another option—inserting the index and middle finger, straight up into the nostrils. A comical look but effective—hey, try it!
- Out-a-sight!** Very cool, groovy, agreeable.
- Pan Am** Now defunct airline that meant the world to most missionaries. This airline was, generally, only used twice--arriving to and leaving the Guatemala-El Salvador Mission.

- Partida Hunt** A partida was a birth certificate. Looking for a birth certificate so an investigator family could get married and then baptized.
- Paseo** Excursion, or party, such as a zone or district paseo.
- Patojos** Slang for Guatemalan children.
- Piece of junk** Missionary who was not dedicated, or did not work with real intent.
- Pits** An unproductive city to work in, a hole.
- Pious** Feigned spirituality. Holier than thou.
- Platicas** Memorized lessons or charlas.
- Pop’s** Ice cream store in San Salvador, popular missionary hang-out.
- Pollo Campero** First franchise fried chicken joint in Guatemala. Was a big hit with the Norteamericanos when it hit town. Now can be seen in such places as Van Nuys, California.
- Prank foods** Foods that some senior companions loved to use as pranks with greenies (new missionaries). Café de maiz--this was a corn cereal beverage (“Sure, I’ll have some coffee, how about you, comp?”), and platanos (plantain--very large, starchy variant of the banana), “Hey, comp, do you want a banana?”
- Pray in** Companion prayer immediately upon coming in for the evening.
- Pray out** Kneeling as a companionship in prayer before leaving the house (always in Spanish).
- Puchica or, la gran Puchica** Often used to express annoyance, disgust, or surprise i.e., Oh my gosh, dog-gone-it, shoot, blast, wow! Mostly heard in El Salvador--all the time!
- Pupusa** A wonderful filled tortilla in El Salvador. It was important to have a reputation for making the best pupusas. And if anyone said yours were bad, it was the ultimate insult. Best served with curtido (lightly fermented cabbage relish).
- Retreading shoes** Having a cobbler sew rubber strips from used automobile tires onto the shoes to make them last longer. A sign you have been in the mission at least a year.
- Semana Santa** Holy week, Catholic Easter celebration.
- Senior Gomez** Fictitious character, the name of the investigator in the memorized lessons.
- Splits** Exchanges, or changing companions with another companionship, or could be with members.

Tapachula Mexican border town where Mission office staff would go to pick up large quantities of printed material which came from the church's press in Mexico City. FHE manuals, folletos....anything printed.

Toke (toque) A bus toke, or token (ticket). Knock, knock on doors. A turn, as in, "Your toke (toque)." Toque—based on the Spanish verb tocar, which can mean to knock on a door (tocar la puerta), and also mean to take a turn at something (me toca a mi = it's my turn). We Anglicized the Spanish verb tocar and turned it into a noun "toque".

TJ's Testigos de Jehovah, Jehovah Witness missionaries.

¡Vaya Pues! ¡Va Pue! OK, then.

Waters of Mormon According to Mission Mythology, Lake Atitlan

Working district Going on splits or temporarily changing companions with the district leader and his companion.

Working zone Going on splits (exchanges) or temporarily changing companions with the zone leaders and his companion.